





W. A. B. L. F. V.

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PART XVII.

WHERE DOES OUR STRENGTH LIE?

IT would not be easy to name a more glorious or a more momentous work than that to which the Catholic Church in England seems to be summoned by Divine Providence at the present juncture. Upon the shoulders of those English Catholics who, either by office, abilities, or circumstances, are enabled to exercise any powerful influence in their generation, is laid a responsibility sufficient at once to inspire and to appal the most backward and the most courageous mind. We are called to accomplish that which to mere human means would be an impossibility, and which, even when supported by the special blessing of Heaven, is perhaps as difficult a task to fulfil as any which can be conceived in the ordinary course of human affairs.

What that work is will be evident from the most cursory glance at our present position in this country. For 300 years the Church has been abyword among the English people. From that hour when, for the sins of her children, she lost her power in the nation, and was visited by one of those bitter chastisements with which from time to time it pleases the great Head of the Church to purify her from the stains which she contracts from her contact with the powers and the riches of the world, she has never known peace from without, or has even been endured, except with the most angry reluctance, by the vast majority of Englishmen. The gaol, the rack, the gibbet, have made fearful havoc among her faithful priests; her sons have been banished, have endured confiscation, have been stripped of all the rights of their fellow-countrymen, and have been forced to seek in foreign lands the education for their clergy and their children. It is within the memory of those now living, that a man would as soon have thought of publicly and needlessly avowing himself a Catholic as of proclaiming himself a common felon; and when it was almost at the peril of their lives that Catholics heard Mass and frequented the sacraments. Never was there a persecution known, short of absolute extermination, which exercised so frightful a power; and there is no other country in Europe where the name of Catholic has been held in such

long-continued and such deep abhorrence as in this island, that was once the island of Saints.

But now all is changing or changed; and if the great body of the nation still regards us with fear or with aversion, at least we are free to follow our duties as we will. If the world shews us little favour, at least it grants us liberty to obey the dictates of our own consciences. The state interferes not with our affairs; it puts no bar to our progress; it will suffer us to assume the very highest place in the national mind, if we can claim it as our due, and to convert the millions of the poor and miserable who are now destitute of all religion, and are calling to some one to come and save them.

What, then, is our duty, and what are our resources? What are we within, and what is there round about us? In a word, we are precisely in that very condition which might naturally have been expected to result from the persecutions we have endured. Our actual numbers it is difficult to ascertain; but it may safely be said, that we are more than one million, and less than two. But of what class, and in what intellectual, spiritual, and pecuniary condition, is all this vast body? The Protestant world believes us abounding in riches and worldly wisdom, united in action by the most rigid discipline and the most ready obedience, armed at all points for controversy with heretics, and prepared to meet and grapple with the learning, the acuteness, and the philosophy of the age. Yet, in fact, there never was a notion more ludicrously false, than this popular idea of the resources of the Catholic Church in England. We are almost destitute of every one of those means by which we are vulgarly supposed to propagate our faith, and to maintain our existence among men. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that we have literally *no* resources but spiritual ones, that the grace of God is our *only* power, and that while we are supposed to surpass every other body upon earth in a crafty and vigorous use of all worldly appliances, we are really in possession of none, and depend solely upon that purely

moral influence which results from pure intentions, and the sanctity of our lives and doctrines.

For instance, what are our pecuniary means, and to what classes of society do we for the most part belong? We are in all probability the very poorest body of men in the kingdom, in proportion to our numbers. We have a few members of the nobility and wealthy gentry in our ranks—some of these, unhappily, being Catholics in name more than in reality; of the mercantile and professional class, which forms the gigantic strength of Protestant England, we have a still smaller proportion than of the aristocracy; of the farming and shop-keeping class, again, we possess but a few, and those chiefly of the least influential and least prosperous; while we count our poor by thousands, and our *extreme* poor by hundreds of thousands. In truth, the overwhelming majority of British Catholics are but a step removed from pauperism.

To fulfil the duties of a Christian Church to this immense multitude of souls, our present resources are so inadequate, that it is terrible to contemplate them. We have, first, less than 800 clergy of all kinds, to conduct the education and to minister to the spiritual wants of between one and two millions of people. Nor is this little band equally divided, according to the numerical proportion of each town, city, and village. On the contrary, very many of our clergy are necessarily employed in the care of flocks of a few scores or hundreds of Catholics; while others are surrounded by congregations for whom they have no more power to do all that a Catholic priest ought to do, than they have to be in fifty places at the same moment. Take the state of London, for example. It has been shewn by recent returns, that not more than one Catholic out of every four, who ought to hear Mass on Sundays, actually does so, even allowing for the hindrances of sickness, infancy, and old age. It is also shewn, that if every church and chapel were filled to overflowing on a Sunday at *each* Mass which the present number of clergy can possibly say, there is literally not physical space for one-half of the Catholics who might and ought to be present. There are also 30,000 poor Catholic children in London destitute of all education. What is the ignorance, the misery, and the sin which result from such a state of things, we need not add a word to prove. It is enough to state the fact, and to say that, though other parts of the country may be in better circumstances than the metropolis, yet on the whole the state of London is a tolerably fair picture of our position and our resources *in all things*.

When we look from within to the state of affairs without, a strange and awful, yet hopeful scene awaits our eye. One of the greatest

nations of the world is passing through a period of transition, in which an opportunity is given to the Church to come forward and make that nation her own, such as she has never known since the day when her sufferings began. The whole realm of English *thought* is in confusion, and shaken to its foundations. While the political government of the empire has weathered the storm that has wrecked almost every kingdom on the continent of Europe, wonderful to say, there never was a day when Englishmen seemed less under the influence of any one dominant idea, or class of ideas, or prejudices, or of belief of any kind. A universal scepticism is spreading through all ranks and classes, accompanied by a yearning for truth of some kind or other, and with a readiness to accept any thing which shall appear to solve the great problems of humanity, without violating, as Protestantism does, the elementary laws of reason and morality. Hitherto, indeed, our age has advanced no further than to a mingled eclecticism and latitudinarianism. Art, literature, philosophy, political and moral science, alike acknowledge no dominant principles, no earnest faith, no definite aim; men only aim at doing *something*, and hope that, as they mean well, they will succeed and prosper; and that, from the present agitations and uncertainties, some great and glorious system will result, which shall bring into one blissful harmony both Christianity and philosophy, politics and ethics, liberty and order, the will of God and the freedom of man.

What a sight is this for the enlightened Catholic mind! How thrilling is that voice which comes forth and strikes upon his ear from amidst this wilderness of uncertainties that lies spread around him! How anxiously does it make us turn back and investigate our means both for doing our duty to our fellow-Catholics, and for taking advantage of the opportunities thus placed before us by the course of human affairs! It is impossible to reflect seriously upon what we see, without experiencing the most lively desire to put forth our strength to the uttermost; and, as we have already advanced so far, not to rest until there is not a single British Catholic who is left in his present state of ignorance and destitution, and until we are, as a body, prepared to take our place among our countrymen, and to subdue that spirit of the age which now rules uncontrolled over an unwillingly enslaved generation.

Can we, however, as honest men, assert or believe that, as our affairs now stand, we are in a fair way for attaining this happy end, and for overcoming all the obstacles that obstruct our path? Is there any man so blinded by the fear of change as to allege that we are really progressing towards the Christianising of our own immense population, and towards

a victorious struggle with the learning, accomplishments, heresies, and infidelities of the time? There is neither wisdom nor prudence in hiding from our own eyes the fact, that, from some cause or other, we are standing still, while our difficulties accumulate rather than diminish, and our past experience serves rather in the way of warning than of encouragement. With all that has been done during the last fifteen or twenty years, there is as yet scarcely any visible impression made upon the dense mass of ignorance and destitution which is eating into the heart of our own body; and we have taken no efficient steps for convincing the world about us that we alone possess the talisman which can evoke order and happiness from amidst the dark chaos of conflicting elements which rage unilluminated by the light which shines from on high. All around us is falling, and we are not yet prepared to build aught in its place. Protestantism is yielding before the blows of infidelity, and we have not yet displayed to our fellow-countrymen those lineaments of perfect beauty which alone can satisfy their eager desires. Our pecuniary difficulties are scarcely a whit diminished. There are fewer new Catholic churches building now than there were some eight or ten years ago, while our population has steadily increased. The education of the poor is yet in embryo, and they who have looked closest into its prospects are all but disheartened at the task before them, and the inadequacy of the means which are at their disposal for introducing a better state of things.

Yet we have zeal, energy, piety, and self-devotion. The character of our clergy is unimpeachable, and their single-mindedness and self-sacrifice deserving of the highest praise. Our churches are often crowded; the spiritual retreats given by the religious orders are welcomed every where with joy, and almost enthusiasm. But still, it is impossible not to feel that we have not yet discerned that one peculiar source of strength by which we may hope to win a real victory over our foes, and in which we may employ, without fear of waste or error, the resources which are really within our reach. One person may lay the blame on one thing, another on another. Here may be noticed a striking success, and there a still more striking miscalculation. Every man may impute some fault or other to his neighbour, and lament that such and such an error in judgment has defeated such and such admirable intentions, and thrown to the winds such and such enormous sums of money. Still the fact remains the same, and we are where we were half a generation ago; and in such a case, to stand still is the same as to go backwards.

Where can it be, then, that we may find our true and never-failing strength? Surely

there must be some one means for conquering our difficulties which is peculiarly adapted to the emergencies of the day, and which therefore loudly calls for the employment of all our efforts. For this is ever the rule in all human affairs, whether secular or spiritual, that as each epoch in man's history has its own special evils, so does it in itself supply the special instrumentality by which those evils may be cured. There is nothing on earth which may not be turned to the holiest of purposes, and made the instrument of irresistible power, if its hidden virtue be but discerned, and its energies directed towards their own natural ends. For us, therefore, there must be *some* mighty weapon which we have but to grasp, and to wield with vigour and with skill, and all must fall before our advance.

Such an instrument of success must be sought in the peculiarities of our present state, both in our own body and in the great political and social features of the age in which our lot is cast. And we have no hesitation in asserting that this resistless instrument of power is to be found *in the poor*. Poverty is the great fact of our day. It is a greater fact than our civilisation, our luxury, our political liberty, our philanthropy, and than the gigantic fortunes which are possessed by many among the wealthy. For rapidly as all these elements in the social fabric are on the increase, poverty outstrips them all, and verges nearer and nearer upon the deep abyss of pauperism. "The poor you have always with you," said our Blessed Lord 1800 years ago; and truly is that prophecy fulfilled with a terrible significance in this our time. In what way they who have at their command none but secular influences can stem this overwhelming torrent, we are not now concerned to inquire. Whether poverty can be held back from sinking into pauperism by any devices which the world can employ, may, indeed, well be doubted. With the feasibility of any such schemes we, however, have now nothing to do. It is for us to ask, whether the poor, who are preying upon the inmost heart of the secular social frame, may not become in the Catholic Church a fountain of fresh vitality, and the source of a strength such as we have not known for centuries and centuries past.

And we do not fear to say, that could we but throw ourselves with full faith and practical wisdom upon the Catholic poor of this country, and develope the resources which lie concealed in that mighty heart, we should behold our difficulties vanish as the dews before the rising sun, and should assume a place in our country which by no other possible means can we attain. Hitherto we have looked too much to the great, the rich, the noble, the influential; or rather let us say, we have looked too long, for the day was when the very ex-

istence of the Catholic religion in England seemed to depend upon the fostering care of the few men of rank and wealth who remained faithful to the creed of their fathers. But now all this is past away. The good work must be carried on by other hands. The rich and noble can no longer be nursing fathers to the Church. With all that is done by some few among them, they are powerless to extricate us from our troubles; their day of distinction is past; they must take their place as units in the vast crowds of the entire Catholic people, and claim no more consideration from men than they receive from the hands of Almighty God himself. The poor are the only resource that remains to us untried.

To educate them both in spiritual and temporal knowledge; to employ them in every work to which they may be equal; to invite them by every sweet attraction to linger and dwell in the house of God, and before his adorable presence upon our altars; to cherish in them a spirit of activity, intelligence, union, and almsgiving; to look to them *first*, and to the rich *second*; to account their favour, their love, their gratitude, a greater honour and privilege than all the applause which the great men of this world may shower upon us; to raise them to an entire and open equality with the wealthy in all spiritual things; thus, and thus only, may we hope to see the day when the Catholic Church in England shall be, both to her children and towards a separatist and unbelieving age, all that her Master in heaven commands her to become, and all that her faithful sons desire and pray to see her.

From whatever point of view, indeed, we contemplate the question, we perceive the most urgent reasons for a development of the sources of strength which are to be found in the poor. Take, in the first place, the pecuniary aspect of the present time. What have the rich and middle classes done for the Church in this kingdom? We do not mean to ask whether or not they have failed in their duties, and not done their uttermost; but we say, what is the actual result of their liberality? Granting that they have done all that is possible to them, have they succeeded in placing us in that position which we desire to assume? It were absurd even to attempt to shew that the very reverse is the fact. So plain and undeniable are our pecuniary difficulties, that it would be child's play to waste words in proving what every man who can see below the surface knows only too sadly and too well. But let the poor be tried, and mark then whether we shall encounter an equally signal failure. Let those who know the poor best bring forward their testimony as to the sums of money which are constantly supplied from their scanty means, whenever they are fairly appealed to, and are treated on the same terms as their richer fellow-Chris-

tians. Where is the mission consisting of none but the poor which presents the shameful picture which is displayed by too many of those where wealth comparatively abounds? Where are the clergy who are the least in difficulties, but amidst those abodes of poverty and misery where the hard-working Irish labourers are to be found in thousands, and where no ideas of pleasing and pampering the wealthy and the noble have ever found a footing? Whence come the largest collections, compared to the means of a congregation, but from the poorest districts, provided only the poor are placed on that equality which they have an indefeasible right to claim with the most exalted of the earth in all that concerns the immortal soul? We would that it could be made known to the public what sums have been recently given to Pius the Ninth in his necessities by rich and by poor congregations; for we know, as a matter of fact, that the disproportion between the gifts of the rich and the poor is in many cases literally amazing. With some few individual exceptions, the contrast between the niggardliness of the higher and middle classes of Catholics and the bountiful readiness of the children of toil and penury has been such as to astonish even those who know best how far more brightly does the grace of Christian almsgiving shine in the poor man than in the rich. Let the poor only be *fairly* tried. Let them feel and see that the Church is pre-eminently the Church of the poor. Let them trace in us no signs of a spirit of worldliness and dependence on secular maxims, and see that we are throwing ourselves with our whole heart upon *them*, as our natural, never-failing support; and so surely as our coffers are now drained to the very bottom, shall we find new streams of wealth pouring forth from those quarters which hitherto in our foolishness we have accounted dry and barren; and if we fail of attaining the treasures of other times (as most assuredly we shall fail), we shall at least have enough for all the real spiritual necessities of our age and people.

Again, it cannot be denied that we have a right to expect an *especial* blessing from Almighty God upon every effort designed to make the Church emphatically the Church of the poor man. Desirable and necessary as it may be at times to call in the aid of the great and the noble in working out the purposes we have to accomplish, still we cannot delude ourselves into the supposition that a more than ordinary measure of Divine favour can be looked for in connexion with any such plans or instrumentality. If we would aim at those ends which more than all others are characteristic of the faith of a Christian, we must make it our *first* object to succour, sustain, and guide the poor man. The Gospel is *not* pre-eminently the religion of the wealthy

or the titled; it is *not* pre-eminently the religion of the cultivated, the learned, the imaginative, and the wise; and therefore, however circumstances may force us to look to these mere earthly resources for aid, so far we are departing from our highest calling, and employing means which are of only a secondary value in the economy of the salvation of mankind. If we would behold the glories of other days revived in our own, and see the Spirit of God poured forth in those ocean-streams with which it accompanied the preaching of St. Peter, of St. Paul, of St. Francis Xavier in the east, or of St. Boniface in our own western world, we must more fully adopt the system upon which those holy men depended alone, and which called down such an extraordinary measure of the Divine blessing upon their labours. If we would have our prayers for the welfare of the Church in England, and for the conversion of unbelievers, answered according to our desires, we must seek for the great gifts for which we pray, not alone by the display of splendour, not alone by the cultivation of the intellect, not alone by prudence and skill in the management of our affairs, not alone by calling upon those who live in high stations and upon those who rejoice in this life's comforts to aid us, but, without neglecting these secondary means, by casting ourselves with undoubting faith upon the destitute myriads who are thronging our lanes and alleys, and with a cry which reaches the ears of the God of armies, are calling upon us to help them.

Still further, it is by making the instruction and edification of the poor our first and most distinguishing object that we can alone shew to the Protestant and infidel world where the true Church of Christ is to be found. How the evidences of the truth of the Catholic religion can be brought to bear upon the great multitude of Englishmen and Englishwomen, is naturally a question of the deepest and most practical interest. *How* can we open their eyes to the truth? is a query which must have again and again occurred to us all. And we may safely add, that every intelligent person who has put the question to himself, has been painfully conscious of the difficulty of finding a satisfactory reply. How is that solid mass of Protestant prejudice to be shattered and broken up? How is the whole body of proof which establishes our claims to be presented to the understanding of the innumerable crowds of people of the middle and lower ranks to whom lengthened investigations and profound thought are impossible? Where is the compendious argument, adapted alike to the wisdom and the ignorance of the age, which may suffice to bring the generality of mankind to an acknowledgment of the truth? These, and such-like questions, are perpetually arising in the reflections of every

reasonable man, who would adapt his means to his ends, and look well to his weapons before he enters into the fight.

That the course of study by which well-educated persons are brought to embrace the Catholic religion is out of the question with the mass of men and women, needs no proof. It were preposterous to expect to convert England by the same line of arguments which caused the Oxford movement to issue in submission to Rome in so many recent and remarkable instances. Reasonings of this kind are well enough adapted to the scholar, the divine, the man of leisure, of reflection, and of subtle logical powers. But we might as well expect to move the great globe itself with the force of a single arm, as to convert a whole population, or any large number of persons of the common class of thought, by Oxford tracts, or essays on development, or articles in reviews and controversial treatises. We must find a *light*, which may be set up upon a hill, and never be hid, which shall blaze with so celestial a brilliancy, that the eyes of tens and hundreds of thousands may be enlightened. The refinements of dialectics, the details of Church-history, the niceties of biblical criticism, are but puffs of air, when the rough, rude, unthinking soul of an entire people is to be brought to bend to the obedience of faith. If we would convert our beloved country, and make England once more a land of saints, it must be by some method more eminently apostolic and primitive in its character than any which we have as yet called into operation.

What this method is, may be learnt from a brief sentence from Holy Scripture: "Jesus making answer, said to them, Go and relate to John what you have heard and seen." The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, *the poor have the Gospel preached to them.*" Here, and here alone, is the argument for the conversion of England. We cannot at our will work all these wonderful prodigies of healing, or raise the dead to life; the miraculous gifts of the Church, though they never cease, are yet of such a nature that they cannot be employed at the simple will of any preacher of the faith, as an attestation of the truth of his doctrines. The miracles which are still wrought from time to time among us can only be referred to by word in arguments with those who do not believe. They must be investigated by those who would examine into their truth; while, in general, it is wholly out of the power of the mass of mankind to institute any such inquiry into their reality as may be sufficient to establish the truth of Catholicism on such proofs alone. There remains for us only that other proof of our divine mission, which our Blessed Lord pointed out to the disciples of John, when they would fain know whether He was indeed the Christ, the Sa-

viour of the world;—we must call to an unbelieving generation, and bid them see that “*the poor have the Gospel preached to them.*” It is the only popular argument within our reach; it has the especial sanction of the example of Jesus Christ himself; and it is an argument which will carry conviction to multitudes who would be inaccessible to every other proof of the eternal truth of our religion.

Most singularly, indeed, is the age prepared to accept this one testimony to the divine character of the Catholic Church. No Protestant sect in existence ever was, or ever can be, the Church of the poor. From the goodly seats of the Anglican Establishment, to the crowded benches of the dissenting conventicle, every where the same scene is beheld; and Protestantism declares itself the creed of the rich, the comfortable, and the self-satisfied. Here and there a temporary exception is to be seen. Habit, circumstances, or the utter absence of any better and purer creed, will at times enlist the attention, if not the affections, of the poor and destitute, in behalf of some one of the denominations of the separatist world. But taken altogether, it is an undeniable fact, that the *heart* of the poor man is attracted by Catholicism alone. Even in this country itself, where the rich are so far better provided for in our churches and chapels than the poor, the contrast between the Catholic Church and Protestant sects is striking and universal. There is not a Protestant place of worship upon earth which presents the scene which is to be beheld again and again in every large town and city in Great Britain. Nowhere else are those kneeling crowds to be discerned, who bow their heads and beat their breasts in penitential yet loving sorrow in every Catholic church and chapel in England—even in those where the colder and more cared-for rich are to be found in their most ostentatious splendour.

And while Anglicanism and common Protestantism thus fail to attest the truth of their doctrines by preaching the Gospel to the poor, every reflecting and piously disposed Protestant is crying out against the evil, and devising schemes for its remedy, and is astonished at the failure of them all, and is preparing himself to do homage to that life-giving creed which alone has power to charm the sorrowing soul of the poor man to joy, and to bind him to herself with the bonds of unselfish affection. Could we but once so put forth our strength as to present to the world the spectacle of a million or a million and a half of Christians, the vast majority of them belonging to the extreme poor, yet united in one loving band, and distinguished by the special honour paid to its poor, and by their signal piety, intelligence, and good conduct, the work of the conversion of England would be

already half accomplished; and the voice of the whole nation must be constrained to acknowledge, that in such a glorious work the finger of God was manifest indeed.

Yes; we may rest assured, that this means, and this means alone, will draw down that blessing from on high for which we are ever praying. The preaching the Gospel to the poor is that one note of the Church which can be beheld, comprehended, and admitted by all mankind alike. This is God's way of proving the Divine authority which He has given to his people; it was the token by which our beloved Lord himself delighted to be known; it was the infallible proof by which He assured his forerunner that He was indeed the Messiah, the hope of all the nations of the earth. If we would share his triumph, we must tread in his steps; if we would convert England, we must attempt it by the same methods by which He first established his Church; if we would end, as He did, in subduing all that is lofty, intellectual, wealthy, and proud, to the service of his Bride, we must, like Him, direct our energies first to the poor and lowly, and especially to the poor and lowly who are of the household of the faith.

There is, further, another consideration bearing upon the present question, which ought to weigh with great force upon those who are disposed to take a more secular and political view of the circumstances and perils of our times. It cannot be doubted that the democratic tendencies of the age are now developing with such universality and force, that in the end the democratic principle, under whatever guise, must ultimately rule in the civilised world. Whether monarchy or republicanism be the *name* which the governments of the West shall ultimately assume, it is impossible not to foresee that a practical political *equality* of all ranks and persons will be demanded and be obtained by their respective populations. The progress of political levelling now in process can never be retarded, except by occasional temporary reactions, until all classes of adult men are equal in political rights and privileges, and until the entire mass of the people becomes the supreme power in the state. Whether we regret or whether we rejoice in this issue, we cannot stay its advance; and our true and only wisdom will be, so to control the workings of the spirit of democracy, as to prevent its rushing into those frightful excesses of Socialism and Communism, which would reduce all mankind not only to a political but to a social level, and, by insisting upon a rigid personal equalisation of all men, would degrade the whole human race to the condition of savages, and turn every man's hand against his brother.

How, then, can we hope to stay this downward course, but by giving to the extreme democratic tendency that full and free power

which it has a right to demand in spiritual things? When the course of human affairs has implanted in the breasts of millions such a sense of inherent equality of all men, as to impel them onwards to enforce the recognition of this equality to an extent which must issue in their own degradation and ruin, how can we dream of utterly eradicating such feelings from their hearts, or of any other method of controlling their passions, save such an one as may turn them to a more lawful end, and give them unlimited scope in a direction which shall lead to peace, and not to anarchy and woe? The world itself cannot do this, indeed; the human heart refuses to hear the voice of the charmer when he utters only the voice of expediency, or philosophy, or romantic sentiment; but before the charm of that potent spell which lies in the treasure of the Catholic Church, it will calm its fiercest fury, and turn away its strength from working its own inevitable self-destruction.

Why, then, do we forget for a moment that an entire and universal *equality* is the law of the Christian Church? Why do we act, in any single instance, as if the Gospel of Jesus Christ recognised those distinctions between greatness and littleness, riches and poverty, intellect and feebleness of mind, which *must* be recognised in the secular social system, but which it is the frantic desire of modern democracy to disregard and overthrow? In the eyes of the Church of God the prince is literally *levelled* to the rank of the slave; her system is not to raise any, but to humble all. The poor man does not make it his boast and count it his privilege that he can rise to the elevation of the rich and noble; the rich and noble are called to humble themselves, and come down to the level of the poor and despised. We know but of one Christian distinction, the distinction between the clergy and laity; and in all the true riches of the Gospel

this distinction confers no advantage. That grace by which the soul is saved is granted to all alike; from the successor of St. Peter to the beggar in the street, every man is in a state of equality in the sight of God; every man must seek for eternal happiness by the same means; every man has the same access to the fountain of all grace and life.

Whosoever, therefore, the Church is enabled to act fearlessly and consistently upon this, the essential principle of her existence, she possesses a power to sway the wild democratic movements of a nation which none but she can command. She satisfies the yearning which men feel for a recognition of the equality of all men. She supplies this eager appetite with a wholesome and nourishing food, that makes the stimulating poisons of anarchical theories to pall upon the taste. We want social equality no more when we have spiritual equality to the full extent that Christianity permits it. We are content to see one man abounding in riches, and faring sumptuously, while we toil and weary ourselves to acquire a bare subsistence, because, when we come before the altar of God, all these distinctions in the miserable goods of earth are banished, and together we appear as Christians before Him who is our only true Sovereign for ever. Let us but shew to the hard-labouring throngs who by their utmost efforts can but just feed and clothe themselves and their children, that in all that concerns the soul not only are they placed on a perfect level with those whom the infatuated world is worshipping, but that they are our first care, the object of our most anxious thoughts, and the subject of our most thankful rejoicings; and we shall find them armed against the snares of social Utopias and the attacks of revolutionary frenzy, and firm in their allegiance to God and in their obedience to the just laws of man, while all around them are tossed to and fro in the tempest.

COUNT STOLBERG.

THE family of Stolberg belonged to the twelve noble houses of Saxony out of which, prior to the conquest of that country by Charlemagne, the dukes and kings in time of war were elected.

Frederick Leopold Count von Stolberg was born on the 7th November, 1750, at Bromstedt in Holstein, a little town six leagues from Hamburg, and near which his father possessed an estate. He had the happiness of receiving from his parents, who were members of the Lutheran Church, a very religious education, and he gave early tokens of the most tender piety. At the age of fifteen he had the misfortune of losing his father, but he and his elder brother Christian were brought up at

home under the eye of their excellent mother. Both brothers soon gave promise of extraordinary talents, and made such proficiency in the Latin language, that before they repaired to the University they had already read a great portion of the Roman classics. In the year 1772, Frederick Leopold Stolberg and his brother, accompanied by a tutor, proceeded to Göttingen, where they attended lectures on history and jurisprudence, and prosecuted with great ardour the study of Grecian literature. In that very year a number of other young men, who were afterwards destined to attain to the greatest literary renown (Voss, Hölty, Bürger, Cramer, and others), had commenced their academic career at Göttingen. From

Klopstock, who had been the friend of their childhood, the two brothers Stolberg had early imbibed a strong love for poetry, and they were soon admitted into the poetical brotherhood which the above-named young men had formed at Göttingen.

The brothers left the University in 1773, and after travels in Germany and Switzerland, where they formed several valuable acquaintances (among others that of the celebrated Lavater), they returned home. Count Frederick Leopold was now appointed chamberlain to the King of Denmark, and in the year 1777 received from the Duke of Oldenburg the honourable post of ambassador to the court of Copenhagen. His brother, Christian Stolberg, was in the same year appointed, by the King of Denmark, governor at Tremsbüttel in Holstein.

During this period the two brothers published various pieces of lyric poetry, which soon acquired for them a high reputation throughout Germany; but those of Frederick Leopold, throughout his literary career, were ever distinguished by superior boldness of fancy and warmth of feeling. In the autumn of the year 1778 appeared a translation of the *Iliad* by the subject of this memoir. This translation, though for fidelity and rhythmical exactness it is inferior to that afterwards published by Voss, is yet allowed to abound with beauties, and to be executed in a high poetical spirit.

In the year 1782 Stolberg was united in marriage to Fraulein von Witzleben—a lady distinguished for her personal charms, intellectual endowments, and amiable qualities, and whom he has celebrated in several beautiful odes. In this bright spring-tide of his life, Stolberg devoted all his leisure hours to a diligent study of the Greek poets, historians, and philosophers, as well as to the composition of original works, such as his tragedy entitled *Timoleon*, and a romance under the title of *The Island*. These were both favourably received by the public.

In the year 1787 the two brothers Stolberg published four dramas, entitled *Theseus*, *Belzaser*, *Otanes*, and *The Baby*, whereof the first and the fourth were the production of Frederick Leopold. These poems were written in the five-footed iambic verse, with choruses in lyric measure, and, bearing more an epic than dramatic character, were not designed for the stage. More attention, says a critic in the *Conversations Lexicon*, was bestowed on the execution of certain portions, the choruses especially, than upon the general conduct of the plot.

In the year 1788, after a most happy union of six years, Stolberg lost his beloved wife, and this loss threw a deep shade of sorrow over his life for a long time to come. In the year 1789 he was appointed Danish ambassador to the court of Berlin. At this period he

entered into an interesting correspondence with a Rationalist friend, Halem, wherein he sums up with great skill some of the leading evidences of Christianity, and which reflects as much credit on his piety as on his talents. In February 1790 Stolberg was united to Sophia Countess of Redern, a lady of most superior mind and amiable qualities, and who took the deepest interest and the most active part in those religious inquiries and struggles, in which shortly afterwards her distinguished consort was to be engaged. At this time Stolberg was nominated, by the Prince Bishop of Lubeck, to the important post of president at Eutin in Holstein. Prior to entering upon his office, he obtained leave of absence for a year and a half to travel in Switzerland and in Italy.

In July 1790 his countess and himself commenced their travels, and passing through Westphalia, made the acquaintance of the Princess Gallitzin at Münster,—an acquaintance which was destined to exercise the most decided influence on the future destinies of Stolberg and his spouse.*

In passing through various parts of Germany and Switzerland, Stolberg renewed his acquaintance with some of the leading literati of those countries, such as Goethe, Jacobi, Gleim, Herder, Lavater, Bounel, and others. For the south of Europe he had ever felt an irresistible attraction, and as he now journeyed through the various states of Italy, his soul quite revelled in the beauties of her scenery, the reminiscences of the past, and the glories of ancient and modern art. The result of his tour he shortly after his return to Germany gave to the world in four volumes; and a more pleasing and elegant book of travels it has never been our fortune to peruse. The descriptions of natural scenery are very clear and vivid, though they may not possess that magic glow of colouring that a De Staël and a Chateaubriand know how to throw over their pictures of Greek and Italian landscapes. The observations on art and literature shew the man of refined and cultivated taste, and the classical antiquities are illustrated with great copiousness of learning. Much acquaintance

* The Princess Gallitzin was by birth a Prussian lady, Countess von Schmeltan, and was, in her youth, lady-in-waiting to the wife of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, brother to Frederick II. She married Prince Dimitri Gallitzin, the Russian ambassador at the court of Berlin, an intimate friend of Diderot and Voltaire. Amid all the splendour of rank and fortune, she felt the indescribable void of the heart, and yearning after peace and happiness, abandoned the court, and retired to the quiet city of Münster, where she devoted herself entirely to the education of her children. The pious example and zealous efforts in the cause of education of an able and excellent ecclesiastic, Baron Fürstenberg, minister to the Prince Bishop of Münster, first shook the irreligious prejudices of the Princess Gallitzin. She at last, in the year 1786, returned to the faith in which she had been born, devoted herself to works of piety and charity, and as she was a woman distinguished no less for her endowments of mind than for qualities of heart, her house became the resort of all men most eminent in the Church and in the republic of letters.

with modern history is evinced in the description of the Italian cities, and the remarks on the character and manners of the inhabitants prove the honest and impartial observer. The book, too, is written in a remarkably clear, lively, and elegant style.

In reference also to the great change which, several years afterwards, took place in Stolberg's religious convictions, this work offers some points of considerable interest. Thus, in speaking of Sicily, the noble author bears witness to the generous hospitality exercised by the monks and the wealthy canons towards strangers, to their encouragement of agriculture, and the eminent success which some had attained in the cultivation of the sciences. He points out the numbers of poor that were relieved by the convents, and how severe and mortified was the monastic life; and then utters an indignant rebuke against those tourists who, after having been entertained at the hospitable board of the monasteries, often, on returning home, repay their liberality with calumny and ridicule. In those parts of Italy where from a longer stay he was better able to make observations on manners, he renders full justice to the industry, piety, and moral worth of the inhabitants. As a Protestant, he naturally disbelieves the miraculous liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples; yet he says it is impossible to suppose that the long line of Archbishops at Naples, among whom were many learned and pious men, could abet a deliberate imposture. Again, his account of the abolition of the cruel gladiatorial fights, through the self-devotion of the monk St. Telemachus, is really quite worthy of the future historian of the Church. On the whole, there is every reason to believe that Stolberg received, from his wanderings in regions so eternally memorable, many a deep religious impression. And how can we doubt the truth of such a supposition, when he had the happiness of journeying in Sicily in company with Count Caspar Droste von Vischering, who afterwards so worthily filled the see of Münster, defended with intrepidity the rights of the Holy See in the Council of Paris in 1811, and at a subsequent period backed his still greater brother, Clemens August, in his glorious struggle for ecclesiastical freedom?

In the autumn of 1792, the Count and his family returned to Germany. The French Revolution was now in its mid-course, spreading dismay and desolation far and near. The thoroughly demoniacal character of that revolution Stolberg had recognised from the first; and so far from sharing in the enthusiasm with which his venerable friend Klopstock had greeted its first rise, he asked how freedom could spring out of ungodliness. "Liberty," he says, "must be grounded on laws, laws on morality, and morality on religion." As the calamitous tidings of the execution of Louis XVI. reached him, he wrote

to his friend, the celebrated philosopher Jacobi, as follows: "The murder of the king has exerted a good influence on some who still worshipped the goblin of the French spirit. I regard this crime as only the necessary result of the four years' madness which has prevailed in France, and of the utter forgetfulness of God that has been there so often exhibited." In another letter he marvels at the sort of supernatural indifference wherewith (a very few only excepted) men, otherwise rational and not ill-intentioned, looked coldly on the abominations of France, that yet surpassed all that the world had ever witnessed.

While this tragic spectacle was engaging his attention, and filling his mind with most earnest reflections, a sermon of Fenelon, on the necessity of a divine authority in the Church, made the deepest impression on him and his excellent spouse. It was at this time the Princess Gallitzin, accompanied by her learned and pious chaplain, the venerable Overberg, paid a visit to Stolberg, and passed several weeks at his house at Eutin. The conversation of these eminent personages, favoured with so many divine and natural gifts, opened out new paths to Stolberg's meditations; and these favourable impressions were strengthened by a visit which, in the following year (1794), he received from the Baron Caspar von Vischering and his younger brother Clemens August, who was destined in subsequent years to prove one of the Count's most valuable friends. From this time forward Stolberg and his excellent consort prosecuted with unremitting zeal their inquiries into the evidences of the Catholic religion, daily invoking the light of the Holy Spirit to guide their way. The writings of St. Augustine, St. Chrysostom, St. Bernard, St. Theresa, Thomas à Kempis, Taulerus, Fenelon, and Bishop Sailer, now formed the Count's favourite reading. The time that remained from the perusal of these works and the discharge of his official duties as governor of Eutin, he devoted to the study of classical literature. In 1796 and 1797 he published an elegant translation of select Dialogues of Plato, in three parts, to which he appended excellent historical, critical, and philosophical notes. Emulating his brother, who had, in 1783, published a much-esteemed translation of Sophocles, Stolberg had for several years devoted some hours to a translation of Æschylus, which he brought out in 1802. This translation of the great Grecian tragic was written at a time when the amazing flexibility of the German tongue in transfusing the metrical forms and rhythm of ancient and modern poetry was not yet known. The Homer of Voss and the Shakspeare and Calderon of A. W. von Schlegel had not yet appeared; but the latter consummate critic, as well as translator, after regretting that the metre of the Greek original had not been, in Stolberg's translation, so closely adhered to as was practicable, commends the natural flow

and fulness of the diction, and the many happy combinations and bold elegancies of expression it exhibits. He concludes by pronouncing its decided superiority to the translation of Sophocles by the elder brother.*

In 1797 Stolberg was sent on a second embassy to St. Petersburg, where he was decorated by the Emperor Paul with the order of St. Alexander Newski. On his return he found the Princess Gallitzin and the excellent Overberg, whom Providence had evidently sent to him as angels to cheer and guide him into the path of rest. In the year 1799 he proposed to a venerable French emigrant prelate, Mgr. Asseline, Bishop of Boulogne, his religious doubts; and the latter replied by remarks which have since been published under the title of *Lettres et Réflexions sur les Points de Doctrine controversés entre les Catholiques et les Protestans*.† In the same year Stolberg, as president of the Lutheran Consistory of Eutin, had occasion to hold a discourse in the church upon the introduction of a new superintendent. He had some time before condemned, in a pamphlet, a new Protestant liturgy, which was attempted to be introduced into Holstein, as being contrary to Scripture, to the Confession of Augsburg, and, in general, as characterised by neological tendencies. He now delivered a discourse on the duties of the priesthood, with an energy and an unction of feeling that shewed how strongly the Holy Spirit was working within him.

At length, after long and diligent investigations of the truth, fervent and assiduous prayer, and many inward struggles for seven long years, Stolberg and his excellent spouse made their profession of the Catholic faith on Whit-Sunday, the 1st of June, 1800, in the domestic chapel of the Princess Gallitzin at Münster. The children, with the exception of the eldest daughter, followed the example of their parents. Stolberg, a short time afterwards, surrendered his dignities into the hands of his prince, and, leaving Eutin, took up his residence at Münster, the capital of Westphalia.

Here let us pause for a moment, and consider the state of Germany and Europe at the time when Stolberg took this momentous step—a step that was to be attended with such mighty consequences.

The eighteenth century—the most calamitous era in the history of the Christian Church—was just drawing to a close. In France, where irreligion, after a war of seventy years, had now reached the acme of its triumph, it would appear as if the old dragon had been unbound, and the prince of darkness, whom Christ had dethroned, were about to resume his dominion of the world. In Spain and Italy, where the Church still commanded the homage

and affections of the great bulk of the inhabitants, she was yet shorn of all the splendour of art, and the glory of science, and the heroic energy of ancient zeal. In Catholic Germany the clergy were oppressed by the state, relaxed in discipline, and infected to a considerable extent with a spirit of insubordination to the Holy See; while a large portion of the upper classes, partly by the example of Protestant Germany, partly by the efforts of the illuminati, and of the governments which encouraged them, were inoculated with infidelity.

But if such things were done in the green wood, what was done in the dry? Melancholy indeed was the state of religion in Protestant Germany. There the last results of the Reformation were being rapidly developed: the inspiration of the whole Bible, and the authenticity of many portions, were openly denied; the accomplishment of prophecy disputed; most of the miracles recorded in Holy Writ explained away; the Divinity of our Lord assailed; evangelical morality degraded into a vulgar system of household virtues; even prayer itself discouraged by some; and altogether a system of religion put forth which the better heathens themselves would have turned from with contempt.

Such was the religious condition of Germany when Stolberg set his foot within the pale of the Catholic Church. “We Catholics,” said a distinguished German Catholic divine to the writer of these pages—“we Catholics were cold in zeal, dead in works, and fearful, and almost dumb, when Providence raised up a Stolberg—a second Moses, ‘versed in all the science of the Egyptians,’ to bring us out of the house of bondage.” Stolberg, as we have seen, had been brought up religiously by his parents; he had ever been devoted to the study of the Scriptures and of theology, and had witnessed with alarm and indignation the progress of Rationalism in the Lutheran Church. Ardent admirer as he was of classical literature, he had never fallen into that blind worship of heathenism which Voss, and Schiller, and Goethe were bringing into vogue. He belonged to that elder and better school of Protestant literati, which included in its ranks Klopstock, Lavater, Claudius, the philosopher Hamann, and others,—men whose sincere piety formed a delightful contrast with the sentiments that characterised the brilliant but godless wits of Weimar.*

The sacrifices which Stolberg made for purchasing the inestimable pearl of faith were many and various. In the first place, by his conversion to the Catholic Church he not only renounced for himself dignities and emoluments, and had to depend entirely on his private fortune, but he materially damaged the worldly prospects of his numerous offspring.

* Augustus Wilhelm von Schlegel's *Sämmtliche Werke*, vol. xii. p. 163. Leipzig, 1847.

† See his *Œuvres Choieses, publiées par l'Abbe Prémord*, Paris, 1823.

* The venerable Klopstock, who was quite Stolberg's Mentor, had early warned his friend not to settle at the court of Weimar, to which he had received an invitation.

Secondly, conversions to our Church, though common enough in the seventeenth century, were of most rare occurrence in the eighteenth, especially among the literati and the high-born; and hence the tyranny of worldly respect, which then was stronger than we can even conceive in these happier days, it required an almost divine heroism in our Stolberg to defy. Thirdly, his change of religion was likely to alienate many an esteemed friend, and to break up his literary connexions—connexions that could not be easily replaced in the religious community wherein he now sought a refuge—a community which (for reasons that it is not now here the place to examine) had taken little part in the new spring-tide of German literature, and which, with the exception of the estimable poet, the Jesuit Denis, and one or two theologians, had then no bright name to shew in the republic of letters.

The return of Stolberg to our Church excited a prodigious sensation in Protestant Germany. Voss, who had received from him so many proofs of kindness and affection, now began that fell fanatic yell which was never discontinued till the death of the victim of his obloquy. Jacobi, another friend, impeached the sincerity of Stolberg. Gleim spoke of "the apostacy of a once highly valued friend from his God and from us." Jean Paul said, "Stolberg's change of religion can be regarded as an error only, and not as a sin." Herder pronounced it to be not only indecorous and intolerant, but extremely mean, to turn Stolberg's mental malady into ridicule.

But amid this storm of scoffings and censure, which the noble-minded Stolberg had to encounter from his former Protestant friends, he was blessed with a serenity of joy—an unutterable peace of heart, which the world can neither give nor understand.

Shortly after his conversion, he thus writes to his true-hearted friend Lavater. Our limits will permit us to give but one extract from the letter. He begins by stating that it was only after the most earnest reflection, seven years' research, and daily invocation of the Spirit of Truth, himself and consort had returned to the bosom of the Catholic Church. "Had I not," said Stolberg, "lived to witness the almost total ruin of the Protestant Church, still I could no longer have felt myself at home in its temples, without an altar, without a *præsens numen*. . . . The inmost yearnings of my soul after reunion with a Church guided by the Spirit of God, and therefore infallible in doctrine—a Church wherein Jesus Christ, according to his promise, would remain unto the end of time—a Church where the Rock upon which it is built has ever defied the gates of hell—a Church wherein the plenipotentiaries of the Eternal High Priest still retain sins, and still remit sins—a Church where, under the rays of Divine love, an Ambrose, an Augustine, the holy hermits of the desert, a St. Louis on the

throne, a Leo, a Catharine, a Theresa, a Francis, a Borromeo, ripened into fruits for the garden of God—a Church in which the Son of God, even in our times (when Antichrist, organising all his formidable strength, menaced us with the gaping jaws of hell), hath wrought such wonders; and when the dignified clergy of France, to a great extent so corrupt, hath been suddenly changed, and the rotten tree, that seemed ready for the axe to be laid to its root, hath put forth fruits so mellow and so abundant;—oh, friend and brother, I say, the ardent, irrepressible yearning after membership with such a Church, drew me by ties stronger than death—the ties of love! And, unworthy as I am, I yet feel me so happy in her bosom! Although you warn me against assurance—although, while I put a filial confidence in God's mercy, I must still seek out my salvation with fear and trembling, unknowing whether I shall ever be admitted to eternal joys; still I rejoice and exult that the Church of God, founded on a Rock, stands, and will stand for ever, and that Antichrist can never prevail over her. The virgin daughter of Zion mocks him—the daughter of Jerusalem wags her head at him."

Let us now note the words which the amiable Lavater addressed to Stolberg on this memorable occasion. This eminent Protestant had ever entertained favourable sentiments towards the Catholic religion, and had on one occasion declared that the downfall of the Catholic Church would involve the ruin of every other Christian communion. "Become," he writes to Stolberg—"become an ornament to the Catholic Church; exercise virtues which may prove that your change has had a great object, and that you have not missed it; become a Saint, like Borromeo. Remain a Catholic—remain one with your whole heart; be to all Catholics and non-Catholics a shining example of Christian virtue and sanctity. Let us prove our orthodoxy by the most perfect love: he who doth good is from God, and he who abideth in love abideth in God, and God in him."*

The Protestant members of Stolberg's family, after a brief interval of coolness, renewed their wonted relations of affection with him; and his amiable brother in particular, Count Christian, though he remained a Protestant, continued united with him in the unbroken ties of brotherly love and literary intercourse. Such was the dignity of Stolberg's character, the unimpeachable purity of his motives in the important step he had taken, and the love and respect he universally inspired, that even his Protestant friends, who had first attacked him whether in public or in private, forgot their bitterness, and were gradually reconciled. To this conciliatory spirit but one individual formed an exception; need we name the harsh, inexorable Voss, the Luther of Rationalism?†

* See these letters in the *Life of Stolberg*, by Nicolovias, pp. 79-81. (In German.) Mainz, 1846.

† Of Voss's fanatic temper an amusing instance is

The conversion of Stolberg was hailed by the Catholics of Germany, and even of other countries, as not only a joyous, but a very important event, though few could then have anticipated all the results that were thence to follow. He took up his residence at Münster, the capital of the only province in Germany where, as Professor Nicolovias observes, "the educated classes have never bowed the knee to infidelity."* "When Count Stolberg settled in this city," says Dr. Katerkamp in his interesting biography of the Princess Gallitzin, "he retrenched much from the splendour of the establishment which his official dignity at Eutin had required him to maintain. These savings were devoted to works of Christian beneficence—to the support of the needy and suffering. The Count and his (in a true Christian sense) noble consort will for their charities long live in the benedictions of the people of Münster; and it is one of the falsehoods with which a certain party has endeavoured to darken the fair fame of Stolberg, that Protestants were excluded from the exercise of his benevolence."†

In Münster the subject of this memoir found a circle of congenial friends. The principal members were, that admirable Princess Gallitzin, who had had so great a part in his conversion; the venerable Overberg, her spiritual director; the two Barons Droste von Vischering, Caspar and Clemens August; Dr. Katerkamp, Dr. Kellermann, and others. These were nicknamed by the Protestants the "holy family;" and the force of these words they little understood; for from that very circle has, in a great degree, proceeded the moral and intellectual regeneration of Catholic Germany. Thus it is admitted that no writings have exercised a more salutary influence on the middle and lower classes than those of Overberg, nor has the ministry of any clergyman in our times been more visibly blessed by Heaven. Dr. Katerkamp subsequently became one of the most learned and elegant of Church-historians whom his country has produced. Dr. Kellermann, the tutor to Stolberg's children, afterwards became the most eloquent preacher in Germany, and was raised to the see of Münster, where he died last year. Of the great part which Divine Providence has allotted to Clemens August Droste von Vischering, Archbishop of Cologne, in the ecclesiastical history of our times, it is unnecessary

recorded by the Baron d'Eckstein. This gentleman, a distinguished friend and disciple of Frederick von Schlegel, paid a visit to Voss at Berlin, and on going away, announced to him that he had embraced the Catholic faith. Hereupon Voss fell into a dreadful passion, clenched his fist, shook it at D'Eckstein, and poured out upon him a volley of imprecations as he descended the stairs. Well might the Baron say, there are few examples of such fanaticism among the Protestants of our day.

* See his *Life of Stolberg*, p. 77.

† *Life of Princess Analia von Gallitzin*. By Dr. Theodore Katerkamp, pp. 243, 4. (In German.) Münster, 1828.

to speak. To extraordinary firmness of will and fervent piety, he united a keen insight into human character, extensive acquirements, and a highly cultivated literary taste.

The first fruits of Stolberg's conversion were able translations from two works of St. Augustine, *De vera Religione*, and *De Moribus Ecclesiæ Catholicae*, which appeared in 1803. It was but natural that Stolberg, who, a few years before, had published excellent translations from the works of the greatest heathen philosopher, Plato, should now turn his attention to that mighty Christian thinker, who combined perhaps in a more eminent degree than any writer before or since his time, the speculative inquisitiveness of the Greek intellect with the practical sagacity of the Roman mind, exalted and illuminated by Christian faith.

In the year 1804, Clemens August Droste von Vischering, then a canon at Münster, in a highly interesting letter* to Count Stolberg, spoke of the want of a universal history, where the Divine Mediator, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, should be represented as the central figure—the alpha and omega, round which all the destinies of mankind, in ancient and modern times, must be grouped. He concluded his letter by calling on his noble friend to undertake a work of this nature. Stolberg admired the suggestion of Clemens August, but alleged his incompetency to so arduous a task. At length he yielded to the earnest entreaties of his friends, and in his fifty-fourth year commenced the great work which was to immortalise him, the *History of the Religion of Jesus Christ from the Beginning of the World*.

As a recreation in this laborious task, Stolberg took to translating Ossian's poems. He continued too in a personal and literary intercourse with the most distinguished of the literati of Protestant Germany. His society, and that of the Princess Gallitzin, attracted to Münster, from time to time, many of the most eminent poets and philosophers of the north,—such as Claudius, Goethe, Jacobi, who became reconciled with him, and many others. It was the opinion of M. Droste von Vischering, afterwards Archbishop of Cologne, that had the poet Claudius been in more frequent contact with Catholic society, he would have followed the example of Stolberg.† On Goethe too, the conversation and example of the latter, as well as of the Princess Gallitzin, made a deep impression. It is certain that there was a moment in Goethe's life when he hesitated as to the religious path he should take; but his evil genius prevailed, and he plunged at last into the abyss of Pantheism.

* This letter and the reply of Count Stolberg are inserted in Dr. Katerkamp's *Life of the Princess Gallitzin*, pp. 233-7.

† See *Kurzer Lebensabriss des Erzbischofs Clemens August von Cöln*, p. 74. Münster, 1846.

In the year 1806 the brilliant circle of Münster underwent a sad eclipse in the death of the Princess Gallitzin. This extraordinary woman, no less remarkable for her piety, benevolence, and depth of feeling, than for her mental endowments and extensive acquirements, was, as we have seen, under God, one of the chief instruments in Stolberg's conversion. Here we witness an example of that important part which woman is destined to play under the Christian dispensation! As the immaculate Virgin of Nazareth, by her consent to the angelic message, became the happy instrument of the redemption of mankind; so, through the whole course of ecclesiastical history, how often do we behold nations brought to the faith of Christ through the prayers, the persuasion, and the example of some woman of exalted rank! So here the remarkable conversion which ushered in the present century, and was the parent of so many others, was brought about by the instrumentality of a woman, who herself had been by God's hand led mysteriously out of the depth of unbelief, and who, on coming to the light, gave up to her Saviour the fervent homage of her powerful understanding and sensitive heart.

In the year 1806 the first two volumes of Stolberg's *History of Religion* saw the light. This work, consisting of fifteen volumes, was concluded in the year 1817. Here, perhaps, may be the most fitting place to give the reader an account of it.

In the first part, the author traces the history of the Patriarchal religion; in the second, the history of the Jewish community; and in the third, that of the Christian Church, down to the General Council of Ephesus (anno 430). Important points of doctrine and history are treated in special dissertations appended to each volume; and these form perhaps the most interesting and valuable portion of the work. No theologian, Catholic or Protestant, since the time of Huet, had bestowed so much attention as Stolberg on the grave subject of Gentile traditions; and he has had the merit of directing to this matter the researches of the Christian apologists of our day. His intimate familiarity with classical literature enabled him to discover fragments of religious tradition and illustrations of sacred history, which had escaped the notice of his predecessors; while the valuable memoirs on China by the Jesuit missionaries, the works of Anquetil du Perron and others on the sacred books of Persia, and the Transactions of the British Society of Calcutta relative to India, which have opened such a rich mine of Oriental learning, gave him resources impervious to the inquisitive zeal of a Grotius and a Huet. But since the time Stolberg commenced his history, our knowledge of the religious traditions, mythology, philosophies, and historical monuments of all nations, especially the primitive peoples of Asia, has been vastly extended.

Whether able apologists of the Christian religion, like the Abbé de Lamennais (in the third and fourth volumes of his *Essai sur l'Indifférence en Matière de la Religion*); or subsequently the President Riambourg (in his *Défense de la Religion Chrétienne*), or more recently, M. Nicolas (in his *Etudes sur le Christianisme*), have accumulated new testimonies from the heathen as to the truth of the religious doctrines and historical records contained in the Old Testament; or whether great Catholic philosophers, like Frederick von Schlegel, Görres, Windischmann, and Count de Maistre, have explored the monuments of primitive history, and analysed the different systems of Paganism; or whether learned Orientalists, like Abel Remusat, Sylvestre de Sacy, William von Schlegel, the two Barons von Humboldt, and others, have laid before the world the result of their philosophical and archæological researches;—our acquaintance with the true essence of heathenism—the good and the bad elements it contains—has been much augmented, and the stock of Christian evidences derivable from heathen testimony been proportionably increased. But amid the great advances which archæological learning has made within the last thirty years, the work of Stolberg will ever retain its value, and will continue on the subject of Gentile traditions a classical book.

In the history of the Old Testament, the author displays his great classical and archæological lore, while his patristic learning is equally evident in the latter portion of his work, where he traces the destinies of the Christian Church. The views of Roman history, which he intermingles with his narrative of ecclesiastical events, are often highly interesting. Next to the learning must we admire the solid judgment, the strong masculine sense, which pervades this work—a sense refined and illuminated by the spirit of prayer and meditation on God's word. The unction of piety and the suavity of feeling which runs through this history, is another of its peculiar charms. The style too, as in all the productions of Stolberg, is remarkable for clearness, dignity, and elegance.

If I were called upon to notice any defects in this admirable history, I should say that the quotations from Scripture and from the Fathers are sometimes too long, and that thus the course of the narrative is impeded. On the whole, the work admits of condensation, and a greater number of facts might have been compressed within its compass. But a more serious defect under which it labours, regards the method. The author possessed not the art of classifying events, which distinguishes in so eminent a degree our Gibbon and Lingard. Instead of distributing and arranging his facts into large masses and central groups, he breaks up his narrative into a variety of little sections; and hence the attention is dis-

tracted by the too frequent change of topics. Take, for example, the first twenty years of the second century. In the first two or three sections, consisting each of four or five pages, the author will speak of the martyrs and doctors of the Church; in the next two sections, of the heretics; in the following, of the civil history of the Roman world, and so forth; so that the reader, if he wishes to gain a continuous view of events, should peruse at once the sections appertaining to one topic scattered through a volume, and skip over the intermediate sections treating of other things. By this plan, which is easy to be pursued, he will in a manner repair the fault which the author has committed, and find the book not only one of the most learned, but one of the most graceful and engaging works on sacred and ecclesiastical history ever written.

In a word, the *History of the Religion of Jesus Christ* is a production of extensive learning, elegant literature, and sagacious philosophy, pervaded throughout by a spirit of most tender piety.

On the nobility of Westphalia, Count Stolberg exercised the most salutary influence.* The Westphalian nobles are, as a body, by far the best in Germany,—pious, charitable, intelligent, devoted to the Church, attached to monarchy and to the principles of a genuine conservative freedom. Amid the political storms which now overhang their country, they are destined to prove, we think, a beacon and a rampart.

But the example and the writings of Stolberg were destined to exert their stirring influence far beyond the narrow circle of Westphalia. In the year 1808 he had the happiness of seeing his example followed by one of the greatest writers and thinkers that have ever adorned his country, Frederick Schlegel, then in the bright morning of his fame. It was on the 30th April, 1808, he and his accomplished wife, the daughter of the Jewish philosopher Mendelssohn, made their profession of the Catholic faith in the cathedral of Cologne. For some time before he took this important step, F. Schlegel had carried on a correspondence with Count Stolberg on the important subject which so engaged his attention; and an intimacy grew up between these two illustrious men, born to love and appreciate each other.† What Stolberg achieved for theolo-

gians and the higher classes generally, F. Schlegel did for literati, artists, professors, and philosophers. Their example was followed by a number of distinguished men, who, associated with the old Catholics, laid the foundations for a new Catholic literature in Germany. Among these the most eminent were, the able publicist Adam von Müller, the poet Werner, who became a Liguorian, and was a famous preacher at Vienna, the two Schlossers, the Baron d'Eckstein, William von Schütz, the celebrated publicist, the Baron von Haller, and, at a subsequent period, his distinguished followers, Philips and Jarcke, and the learned historian Hurter.

The converts with whom our own Church in England has of late years been blessed, ought to hold in especial reverence the memory of those two illustrious neophytes, Stolberg and Schlegel, who in evil times, in an age distinguished as much for its frivolity as for its pride, bore so glorious a witness to the truth. Their example and writings too were not without weight on our own excellent Digby, who, possessed of a genius and a character in many respects kindred with Stolberg, had, twenty years ago, a similar mission to accomplish among the higher and cultivated classes of this country.

The years 1806, 1807, and 1808, so calamitous for Germany, deeply afflicted the patriotic soul of Stolberg. He sighed over the loss of his country's independence, and had even to suffer personal annoyance from the intrusive government of Jerome Buonaparte. But like a small select band of patriots, he never bowed the knee to tyranny, and had ever shut up in his heart the hope of the future liberation of his country. This glorious event he was preserved by Providence to witness: and in his old age his paternal heart was rejoiced by the gallant conduct of his three sons in the memorable campaigns of 1814 and 1815. This joy, however, was sadly clouded by the loss of one son, who fell in the battle of Ligny on the 16th of June, 1815.* Thus, in the house of Stolberg, as in so many others, was this year of public jubilee overcast by domestic mourning.

This seems the proper place to say a few

* An accomplished Westphalian nobleman told the writer of these pages, that in his youth himself and some other young friends used on week-days to read with Stolberg the Greek poets, and on Sundays the New Testament in Greek, of which, after they had given the literal meaning, the noble Count would expound to them the moral sense.

† In a supplement to the *Biographie Universelle* (Paris, 1847), there is a biographical sketch of F. Schlegel, written by a certain shallow rationalist, called Parisot. Among other absurdities, he says that though Frederick Schlegel was sincere in his conversion to the Catholic Church, he was influenced by purely *aesthetic motives*. (P. 118). Had he given himself the trouble of consulting the memoir which Professor Windischmann

prefixed to the second volume of F. Schlegel's *Posthumous Works*, he would have seen that, prior to embracing the Catholic faith, Schlegel devoted days and nights to the study of the Fathers. His diary shews that at that period he studied diligently, not only the writings of the ancient Fathers, but those of St. Anselm, St. Bernard, St. Thomas, and St. Bonaventura. The instability of all mere literary conversions no one better knew than himself; and he frequently protested against the mere love for the beautiful, detached from all higher ethical motives, which is, or rather was, too predominant among his countrymen.

A friend of the writer of these pages, the learned Dr. William von Schütz, who died last year, possessed an interesting correspondence from F. Schlegel, detailing the motives of his conversion. These letters, it is to be hoped, will ere long see the light.

* Another of Stolberg's sons had his horse shot under him in the battle of La Belle Alliance.

words on the Count's political principles. From his youth upwards he was a devoted lover of political freedom. In many a youthful ode does he celebrate her praises; but his was a freedom founded on religion, justice, and order. Like our great countryman, Edmund Burke, he detested the doctrines of the French Revolution, from their incompatibility with freedom; and, like that great statesman, but unlike so many Protestants in England and Germany, he foresaw from the first the dreadful consequences which those principles could not fail to produce.*

It was one of the calumnies of Voss, that he accused Stolberg of being a selfish and exclusive aristocrat. Let us hear how nobly this charge is rebutted by a writer in F. Schlegel's journal, *The Concordia*. "What we know is this, that on nobility, as upon all other political subjects, Stolberg entertained the most sound and generous ideas. He desired, indeed, to uphold the rights of nobility, but equally so the peculiar privileges of all orders in the state,—of the city trades, of all the corporations and guilds, even of workmen, and the well-regulated freedom of peasants. How much he honoured the calling of the scholar and the artist, it is unnecessary to say. He regarded the rights of his order not as a rampart for tyranny, but as a barrier against it, and as a prop to legitimate monarchy. The destination of the nobility consisted, according to Stolberg, in the paternal and kindly relation of the large landed proprietor to the smaller and less wealthy one; and he regarded the country as its true seat and home. Against the idle luxury that often induces the nobles to abandon the country life and plunge into the whirlpool of vain pleasures; against arrogant pretensions, with poverty of ideas; against the vices of high life, and presumptuous meanness, Stolberg, in his conversation as well as in his writings, often employed the lash of satire."†

The Count has written few political essays; and his general principles in politics lie scattered through his works. He belonged to that political school, called the Corporative school, or the partisans of temperate monarchy, based on free independent corporations, where the church, the family, the guild, the school, the

state, with all its component members crowned by royalty, are to have full unimpeded scope for the exercise of their several legitimate functions. In several places he bestows warm eulogy on the British Constitution, as that which, among existing governments, most happily combined the elements of order and freedom. In an appendix to his great History, on "the Divine origin of power," he clearly shews that the state grew out of the family, and he rejects as unproved the doctrine of the primitive delegation of authority by the people. The utter folly and danger of this principle it was reserved for his distinguished friend and contemporary the Baron von Haller to shew, in the clearest light, in his great work entitled *Restoration of Political Science*—a work which has made an epoch in the science of public law, and which in most things received the sanction of Stolberg.* There is also an excellent essay by the latter, entitled *Spirit of the Age*, abounding with lessons of political wisdom, and which, though written in the year 1818, seems as if composed for the present dangerous crisis of his country.

Throughout his long and busy life, this illustrious nobleman ever cultivated the Muse. To her he confided his domestic joys and sorrows, his patriotic feelings, his religious yearnings. Of the excellence of his poetical translation of *Æschylus* we have already had occasion to speak. His odes and ballads hold a very high place in German literature. They are devoted to the celebration of the charms of nature, the delights of friendship, the love of country, and the blessings of freedom and religion. The chivalric sentiments, and the warm, generous enthusiasm which pervade them, make us easily overlook the want of rhythmic melody which is sometimes apparent.

The great events of 1813 seemed to impart a youthful vigour to his muse, and he published several inspiring odes to fan the warlike enthusiasm of his countrymen.

On concluding his great *History of Religion*, he published, in the year 1817, his *Life of St. Vincent of Paul*, in one volume. It is an extremely engaging and edifying piece of biography, written with the simple elegance, calm wisdom, and unction of feeling, that characterise all the writings of Stolberg. The saint's character is brought out into the strongest relief by the anecdotes selected; and with admirable skill are the contemporary events in Church and state interwoven into the narrative of his life. This biography was soon followed by the *Life of our great King Alfred*, to which the author has prefixed an interesting sum-

* The following is the tribute which Stolberg paid to the genius of Burke:—"We cannot sufficiently admire," says he, "the lofty wisdom, the solid reasoning, the acute and sagacious glance, wherewith this man, glowing with a love for freedom, virtue, and religion, foretold, even in the year 1790, with luminous clearness and fiery eloquence, the horrid course of the French Revolution, together with all its main results."—*Essay on the Spirit of the Age* (anno 1818). *Works*, vol. x. (in German.)

† It is remarkable that all our English writers who combated the principles of the French Revolution, though they rendered good service to society in their day, were not able to reach the political Catholicism of Burke. The best commentators on Burke, who carried on and developed his political doctrines, are to be sought for on the Continent, especially in France and Germany.

† *Concordia*, p. 285. Vienna, 1823.

* In combating the revolutionary sophists, Haller is most victorious; and there is not a more ardent stickler for personal liberty, and the freedom of the family and the Church, than himself. But while he shews that religion and probity are the most effectual safeguards against political tyranny, he undervalues too much the importance of the outward guarantees of freedom, such as parliaments, states-general, cortes, &c.

mary of the previous civil and ecclesiastical history of England. As a wise and upright prince, who promoted the reign of justice and piety in his dominions; as a scholar, who at once cultivated and patronised learning; a hero, who by glorious feats redeemed his land from bondage; and a lawgiver, who laid the foundations of our free Constitution, Alfred has found in Count Stolberg a worthy appreciator.

The work which principally engaged the last years of the illustrious Count was one entitled *Reflections on Holy Writ*, which was not, however, published till after his death. In this book, which is confined to the patriarchal times and the earliest part of the Jewish history, Stolberg goes in part over the same ground which he had trodden in his great history, adding fresh proofs to what he had there advanced, or setting the subject in a new light. The chief topics discussed are, the reasonableness of the idea of a Divine revelation; the dignity of holy writ; the creation of the world and of man; the angels; the Divine education of the first man; the fall; original sin; the primitive world; and the deluge: then come dissertations on Noah and Shem; the tower of Babel; refutation of the objections against biblical chronology; traditions of the holy mysteries of our religion among the heathens; fragments of primitive history in the Sagas of nations; the three progenitors of the Hebrew people, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and lastly, the Mosaic legislation.

This work, which is in one volume, is distinguished by the same genuine piety, judicious observation, extensive research, and dignity of style and sentiment that characterise the author's great historical work.

But the *cycnea vox et oratio* of the illustrious Stolberg was his *Little Treatise on Divine Love*, for it was completed only a few days before his death. How fitter could the heavenly-minded Stolberg close his earthly career than by a hymn on Divine love? How could that life, which was rooted in faith and sustained by hope, end otherwise than in a glorification of love?

In the year 1818, Stolberg, at his country seat, had the happiness of seeing himself surrounded by the numerous circle of his affectionate relatives. Providence had blessed him with a vigorous old age, which had enabled him to bring to a consummation all his literary enterprises, as well as take a part in all the innocent joys of domestic life. His brother, Count Christian, who, like him, was in the enjoyment of a green old age, was on this occasion one of the family party. He had just published one of his most charming ballads, entitled "The White Woman." Though he was a most worthy as well as amiable man, was in constant correspondence with his brother, and remained to the last most affectionately attached to him, he was not favoured

with the grace of conversion. He survived Count Frederick Leopold by two years.

The last years of Count Stolberg were embittered by two events, the one of a public, the other of a personal nature. The tercentenary commemoration of the Protestant Reformation in Germany gave occasion to most fanatical displays of hostility against the Catholic Church. The pulpit and the press re-echoed with the most violent invectives against our religion and its ministers. These assaults of a Rationalism, which, without the honest faith of the elder Protestantism, affected its bigotry, coupled with the ever more daring attitude of the revolutionary Liberalism, went far to weaken those hopes of a moral and social regeneration of Germany, which on the termination of the war Stolberg had, in common with many others, entertained.

The other circumstance was a shameful libel published by Voss in the year 1819, entitled *Efforts to bring about Aristocratic and Hierarchical Tyranny by Stolberg and his Compeers*. This libel contained the most infamous calumnies against the noble-minded Stolberg, stating, among other absurd falsehoods, that the latter had ill-treated his elder children, in order to force them to become Catholic. Stolberg declared that he owed it to himself and his children to publish a vindication, which accordingly appeared under the title, *Short Reply to Counsellor Voss's Long Libel*. "Poor Voss!" he exclaimed, "I much regret that it should appear how he has lied. It pains me that he should think I entertain any ill-will against him, and that I have been thereby induced to write a reply. I would fain assure him I have no ill-will against him; but he would not understand me. I would prefer to keep silence, but I ought not; I must answer him; or otherwise it will soon be said that I and my friends have done the things whereof we are accused. Children, we must often pray for the poor man; such a summons to pray for him we ought not to let pass by."*

The pain inflicted on the sensitive soul of Stolberg by a libel emanating from one on whom he had once bestowed his friendship, who, we believe, had received favours at his hand, but who had for long years nourished the gall of bitterness against him—the effort to repress the feelings of irritation which such a tissue of falsehood naturally inspired, brought about, at the Count's advanced years, an illness which terminated in his death.

He died on the 5th December, 1819, in the seventieth year of his age, surrounded by his family, and attended by his dear and intimate friend Dean Kellermann. His last words were, "Praised be Jesus Christ!"

Such were the life and the death of one of the most remarkable men to whom modern Germany has given birth. A few words will

* See F. Schlegel's *Concordia*, p. 292, where the pamphlet of Stolberg is reviewed.

suffice to sum up the chief features of his moral and intellectual character.

In every relation of life he was most exemplary. One who had ample opportunities of knowing him, both when a Protestant and a Catholic, Dr. Katerkamp of Münster, bears the following testimony to his character: "A more tender husband," says he, "a more affectionate father, a warmer friend, and a kindlier and more indulgent master towards his inferiors, never existed than Stolberg in the bosom of his family and the circle of his friends."* But the soul of all these high moral qualities was a vivid and loving faith in his Saviour—a warm attachment to the Church, which formed the all-pervading principle of his life and writings. "This faith it was which," to use the expression of F. Schlegel, "gave not only repose to his feelings, but energy to his genius;" which enhanced the charm of his amiability, and opened a new field to his lively imagination and active intellect.

If as a man and a Christian Stolberg is so entitled to our veneration, he claims as a writer a pre-eminent rank in the literature of his country. "An impartial posterity," says the celebrated Protestant historian Niebuhr, "will assign a very high place to Frederick Leopold von Stolberg." And the great Catholic Orientalist of Vienna, Von Hammer, writes of him: "Scriptor illustrissimus, et novis temporibus pater ecclesiæ Catholicæ in Germania, Comes Stolbergius."

As a lyrical poet, Stolberg is remarkable for fervour as well as dignity of feeling, and the full free flow of his diction. As a Church-historian, he yields to none in classical and

patristic learning, in solidity of judgment, suavity of feeling, and noble elegance of style.

The genius of Stolberg dwelt in that temperate zone, which lies between mere acuteness of reason on the one hand, and depth of understanding on the other. If he had not the profound Platonic speculation, he possessed in an eminent degree the Socratic wisdom.

Count Stolberg was of a tall vigorous frame; he had an oval face, high poetical forehead, and, what was ever the peculiarity of the Saxon race, blue eyes and curly flaxen hair.

The venerable Countess of Stolberg, whom the writer of these pages had the honour of being introduced to in the year 1837, survived her husband by twenty-three years, and terminated her most Christian career at Rumiliers, in Belgium, in the year 1842.

One of Count Stolberg's younger sons, Alfred, a very fine youth, died in 1835, from excessive toil in the military service of Don Carlos, whose cause he had embraced from a pure and chivalrous devotion to the cause of Catholicism and monarchy.*

* In the present memoir, of which a brief abridgment has lately been published by the Rev. J. Dalton, as a preface to his translation of Stolberg's last work, *A Little Book on the Love of God*, we have consulted, besides the author's collected works, the following books:—1. *The Life of Count Stolberg*, by Professor Nicolovius of Bonn. Mainz, 1846. This book is by a Protestant, and is written with much feeling, and in a spirit very favourable to the Catholic Church. It could have been wished, however, that the author had been more sparing of reflection, and given more facts.—2. *The Life of the Princess Gallitzin and her Contemporaries*, by Dr. Katerkamp. Münster, 1823. A most interesting biography.—3. An able review of Stolberg's Posthumous Writings, with a sketch of his life, in F. Schlegel's journal, *The Concordia*. Vienna, 1820.—4. A short notice of Stolberg in the *Conversations-Lexicon*. Leipzig, 1819.

* See *Life of Princess Gallitzin*, p. 249. (In German.)

SKETCHES: ECCLESIASTICAL AND SECULAR.

NO. II. IGNATIUS DUNSTAN DOMINICK SMITH.

[Continued from vol. iii, p. 570.]

WE left our friend Ignatius in a state of semi-quietude in his rural hiding-place. He pondered deeply day by day over the iniquities of the times, lamented the unfortunate divisions on trifling matters which he saw among good men, and greatly wondered why people who could agree in all questions of faith and morals could not agree in questions of taste and expediency. Alas, poor Smith! he might as well expect to see all the countenances of mankind modelled on one physiognomical type, and hook-nose, pug-nose, bottle-nose, and aquiline subside into the Grecian beau-ideal of the Belvidere Apollo. It was not, however, in the nature of Ignatius Dunstan Dominick to take mankind as he found them, and make the best of them as circumstances permitted. He was for prematurely forcing every body

and every thing by a vigorous outward pressure; he could not wait, and by the infusion of different fundamental ideas and feelings gradually lead them to do of their own accord what no mortal power could ever compel them to do against their wills. At one time he would bind them down to sit still; at another he would prick them on in one narrow path, and in one direction alone; then, again, the hobby would be changed, and he would mount a fresh steed, and ride him after the fashion of a beggar on horseback, till he broke down, and a sudden smash put an end to the headlong race.

Smith had not been long returned to his village lodgings, when a new scheme began to develop itself in his fertile brain. A glorious thought smote him one day while he was dressing and lamenting over the torments of

razors and the perverseness of this present age. He saw, or thought he saw, that *the* plan of all others for curing our maladies, would be some scheme which should unite at once the most dissimilar elements in one common undertaking. In plain English, he contemplated the raising a squadron of hobby-horses, in which every man should bestride his own peculiar pet charger, while some competent commanding officer should direct the movements of the whole body, and march them on to victory and to glory. We do not mean to say that he contemplated a plan which actually took this somewhat undignified shape in his meditations. On the contrary, his hypothetical details were as magnificent as they were misty, and as solemn as they were unpractical. Such as they were, they at once absorbed all his attention, and he proposed to devote the next week's leisure hours to the embodying them in some definite plan for the immediate and infallible regeneration of the Catholic Church in the nineteenth century, and throughout the realms of her Majesty Queen Victoria.

Descending to his breakfast table, he was accordingly grievously annoyed to find a letter summoning him again from his quiet home to the plague and bustle of a large country town, where dwelt his legal adviser, and where the said legal adviser informed him that he must present himself without loss of time for the execution of certain important documents intimately concerning his pecuniary interests. Nothing could be more inopportune; nothing would grate more harshly upon his feelings than a forced week's sojourn in such a place as he knew busy, ugly, and prosperous Cumberstone to be. He was acquainted with nobody there except his lawyer, and how should he employ himself, or carry on his philanthropic schemes? Unconscious Ignatius! he knew not the golden opportunity which fate was about to present for his embrace.

After an uncomfortable breakfast, during which he encountered incessant mishaps—putting sugar into his egg, salt into his tea, and pouring cream into his sugar-basin—he calmed his feelings, and went out to call on his friend the priest, and communicated to him his vexation. Mr. Barnemore sympathised with him in disliking the noise and dirt of Cumberstone, but told him he could introduce him to an excellent lady there, a certain Mrs. Kilderkin, a zealous Catholic, who would be sure to shew him every civility, and would lighten the cares of his soul. With a letter to this admirable individual he accordingly started the next morning, and in due time on the succeeding day, after settling his preliminary business with his solicitor, he presented his card—which was of vast size, and bore the words “Mr. Ignatius Dunstan Dominick Smith” at full length, and in half-legible Gothico-German characters—at the highly-varnished mahogany-painted door of Mrs., or rather Mr., Kilderkin.

To Mrs. Kilderkin we must now introduce our readers.

Mrs. Kilderkin was the lady of Mr. Kilderkin, a substantial brewer in the opulent town where he resided, who had recently retired from business, and disposed of its goodwill for a handsome sum of money. He had thriven well in this world's wealth, and was an important personage in the little sphere in which he moved, being, in truth, a very worthy man, small in body, but honest in heart, and charitable to all mankind, and especially to the Catholic poor. In his own house, however, he was permanently overruled by his more brilliant spouse. He was scarcely a visible satellite attending upon that brightly shining planet. That she was accompanied by an attendant star of lesser magnitude was ascertained, as a fact, by the astronomers of the town, but generally by calculation alone; for Mr. Kilderkin was, for the most part, in a state of chronic eclipse, and was known rather than seen to have any independent real existence at all.

The lady herself was “fair, fat, and forty,” proportionately tall, with a jocund, good-humoured smile upon her lips, and an ever-blooming gown of some lively hue encircling her portly figure. She was still handsome, and had been once the unquestioned belle of the neighbourhood. As for her mind and its accomplishments, these were much more remarkable than her outward form. She was clever, very clever; there was hardly any thing on which she had not picked up some measure of information, and her natural faculties were varied and vigorous. Her intellectual energy never seemed to flag; she was ever on the look out to add to her stores, and to patronise some new scheme for the enlightenment of the world. All was grist that came to her mill. Whatever new book she got hold of, she took the contents and poured them into her “inner being,” as she was wont to term the intelligent half of her nature. Poetry, mechanics, philosophy, æsthetics, art, science, languages, antiquities, sentimental novels, travels, geography, history, biography, and especially every thing ending in “ology,”—she devoured them all with unshrinking appetite, until her brain became a perfect storehouse of all the wisdom, folly, and rubbish of the age. Unluckily she sorely needed two particular faculties;—she had no sense of the ridiculous, and she could not methodise her knowledge, and reject from her belief things manifestly inconsistent. Her acquisitions were a hodge-podge, a salmagundi; or rather, her mind was like a doctor's shop, in which every conceivable species of drug stands duly bottled and labelled, and ready to be taken down at a moment's notice, but waits the prescription of the physician to become of the slightest service to the maladies of mortality.

In truth, Mrs. Kilderkin was brimful of information, even to overflowing. Like one of

her husband's beer barrels, she only wanted tapping to pour forth a gushing stream of "useful knowledge," frothy, splashy, sweet, and sticky as the tenpenny ale which had formed the staple of Mr. Kilderkin's manufacture. If you tapped her organ of *locality*—and being a great phrenologist she was for ever talking of her "organs,"—out popped a piece of information respecting the geography of central Africa; if you tapped the bump of *ideality*, she forthwith discoursed sweet poetry for a quarter of an hour; if you tapped the organ of *veneration*, she went into raptures about Gothic cathedrals, or alpine peaks, or the deep blue ocean; if you tapped her on *inquisitiveness*, she would give you the family history of all the lawyers, doctors, brewers, parsons, and shopkeepers of Cumberstone; and if you hit her hard on the bump of *language*, she would enlighten your ignorance on the affinities of the Welsh and Hebrew tongues, and sputter gutturals till your own mouth felt hard and dry for very sympathy with the painful performance.

On the morning when Ignatius knocked modestly at her door, Mrs. Kilderkin was sitting, in a robe of roseate silk, closeted with another good dame, whom she was patronising, as some little below her in station, and was introducing to the "society" of the town. This *protégé* was one Mrs. Pattypau, the wife of a retired London confectioner of great genius and celebrity, who, having made a very comfortable fortune by supplying suppers to the great ones of Belgravia and the territory of which Grosvenor Square may be considered the metropolis, had, in imitation of his friend Kilderkin, given up business, and sought delight in laborious idleness. Mrs. P. and Mrs. K. had been schoolfellows in their younger days, and a propitious destiny having brought them once more into near neighbourhood, they were renewing the eternal friendships which characterise the intercourse of young ladies of fourteen and fifteen in the more sober endearments of forty and fifty.

The card of Ignatius was brought up by a fat "gentleman" in pale drab livery-coat, with scarlet waistcoat and breeches,—like a robin-redbreast with his back and wings turned white,—and was handed to his mistress in all its antique solemnity.

"Mr. Ignatius Dunstan Dominick Smith!" ejaculated the lady, whose poetic *organ* happened just then to be in a high state of excitability.

"Oh, Amos Cottle! Phœbus, what a name
To fill the swelling trumpet of future fame!"

Then, without replying to the respectable domestic who stood by, silver waiter in hand, she continued:

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Pattypau, what an extraordinary coincidence. These are the very names that I was thinking of for our Fancy

Fair. What could be more opportune, more delightful, more—more—more—æsthetic?"

"The gentleman is below, ma'am," suggested the footman.

"Shew him up, by all means, Tomkins," said his mistress, and then relapsed into an astonished and admiring gaze upon the triple prænomen of our friend. "Ignatius—Dunstan—Dominick"—she murmured. "What a most remarkable combination! How antique! how picturesque! how euphonious! And the very saints I had chosen too! It is most extraordinary and encouraging!"

Ignatius now entered the room with a modest bow, and was politely welcomed by the lady of the house. He presented his note of introduction, which being read, Mrs. Kilderkin expressed her delight in making his acquaintance, and lost no time in introducing him to Mrs. Pattypau. This over, she entered upon the subject now uppermost in her thoughts.

"You have come to Cumberstone at a most fortunate moment, Mr. Smith," said the lady.

"Indeed!" replied Ignatius, "what is about to take place?"

"A most delightful, and, I may say, most unique occurrence," replied the lady. "We have just established some Catholic infant schools, and a fancy fair, on an entirely new principle, is to be held in our pleasure-grounds, for the purpose of raising a building fund; and I shall certainly count upon your assistance in maturing the plan. I see, by my friend Mr. Barnemore's note, that you were formerly at Oxford, and you will be of the greatest possible service to me in this interesting work."

Ignatius was puzzled to think what Oxford had to do with fancy fairs, and what a fancy fair "on a new principle" might be; so he simply bowed an acquiescence in what he did not comprehend. Mrs. Kilderkin continued:—

"I am devoted to comprehensiveness, Mr. Smith; I long to see every body united in some grand scheme, in which every body shall be pleased, and every body find something to suit his own particular fancy. And I have devised a plan which I think must give universal satisfaction to every Catholic. Our fancy fair is to be nothing less than a representative of the arts and antiquities of the Church in all ages. Is not that a magnificent idea?"

Ignatius was charmed. The "comprehensiveness" of the notion precisely fell in with his own present crotchets, and he expressed a delighted interest in the splendid conception.

"It will give me the greatest possible pleasure to help you, ma'am; it will both relieve the monotony of my stay in Cumberstone, and I trust will do great things for your unhappy times, and be the means of bringing people together effectually. Pray tell me the details of your plan."

"Why, they are something like this, Mr. Smith," rejoined Mrs. Kilderkin; "the fair is to be divided into three grand divisions, or *sections* (for I highly approve of a scientific terminology), each of which is to present a large assortment of all the antiquities and remains we can collect of the three great periods of the Church. There is to be the primitive section, the mediæval section, and the modern section. Thus nobody will be excluded, nobody blamed, and, of course, nobody affronted. We shall conciliate even the Anglo-Catholics of the Establishment, and thus do a great deal of good in many ways. However, I want somebody sadly to help me in the particulars, for I am terribly at a stand-still in some of them, and you, with all your Oxford learning, will be of the greatest service to me. By the way, are you musical, Mr. Smith?"

Smith professed that, unhappily, he had a very bad ear for music.

"Ah, that is a pity; for there is one thing in which I am very particularly, as our transatlantic neighbours say, in a fix. It is part of my plan, that each section in the fair shall have a small band of music of its own, and perform pieces of music expressly suited to the epoch which the section represents. Thus, the band of the primitive section will execute specimens of the ancient music of the Jews, Greeks, and Romans. We shall have the Phrygian mode, the Doric mode, the Mixolydian mode, and all the other modes; quite *à-la-mode*, as my friend Mrs. Pattypan says. I have not yet got the tunes for this part of the music, indeed, but I suppose any of the London Catholic organists can give me plenty such; or perhaps I can get them at one of the musical circulating libraries. My great difficulty is with the mediæval music. Of course I might have some chants performed, but our priest here—(rather a precise man, by the way)—does not approve of it: so I got hold of Dr. Burney's *History of Music* and Crotch's *Specimens*, and I selected what I supposed were some charming Provençal songs, and other old melodies, all in the Gregorian style; and now these provoking musicians say they can't play them, or they are so ugly that they shall lose their character if they perform such strange, out-of-the-way compositions. What shall I do, Mr. Smith?"

"I'm afraid I cannot help you in this particular," replied Ignatius; "but I will think it over, and try what I can suggest."

"And then," rejoined the lady, "there is to be a figure, either alive or in wax-work, standing at each of the sections, characteristically representing the spirit of the age depicted; a full *catalogue raisonné* is to be published in the newspapers; all the Catholics and Protestants of the neighbourhood are to be invited, and there is to be an excellent cold collation under a large awning in the grounds; and, in short, every thing is to be

in the most perfect, *à propos* style you can conceive. Will it not be delightful?"

How the sympathies of Ignatius warmed, as Mrs. Kilderkin unfolded her scheme; how he suggested various additions and modifications; how Mr. Kilderkin never was consulted at all; how Mr. Pattypan's skill as a confectioner was employed in the preparation of models and figures in sugar, and other similar materials, usually confined to supper-table architecture and sculpture; how all Mrs. Kilderkin's acquaintance were compelled to contribute their share to the goods for sale; how every dealer in antiquities in Wardour Street was commissioned to hunt up valuable remains; how Mrs. Kilderkin seized upon a lady who had just brought home a store of small antique curiosities from Italy, and made her disgorge nine-tenths of her purchases for the illustration of the "primitive section;" how much money Mr. Kilderkin was desired to spend by Mrs. Kilderkin; how all the party nearly fell ill, Mrs. Kilderkin with writing letters, Mr. Kilderkin with having his house and gardens turned inside out, Mrs. Pattypan with superintending the artistic confectionery, and Ignatius himself with reading and running about;—all these things we must leave untold, and hasten on to the eventful day itself, when eighteen centuries were *revived* (as Mrs. Kilderkin expressed it) in the pleasure-gardens of Jacob Kilderkin of Cumberstone, late brewer in, and formerly mayor of, that well-known town. The great event was announced by what vulgar people called an advertisement, and Mrs. Kilderkin a *catalogue raisonnée*, of the articles to be sold, and a description of the entertainments to be provided for visitors. This document, which was inserted in the *Tablet*, and in many provincial newspapers, ran as follows:

"*Fancy Fair for the benefit of the Cumberstone Infant Schools.*—Fellow-Catholics and liberal Protestants, your presence is respectfully invited to a Fancy Fair on an entirely new principle, to be held on the 5th of June, in the elegant and extensive grounds of Jacob Kilderkin, Esq. of Cumberstone, for the benefit of one of the most admirable institutions which adorn our common humanity. Art and genius, learning and piety, will combine with the past eighteen centuries, to present to the eye of taste and imagination a spectacle hitherto unprecedented, even in this our inventive age.

"The Cumberstone Fancy Fair will offer to the philanthropic purchaser a vast collection of specimens of the remains of the three great epochs of the Christian Church, and other works of art descriptive of past times, thus reviving in one grand *tableau* the whole history of our Catholic forefathers, arranged by a late member of the University of Oxford, and ticketed for sale at the lowest possible figure. The first section will comprise a splendid as-

sortment of primitive antiquities, and thus, it is hoped, will be peculiarly attractive not only to Catholics, but to enlightened Protestants of the Anglo-Catholic persuasion. The second will exhibit the Church of the middle ages in all its Gothic glory. The third will display the peculiar development of art, taste, and skill, which has arisen in the Church since the revival of letters.

"Each section will be presided over (symbolically) by a beautifully executed figure in wax-work, designed by that talented London *artiste*, Madame Tussaud, and designed to be characteristic of the particular period in connexion with which it is placed. The primitive section will be represented by the Emperor Nero, clad in a complete suit of Roman armour, and playing upon the identical violin on which the imperial tyrant is said to have performed during the burning of the city of Rome. The mediæval section will be represented by Richard Cœur-de-Lion, sitting in a pensive posture, and supposed to be listening to the strains of the faithful Blondel from within the bars of his prison. For the representation of the modern section, the figure of 'the benevolent Pope Pius' will be expressly sent down from Madame Tussaud's gallery in London, and will no doubt form one of the most attractive features in the fair. Musical compositions will also be performed, illustrative of the state of the musical art during the three different periods.

"Among the rare and precious articles to be sold, the following may be particularised :

"I. Primitive Section.

"1. A model of one of the Roman Catacombs, in brown almond paste. This great work has been submitted to the approval of a celebrated metropolitan amateur, and has been pronounced to be 'the *chef-d'œuvre* of confectionery.'

"2. A piece of a Roman toga, in an admirable state of decay, and of great value.

"3. A bronze medal of the temple of Vesta, suggestive of the debasing superstitions of heathen worship, and highly attractive to the imaginative mind.

"4. A sweet little instrument of torture, name unknown.

"II. Mediæval Section.

"5. A gargoyle from an ancient Gothic cathedral, and of rare beauty. The tongue protrudes nearly eleven inches from the mouth; the countenance expresses the acutest suffering; and altogether the specimen may be considered to be the most beautiful example of the mingled piety and humour of our ancestors which has come down to our times.

"6. A figure of St. Dunstan in barley-sugar.

"7. The same of St. Dominick.

"8. Seventy-three fragments of painted glass, from Belgium, France, and Holland, of various

tints, many of them perfectly opaque, and altogether of singular importance towards the practice of that beautiful art in modern times.

"9. A splendid piece of *bas-relief* in hard grey stone. The heads of the figures being destroyed, it is impossible to ascertain the precise subject represented. The figures all stand in a row, side by side, and display hands and feet of extraordinary size. The value of this venerable relic cannot be too much insisted on.

"III. Modern Section.

"10. A companion to No. 1, in card-board, very large, being a model of a celebrated Catholic chapel, in the Anglo-Greek style of architecture. The building contains six galleries, and is crowded with figures clad in the fashionable costume of the year 18—. In the seats nearest the altar will be recognised the Duke of A., the Marchioness of B., the Countess of C., Sir D. E., and Lady F. G. H. The young lady singing the responses in the organ-gallery is the celebrated Signora Barberini, *prima donna* of the chapel, and one of its great attractions.

"11. Seventeen yards of spangled muslin, taken from the celebrated piece which has been long in request for drapery for images in many of the churches of Belgium and France.

"12. An extremely curious piece of music, containing all the flourishes, cadences, and graces, with which the modern organist accompanies the chanting of the Psalms, and other portions of the Divine Office.

"13. A blue and white pie-dish, long used in place of a font in a foreign cathedral.*

"14. Mantel-piece ornaments in *gutta percha*, shewing the habits of all the modern religious orders.

"15. The legs and arms of a plaster Cupid, long used, by mistake, as a figure of an angel in a church in Naples.

"16. A large collection of advertisements and correspondence from a well-known Catholic newspaper, quite unique, and of great importance to the future historian of the manners and customs of the time.

"Such are but a small portion of the rarities now offered to the benevolent public, and from which it is hoped that a large sum will be realised. The whole of the articles will be sold at the prices affixed, and the attention of all those who have the welfare of their fellow-creatures at heart is most earnestly solicited by the undersigned promoters and arrangers of the interesting undertaking.

"BRIDGET SELINA KILDERKIN.

"PRISCILLA PATTYPAN.

"IGNATIUS DUNSTAN DOMINICK SMITH."

* We have ourselves seen the Sacrament of Baptism conferred with water from a common pie-dish in one of the most magnificent cathedrals in France.

At length the eventful day arrived. Every body from the neighbourhood had been invited, without distinction of "denomination," and almost every body who was invited came. The affair had decidedly *taken*. There was a novelty and piquancy about it which mightily entertained all those who had a relish for absurdity, and a very considerable portion of the visitors came with a determined intention to enjoy themselves. The great crowd came to the fair only, and went away when they pleased; but a large party of the select were invited to a collation by the hospitable Kilderkin, to take place at five o'clock, when the sale was concluded. To this collation Mrs. Kilderkin and Ignatius looked with joyful hope as the consummation of their comprehensive scheme. It was to be a fraternisation of all parties. Greek and Goth, Catholic and Anglican, the rector of the parish and the Socinian minister,—all were to unite in one loving celebration, and do homage to the perfections of Catholic art and Catholic piety. All the Puseyite clergy round about received invitations; and great help was expected from an eminent Church-of-England archæologist, who had devoted his time and fortune to the cultivation of his favourite study. The names and characters of the guests we need not specify, except as they figured in the conversation we are about to record.

The fair passed off admirably. The sun shone; the flowers opened wide their blossoms; the ladies were gay; the gentlemen as graceful as they could contrive to be; the musicians played the tunes they were enjoined to perform, with the addition of a few occasional polkas and operatic airs, which they introduced to please themselves; and nearly all the articles for sale were disposed of, with the exception of Mrs. Pattypan's models in paste and sugar, which unfortunately melted beneath the sun's unwelcome heat, and remained on the good lady's hands, to her infinite sorrow and disappointment. At five o'clock the bell summoned the favoured guests to the collation, and a large party sat down to chickens and ham, jellies and cheese-cakes, strawberries and cream, and every other eatable and drinkable usually found on such occasions. The banquet over, the whole party adjourned to Mrs. Kilderkin's drawing-rooms, to pass the evening in gossip and tea-drinking. The apartments were crowded, and all seemed peaceable and pleasant, when the attention of the whole assembly was attracted to a group in the middle of the largest room, consisting of the Rev. Edward Hornby, Vicar of Beerborough, Octavius Pennythorne, Esq. the archæologist before-mentioned, and our friend Ignatius himself.

The first of these gentlemen was a tall, thin, gaunt-looking person, who wore an extremely close-fitting clerical black coat, reaching down below his knees, had his hair cropped close,

and was in every way the model of an ecclesiastical-looking Protestant clergyman of the High-Church school. Mr. Pennythorne, on the other hand, was short, stout, squat, ruddy, bald, and gay. Each of the two was gifted by nature with an extraordinarily loud voice, which, when reinforced with the bass notes of Ignatius, produced a union of sound that overpowered every other noise in the rooms.

"Really, my good sir," Mr. Pennythorne was heard to exclaim to the listening clergyman, "your theories will never hold. It's all stuff and nonsense to talk of going back to the age of the Catacombs. What do we know about primitive times sufficient to help us in our modern difficulties? The Fathers were very good sort of men in their way, but I question whether they knew the difference between an Egyptian temple and a Roman basilica. All art was Pagan then, you know; and how a man could say his prayers in those dark, miserable Catacombs, I can't conceive."

"I am astonished at you, Mr. Pennythorne," retorted the Vicar, "I always thought you a sound Anglo-Catholic, leaning neither to Popery nor to Dissent."

"Anglo-fiddlestick, my good friend. I care not a fig for Popery or Dissent either. I am of Cobbett's opinion; I want to upset every thing that now exists in the way of religious institutions, and bring back the glorious days of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Talk of your St. Ambrose, and St. Athanasius, and St. Cyprian, indeed; why, they knew no more of Christian art than the Jesuits; and the Jesuits know no more of it than they know of dancing."

"What!" cried the vicar, "you surely would not put the great saints of the Church on a level with the moderns canonised by the usurping Bishop of Rome!"

"I would put them all in a lump together," retorted Pennythorne. "Depend upon it, no good has come to the Church since the revival of literature. I was looking at that big image of Nero to-day in the gardens, and hang me if I didn't wish that the rascal had really burnt down all Rome and every other city in Italy, and knocked up your old times for good and all."

As Mr. Hornby stood speechless at this sentiment from his respected neighbour, Ignatius seized the opportunity to join in the debate.

"May I ask you, sir," he said to the ardent archæologist, "whether you would wish the Pope to have been burnt also, and all the Christians?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, my good young friend," said Pennythorne, "I've no great opinion of the Pope after all. See what an end the Popes have brought the Church to with their villanous architecture and Pagan tastes. Here's your Pope tottering on his throne, and I'll be bound will soon be an exile from his dominions. Every thing goes wrong in Italy,

because there's nothing to elevate the people's tastes, and point them upwards to heaven. It's all levelling and destroying. It's just like a Grecian temple; nothing pointed, nothing aspiring, nothing standing on a firm base; all flat, and long, and horizontal; and of course people's minds go with what they see, and when all is level before their eyes, they can't rest till they have levelled every thing else to the hearts' content of radicals and revolutionists."

"You seem rather visionary and theoretical," suggested Smith.

"Not a bit of it, not a bit of it, sir. I'm the most practical man in the world. I'm half inclined to turn Roman Catholic, just to set you all right, and open your eyes to your own vile tastes and notions."

"Pray be cautious, pray, Mr. Pennythorne," interrupted Mr. Hornby; "this is sad trifling. What would you deny the validity of our orders, and sign the objectionable decrees of the Council of Trent?"

"Why, as to that, my good friend, I don't see much difference between signing Pope Pius' creed and signing the thirty-nine articles. If you come to your primitive times, you know that for three hundred years and more they had not even the Nicene creed. What do you make of that, eh?"

The vicar was silent. This was a line of argument quite new to him, and he had no *view* ready to enunciate. He sat down, and looked angry, and began to wish himself far away from the bad company he had got into. Ignatius, however, would have pursued the subject with the victorious Pennythorne, had not the Socinian minister, Mr. Brown, interposed.

"Creeds are *all* equally bad in my opinion, sir," said he; "these times you appear to admire so much were all equally barbarous. Your creeds and formularies are all alike worn out; the divine energies of the human soul are now developing, unchecked by the follies of fathers, priests, and schoolmen; this is the age of reason, and not of superstition; and we are excessively obliged to our kind friend Mrs. Kilderkin for her display to-day of the various follies of our ancestors, now happily gone for ever."

"Good gracious, Mr. Brown, what *do* you mean?" cried Mrs. Kilderkin herself, amazed and bewildered.

"Why, my dear madam, don't you know that's what all we Socinians think on these matters? We look upon all creeds as equally true and equally false, and care only for what belongs to our common humanity."

"Socinians!" muttered one, and whispered another, and groaned a third, and ejaculated a fourth, in various parts of the room; while all the Anglican clergymen commenced buttoning their coats with the intention of leaving the polluted apartments.

"I'm not altogether convinced that there's

not something in what you say, Mr. Brown," interposed the only "evangelical" lady who was to be found in the motley crowd. "I don't much care for any creed, except the great article of justification by faith only; that's my creed, and all the rest, savours of popish and human inventions. I must say I missed the Bible sadly in our good Mrs. Kilderkin's stalls this morning. I fear they had no Bibles in those dark old times."

"Bravo, Miss Longfellow!" exclaimed a delighted young sporting doctor, fresh from Dublin, who was tired with the polemics, and longed for a grand universal squabble.

All eyes were turned upon the young Esculapius, and Ignatius proceeded to remonstrate with him on making a jest of Miss Longfellow's heresies, while a chorus of voices arose from disputants in all parts of the room, arguing with one another with increasing warmth and vehemence. Every body was pitted against every body; a perfect chaos of controversy reigned around; some laughed, and some looked grave, and some took their hats and departed—but these were mostly the steady old-fashioned Catholics, who knew little about the questions in debate. For the rest, there was not a shade of opinion which did not find its representative; and the only thing in which they shewed a shadow of agreement was in blaming Mrs. Kilderkin and her coadjutors for unintentionally throwing ridicule upon the respective hobbies of the company by her heterogeneous display of confectionery, old stones, and rubbish. In a word, never did party come to so unsatisfactory a conclusion; and we may safely say that there was not an individual who did not take his departure annoyed with what he had heard and seen. The *comprehensive* scheme had proved comprehensive in the wrong direction. A marvellous unity had resulted, but it was that species of unity in which every body agrees in thinking himself the only enlightened and candid person he ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with. And thus ended the fancy fair.

During the following week Mr. Kilderkin got in his bills, and found that, after allowing for the proceeds of the sale, he was out of pocket just 59*l.* 3*s.* 7½*d.* Ignatius also learned from his lawyer that a flaw had been discovered in his father's marriage settlement, which put all his little property in danger, and that the parties who would benefit by establishing the invalidity of the settlement had already given notice of their intention to prosecute their claims at law, and that it was extremely probable that they would beat him. To complete his difficulties, he fell ill with a fever as soon as he had got back to Tithingfield, was brought to the brink of the grave, and, when the immediate danger was passed, was reduced to a state of the utmost possible debility, from which he recovered only after the lapse of many weeks.

During that long, lingering recovery, the soul of our poor friend turned inwards upon itself with a keenness of vision to which hitherto it had been a stranger. As the weary days went by, cheered only by the kind visits, and soothed by the prayers, of the venerable priest of the mission, the eyes of Ignatius seemed to open at length upon realities. The excitement of thought which had possessed him ever since he had become a Catholic passed away, and he learned, as he had never learned it before, that the *soul* is every thing, and all transitory things of value only in proportion as they spring from, or conduce to, the soul's eternal welfare. He made up his mind to have done with scheming for ever. He determined to let other people alone, except when he should be positively called by duty or circumstances to exert himself for their good. Still more deeply he began to think over the question of his own personal vocation. He felt that he had no right to waste months

and years of his life in ridiculous plans for effecting great things, or for reforming the non-essentials of Church affairs, while myriads of souls remained around him in the depths of ignorance and sin, and crying aloud for the help of their more favoured fellow-creatures. Why was not *he* preparing to be a priest, and devoting his future life to the alleviation of some measure of the fearful mass of misery that pressed upon the poor of England? What answer could he have given, had the fever not left him until he had become a corpse?

The result may be guessed. As soon as health once more invigorated his frame, he wrote to the Superior at Stonyhurst, and requested permission to make a retreat under a Jesuit father. What then passed, it is not for us to tell. It is enough that he came out from the retreat happy, calm, and wise, and is now preparing for holy orders, with every promise of becoming a most exemplary member of the secular priesthood.

THE NEW CROOK IN THE LOT.

A Tale of the Nineteenth Century.

[Continued from vol. iii. p. 504.]

CHAPTER XVI.

Christmas Eve in Santa Maria Maggiore.—Reeves hastens his plans.—A reluctant engagement.—A marriage.

A FEW days more and it would be Christmas. It was a fact that every one seemed to feel. Even Kate, heavy-hearted as she was, and oppressed by a dullness of spirit against which her best exertions were becoming daily less effectual, felt that there was something in Christmas which drew the mind away from the contemplation of sorrow, which spoke of peace, and of the unfathomable joy of innocence. There is a softening, stilling influence in the coming of Christmas, as if the whole world were hushed and expecting, and ready to meet the cry of the infant Saviour with loud thanksgiving, and to re-echo the Hosannah of the gathering angels, and prolong the ardent song of praise. Hearts feel that it is so, though lips do not utter it; and the business of life is stayed, and the thoughts of this world pause and turn aside, and are absorbed in the miracle that meets them.

At the Palazzo Galviati all were busy preparing the decorations for their chapel. Adolph could help them here; and one morning when Kate visited him, she found him on the couch, which his increased weakness seldom permitted him to leave, surrounded by white lilies, straightening their leaves, and arranging their stems, and then giving them over to his beloved Genevieve, to twine into wreaths or twist into bunches for the happy day now close at hand.

"Only one more Christmas, Kate," whispered the child, as he threw his arm round his friend's neck, and brought her closer to him. "See these beautiful flowers, so very white—so fair and graceful."

"My dear boy," said Kate, embracing him, "it is all very lovely—very lovely indeed."

"One more Christmas," repeated the child, "and only one more. Do you know that I cannot get up by myself now. Any exertion makes me giddy. Terese carries me."

"Ask Katherine to help you," said Genevieve at this moment, purposely to divert the child's thoughts; "I shall want three stems of lilies immediately."

Adolph looked at Kate, and smiled brightly; she answered by taking the flowers he offered, and then the Countess, exchanging a glance with the child, began to sing in a low rich voice the hymn *Adeste fideles*. Adolph joined her; and still with his busy hands among the snowy flowers, he sung, and moved his body backwards and forwards to the melody; and only raised his eyes from his work to give Kate an occasional smile, so sweet and sparkling as to speak better than any words of the innocence within. Such a preparation for Christmas, by such hands, and with such expectations, seemed to Kate a strange union of life and death; but Adolph did not think of death, only of immortality and heaven.

While some felt the approach of Christmas so much, others had never before felt so little. At New Park there had always been a very distinguished roast beef and strong beer Christ-

mas, and never till now had that family been aware how much the whole sentiment of Christmas had been absorbed by those circumstances. Lady Harris sighed over Christmas, and said that in Rome there was nothing to do; and Mr. Humlove joined feeling with her, and said that Christmas was so associated in his mind with bright holly and red berries, that he could not believe in Christmas without it.

On Player the holy season came with comfort. Its thoughts took him from himself—his sad, disheartened self. The month was passing, and he looked to the interview which he had fixed for its close, steadily, but with sorrow. His mind was too honourable to entertain any idea of avoiding the meeting with the unknown lady, to whom he had become so strangely pledged; on the contrary, he was determined to be faithful to the appointment, and to abide by whatever consequences might arise from it.

Christmas was come. The Holy Father, anticipating his first Christmas Mass, was to say it at Santa Maria Maggiore on the evening before. Rome was full of strangers. Visitors had crowded in to witness this great solemnity, and the exposition of the relic of the manger of Bethlehem. Within that magnificent church, making their way with patient steps, among the gently moving but almost impenetrable throng, was Lady Harris and her party. The seats reserved for the ladies were already so full, that it was impossible to find accommodation there. Some one told them that after the Procession of the Relic many would go away; so waiting till that time, they continued to mingle with the crowd. Many others were similarly situated, and like them were waiting. The magnificent church, illuminated even to the gilded roof, was a wonder to many eyes. The suppressed whispers of thousands created a sound like a rushing wind mingling with the heavy waves on a spreading shore. The relic came. It was borne high in a crystal vase above the heads of the people. Two lines of soldiery kept its pathway up the nave; they, and all around, knelt as it passed by. Rachel's eyes were fixed upon the vase. As it was moved along in the light, she saw perfectly the plain bits of coarse, old-looking wood, so wonderful to the mind, so dear to the soul. Her lips were moving,—“and laid Him in a manger—and laid Him in a manger!” softly and fervently she spoke, and could say nothing else but that. Then there was a strong moving in the crowd, and they got back to the reserved seats; and the ladies of the party took their places there. Rachel's whole soul overflowed with devotional feeling. No one spoke to her. She gazed uninterruptedly on the scene, and her spirit took in its influence undisturbed.

Then came the Mass. As a matter of cu-

riosity, and to increase the interest of attending on the Papal Mass as an exhibition, Rachel had acquainted herself with the form sufficiently to know how the ceremonies came, and something of their meaning. Her mind, elevated by the sight just witnessed, and *believing in it*, entered with a new-formed interest upon the great scene then progressing.

The first and the last seemed now to be brought before her. *The Infant lying in a manger*, and the “*Do this for a commemoration of Me*,” and thought, passing quickly from the one to the other, presented, as it passed, the whole life of suffering love to her soul, which felt as laid low before it, and as subject to a power never known before.

And Mass was over; and then came soft strains, and then silence, and a splendid sight—the Pope, raised aloft, and borne slowly and steadily along beneath a canopy, and seated in a chair. Penetrated by the effect thus produced, Rachel's eyes followed the moving spectacle. The people dropped on their knees, while the Pontiff, making the sign of the cross, blessed them. And thus so silently, amid the breathless groups of kneeling and softly rising people, he passed, still making the holy sign, beneath which the thronging people still knelt, till Rachel saw him no more.

Then came a talk of carriages and servants, and inquiries about the hour, and Lady Harris's voice, saying that they must go home. Rachel's mind was full of what she had seen; all else was confusion to her. She did not speak, scarcely heard, and moved mechanically with the others. They got near the door, and Lady Harris desired her to take Reeves' arm. And immediately after, the soft night air flowed round her with refreshing sweetness, and Rachel began to recollect herself, and to wonder with a pious awe at the new emotions that had visited her. There was some delay about the carriage. They wrapped themselves in cloaks and shawls, and waited for it in the open air. There was a numerous passing of people, and a confusion of voices.

“Reeves, keep closer to us,” said Lady Harris, looking back. “Have you got Rachel safe there?”

“Yes, ma'am.”

And Reeves drew Rachel closer to him, and said something about wrapping up, and the change of atmosphere; of which Rachel only received the general meaning, for her thoughts were otherwise occupied, and her attention drawn off from herself. It was the first time that she had ever had her hand on her companion's arm without feelings of mortification and distress. But at that moment she had no feelings, no thoughts but for that which she had just heard and seen. Still the delay about the carriage continued. They were still standing waiting, and Reeves was speaking to her. At first she did know what he said;

but consciousness quickly came, and such a scorching sense of helplessness, as seemed to dry up and wither her energies, and leave her without strength to move, or even power to weep.

But for one moment was she conscious of what Reeves was saying—and then, though he continued to speak, she heard no more. No sudden sickness of the spirit overwhelmed her, no faintness of the heart overcame her with death-like insensibility; she stood strong in her gift of trust—her head thrown back, her eyes raised to the glittering sky, and her soul spreading itself out before heaven. Every star seemed to smile upon her like guardian angels' eyes. The loathsome tide of admiration was flowing at her ear, but she heard only the solemn strains re-echoed by the mind; a distasteful presence was at her side, but she only felt that that night she had visited the Manger, and felt the presence of God.

"I thank Thee that the moment of trial has come in an hour of strength!" she said.

Then there was a movement, and the carriage had come. Lady Harris beckoned to them. Reeves seized the hand which Rachel had withdrawn from his arm, and hurried her along. They had almost reached the carriage. Reeves spoke again;—he pressed her hand violently;—she turned her head towards him. "Hear me, for Heaven's sake! listen to me for a moment! I have betrayed myself. My whole prospect of preferment is in your hands. Forgive and pity me. Do you understand? You can ruin me, if you please; but pity me—forgive!"

"Sit opposite to me, Rachel," said Lady Harris; and never having uttered a syllable in answer, Rachel found herself in the carriage, and they drove away.

Reeves spent a restless night. He had exceeded his commission. He thought Rachel would appeal to Lady Harris. He was angry with himself. "I was mad," he said; "but how can people keep quiet under the influences which gather about me? She—Rachel—has a strange peace about her which attracts me. If I lose her I am undone. Lose her!" he repeated, and paced the room with agitated steps—"lose her!"—his eyes flashed fire—"then may I die. I would rather die than not succeed. She shall be mine—yes, *mine*—she *must* be mine, or I am nothing." Reeves paced his room; he paused often, and let his thoughts run in the same strain; he worked himself up into an ardour of expectation, and exclaimed, "Come, gold and greatness—come, luxury and power—dear objects, for which it is worth while to live, and strive, and strain after for a time. Come, Rachel, my ambition's help, and seal, and crown—I will reach it all through you." It was not an unusual thing for Reeves when alone to give way to these passions of excitement. They seemed to repay his tried spirit for the constant discipline it at other

times underwent, and for the total want of any expressed sympathy. But now he suddenly recalled his imagination from its flight, and throwing himself on a seat, exclaimed, "But if she should betray me! what a mine to spring beneath my feet I have this night laid!" He drew a table, on which were writing materials, towards him hastily; then, burying his face in his hands, he thought long and deeply. No trace of passion was on his countenance when it was again uncovered. All was calm and still; the flushed face had paled again, and the eyes flashed no more fire, but were only rather more than commonly shaded by the long black lashes and over-hanging brow. He wrote a few words, sealed it securely, then locked it in his desk, and went to rest. It contained an apology to Lady Harris, and led to a conversation tolerably satisfactory to both parties.

Reeves' last words to Rachel lived in her memory: "Have pity on me—forgive." Yes, she had the power to ruin him, but she would shew pity, and she had at once forgiven.

A few days of silence past. People were moving about, hearing and seeing what interested them, but Rachel seldom went out. Lady Harris, not wishing to tempt her to a confidence, took but little notice of her. Jane Wentworth was grave, and appeared fatigued with the sight-seeing life; and when Rachel was with William, he spoke of his love, and assured her that her own power of loving would awake, and that he could never love another. They had one long and anxious debate upon this subject; and after that Rachel tried to avoid him, and yet she felt the same kind and affectionate solicitude about him that she had ever felt.

Thus the Christmas week passed, and the Epiphany came, and went, and a few days more passed by, and Reeves became tired of his voluntary banishment from the morning room, for he only ventured to meet Rachel of an evening, when many people were by, lest she should, by her treatment of him, more firmly fix his fate; still he felt urged on to do something more towards committing Rachel before his departure for Naples, where he was to be sent by his patron. Once, when this thought was in his mind, he met Rachel in an anteroom. He stopped her, she tried to pass him, he caught her hand, pressed it to his lips, and fled. Rachel, visibly overcome, and even surprised into tears, seldom as now they flowed, rushed on into the drawing-room, and was met by William. She made an effort to recover herself on seeing him; but he observed her agitation, and leading her to a chair, said:

"Rachel, tell me, you seem often to be distressed; is it my perseverance that pains you?"

"Oh, not that, William; no, not that."

"What do you want?" he asked.

The anguish of her heart was too great to be wholly subdued, and in a bitter tone she

cried, as she turned her face aside, "Oh, William, to serve God in peace is all I ask."

"And that I offer you," he answered gravely. He took her hand—"You will not withdraw this," he said; it stayed passive in his grasp. "Not this evening," he said, "but to-morrow, I will tell my parents. Dear Rachel, how blest the family where you will live! how blest that spot of earth that shall own you mistress! Dear Rachel—no, you must not go—I will leave you. Rachel, dear Rachel, give me some token of your kindness."

She pressed the hand that still held hers; then William released it, and went away, and Rachel buried her face in the cushions of the chair, and wept long, but not bitterly, for her heart was on the whole relieved. And from that moment there rose a dawning of happiness, and she thought on all that had been done for her, and dwelt on all she ought to render back as a thank-offering in return. To be one day the mistress of all that she now enjoyed at the hand of charity—it was a thought with which no gratified ambition or sentiment of rewarded love mingled, but a feeling came with it that in a fixed position she might gratify the longing desire she had ever felt to have something to offer to God. "Yes," she said, "in the various duties of my station, in my complying obedience as a wife, I shall be for ever thanking Him, among whose attributes it is, to judge the poor of the people, and to save the children of the needy." And another thought. "This is the answer to my prayers, this is the way of escape from the persecutions of that man."

"I see His will, and follow it," said Rachel that night, in answer to a question of her lover's.

"Yes, Rachel; but you give your heart to me, as I have irrevocably given mine to you? You love me, Rachel—tell me that you love me."

"Love!" replied Rachel; "yes, William, I suppose that I love you. But I know nothing of love. What is it? If it is to pray for you with tears of earnestness, if it is to feel that I could nurse you in sickness and never be wearied, and soothe you in sorrow with an untiring sympathy—if that is love, then I feel all that for you."

"It is all that, dear Rachel, and yet more. Let your own sweet accents describe it more fully."

"I cannot," she replied. "Love, as I know it, is the fulfilling of the law of charity; and the task will be easy towards you!"

"But the thought of being my wife," said William, hesitating as he spoke, "is pleasant to you?"

"Yes," answered Rachel; "yes. It ought under any circumstances to be a pleasant thought, in mine it is so peculiarly. Fears for the future will intrude—faithless fears; for He has said, 'Cast all your care upon Me.' But rest is sweet. Kind proposer of peace!"

she said, lifting her full, eloquent eyes on William—"proposer of peace! provider of rest! Yes, William, I shall be glad to be your wife!"

"To me it is so sweet to think that we shall be together always!" said William.

"Yes," answered Rachel; "it is a solemn thought. To tread the marriage-path together till death brings heaven."

"Death!" cried William, "do not talk of death, Rachel. Life is the best theme for those who are so soon to begin it."

"Life is ever the best theme; but that life which never ends—that life in which all earthly interests will be absorbed. O happy, happy state! where the anxious questions of this world will all be solved! May we carry out the designs of God together!—but how? and what are they? Oh, William! strange questions arise in this our state of labour. And this broad field of the world, what puzzling things lie upon its surface!—and so soon perhaps to be reaped!—at all events so wisely to be prepared for the Lord of the harvest's coming!"

The morrow came, the day which was to be so great an era in their lives, and it came gay and sunny, like a morning in early spring. The breakfast-table was a very quiet one, and the meal was prolonged, as if they had wanted to stay the flight of time, and not to haste too speedily upon the full-grown day. At last Reeves pleaded an engagement, and Sir James recollected his morning walk, and Jane Wentworth proposed accompanying her uncle, and William strolled into the adjoining room, and all gradually dispersed. About noon, Lady Emily and Katherine called, but were speedily disturbed by the announcement that Mr. Newcome wished to speak to Lady Harris alone.

Rachel rose to go into the next room, and Lady Emily and Kate being invited to accompany her, did so. There still sat William Harris, and, closing the door, he received and entertained the guests.

And now into Lady Harris's presence came Newcome. Jane was trembling on his arm.

"Lady Harris, will you shew your kindness to two persons, who truly desire your forgiveness, though they cannot plead repentance. Your niece has this morning become my wife. Our hearts were fixed upon our marriage," continued Newcome, as Lady Harris stood swelling with anger and speechless before him—"our hearts were fixed upon our marriage; which, however, would not have been thus secret, had we not known that your consent was unattainable. Lady Harris, I am a Catholic; and in marrying without your knowledge, we have spared your conscience much anxiety, and relieved you from responsibilities which you could not have exercised, I am sure, without infinite pain."

Newcome ceased, but no answer was returned. Lady Harris stood stiffened with rage.

Her eyes were fixed, her hands clasped before her; yet the workings of her countenance declared that she desired not strength to forgive, or resignation to endure, but rather power to wither, to crush, to annihilate. Still, words did not come. None that she could have uttered could have told her feelings.

Newcome felt that such a scene ought not to last. "We bid you farewell," he said; "in a few weeks we shall return to Rome; then I will beg permission to see you again."

"Never," exclaimed Lady Harris, in a voice that made the room vibrate; "never."

Newcome cast one glance at her, and then led Jane quickly into the inner room.

"William, go to your mother," he said. "Stay with your friends for a few minutes," he said to his weeping wife. "Jane will explain matters," he said, looking at Lady Emily. "I must see Sir James." In a very short time Newcome returned. The interview with Sir James had been almost momentary. The fact was stated, and Sir James felt so grateful for the additional information that Lady Harris had been told, that, in the first sensation of relief incident on that intelligence, he grasped Newcome's hand, who took that favourable moment for a rapid retreat. The next thing was to place his bride in the carriage, and to bear her thankfully away. Neither Lady Emily or Katherine liked to go away without seeing Lady Harris. They therefore intruded themselves for a moment on that lady. She was leaning in an arm-chair when they entered, and William was a little behind, bending over her, and resting on the chair's back. She rose calmly from her seat when she saw them enter, and disengaged her hand from her son's grasp.

"This has been a great trial;"—already she chose to speak of it as a thing passed away.—"I feel the ingratitude, the want of confidence shewn me. But I can now only hope that the rash girl may never repent her hasty act."

Lady Harris smiled through the big bright tear that gathered, and then fell slowly down her cheek. "Are you going?" she said; "well, I will go with you to the hall." She placed her arm within Kate's, and they left the room. Kate was surprised that William did not accompany them; but he remained, as on their entrance, leaning on the back of his mother's chair.

Perhaps no one ever possessed self-command and the power of vigorous exertion, united with vehement passions, in a higher degree than Lady Harris. When surprised by Newcome's sudden communication, she had shewn herself overcome by indignation; but soon the outward indications of an exasperated spirit passed away. Her son had come to her. The purest sentiments she had ever known her heart had felt for him; when his caress was on her brow, the mother had over-

come the despot, and she had wept. But the triumph of nature was short. Another and a sadder scene ensued; and when Lady Harris looked on her guests, beneath that seeming calm raged contending passions, which, but for her inflexible determination, would have broken her heart.

Lady Harris accompanied them to the hall. Some servants were there. With an inward impatience, but an exterior calm, she said "Good bye!" and watched their departure. On her face dwelt a quiet expression, which looked, but only looked, like cheerful and dignified resignation. Glad as she was to be alone, no indication of such a feeling escaped. There she stood, and she answered Lady Emily's last bow with a smile.

The servants retired, all but Masters. He had known his mistress long, and had an instinctive feeling that something more than people knew of was the matter. He lingered in the hall. "Masters, tell Mr. Reeves that I shall be glad to speak to him in my dressing-room this evening about eight o'clock."

The man went away. Then Lady Harris sought her own room, where, for a while, we must leave her, and recount what had been passing between herself and her son.

CHAPTER XVII.

Mother and son.

THE unusual display of affection with which William had been met by his mother—for deeply as Lady Harris felt for her son, she seldom made any particular exhibition of her feelings—had induced him to take that moment for disclosing his desires in reference to Rachel Meadows. At first she had really not understood him. Her views for Rachel so well matured, and so lately under consideration, and the shock of Jane Wentworth's marriage, seemed to have disabled her mind, and blunted her usually acute powers of comprehension. But when William continued to speak—when he begged her to receive from his hands one who would be far more than a niece, and dear to her as a daughter—when he again named Rachel Meadows—and when, above all, he said that they loved each other—then she understood at once his meaning and her own wretchedness. She took her son's hand, and in a soft, soothing voice spoke to him.

"Dear boy, this is wrong—sadly, miserably wrong. Rachel has acted improperly. It must not be."

"It must, it must, my mother," William was beginning, when Lady Emily and Katherine entered the room; and Lady Harris, gently disengaging her hand from her son's grasp, left him. William remained in the room, as we have seen, still standing by his mother's chair; and at first a bewildering sadness oppressed him, but it did not last. The

words, "Rachel has acted improperly," were ringing in his ears. "Ah, no!" he said, "it is not so. There is a misunderstanding somewhere. My mother acts upon it. All will yet be well; and then how happy!"

Acting on this hope, after a few moments of thought, William rushed from the room and sought Rachel. He told her he had opened the subject to his mother, and that they had been interrupted. He besought her to keep to the retirement of her own apartment while he obtained an unreserved interview with his mother, and to this Rachel gladly acceded; and while William, urged by the new-found power which deep emotion confers, having sent a written message to his mother, urging her to an immediate interview, was wandering through the house, and pacing the rooms in all the unquiet of an anxious mind united to a determined will, Rachel, in solitude and in the peace of a patient spirit, was addressing herself to Him in whose hand is the soul of every living thing. It was not that she did not feel—that she did not think of William and of herself. Her mind was deeply interested in him; and for his sake she could not be indifferent. It was not the thought of rank, or dignity, or riches that pleaded, but simply a firm and not an exaggerated sense of the power she had unconsciously acquired over William's mind. She felt the responsibility of it, and for his sake she desired to fulfil what appeared to be *her calling* in relation to him. There was no other sympathy than that of charity. She might be—she thought that she was—necessary to him; but he was not necessary to her. For him, therefore, she felt, hoped, and feared, and for him alone.

Lady Harris answered her son's request for an interview by a few words, postponing it to a later hour; and William, to get over the time thus thrown upon his hands, rushed out of the house, and did not return till towards evening.

His mother remained a long time alone. Sometimes she sat in deep thought, sometimes she paced her room with agitated steps, and then she would stand still and press her hand on her heart and on her burning brow, and murmur: "My son, my son! why do you try me thus, my son?" But mortification, anger, and the love of rule, would soon chase the feelings of natural tenderness from her breast; and clasping her hands firmly, and standing in an attitude of scorn and defiance, she would exclaim: "*He* marry Rachel Meadows! he have her! Never. She shall marry Reeves—she *shall* marry Reeves." Oh, it was terrible that trial of passion; and its traces never passed away from her. A mother's love and a tyrant's will, how could they ever live together? And how one and then the other rose up to claim her its own! and how each

fell before the other, till she cried aloud: "I cannot do it—I cannot! No; he never knew severity, never wanted it till now. He is my only one—can I annihilate his hopes? And he loves me! I have had his love—his gentle, admiring, unceasing love—for all his life, from the time that he first knew his mother"—(she clasped her hands upon her breast, and her eyes filled with tears)—"till now, when he comes to me for his wife. No, I cannot—I cannot do it." She sunk upon a seat and wept. But what a change soon again passed over her! What terrible whisper at her heart roused her again to evil? She sprung from her seat, and looked around her with a glance that flashed wildly through her tears; but her voice was soft and low. "My boy, my poor boy! But I have promised her to Reeves. How can I take her from him? The man would expose me. Could I buy his silence? No—impossible!" The demon of pride was again alive, strong and vigorous, and this time not to be, even for an instant, conquered. I ask his promised bride from him to give to my son—I offer to buy of him his hopes—I admit him to my confidence—him, Reeves, the son of my servant, himself my servant—a hireling the rival of my son, and I acknowledge it!" She struck her hand loudly on the table, and smiled the proud *impossible* reply. Once more the feeling of tenderness rose, but not for victory. "I cannot of myself annihilate my child's hopes," she said again. "I cannot of myself—but that man shall serve my purpose. But suppose the boy should be firm. He would but resemble his mother." And she smiled. "My heart misgives me that he may. But no matter; *that man* shall serve my purpose—I cannot do it of myself." And again she repeated, "*That man shall serve my purpose.*"

And now a sudden composure fell upon Lady Harris; and, still thinking of her son, she said, and often repeated, "He will thank me in the end. It is for his own good. He will thank me in the end."

After some time William received a summons to his mother's room. He was received with tenderness, and there was an unusual kind of quiet seriousness in her manner. William was relieved to see that at least the importance of the subject was acknowledged. Really unable to say any thing that he had desired to say, he fell on his mother's neck and embraced her with childlike fervour, and then tried to express his sense of her consideration, and to say something of the excess of his passion.

"This is a sad situation for mother and child," began Lady Harris; "I feel it deeply. But I expect good sense and firmness from you, William, and must therefore set you an example of it."

"Mother, I cannot—I *cannot* give her

up," exclaimed William. "Mother, we love each other."

"No," replied Lady Harris, looking steadily at her son, and speaking in tones of warning and knowledge. "No,—Rachel Meadows loves no man." (There was something so solemn and sure in her enunciation of this.) "She loves no man," she repeated; "she may marry, but she will never love. I know her better than you think."

Lady Harris's steadfast gaze was fixed piercingly upon her son; she felt her power, and went on with animation. "Tell me—tell me, if she has ever said she loves you. Tell me if she has ever returned your affections with corresponding warmth. Tell me—ah, my dear William!"—and Lady Harris rested her hand upon her son's shoulder, and looked at him as she had never looked before—looked at him as if she would teach him how woman could—how woman ought to love; and her voice was soft and low, yet thrilling in its accents—"Tell me, William, have you ever felt a lover's joy in the assurance of possessing an undivided heart? Have you felt what it is to possess a heart that gives back love for love, and gives in the unmeasured manner in which it has received?" The mother withdrew her hand, and waited for her son's reply.

William's heart recoiled from the glowing thoughts her words produced, in bitter consciousness that he had never received a full return of affection. He could not answer; but leaning his head on the side of the large chair into which he had sunk, he closed his eyes, as if desiring to hear any thing more that remained to be said before he spoke. There was a silence of some moments, and his heart stilled its nervous beatings, and swelled with hope. "She is too pure to love as others love," it whispered. He had not seen that his mother had continued to regard him, that she had detected the slight smile that told of the rise of happier thoughts—that she read them, and would now crush them.

"You naturally think that hers may not be a character for the display of earthly love," she said with a compassioning smile. "You may think that you will find in her perfect fulfilment of her duties, all that need be desired. You reason as a lover, not as a husband. A man in your situation marries, not to give a teacher to his servants, or a schoolmistress to his parish, but to make a wife for himself; and such a wife as Rachel Meadows can never make. No, William; leave her to a situation, at this most opportune moment provided, as it were, by"—Lady Harris hesitated—even *she* felt that it was a dreadful thing to say; but she was embarked in an enterprise which had, at all risks, to be carried through, and she spoke again, and firmly: "provided, as it were, by God."

"What do you mean?" demanded William, with agitation; "I don't understand you."

Lady Harris saw her opportunity. A sarcastic smile rose upon her face. "Do you know Rachel so well, and yet not understand me?" she asked, and there was a speaking irony in her manner; "the confidence has not been so mutual, if you do not know that you have a rival."

"It is false!" The words burst from William's lips like a cry of agony, but he recovered himself quickly; and though he stood trembling, he commanded himself so far as to go on with smothered vehemence,—*"Mother, it must be false; it"*—

"*It is true!*" interrupted Lady Harris, with the greatest emphasis, "and Rachel"—But now she was, in her turn, interrupted; and, with a face flashing with passions such as had never before been seen there, William replied, "Rachel cannot love another." And as he spoke, the last passing gleam of passion subsided into scorn, and rising from his seat, he turned away with every indication of contempt.

His mother subdued her rising wrath, though to do so cost her an unwonted effort. Her lips were pressed with nervous closeness; she slightly frowned, and drew her figure upright. Her eyes followed her son, and rested upon him with a power of meaning, beneath which his spirit quailed, even in its anger. And when she spoke, it was slowly, and in so unimpassioned a manner, that the words seemed to drop out, as sounds that could not be restrained, expressive of feelings which would be known, but whose effect she sought not to increase by any expression of emotion.

"Rachel might have spared me this," she said. "It is impossible but that she must have felt, with all her want of worldly knowledge, that two lovers at a time were more than correct. But had she loved either, she would have felt instinctively what was right; and this not being the case, perhaps I ought not to judge her by common rules."

She paused for a moment, and then went on distinctly addressing herself to her son. And he, on this change, turned quietly towards her in an attitude of polite attention. But traces of his first bitter look of scorn still lingered on his lips, and the mother could scarcely keep from shrinking before so sickening a smile.

"Rachel Meadows," continued Lady Harris, "will marry—if she ever marries—for the more entire fulfilment of those especial purposes of usefulness to which she, perhaps not incorrectly, considers herself divinely called. Assuming this, there is certainly a sort of affinity between her and—*and Joseph Reeves*—which would make their union very far from inconsistent."

All this she spoke in a gentle business-like

tone; and William tried to appear indifferent and unbelieving.

"Joseph Reeves," she went on, "owes so much to Miss Meadows, that one immediately acknowledges the necessity of his feeling the utmost gratitude and admiration for her; and that this should have ripened into a warmer feeling on his part, especially during their late increased intercourse, is not surprising, but simply natural, and very honourable to his taste and judgment."

There was a pause; and William, trying to express by his manner a positiveness of intention and a security of position which he could not feel, said, with mingled pity and contempt, "They are so different!"

"In what?" inquired his mother, in well-feigned innocence and astonishment—"In what? They are equal in birth and in education; and if Reeves' rise in life did not begin quite so early, he had not so low a state to rise from; and his course has been as rapid, and is likely to be more exalted, besides being indisputably permanent and independent."

"I am not acquainted with his expectations," said William, coldly.

"His expectations," said Lady Harris, not noticing her son's annoyance, "are to go to one of our colonies, and to be ordained a Church of England clergyman; and he further expects to persuade Rachel to accompany him as his wife. So large a field will satisfy even her longings: for my part, I am looking forward to their return. As soon as we can get Reeves back, he may take possession of one of your father's snug livings. Thus Rachel will obtain a position of permanent respectability and usefulness, unexceptionable both as regards pecuniary matters and society, which could never have been secured to her by any unassisted exertions of mine."

William could have met arguments with answers, persuasion with inflexibility, and anger with obstinate determination; but, as he listened to these anticipations and plans, from which he was so utterly, indisputably, and for ever excluded, his hopes really withered within him. He felt already a deadness at his heart, and a growing belief that he had been in a dream, and a miserable sense of awakening. At that moment a knock was heard at the door, and Masters asked admission for Joseph Reeves.

"This will be too much for you," said Lady Harris very quietly to her son. "He is come to speak on this very subject."

"No; oh, no," he replied, with assumed carelessness; and retreating to a distant table, he took up a book, and appeared to read.

Reeves entered, and was kindly received. "You have received my message, I see," said Lady Harris; "and are here for my approval of your plans and *hopes*."

She spoke rather loud, and smiled as she

uttered the last word with emphasis. Joseph Reeves looked the picture of gratitude and bashful happiness.

"You told me this morning that you had heard from Mr. Ridley Spouter, and that he wishes to hurry your return—well, that we can talk of another time: but you wish to go to Naples; and I sent for you to say that you could now go any time—to-morrow, if you please."

Reeves expressed his thanks very heartily, and as he felt; for having again betrayed himself to Rachel, he desired to be out of the way of temptation till, assisted by Lady Harris, he could make his proposals in proper form. He was not, therefore, prepared for what followed.

"And now, Mr. Reeves," said Lady Harris, in a very cheerful manner, "since we are old friends, and since *a certain person* is entirely under my protection, we must proceed to another subject."

Reeves bowed, and actually blushed and trembled.

William moved his chair, as if to obtain a better light on his book, but really to hear what might follow.

"Have you mentioned your feelings to Miss Meadows?" inquired Lady Harris, bestowing a significant look on Reeves.

"I felt that, in my situation," replied he, "it would be impossible to do so,—to do so distinctly, I mean. I felt that I must occupy some more decided position before I could properly propose a home to ——" His voice faltered; he could not pronounce her name.

The lady looked disappointed; he had not given quite the answer she desired. Her *protégé* saw that he had made a mistake.

"Then," said his patroness,—"then Miss Meadows is not at all aware of your feelings?"

The question made William gasp; yet he was glad to hear his mother speak so plainly.

"Pardon me, madam," said Reeves; "I must not deceive you; that lady does know my heart—I am sure she does."

Lady Harris brightened, and gave Reeves a quick glance of encouragement and approval.

"Some time since," he continued, "I was unable to conceal my feelings as entirely as perhaps I ought to have done. The natural agitation she displayed recalled my self-command, and I was happy to experience her forgiveness. I frequently was favoured with her society; I know that I did not lose her regard. Since then—indeed, a very short time since, I ——; but pardon me, madam, I cannot enter into particulars; it is enough to say, that I continue to be made happy by her society, though she knows my—my—" he hesitated, but at last said "love."

The book suddenly dropped from William's hand; the sound with which it fell struck like

a blow upon his mother's heart; he sighed—it penetrated to her inmost soul.

"When did you last betray your affection to Miss Meadows?" she continued.

"Yesterday afternoon," answered Reeves.

William sunk heavily into his seat.

"And so you would seriously like to go towards Naples to-morrow?"

"Very much, if your ladyship will permit me."

"You are perfectly at liberty. But I think, Mr. Reeves, that if you have allowed Miss Meadows to become acquainted with the state of your feelings at this time, when you cannot honourably proceed further, that you are called upon to make her some apology for your indiscretion."

"You, ma'am, are the best judge."

"I advise you to write her a note," said Lady Harris. And now that lady recollected that, after all that had just occurred, there would be no prevailing on William to keep on friendly terms with Reeves; and that she had better make the visit to Naples the beginning of a longer separation. In her mind, arrangements were soon made; and as she affected to turn over the leaves of a writing-case, in search of materials for Reeves's note to Rachel, she said, "After the annoying occurrence of this morning, I shall not wish to remain here much longer. I imagine that we shall soon be returning to England. Since you are going to Naples, I think it really desirable for you to return to England another way. You should see Venice and Milan; Mr. Humlove returns that way. We might make an arrangement for you to meet and travel together. If you arrived in London before us, which you would probably do, you could, after that letter from Mr. Ridley Spouter, go to them in London; and as soon as we arrived at New Park we would summon you. How do you like that plan, Mr. Reeves?"

"It is delightful, and as full of advantage to me as your ladyship's plans always are," exclaimed Reeves, looking very happy.

"Well, then, the sooner we put it in practice the better. There are writing materials; now make your amends to Miss Meadows."

In a few minutes Lady Harris perused the following:

"Madam,—Forgive me for alluding to a circumstance which I would not recur to, except to apologise—I mean, the agitation I thoughtlessly caused you in the hall yesterday afternoon. I am shortly to leave this place, and am not likely to return to England as one of your party; and before I depart, I desire to express, with the above apology, my humble thanks for your unvarying kindness, and my admiration for your character, from which I have derived much and eternal benefit. These are things I can never forget. I would gladly express my gratitude better, and also the exalted estimation in which you will ever be held by

"Your faithful servant,

"JOSEPH REEVES."

Lady Harris read this epistle to herself first; and then, as if for its better comprehension, in a tone which, although low, was loud enough for William to hear her repeat, with an approving smile, the phrases, "unvarying kindness"—"admiration of your character"—"express my gratitude better"—"exalted estimation in which you will ever be held;" and then she continued, as she herself sealed the note, and presented it to Reeves to direct—"Very well, Mr. Reeves; you have expressed yourself extremely well."

The bell was rung; some further conversation ensued about the next day's journey. Masters appeared: "Let this be taken to Miss Meadows, and let Hook ask if there is any answer."

Rachel received the note; she gave her answer instantly, written in pencil; and then uttered a hasty thanksgiving at the prospect of being, as she hoped, for ever relieved from Reeves. Her answer was soon read in Lady Harris's room:

"Think no more of the past, which was a trial to me. I rejoice in your prospects; and if I have ever been any benefit to you, to Him be the praise to whose direction I commend you.

"R. M."

Reeves perused his answer with unspeakable relief.

Reviews.

MODERN DEISM.—MORELL AND FROUDE.

1. *The Philosophy of Religion.* By J. D. Morell, M.A. London, Longmans.
2. *The Nemesis of Faith.* By J. A. Froude, M.A. Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. London, J. Chapman.

THE precise value and full significance of these volumes cannot be appreciated without a brief retrospect of the course of religious thought

during the last 300 years. They are so eminently books of the time, and an expression of the fundamental principles which lie at the root of modern Protestant theology, that, in order to be thoroughly understood, they must be viewed in their historical connexion with the ideas which have prevailed in the nominally Christian world since the great schism of Lu-

ther. We shall therefore preface the remarks we have to make, both upon Mr. Morell's essay and Mr. Froude's story, with a rapid exposition of the phenomena of the Protestant mind since the old modes of thought were violently shattered by that great intellectual and moral convulsion.

At the period of the Reformation, then, the whole of Christendom believed that there *is* such a thing as dogmatic truth, and that the doctrines which are really revealed by the Gospel are direct announcements of spiritual realities from God to man. The Catholic Church held, as she now holds, that such and such doctrines *are*, as a matter of fact, contained in the Christian revelation; and that God has appointed one particular method by which an individual mind may ascertain *what* doctrines are thus eternally and unchangeably true. Luther, his associates, and his followers, maintained, on the other hand, that many of the particular doctrines thus taught by the Catholic Church were really false, and contrary to Christianity; and also, that the means by which the Church asserted that the private Christian must learn what he must believe was a human and wicked invention, and opposed to the will and law of God. Both Luther, however, and the Protestants, on the one side, and the Catholic Church, on the other, agreed in believing, that whatever *be* the real truths of the Gospel, God really *has* revealed a number of doctrines through Jesus Christ, which man is bound to ascertain, to hold, and to act upon, as the condition of his eternal salvation. Both parties maintained that Scripture is not a mere book of history, but that it contains a system of religious truth which God has commanded us to believe and obey, under peril of perdition, whatever be the right method for interpreting the actual words of the Bible itself.

For several generations, accordingly, theological controversy was occupied either in upholding Catholicism or Protestantism as true, or in maintaining one form of Protestantism against another—(always on the ground that one or other was actually revealed by God to man)—or in attacking or defending Christianity itself as a divinely sanctioned religion. Those who disowned the dogmatic creed of Catholics and Protestants alike, at once avowed themselves, either secretly or openly, disbelievers in the truth of Christianity as a revelation, and in the Bible as an inspired record. Infidelity consisted in a definite, clear, bold denial of the divine mission of our Lord, and of the authenticity and genuineness of the sacred Scriptures.

Meanwhile the confidence of all classes of Protestants in the truth of their own interpretations of the Bible began to shake and waver. The age of the Reformation being eminently dogmatical, and not metaphysical or philosophical, the most energetic and keenest thinkers of the time directed their attention much more

to the truth or falsehood of certain positive creeds than to the foundations on which *all* human knowledge and all faith must ultimately rest. The old scholastic philosophy had died away, and a literary and historical, as opposed to a metaphysical mode of thought, had taken possession of the intelligence of Europe. The philosophical portions of the writings of St. Thomas and the great schoolmen were far less studied and employed in controversy than their developed dogmatic statements. The acuteness of speculation which in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries had penetrated to the foundations of all possible and actual knowledge, were merged in the great controversies respecting justification, the real presence, the authority of the Church, and other distinct dogmas. The subtleties of the old metaphysical analysis found no place in that ardent generation; and men acquiesced in the idea that it was simply a question whether the exercise of private judgment in matters of religion was right or wrong, and not whether it was essentially possible or impossible by the laws of the human mind itself.

As time went on, and the intense doctrinal excitement of the sixteenth century cooled down, and Christendom was separated into its distinct divisions, the theory of the private interpretation of the Bible was subjected to a new test on the part of those very Protestants who had at first so vehemently maintained its indefeasible rights and its wonderful spiritual powers. In Germany, where the personal piety of Protestants rapidly decayed, while the energy of modern thought was stimulated to the most daring exploits, one thinking man after another came to perceive that the old theory of the reality of certain spiritual truths revealed to man by Christianity, was utterly inconsistent with the principle of private judgment, and with the visible facts of Scripture and of the world of Protestantism. New schools of metaphysical study sprang into life, analysed the constitution of the human mind into its minutest elements, and cast off with indignant and contemptuous scorn the whole body of the Lutheran and Calvinistic theology, as a representation of unseen spiritual realities. Some retained a nominal belief in Christianity, some disdained the name of Christian; some admitted the historical accuracy of the four Gospels, others regarded them as founded in fact, but as deserving no more actual credit than the mythic poems of classical antiquity. Wherever piety survived, it assumed the guise of a vague and dreamy mysticism, only differing from the dogmatic scepticism of the philosophers, in that its activities were directed towards God and towards eternity, while with the latter man and nature were the sole subjects of speculation and regard.

In France a somewhat similar scene was enacted, though with a less distinctive character. The absence of all schools of Protestant

theology, the comparatively unreflective disposition of Frenchmen, the profligacy of the age, and its political disturbances, combined to prevent any of that systematic development of unbelief which arose in the German empire. Rousseau, and a few other and lesser men, walked in the same path with their German associates in the war against Christianity; but in their writings both passion and politics were mingled with metaphysical schemes, and this mixture, while it tended to spread the poison with fearful rapidity through myriads of hearts, forbade the construction of those more complete philosophic systems which are characteristic of modern German thought. It was not until the present generation that infidelity assumed the guise of Christianity, or that French *philosophes* attempted a reconciliation of the principles of Pantheism or universal scepticism with the name of the Gospel and the historical truth of Holy Scripture. Now, however, the monstrous anomaly has taken its place in that acute and daring nation, and the Church has to carry on her warfare not against a new Voltaire, or a revived school of Encyclopædists, but against men who call themselves Christians, while they sap the foundations of all possible religious knowledge and belief.

In our own country the course of thought has been yet slower still. Two powerful causes have combined to preserve to the dogmatic idea a hold upon the national mind, which is scarcely yet destroyed. The existence of the Creeds and other written formularies and doctrinal statements in the Established Church, guaranteed and enforced by that great authority to which the English mind bows with undissembled reverence—an Act of Parliament—has made it impossible for the vast body of conscientious Churchmen to deny the existence of positive revealed truth, as such, without a keenness of logic and a metaphysical subtlety to which England has been long a stranger. In addition to this outward fact, a deep and enduring revival of personal religion taught the nation to shrink with horror from any thing like an open tampering with the real inspiration of Scripture, or even with the Apostles', the Nicene, and the Athanasian Creeds. That energetic and sincere movement which began with Wesley, and has latterly been developed into Puseyism, forbade the formation of any school of philosophical unbelief which should undermine Christianity as a *bona-fide* revelation of spiritual realities to sinful and miserable man. With all the absurdities and inconsistencies of Evangelical and High-Church Protestantism, it has thus until lately held fast the truth that the Bible is not a mere form of expounding moral truths, but an unveiling of the mysteries of an actually existing spiritual world.

But now, Great Britain is involved in the common destiny of Protestant thought. The foundations of her dogmatic views are shaken,

and the whole edifice of Protestant doctrine, whether "Evangelical," Arminian, or Puseyite, totters and is ready to fall. First the movement began among the Dissenters. Unrestrained by symbolical writings, and bound to use no special forms of prayer, for many years the most able among the Nonconformists have been examining the basis of all Protestant belief, and the authority to which private interpretations may lay claim, as expressing certain definite objective truths. From the very first moment when they commenced their task, they have exhibited the most undeniable symptoms of the issue to which all such philosophical investigations must lead; and we are convinced that the time will speedily arrive when the whole body of Protestant Nonconformist divinity will become a pure Socinianism, in essence at least, even if it retains some few fragments of orthodox phraseology and statement. A precisely similar result is also preparing in the bosom of the Establishment. The conflict between the Oxford Tractarian school and the more consistent votaries of private judgment has produced this one startling and permanent consequence, that both parties have become aware that they have no real, intelligible, and satisfactory ground for believing *any* doctrines to be true. The absurdities of Bibliolatry—the still more glaring absurdity of sending the private Christian to the voluminous writings of antiquity for his creed—the impossibility of proving the inspiration of Scripture on the Protestant theory—all these things have been forced upon the attention of conscientious people with an irresistible pertinacity which is fast driving them to seek for *some* grounds of belief, or some self-consistent religious philosophy, on which to stay their troubled souls. Retaining, through long habit, through personal inclinations, or through the aid of some mysterious supernatural guidance, their intellectual belief in certain defined doctrines, they are daily more and more awake to the hopelessness of thoroughly satisfying their reason and their conscience by any of those appliances to which they have been wont to have recourse in their difficulties. In some cases, the soul has light and grace to embrace that solution of the terrible problem of humanity which is offered by the Catholic Church; in others, the perturbed spirit plunges headlong into worldly dissipation or secular studies; in others, again, the mind betakes itself to some one of those many forms of philosophy to which modern Germany and France have given birth, and which are every day finding fresh expositors in England itself.

For, let it be remarked, that the spirit of this age is such that it repudiates all thought of denying the truth of Christianity as a revelation of some sort or other. The problem which is set to the philosophical Protestant theologian is, to reconcile a disbelief in all dogmatic truth with the divine mission of Jesus Christ, and with the existence of the

Bible as a book that is formally sanctioned by Heaven. The religious sentiment is so deeply ingrained into the heart of the nation that it revolts from the bare idea of professed infidelity; and at the same time, the actual authenticity and genuineness of the books of Scripture are proved by an amount of historical testimony, which cannot be rejected without a rejection of all historical documents whatsoever. The liberal political party, which in past times was frequently associated with extreme free-thinking in matters of religion, has of late been foremost in proclaiming the happy influence of Christianity in civilising the barbarous ages of the past, in resisting the tyrannies of the great and the wealthy, and in laying the foundations of modern personal liberty. Christianity, as the great fact of the past eighteen centuries, can no longer be ignored; its extraordinary powers in elevating man above the level of Pagan morality and happiness, are admitted by every man who has the least pretence to be an historian or a philosopher; and the result of its destruction from the face of the earth would be so appalling, even in the eyes of the most irreligious and impure, that no system which professes to expound the destinies of humanity could have the least chance of success, which did not attempt to include in its elements the reality of the divine mission of Jesus Christ, and the general genuineness and authenticity of the Bible.

This, then, is the work which is being undertaken by the non-Catholic thought of our age. Men who can systematise, and probe assertions to their base, and analyse the operations of the human mind, are either looking out for such a solution of the great problem of the time, or are busily fashioning a solution for themselves. They demand some theory of religion and revelation, and of the inspiration and meaning of the Bible, which shall reject all objective dogmatic truth, while it professes a cordial homage to Christianity as a religion sent from God. Wherever we find a man who can put his opinions together, mark their consistencies and inconsistencies, and trace them to their origin and proof in the facts of history and the constitution of his own mind, there we see the yearning for this delivery from the agonies of uncertainty and theological conflict. The man who can say, *Why* do I believe this? and will never rest till he has penetrated through the cloud of words, and phrases, and meaningless repetitions which envelope the popular belief of the day, and has ascertained that he is not acting the part of an idiot or a knave, is throwing off the enthralling mystifications which hitherto have held him powerless in the region of inconsistencies and phantasms of the brain, and seeking a foundation for believing *something*, even though that *something* may involve the denial of almost every thing he has hitherto held sacred and true.

Still more satisfactory will this new philosophy appear in the eyes of the present generation, if it can be made to include that which is emphatically its own darling idea, namely the idea of the perpetual *progress* of humanity to perfection. If the philosophico-religious instincts of our contemporaries do not literally insist upon the admission of this notion into any system of religion which claims their acceptance, they are yet prepared to view with peculiar favour any scheme which does embody it, and gives it an apparently real existence in the history of human nature, and in the development of its latent powers. For the "progress" theory, for those who have embraced it, possesses a singular charm and grandeur, and is in fact a species of religion upon which and for which they live and act; and therefore any theological system which shall be more or less based upon this idea of human perfectibility, will seem to them to be that very glorious truth itself which their souls are striving to attain.

Of this state of thought and feeling Mr. Morell's *Philosophy of Religion* is the most recent expression. It is an attempt to give definite shape and scientific form to those aspirations after *something* not self-contradictory and utterly baseless, which exist in so many of the ablest thinkers in the world. Divested of all those separate dogmatic subjects on which Dr. Hampden has written, it is yet on the whole an exposition of the same theological philosophy as that which has made Dr. Hampden notorious, so far as any thing so confused can be termed philosophy at all. Mr. Morell is already well known as the best living English historian of the speculative philosophy of the nineteenth century, and is a man of very considerable ability, and, in his own special subject, of considerable information. He is clear-headed, he writes well and intelligibly, he makes no needless use of technical phraseology, and he is earnest and zealous in the pursuit and establishment of some philosophical system which shall respond to the demands of the age. Moreover, he is far superior to many of the grovelling and narrow notions on religion, morals, and human happiness, which possess the vulgar and the superficial mind; nor is he in many respects unfair and uncharitable to the motives and principles of those whose views he most energetically combats. That his book will be welcomed by many a person who is on the look-out for a faith, there can be little difficulty in foreseeing. It will also unsettle many a mind which has rested content in its ignorance or its inconsistencies. And further, it will lead many a vigorous and ardent speculator into a line of thought which will issue in conclusions diametrically opposed to those to which Mr. Morell himself as yet has attained. In some cases, we trust, it will land the bewildered spirit safe in the ark of the one Catholic Church. As an exposition of

the present condition of the non-Catholic intelligence of our time and country, it deserves a careful attention from every one whose duty or inclination may call him to the study of modern unbelief, and of the position now being taken up by the opponents of the Church. In a few years its value will be more purely historical, as it will be impossible either for its author, or for those who participate in his views, to remain where they now are, or to refuse to systematise their sentiments with a more rigorously scientific accuracy.

As a philosophical treatise, Mr. Morell's work is singularly unequal. Clear, complete, and remarkably well expressed in many of its parts, in others it is wordy, declamatory, and confused. Wherever its author is occupied simply in expounding his views of the natural operations of the mind, in themselves, or as busied with purely visible or secular objects, it speaks most favourably for his metaphysical skill and his powers of expressing himself. Not quite as satisfactorily, but still with considerable force and discrimination, Mr. Morell exposes the hollowness and inconsistencies of what we may still term popular Protestantism, both in its Tractarian, its "Evangelical," and its old-fashioned High-Church modifications. On all such points his book is abundantly sufficient to shake the belief of thousands, and to prepare them to accept Mr. Morell's own theories as more self-consistent and ennobling than the schemes which he shatters and destroys. On the other hand, his accounts of Catholic theology and philosophy are founded upon an entire misconception of their real character, and upon a disgracefully limited acquaintance with the phenomena of the Catholic spiritual life, and with Catholic theology generally; and when, after overthrowing his adversaries, he proceeds to construct his own system on the ruins he has produced, he falls at once from the methodical, precise, and intelligible language of a philosopher, into something very like the effusions of a second-rate pulpit orator of the fashionable stamp, and jumbles up thoughts, words, definitions, and metaphors in one fluent stream of sentences, which consist in little more than a repeated reiteration of one or two ideas, and one or two transparent fallacies.

Of his own exact system, taken as he himself puts it forward, and without stopping to shew its self-contradictions, we have no hesitation in declaring, that, if logically carried out, it is inconsistent with any belief in the being of a God. As it stands, though Mr. Morell would resolutely deny the deduction, it cuts away our grounds for believing that there exists any spiritual reality whatsoever, beyond the soul of man himself. It is directly opposed to materialism; it makes even Pantheism impossible; it forces us to accept the most rigid and absolute Atheism. In making this charge we are as far as possible from asserting that Mr. Morell has the faintest glimmering of the

consequences to which his system leads, or that he entertains one whit less general respect for Christianity as a divinely authorised religion, than is common in a large portion of that Protestant world to which he opposes himself. Nor do we mean to assert that his idea of the nature of the religious life of the true Christian is not, at the least, as correct and healthy as that of the bulk of ordinary conscientious people, who pride themselves upon upholding the truth of every letter in the Bible, and who would start with horror from the suggestion that there are no such things as any distinctive dogmas revealed by the Gospel. We fasten this frightful accusation, not upon Mr. Morell, or upon his theory, apart from its necessary consequences, but we do allege that his views, if fairly carried out, are inconsistent with the inspiration of Scripture, with the truth of Christianity, and with a belief in the existence of God. That he will so alter his scheme as to make it include a belief in a Deity and in the excellence of natural religion, we have no doubt. His philosophy is not *essentially* opposed to Deism, or even to all external revelation. It is atheistic by the addition of one single element, which can be severed from the root and cast away, without the necessary destruction of the philosophy itself. Still further, we are quite prepared to admit, that by the introduction of certain other elements, and the admission of certain other facts, Mr. Morell's philosophy would become not only consistent with a belief in the truth of Christianity, but would necessarily lead to an acceptance of the entire Catholic system of doctrine and practice. His fundamental metaphysics strike at the very heart of Protestantism, and according as he shall admit one additional element or another in building his system upon their foundations, so will he lead the mind either to Atheism or to Catholicism. How remarkably his work thus falls in with the tendencies of the day, we need not stay to shew, but shall proceed to lay before our readers Mr. Morell's views themselves, as he has stated them in the volume before us; and in so doing we shall endeavour to express ourselves in the simplest manner that may be in our power, avoiding all needless use of the technical phraseology of metaphysics, with a view to induce the largest possible number of our readers to enter with us upon the investigation of the question. Abstract and recondite as the subject may seem to the general reader, it is daily becoming of such paramount practical importance in our generation, that we venture to solicit the serious attention of all who are not absolutely incapable of entering upon such topics and reasonings.

Mr. Morell commences his task by an examination into the nature of the processes by which our minds are conversant with all things that exist about us and within us. He carefully draws a distinction which, momentous as

it is, is lost sight of in common English theological and metaphysical speculations, with a result that is truly disastrous. The distinction is this, that the intellectual understanding of any statement, and the full logical conviction that the statement in question is *true*, is a totally different thing from that act of the mind by which we look at the object which that statement describes as a *reality*. Thus, when I think of the table at which I am now sitting, I not only give my assent to the statement that there is a certain wooden structure immediately before me, which is square, or round, or white, or brown, or standing on four legs or on six, and the like, as the case may be; but, by a separate faculty of my inner being, I view this table as a real existing *thing*, in my immediate presence, and which exists in itself, distinct from all my belief in its existence, and from all the notions my senses convey to me respecting its shape, its colour, or the number of legs it stands upon. I not only understand *what* a table is—I not only believe that it is true that a certain individual table is in this very room—but I regard this table as a positive reality, whose existence with reference to myself I can no more practically ignore than I can ignore my own existence.

Again: I am conversing, say, with a certain friend, whom we may call A. B.; I not only believe that it is a true proposition to assert that such an individual as A. B. exists, that his mind has certain qualities, that he is to be described as a man, that he can think, and reason, and feel, and that his intelligence has a power of communicating with my intelligence.—I not only comprehend what is meant when it is asserted that A. B. is a man, and that he is in my company, and am able to prove the truth of this assertion, but I actually view the inner nature of A. B. (call it soul, or mind, or intelligence, or what you will), as a thing, by a peculiar faculty in my own mind which responds to the manifestation of a man thus made to me from without, which vivifies my conceptions, and enables me not only to be busy with ideas, but to hold converse with realities.

Again,—though here we are applying this general truth in a particular instance in which Mr. Morell has failed to give a definite expression to his own views,—the process of our minds is precisely the same in all subjects relating to Almighty God himself. It is necessary not only to comprehend the meaning of certain doctrinal statements respecting the Divine nature, and to believe, on satisfactory proof, that there really is a God; but also, if we would not mock ourselves with the phantoms of our imagination and the trickeries of logical puzzle, to view the Deity by a certain spiritual vision, as an actually existing being, as a reality, as truly near us and around us, and existing apart from our mere knowledge of Him, as the table at which we sit, or

the friend with whom we converse. I may believe that there *is* a God, and yet no more look at *God himself* with the eye of my soul, than I can look with the eyes of my body at the men and women who are now in New South Wales or in China. We are not speaking, of course, of what is termed the beatific vision, by which the soul sees God *face to face*, as we now look upon the trees, fields, and flowers around us; but of that power which enables us to regard Him, not merely as the subject of certain theological or metaphysical statements, but as a reality—as being literally around us, and within us, and as having at this very moment all that awful power over us which belongs to Him by the very fact of his being God.

That this faculty of realising the existence and presence of spiritual things is wholly distinct from a belief in the doctrine that there is a God, any person may ascertain for himself by an examination into the results of his own experience. Let any man abstract his attention from the visible objects that surround him, and from all those subjects of secular thought which ordinarily occupy his mind, and ask himself whether he is conscious of the actual existence and presence of Almighty God, in the same natural, easy, necessary way that he recognises the existence and presence of the companions with whom he is conversing, or of the house in which he is sitting. The result of such an investigation of their own consciousness, with the immense majority of men, would be an acknowledgment that though they have an idea of God, and are convinced that there *is* a God, and cannot wholly shake off the idea that they are responsible to Him for their actions, yet nevertheless God is *not* to them a present, living reality. And from the rest of the world, to whom God is not only the subject of a doctrine, but an actual being, we should receive a similar acknowledgment that this power of viewing Him as a present God is essentially distinct in kind from their intellectual *belief* that He exists, and is possessed of such and such attributes.

Hence it follows, that a person may be thoroughly conversant with every theological system, as drawn out into definite, dogmatic statements; and may, still further, be most fully convinced that certain doctrines are true; and yet be utterly destitute of all actual religion, and of all power of viewing God, and the various spiritual things which these doctrines declare, as positive, existing realities; and also of acting *towards them* as thus existing.

Again: it follows, that the mere presentation to the mind of any doctrinal statements by no means necessarily implies a communication to the mind of that particular faculty which enables us to look at the real objects which those statements define. We may convince a man that Christianity is true, and the Bible inspired, and that every article in the Apostles' Creed

is a rigidly correct definition of divine realities, without having made a step towards bringing him into actual mental contact with the things in whose existence he has come to believe. And consequently, he must have the power of viewing God as a reality inherent in him by his nature, awaiting only the presence of the necessary outward statements to call it into active life and energy; or else, if he is ever to have any positive *religion* towards God, that faculty must be communicated to him from without, by God himself. The same course also must be pursued in reference to the various doctrines which God may reveal to man. The mere revelation of these ideas to our intelligence will not suffice to bring us, as sentient, acting creatures, into real communication with the things whose existence we have learned. Either a corresponding faculty for beholding them must be lying dormant in us by nature, or it must be granted us by the same Power which first created us.

This distinction, then, though very vaguely carried out by Mr. Morell in reference to the objects of the invisible world, is the first fact which he lays down, and it forms the basis of his system.

Next, he assumes that there does exist a Supreme Being, who made us all, and to whom we owe undivided allegiance; and also, that Christianity is a true religion, and that the books of the Old and New Testaments are authentic and genuine writings, and in a certain sense (which he afterwards defines) inspired. At the same time, he absolutely denies that there exists any external authority whatsoever which has a right to explain the meaning of the Scriptures to the individual mind, whether by means of a traditional interpretation, or by virtue of a special illumination from on high.

Then, further, it is Mr. Morell's opinion that no interpretation *whatsoever* of any portion of the Bible is to be depended on as strictly true which does not find its exact correlative in some inward faculty of the human mind, which may vivify the idea presented to the intelligence, and enable us not merely to understand the meaning of the dogmatic statement, but also to view the actual spiritual reality by a direct mental vision. Only those things with which we are thus conversant will he allow to be in any sense really a part of Christianity, or a revelation from God to man. Creeds, articles, theological systems, dogmatic statements, whether of Councils, Popes, or private Protestants, he alike sets aside as mere collections of barren ideas—as forms of words, comprehensible, indeed, to the intellect, but having no actual existence for the living, religious *soul*. As far as truth or falsehood are concerned, he views all Christian sects as standing on equal ground. They are all equally right—or rather, all equally wrong; those, of course, being *nearest* the truth who reduce the supposed doctrines

of Christianity to the lowest number and the slightest importance.

On the whole, Mr. Morell's theory may be summed up as follows:—There is a God, infinite in power, greatness, and mercy, in whose hands we all are placed, and who desires the happiness of all his creatures. Man is, in a certain sense, a fallen being; not, indeed, in the Catholic and ordinary Protestant sense, by a real and inherited corruption, but by the influence of the disordered and injurious state of circumstances in which he is placed. His nature is essentially noble, pure, and benevolent, and needs only to be drawn out and developed by favouring powers to become a copy of the Divinity, happy now, and glorious for ever hereafter. Eighteen hundred years ago, God made a special revelation to man, the circumstances of which were afterwards recorded in the books of the New Testament. A certain individual, Jesus Christ, was born, and highly gifted with all virtue and wisdom, in order to bring to bear upon mankind the influence of the moral perfections of the Deity. He lived a life of spotless purity, and died by a martyrdom of so touching a character, that the knowledge of what he said and did is sufficient, when duly pondered on, to awaken all the latent excellence of humanity, to attract man to the practice of every virtue, and to *redeem* him—as Mr. Morell interprets the word “redemption”—from his fallen state of misery and sinfulness. The manifestation of the moral purity and excellence of God in the life and death of Jesus constitutes the essence of Christianity. This alone is Christianity; this is the revelation made from God to man. It is false to say that God actually communicated a set of dogmas to the human intellect, and called them a revelation. Such doctrines would be no revelation at all, but a mere set of ideas, worthless in themselves, and not capable of being really accepted by the enlightened mind, because they met with no corresponding faculties in the human heart, and did not awake it to the fulfilment of the end of its being. Christianity is a revelation, because it acts upon our moral nature, stimulating in us what is good, arousing our sympathies for the good deeds and sufferings of Jesus Christ, and counteracting the influence of bad men and vicious habits by his perfect example, and by the example of his first followers. Other doctrinal truth there is none, and there can be none, because there exists no corresponding faculty in man which might enable him to view any supposed doctrines as realities.

When, having thus destroyed all doctrinal truth, our author further proceeds to determine what system of morals is to be accepted as that upon which Jesus Christ himself acted, and which is most conformable to the tendencies of uninjured humanity, he lays it down as a rule, that nothing is to be depended upon as certainly pure and right except what can be

shewn to be common to the whole human race in all ages and nations. This rule also is to be qualified by a reservation in favour of the principle of the *progress* of humanity towards perfection. Mr. Morell is of opinion that the various moral errors which were characteristic of past times are undergoing a process of gradual elimination from our race, and that, in the end, what is evil will be gone, and a residuum of spotless excellence remain. How, in the mean time, Mr. Morell or any other individual should be lucky enough to anticipate the discoveries of futurity, it is not for us to inquire. We are only stating our author's theories, and not vouching for their self-consistency.

In truth, Mr. Morell's inconsistencies and absurdities are so numerous and so palpable, that we hardly know where to begin in laying them bare. In the first place, his system does not even provide for a practical religious belief in the existence of a God at all. He leads us to suppose that he considers that the foundation of *all* our knowledge, except the mere perceptions of the senses, consists in the old doctrine, "*Cogito, ergo sum*;" I think, therefore I exist. At the same time, he omits to account, on his own principles, for our knowledge that there is a God, and for our capacity for knowing Him religiously, that is, not as a mere logical abstraction, or the subject of a dogmatic statement. He shirks the whole question of the origin of our religious ideas, not stating when and how we come to believe in God, and to regard Him practically with awe, fear, or love; but assuming at one time that we know God naturally, at another time that we know nothing naturally. He tells us nothing of the time or cause of that deterioration which he supposes to have taken place in the human race. He seems never to have asked himself how men first invented *language*, or by what process an idea of God is to be communicated to those who have it not. With all the appearance of a profoundly philosophical system, his book leaves untouched almost all the questions which are really involved in the discussion, and serves in one part to destroy the very opinions which in another it seeks to build up.

Again, was there ever any thing more perverse and blind than the assertion that Scripture is a mere historical book, and not a revelation of distinct doctrines? We are not, of course, alleging that *such and such* doctrines are contained in it; but if a person can with grave countenance profess to believe that it contains *no* dogmas, and is merely designed to work upon our moral feelings, he needs scarcely a single further step in infatuation to assert that Euclid's Elements convey no information on the properties of circles and triangles. Open the New Testament at random, and see if page after page does not positively make some declaration or other respecting the nature of God, the inhabitants of the invisible world, the per-

son, office, and nature of Jesus Christ, the efficacy of sacraments, the present supernatural relations and future destiny of man. Mr. Morell's idea (which he holds in common with all the followers of what are called the philosophical schools of modern France and Germany), that the Bible contains *no* doctrines, is in fact so glaring an absurdity that it has only to be steadily contemplated in order to appear ludicrous. It passes all bounds of ordinary folly, to tell us that Scripture is nothing more than a story *with a moral*, and that it does little more good to man than might be equally well accomplished by a well-written touching novel. If Christianity, as originally taught by our Lord and the Apostles, and afterwards recorded more or less in the Scriptures, was nothing more than the spectacle of the life and death of an eminently good man, of which the great design was to work upon the natural moral sentiments of mankind, unquestionably the Bible is the most preposterously clumsy contrivance ever devised by bungling blunderers. Never was there a book written which to the common sense of all mankind would seem so clearly to be intended for a purpose for which in reality it never was designed at all.

How confused and inaccurate is Mr. Morell's use of the word *revelation*, need scarcely be insisted on. What does he really mean by the word at all? The word *revelation*—if it means any thing, and is not a mere tinkling sound—imports the communication of an idea to the intelligence. Unless something is *told* by Christianity which was not known before, there is no more *revelation* in it than there is in Shakespeare's plays. When Mr. Morell says that Christianity is a revelation, in that it stirs up the moral nature of man, by presenting to our contemplation the life and death of the most pure and holy of the sons of men, he is confusing the notions of thought and feeling, and mistaking the operations of the heart for those of the head. If Christianity has no doctrines, it may perhaps be a very pleasing moral exhibition, calculated to touch the emotions of mankind; but to call it a revelation would be a gross abuse of terms, unworthy both of a philosopher and an honest man.

Such, again, are our author's ideas of *inspiration*. He tells us that the inspiration of the writers of the New Testament, and of the Apostles generally, consisted, in plain English, in their being extraordinarily good men. They loved virtue and hated vice, to an extent inferior only to the perfections of Jesus Christ himself. Hence, when they saw the excellence of their master's life, it made a much deeper impression upon them than upon the wicked Jews, and awakened their moral sensibilities to a correspondingly rare degree of healthy life. To call this *inspiration* is simply nonsense, unless Mr. Morell is prepared to

admit that every morally good man is inspired in the same sense as the Apostles and Evangelists. Does he really wish us to believe that Socrates was inspired in the same sense as St. Paul, and that he, Mr. Morell himself, is also inspired? What is this but solemn trifling and timid cowardice? Let Mr. Morell speak out like an honest man, and say at once that the Bible is *not* inspired, and we shall at least know what he means, and be able to make use of the common words of the English language. But let him not, as he has now done, commence by overthrowing all the Protestant proofs of the inspiration of Scripture, and then, rather than accept the *only* real proof of its inspiration which exists, seek to palm upon us a mystification of high-sounding phrases, which serve only to mislead the credulous and the unwary.

We must further ask for an answer to the query, How does Mr. Morell know that the Apostles and Evangelists were better men than David Hume or Jean Jacques Rousseau? How does he know that forgiveness is better than revenge, and humility than pride? Who told him this? If he is to judge the Apostles by his own moral feelings, let him bring forward his credentials, and prove his right to establish such a test. If I am to judge by what is common to human nature, I shall certainly decide, that a naked Indian scalping his victim is more worthy of imitation than St. Stephen praying for his murderers. Mr. Morell and his fellow-philosophers tell me the reverse; but who are they? Take all the inhabitants of civilised Europe, and observe on which principle nineteen-twentieths of them still act; and you will find that the Indian unites the suffrages of civilised nations in his favour, while the world laughs at those who would follow in the steps of St. Stephen. Why should I believe Mr. Morell against ninety-nine out of every hundred men in the whole human race? If I am to test the inspiration of the Apostles by the accordance of their lives with those feelings which are natural to man, most undoubtedly I shall prefer Mahomet to St. John, and Ahab the king to Elias the prophet.

In reply to these difficulties Mr. Morell introduces the modern notion of the progressive advance of humanity towards perfection and towards a just appreciation of the true character of Christianity. He would have us ascertain towards what conceptions "humanity in its development necessarily tends," and account these, and these alone, to be absolutely certain truths. To this notion common sense at once objects, that the whole idea of this progress is an assumption of Mr. Morell, and of those foreign writers from whom he has learnt it, for which he brings not the shadow of a proof. Why should I believe that the human race is going forwards and not backwards? When I survey the facts of past ages with an unprejudiced eye, I perceive that man-

kind has incessantly repeated the same phenomenon of advance in one direction for a time, only to retrace its steps and fall back into its pristine state. If progress is the *law* of humanity, how came our race ever to be deteriorated? And if it has not yet advanced to its perfection, and the highest light and wisdom is still confined to a few, how do these few prove that they are right, and the majority are wrong? Am I to wait to learn the elements of morals until this doctrine of progress can be proved to my full satisfaction; and then, when it is proved, am I to accept Mr. Morell's, or any other man's, opinion as to the ideas to which humanity *necessarily* tends, while I see the majority of my fellow-creatures taking a directly opposite view of what is pure and great? Mr. Morell tells me that the forgiveness of injuries is a virtue to which the world is progressing, and that therefore such forgiveness is a part of Christianity. Am I to suspend my judgment on this momentous question till I can learn that mankind is not going backwards instead of forwards; and then, further, believe that the human race tends to the practice of forgiveness, while not one man in a hundred ever thinks of such a thing in the present day? What is this but a childish trifling with all that is pure, holy, and divine? What is it but a vicious reasoning in a circle, so transparent as to be seen through by a child? I desire to learn what constitutes man's perfection; I therefore look abroad and see mankind embracing diametrically opposite notions on the subject. In order to judge between what is true and false, I must myself be in a higher state than the majority of my fellows, *i.e.* I must already *know* what perfection is, and be aiming at it. The whole system is absurd; it is making every man a God to himself, and authorising him to test all spiritual truth by his own perceptions, and to say that nothing is worthy of love for which he himself has no affection. Such is the simplicity and the logic of what it is the fashion to term philosophy.

To proceed, however, to another point: Mr. Morell rightly observes, that to overlook the tendency of man to some *religion* or other, is as unreasonable as it would be to overlook his tendency to acquire property. He views religion as one of the great phenomena of the history of our species; and therefore regards it as essentially a real integral portion of our nature, tending to what is good, and calling for analysis on the part of the philosophical observer, in order that what is essential to its existence and perfection may be distinguished from what is accidental. Accordingly, he has made the characteristics of the religious instinct in man a matter of careful study, and believes himself to be in possession of all the great facts of the religious experience of the human race. Unfortunately, however, the phenomena of *one* vast religious body have

entirely escaped his notice. He knows nothing of the religious life of the Catholic Church. His studies have been confined to Heathenism and Protestantism; of the *facts* of Catholicism he knows no more than he knows what will take place in the world some century hence. Consequently, whatever he writes on the nature of the Catholic's thoughts, faith, feelings, and motives, is either diametrically contrary to fact, or so superficial as to be of no value whatever. All he really is acquainted with is the course of modern German sceptical thought. We have little hesitation in saying, that he has perhaps never studied the writings of a Catholic theologian, or ascetical, or devotional, or philosophical writer, except some fragments of the schoolmen; nor has he attempted to make himself acquainted with the actual nature of the Catholic religion, as it lives and works in the minds of his fellow-countrymen at the present day. With such fundamental deficiencies in his knowledge, it will be evident that Mr. Morell is about as capable of expounding the real philosophy of religion, as a ploughboy who had never left his native fields would be of superintending the construction of a steam-engine.

Had he studied, with clear unprejudiced eye, the real facts and phenomena of Catholicism, as a religion and a philosophy, he would have seen all made clear and harmonious; he would have learnt that the metaphysical truth which he is so careful to establish at the commencement of his essay is recognised by one of the most elementary doctrines of Catholicism, viz. that a man may have the most complete intellectual comprehension of, and belief in, the whole scientific system of dogmatic Christianity, and yet be at once destitute of all real *religion*, and of that inward faculty by which the mind contemplates the realities of the invisible world. At the same time, we should distinctly deny to him his assertion, that by nature man does, as a fact, look out from the depths of his soul, and contemplate the Almighty God as a really existing, present being. We believe that, whatever man may think, whatever he may believe, whatever he may know, by the development and operation of his natural faculties, a fresh faculty must be communicated to him, in order to convert his intellectual ideas into things, and to enable him to view his God and the unseen beings of the spiritual world with a mental vision as real as that corporeal sight with which he recognises the existence of the visible universe. This we say is *faith*—a gift from God, wrought in the intelligence of man by the hand of God, and not existing in us by the nature with which we are born.

Further, when Mr. Morell would assume that we cannot attain to any absolute certainty of the existence of spiritual things, or the truth of the peculiar dogmas of Christianity, because they must come to the mind as

mere intellectual abstractions, and not as concrete realities visible to the eye of the mind, we at once deny the assertion. We allege that the *truth* of a statement can be proved by the most unanswerable and perfectly satisfactory reasoning, although it does first come to the mind in the form of a verbal proposition. We would ask Mr. Morell how he *knows* that God is omnipresent, omniscient, infinitely just, or infinitely merciful, except by some logical proof or other, apart from his own internal consciousness? Is he prepared to say that it is no part of Christianity to believe that God possesses these attributes which we have named, because they are by their very nature beyond the contemplation and comprehension of all mankind? Is he bold enough to say that he does not *know* that God is eternal, because he himself cannot form a conception of *eternity*? We assert, on the other hand, that though these attributes of the Divinity, and all the other doctrines of Christianity, first come to our intelligence clothed in the form of verbal statements and purely intellectual ideas, yet they can be proved to be *true* with as unerring a certainty as any truth, not purely mathematical, in the whole range of mortal knowledge. Distinct as is a logical proof from a spiritual perception, it is impossible to deny that the logical proof of theological doctrines may be made sufficiently clear to bind us as a matter of *duty* to believe them, without introducing a universal scepticism, and a slavery to the basest passions of sense.

In truth, Mr. Morell is a timid thinker, who is afraid to carry out his principles to a legitimate conclusion. He is afraid of the consequences of his speculations, and his heart is better than his head. He will not be a Catholic, he cannot be a Protestant, and he dare not be an Infidel. He knows too little for the first alternative; he knows too much for the second; his feelings revolt from the thought of the third. Therefore he follows the crowd in inventing a mongrel system and calling it philosophy. He will not deny the genuineness and authenticity of Scripture, but he reduces the awful events of Gethsemane and Calvary to the scenes of a melodrama. He will not say that Scripture is not inspired, but he protests that inspiration means nothing but moral goodness. He will not deny the great facts of history, but he sets them aside and puts forward a theory in their place. And this he believes to be the "philosophy of religion." We will not say that he himself is neither a philosopher nor a Christian; but we cannot admit that his system is either philosophy or Christianity. On the contrary, and without casting the slightest slur upon its expounder's *intentions*, we regard it as a mere imposture, sufficiently plausible to deceive the undiscerning and credulous, but alien alike to common sense, to historical truth, and to all the instincts of the devout Christian heart.

Mr. Froude is a writer of a different stamp from Mr. Morell. More keen, more acute, more daring, less given to systematising and balancing, and with spiritual sensibilities of a wholly different order, he has put forward a book which has startled the University of Oxford, and caused a commotion in the world of criticism and popular Protestantism, while Mr. Morell's less bold avowal of his sentiments will probably altogether escape the notice of anathematising tutors and horror-stricken critics, and its author will retain his post of Inspector of Schools, unmolested by that well-meaning, or cowardly, spirit which has cancelled the scholastic appointment that had been conferred upon Mr. Froude in connexion with University College in London. Newspaper report has already told our readers that the *Nemesis of Faith* was burnt by Mr. Sewell, a brother-fellow of Mr. Froude in Exeter College; that Mr. Froude himself speedily thought it necessary to resign his fellowship, in order to avoid legal measures for his ejection; that he has been made the subject of a great deal of criticism and correspondence in the public journals, and that his appointment to the mastership of a school in Hobart Town has been cancelled. And considering the mingled good feeling, prudery, and shallowness of our time, we cannot wonder that this has been the result of the tale before us.

Its plot is briefly as follows: Its hero, Markham Sutherland, is a young Oxford man, who learns at the University to see into the hollowness of the religionism of the day, takes up to a certain extent with the teaching of the chief leader of the Tractarian school, after a while refuses to accompany his master any further, takes to reading German books, and to trifling, theoretically, with the elementary laws of morality, and by the time the period for his ordination has arrived, is become a Socinian in his opinions. He keeps this, however, secret from his father and family, though he unbosoms himself to his uncle, a Dean, who treats his theological difficulties as a sort of spiritual measles or hooping-cough, incidental to youth, but soon to be got over; and, persuaded by this uncle, Markham is ordained and takes a living. There he remains for a twelvemonth, avoiding controversy and society; but in the end is dragged out to an avowal of his views by an impertinent parson who visits his neighbourhood, and is straightway denounced to his Bishop. The Bishop sends for him, treats him with the utmost forbearance and kindness, which so touches Sutherland's heart, that he tells the Bishop all, and resigns his rectory.

He then goes abroad to Italy, and spends a winter at Como. There he meets with a Mrs. Leonard and her husband, originally united by a *mariage de convenance*, and with no love for each other still. Sutherland falls in love with the lady, who, with her little girl, is frequently left by her husband, while he goes on sporting

expeditions elsewhere. Mrs. Leonard also falls in love, and much more deeply, with Markham, who, the moment he finds how matters are turning, entreats the husband to return. Meanwhile, Mr. Leonard delaying, on a certain evening, on the lake, the little girl catches cold, and dies of a fever. Markham, stricken with terror, and regarding the blow as a kind of interposition of Providence to save him and Mrs. Leonard from further sin and ruin, flies the house, writes to her to bid her farewell, and prepares to take poison, which he always carries about with him. Just as he is about to drink it, a *Deus ex machina* appears, in the shape of the Father Superior of the English Oratory (under the name of Mornington), stops the crime, and leads Markham to make a general confession, preparatory to reception into the Catholic Church. This reception soon after takes place; but the neophyte's faith being based on mere impulse and excited feeling, rapidly falls away, and he dies an Atheist. Mrs. Leonard summons her husband, tells him all, and arranges with him that she shall live as a boarder in an Italian convent, where, after a while, she would have become a Catholic, if she could have persuaded herself that she had committed a sin in loving Sutherland. As she will not do this, she remains a Protestant, and dies forgiven by her husband. Mr. Froude also informs us that, after death, she, and her child, and her husband, and Markham, are to meet in bliss, and live together for ever.

The way in which this strange tale is told is infartificial in the extreme; but it is carried on with unflinching spirit and vivacity, and abounds with hard hits against Protestant follies, worldliness, and theological deceptions; and presents here and there a scene or a passage of very great beauty and tenderness. On the whole, it is one of the most painful books we ever read. So manifestly painting the author's own mind and course of thought, that it is impossible to peruse it as a mere fiction, it leaves an impression of the deepest sorrow for the fate of its unhappy author, and a vivid sense of the deadly snares and perils which encompass poor ignorant man in his passage through mortality. We view the mind that thus pours itself forth with mingled awe, sympathy, and severity; while, as its daring speculations compel us again and again to test the foundations of our own belief, we rejoice with a more heartfelt joy that we ourselves are sheltered in an ark which rides in peace over the waves, in whose depths are whelmed the shattered forms of those who cannot and will not believe.

We are not disposed to follow Mr. Froude through the whole progress of his thoughts, from old-fashioned Church-of-England Protestantism, to that awful end which he seems to have reached; but shall content ourselves with pointing out what we have little doubt is the secret poison which has eaten into his soul. Rejected also as he is now by all his former

associates, and cast, for all we know, penniless upon the coldness and cruelties of a world which will not dare to express its sympathies for his views, however in secret it may share his scepticism, we have no wish to add needless poignancy to his sufferings, or to impel him finally to conclusions from which we would fain believe that he still in some measure shrinks. Whatsoever, then, we may say of the life of Sutherland, we venture no assertion as to the identity of Mr. Froude's mind with that of his hero; we leave it to him to judge how far our remarks apply to himself, and how far he is morally guilty in what he has done.

One thing alone we must say of Mr. Froude personally; this is, that if he is not absolutely certain of the truth of his conclusions—if he yet doubts whether, after all, he may not be the victim of perverted reasonings and corrupted feelings—if he still believes that the Bible may be inspired, and that Jesus Christ may be the Eternal Son of God, and his death the atonement for our sins—if he is not calmly, permanently, profoundly *sure* that the ordinary faith of Christians is a lie and a curse to humanity—he has been guilty of a frightful deed, in thus making public his terrible thoughts; and all the sufferings he may endure will not compensate for the outrage he has committed upon every thing most precious to his friends and his fellow-men. From his book itself, and from his letter to one of the newspapers, we fear, while we hope, that he is *not* certain of his conclusions. We fear it, because he must thus have added to the awful weight of his responsibilities; we hope it, because it may thus be still possible that his better nature may prevail, and he may see that God is no deceiver, and that there is such a thing as sin on earth and mercy in heaven.

The idea, then, which is the fruitful source of Sutherland's Atheism or Deism (whichever it is to be called) lies in this—that he does not believe that there is such a thing as *sin*. All else is but the result of this idea—its workings, its applications, its legitimate consequences. He denies the free-will of man in the most rigid and absolute sense. He imagines that, in our mental and moral acts, we are ruled by an inexorable law, and *forced* to yield to the impulses of present passion and inclination as irresistibly as a stone is forced to fall to the earth by the attraction of gravitation. He would have us even believe that no man ever *thinks* he is acting against his own best interests when he is committing a guilty act—an untruth so glaring, that Mr. Froude would not have ventured upon putting it on paper if he had walked into the first gambling-house or den of thieves which he had encountered in a walk in the streets of London, and consulted its inmates as to their own thoughts and feelings. Hence every thing that appears in the Bible as being in any sense the punishment of sin, or the atonement of sin, is regarded by

Sutherland as horrible and monstrous; while he is not for a moment conscious that, in the very expression of his indignation against what *he* considers horrible and monstrous, he is giving the lie to his theories, and asserting that there *is* such a thing as virtue and vice among men.

But how is it that Markham Sutherland is content to believe that there is no such thing as sin existing, while the concurrent voice of humanity (save that of some few scattered dreamers in various ages) asserts the very reverse? The entire course of his history, as here related by himself, betrays the awful source of the delusion: he never practically laboured to control *self*, or to do what he really *believed* to be right. All through the story we see the same spirit at work. From the first, Sutherland does not act upon his convictions. He has no practical religion. His religion is a sentiment, an abstraction, a dream, a poetic fiction. From boyhood till the last awful day, he shews no sign of any habitual efforts to control his waywardness—to live for the sake of others—to pray when he believed he ought to pray. He speculates, but does not act. He loves to destroy, but has little taste for building up. He is willing to dash to pieces the faith of a whole world, though himself unprepared with any other system of *truth* to substitute in its stead. Therefore he does not know what sin is by experience, because he does not know what virtue is. He appears never to have gone through those fearful struggles with self, with passion, with pride, with indolence, which convince the rest of mankind that, whatever else be a falsehood and a fiction, *sin* at least is a reality. Thus, not knowing it practically, he speedily comes to deny its existence theoretically. Not being habituated to exercise his free-will except in accordance with the dictates of feeling, passion, and fancy, he ultimately ceases to be conscious of any freedom to choose between one course and another. By a protracted course of inaction, his will has become powerless, except to obey as a helpless slave. He accounts it impossible to resist, because he has so long neglected even to attempt resistance. This, indeed, is the almost invariable source of a belief in fatalism. No man who *tries* to be free can deny the possibility of freedom. It is only the willing slave who looks upon liberty as a blessing beyond his aim.

Such is Mr. Froude's story. How sad it is, how terrible, how shocking to all that is best and holiest in our hearts, he must himself be ready to acknowledge. It is, however, but the natural reaction of the course of ideas which has of late years prevailed in the University of Oxford, and among many of the most thoughtful members of the Anglican Church. Men who are in the slightest degree in earnest cannot put up with the worn-out technicalities and impositions upon common

sense, which form the staple of the creed of contented Protestant Churchmen. The mere sight of the conflict which goes on in the intellectual world without them, impels them to test the foundations of their own belief, and thus drives them onwards either to Catholicism, to infidelity, or to conscious hypocrisy. A man cannot look the great facts of life and death in the face, and accept the commonplace conventionalism of Anglicanism and Evangelicalism as a solution of their awful mystery. If he would rise above the grovelling herd, and be something more than a machine for eating and drinking and babbling, he must close with one view or the other, and become either a Catholic or a sceptic. Mr. Morell and Mr. Froude are alike but spokesmen of the age in which they write. They give utterance to the thoughts which cause the hearts of all deep-thinking men to throb with anguish; and they do but prepare the way for a further advance in the same direction, when all they who are not children of the Catholic Church will avow themselves open enemies of Jesus Christ and of his Gospel. At present, indeed, this generation knows not its own principles, and imagines itself eminently pious and Christian. But the day is at hand when these deceptions will be scattered and disowned, and we shall behold a literal fulfilment of our Lord's words, "He that is not with me, is against me."

We conclude with a few extracts from Mr. Froude's pages, which will shew how keenly he dissects the follies and impostures of the vulgar life of the day, and how mournful is the wreck to which a fatal delusion is reducing himself:

"I cannot understand," writes Sutherland, in the letter with which the story opens, "why, as a body, clergymen are so fatally uninteresting; they who through all their waking hours ought to have for their one thought the deepest and most absorbing interests of humanity. It is the curse of making it a profession—a road to get on upon, to succeed in life upon. The base stain is apparent in their very language, too sad an index of what they are. Their '*duty*,' what is it?—to patter through the two Sunday services. For a little money one of them will undertake the other's *duty* for him. And of what do they all aim at?—getting livings! not cures souls, but *livings*; something which will keep their wretched bodies living in the comforts they have found indispensable. What business have they, any one of them, with a thought of what becomes of their poor wretched selves at all? To hear them preaching, to hear the words they use in these same duties of theirs, one would suppose they really believed that getting on, and getting rich, and getting comfortable, were quite the last things a Christian should propose to himself. They certainly say so. Alas! with the mass of them, the pulpit keeps its old meaning, and is but a stage. Off the stage there is the old prate of the old world stories, the patronage of this rich man and that, the vacant benefice or cathedral stall. So and so, lucky fellow, has married a bishop's daughter, and the bishop himself has the best dressed wife and the best equipage in London; and oh, bitterest satire of all! the very pulpit eloquence with which they can paint the better life, the beauty of Christianity, is valued only but as a means of advancing them into what they condemn,"

Another letter thus describes his position among his flock:

"My dear Friend,—Something very uncomfortable has befallen me: a fool can fire a powder-magazine as well as the wisest of us; and in spite of the mournful absurdity which hangs about the story, I cannot tell in what disaster it may not conclude. However, I will not anticipate; you shall have it all *ab initio*. You know, in all large towns, there are those very detestable things, religious tea-parties. In this place, where there are such a number of business people, who have either retired from business themselves, or have withdrawn their families out of its atmosphere to make idle ladies and gentlemen of them, they are particularly rife; all people want some excitement, and as they are in too uneasy a position in this world, and common ordinary intercourse with one another is too vulgar to suit their ambition, they flit about in the shadow of the other world; and with wax lights, and psalm-singing, and edifying conversation, entertain one another with evening *soirees*, in imitation, as they fancy, of the angels. I hate these things, and as I have never cared to avoid saying so, I have of course made myself innumerable enemies, partly because I ought to be shining among them as the central figure, and partly for the reason I have given for my dislike. I fear the main element of angel tea-parties is seldom there. These people can really have very little love for one another from the delight with which they mourn over each other's failings; and when, unhappily, no such topic has newly presented itself, the edifying talk consists in the shewing up of the poor Puseyites; or, if the party happen to be Puseyite, in the sort of self-satisfied sham business-like we-are-the-wise assumption, which is even more intolerable. I suppose the angels do not stimulate the monotony of their lives by half-envious stories of the unlawful words or unlawful enjoyments of the other place, do they, Arthur? Well, my place on the occasion has been commonly supplied by the town curates and rectors, who have done the honours, no doubt, far better than I could do them; and I was contented to let it be so, and think no more about the matter. But it seems I must have made myself the occasion of a great deal of talk. I didn't marry any of them—that was the first great sin. I patronised no societies, and I threw cold water on philanthropy schemes. The clergy! I hope it is not wrong of me, but I cannot like them. Though I have not avoided their acquaintance, we have never got on: and after one or two ineffectual attempts, we have tacitly given up all hopes of intimacy. I never saw the clouds gathering. The Bishop cautioned me against party, and here it has been my sin that I am of none. What is not understood is suspected; and, what is worse, it is for ever talked about. It is one of the oddest of men's infirmities, that no talk of what they do understand is spicy enough to interest them. Well, never mind, I must tell my story."

The next quotation tells another tale. Who could believe that one who could write and feel like this could propound a practical *atheism* as the remedy for all the ills of suffering humanity?

"When my eyes wander down the marble pages on the walls of the church aisles, or when I stray among the moss-grown stones lying there in their long grassy couches in the churchyard, and spell out upon them the groupings of the fast crumbling names, there I find the talisman. It is home. Far round the earth as their life-callings may have scattered men, here is their treasure, for here their heart has been. They have gone away to live; they come home to die, to lay their dust in their fathers' sepulchre, and resign their consciousness in the same spot where first it broke into being. Whether it be that here are their first dearest recollections of innocent happiness; whether the same fair group which once laughed around the old fireside would gather

in together, and tie up again the broken links in the long home where they shall never part again; whether there be some strange instinct, which compels all men back to the scene of their birth, to lay their bodies down in the same church which first received them, and where they muttered their first prayer; whatever be the cause—like those cunning Indian weapons which, projected from the hand, fly up their long arc into the air, yet when their force is spent glide back to the spot from which they were flung—the spent life-travellers carry back their bodies to the old starting-point of home.

“The fish struggle back to their native rivers; the passage birds to the old woods where they made their first adventure on the wings which since have borne them round the world. The dying eagle drags his feeble flight to his own eyrie, and men toil-worn and care-worn gather back from town and city, from battle-field or commerce-mart, and fling off the load where they first began to bear it. Home—yes, home is the one perfectly pure earthly instinct which we have. We call heaven our home, as the best name we know to give it. So strong is this craving in us, that, when cross fortune has condemned the body to a distant resting-place, yet the name is written on the cenotaph in the old place, as if only choosing to be remembered in the scene of its own most dear remembrance. Oh, most touching are these monuments! Sermons more eloquent were never heard inside the church-walls than may be read there. Whether those hopes, written there so confidently, of after risings and blessed meetings beyond the grave, are any more than the ‘perhaps’ with which we try to lighten up its gloom, and there be indeed that waking for which they are waiting there so silently, or whether these few years be the whole they are compelled to bear of personal existence, and all which once was is reborn again in other forms which are not there any more, still are those marble stones the most touching witness of the temper of the human heart, the life in death protesting against the life which was lived.

“Nor, I think, shall we long wonder or have far to look for the causes of so wide a feeling, if we turn from the death side to the life side, and see what it has been to us even in the middle of the very business itself of living. For as it is in this atmosphere that all our sweetest, because most innocent child-memories are embosomed, so all our life along, when the world but knows us as men of pleasure or men of business, when

externally we seem to have taken our places in professions, and are no longer single beings, but integral parts of the large social being; at home, when we come home, we lay aside our mask and drop our tools, and are no longer lawyers, sailors, soldiers, statesmen, clergymen, but only men. We fall again into our most human relations, which, after all, are the whole of what belongs to us as we are ourselves, and alone have the key-note of our hearts. There our skill, if skill we have, is exercised with real gladness on home subjects. We are witty if it be so, not for applause but for affection. We paint our fathers’ or our sisters’ faces, if so lies our gift, because we love them; the mechanic’s genius comes out in playthings for the little brothers, and we cease the struggle in the race of the world, and give our hearts leave and leisure to love. No wonder the scene and all about it is so dear to us. How beautiful to turn back the life-page to those old winter firesides, when the apple hoards were opened, and the best old wine came up out of its sawdust, and the boys came back from school to tell long stories of their fagging labours in the brief month of so dear respite, or still longer of the day’s adventures and the hair-breadth escapes of larks and blackbirds. The merry laugh at the evening game; the admiring wonder of the young children woke up from their first sleep to see their elder sisters dressed out in smiles and splendour for the ball at the next town. It may seem strange to say things like these have any character of religion; and yet I sometimes think they are themselves religion itself, forming, as they do, the very integral groups in such among our life-pictures as have been painted-in with colours of real purity. Even of the very things which we most search for in the business of life, we must go back to home to find the healthiest types. The loudest shouts of the world’s applause give us but a faint shadow of the pride we drew from father’s and sister’s smiles, when we came back with our first school-prize at the first holidays. The wildest pleasures of after-life are nothing like so sweet as the old game, the old dance, old Christmas, with its mummers and its mistletoe, and the kitchen saturnalia. Nay, perhaps, even the cloistered saint, who is drawing a long life of penitential austerity to a close, and through the crystal gates of death is gazing already on the meadows of Paradise, may look back with awe at the feeling which even now he cannot imitate, over his first prayer at his mother’s side in the old church at home.”

DR. ROCK'S CHURCH OF OUR FATHERS.

The Church of our Fathers, as seen in St. Osmund's Rite for the Cathedral of Salisbury, with Dissertations on the Belief and Ritual in England before and after the coming of the Normans. By Daniel Rock, D.D., Canon of the English Chapter. In 3 vols. London, Dolman.

THERE are three kinds of antiquarianism, with two of which we cannot conscientiously profess to feel any real sympathy. First comes that species which was especially rife among our grandfathers, and which is still extant, as indeed it will ever survive in a certain class of minds, with whom whatever is old is valuable, whatever is rare is precious, and whatever is utterly incomprehensible is beyond all price. Antiquarians of this sort are to be ranked among the oddities of humanity. They will gloat over a decayed Roman ring, or an ancient Norman gargoyle, with the same entranced delight with which a modern belle

contemplates her diamonds, or a miser his heaps of gold. Such also are the genuine bibliomaniacs, who esteem books by the number of inches contained in their margin, by the presence of such and such a typographical error, or by the difficulty with which they can be procured from collectors. The pure unmitigated archæologists of the present day must be numbered in this class, and we fear will be found to form no inconsiderable portion of the members of the various archæological institutes, associations, and publishing societies which now compete with one another for the public favour.

The second species of antiquarianism is to be found in those who would revive the externals of past days, however inappropriate or unmeaning in our own. These are they who look only at the outside of past history, and judge of the human race by its forms of speech, its dresses, its buildings, its habits, forgetting

to investigate the spirit and the principles of which all these visible things were but the expression and the habitation. Such was Pope's inimitable Martinus Scriblerus, who insisted on feeding his household on Lacedæmonian black broth, and brought up his new-born baby after the most approved recipes of ancient Greece. Such are the raving simpletons of Italy and France, who would fain regenerate Europe by reviving the insignia and forms of government of classical Rome. And such are those indiscriminate mediævalists, who would quietly fasten the whole external life and appearance of the middle ages upon the actual men and women of to-day, without inquiring whether what was a noble reality in our forefathers would not be a ridiculous sham in ourselves.

The third class, who must be reckoned not only as fully sane and sensible, but as important auxiliaries in the great work of carrying on the social, political, and spiritual life of our own age, are they who to a passionate fondness for the relics of the past, unite a deep sense of the nothingness of all that emanates from man, except in connexion with man himself. With such antiquarians as these the great object aimed at is an historical knowledge of the real customs, principles, and feelings of other times, not merely as a matter of curious chronicle, but as bearing more or less upon all that is valuable to ourselves, and as furnishing us with many a clue to the solution of our own present difficulties. Amidst all the varieties of their favourite pursuits, this one thing is ever present with those who would disinter the past, so as to make it worth knowing to the living. One such archæologist is devoted to manuscripts, another to printed books, another to coins and medals, a fourth to architecture, a fifth to painting and sculpture, a sixth to dresses, armour, and domestic furniture; but still they all agree in valuing these venerable fragments as voices of the dead, which speak the thoughts and recall the deeds of those who are no longer visible amongst us.

To this class the author of *The Church of our Fathers* may fairly lay claim to belong. He has written a book not only about things, but about men; not only about churches, and vestments, and ornaments, but about that living faith and those definite doctrines which gave their whole value and meaning to the relics of ancient days, on which he loves to dwell. *The Church of our Fathers* (of which the first two volumes are now ready) consists of a series of dissertations on all that relates to the state of Christianity in England during the centuries immediately preceding and following the Norman conquest, so far as it was more immediately manifested in the rites and ceremonies of religious worship. The Rite of St. Osmund, as it is termed, is a manuscript pre-

served in the archives of Salisbury Cathedral, of the earlier portion of the thirteenth century, and is a transcript of a liturgical work drawn up by that great Bishop himself. Upon this text Dr. Rock has put together a vast amount of information respecting the faith and religious customs of our forefathers, and we need scarcely add, has thus contributed a most important addition to the ecclesiastical history of the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman Church. Church-architecture and arrangements, manuscripts, images, vestments, customs, associations, and the like, form what may be called the skeleton and framework of the treatise; but these are all along illustrated by expositions of the faith and feelings which thus displayed themselves in living action; while a multitude of quotations and references in the notes serve to verify the author's statements, and complete the picture of the times which he describes. The extent and variety of Dr. Rock's studies on all these points have enabled him to gather together a very valuable series of documents, and to place before the reader a record of the Church of our Fathers in many respects more elaborate and minute than can be found in any other source accessible to ordinary students. We do not pretend, of course, to vouch for the accuracy of every little detail of opinion or of fact which the learned author puts forward; for in works of so wide a range, some things may always be detected by keen and studious observers which may need rectifying; but, on the whole, Dr. Rock deserves the gratitude of all English Catholics for the labour of which these handsome volumes are the result. They are also illustrated with a considerable number of good woodcuts and outlines, shewing the architectural arrangements, vestments, furniture, and so forth, of the times described. The work is altogether a much more expensively got-up book than Catholic authors can generally venture upon in this country; and we shall be rejoiced to find that Dr. Rock has not been a loser by his outlay, both for his own sake, and because, in the present state of our literature, we cannot afford to throw any discouragement in the way of those who have the zeal and the courage to bring out books of solid and lasting value.

A few extracts will shew the reader the kind of information he will glean from Dr. Rock's volumes. The following is on the doctrine of transubstantiation, and the phrases by which the doctrine was expressed in early times:

"The extracts given above so clearly shew the belief of Milan in transubstantiation as to need no comment. Had any been necessary, it would have been found in the words of St. Ambrose himself, while treating elsewhere of this great mystery. In his treatise *De Fide*, he says: '*Nos autem quotiescumque sacramenta sumimus quæ per sacræ orationis mysterium in carnem transfigurantur et sanguinem, mortem Domini annun-*

tiamus.'—Lib. iv. c. x. § 124, p. 687, aliter 395, Op. t. v. Venetiis, 1781.

"While looking at this, and other such passages, brought forwards out of the old Liturgies, it must be kept in mind that the writers of the early Christian Church meant to convey, by the word 'transfiguration,' not one smallest tittle less than what is now wished to be understood by the term 'transubstantiation.' In their mouths, and to their ears, the first of these expressions sounded precisely the same thing as the latter does among ourselves. Tertullian, who wrote towards A.D. 192, says: 'Transfiguratio autem interceptio est pristini. Omne enim quodcumque transfiguratur in aliud, desinit esse quod fuerat, et incipit esse quod non erat.'—*Tertullianus adversus Praxean*, c. xxvii. p. 257, aliter 201, vol. ii. ed. Semler.

"That by the words 'transformation' and 'transfiguration,' St. Ambrose wished to be understood as meaning the complete change of the bread and wine into the very body and blood of Christ, is put beyond contradiction when he says, in his instructions to neophytes, in his book on the *Mysteris*, 'Forte dicas; aliud video, quomodo tu mihi adseris quod Christi corpus accipiam? Et hoc nobis adhuc superest ut probemus. Quantis igitur tuis exemplis? Probemus non hoc esse quod natura formavit, sed quod benedictio consecravit; majoremque vim esse benedictionis quam naturæ; quia benedictione etiam natura ipsa mutatur. Virgam tenebat Moyses, projecit eam, et facta est serpens, etc.

"Quod si tantum valuit humana benedictio ut naturam converteret; quid dicimus de ipsa consecratione divina ubi verba ipsa Domini Salvatoris operantur? Nam sacramentum istud quod accipis, Christi sermone conficitur. Quod si tantum valuit sermo Eliæ ut ignem de cœlo deponeret; non valebit Christi sermo, ut species mutet elementorum? De totius mundi operibus legisti: 'Quia ipse dixit et facta sunt: ipse mandavit et creata sunt;' sermo ergo Christi qui potuit ex nihilo facere quod non erat, non potest ea quæ sunt, in id mutare quod non erant? Non enim minus est novas rebus dare quam mutare naturas.'—*S. Ambrosii De Mysteriis*, lib. c. ix. Op. t. v. pp. 423, 4, aliter 195, 6."

Here, again, are some important critical remarks, bearing too upon a subject lately much discussed in our own pages:

"To those whose knowledge of Latin extends no further than the works of the Pagan classics, it should be observed that the early Christian writers were not strict in following the rules of syntax, as may be seen in any chapter of the Vulgate or Latin translation of the Holy Scriptures, and other early Christian monuments.

"We ought not to wonder, therefore, that in the extracts above, from the old liturgies, the ablative case is often put instead of the accusative. Such a grammatical construction has been pointed out by the present Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, in his excellent edition of St. Beda's *Historia Eccl. Anglorum*. In a note on the passage 'altare in honore beati papæ Gregorii dedicatum' (lib. ii. c. 3, p. 81), after noticing, at the foot of the text, the amended reading 'honorem'—which is found in some of the early prints of St. Beda's History, and in that lately given by Dr. Giles—Professor Hæc very pertinently remarks: 'In honore—Forma hæc est a scriptoribus mediæ ævi multum usitata, minime in honorem mutanda; conf. in Epist. Greg. in obsequio commutari, et in esu occident, supra, i. 30: et in epitaphio, *vestit in arce poli*, infra v. 7: tum ipse Beda, in corpore restitutus, inf. iii. 19: in honore dedicavit, iii. 25: *veniens in civitate*, iv. 2: in Rheno projecerunt, v. 10: cujusmodi multa alia alibi inveniendi sunt.' He might have added, from *Leofric's Missal*, fol. 110: 'ingrediuntur diaconi in sacrum,' etc.

"Cicero and Quintilian observed a habit which some Latin writers and speakers had, of dropping at the end of words certain consonants, especially the letters *s* and *m*. Quintilian says, '*Die*' hanc *æque*, *m* litera in *e* mollita. Quæ in veteribus libris reperta mutare impe-

riti solent, et dum librorum inscientiam insectari volunt, suam confitentur.'—*Quintil.* lib. ix. The softening away of the letter *m* into the *e* going before it, is exemplified in the above passages from the Liturgies.

"If the Gentile rhetor were now to arise among us as Catholic priest, teaching not merely those niceties of diction belonging to the Pagan forum, but the belief held by the Christian Church in old imperial Rome, with what strength, as well as beauty of speech, would he not chastise the flippancy of some Protestants, who try to push aside such unanswerable proofs of transubstantiation, by pretending, in their slight acquaintance with the ancient forms of language, that grammar forbids such a meaning.

"But, while upon this subject, what words can be thought too harsh for rebuking that mawkishness of taste—nay, kind of madness—shewn by some people for what is classic, though paganish in language, in preference to the homely but venerable modes of expression in our Latin Vulgate, our Missals, our Rituals, hymns, and prayers. Some of these ecclesiastical monuments are as old as Christianity itself; many are hallowed by having been in daily use among the martyrs, the pontiffs, the confessors, and doctors of the early Church; all are dear to us from the raciness of doctrinal and Catholic meaning which they have all about them. Yet a good priest, and that priest a member of a religious order, Father Maffei, did once exist, with such an overweening love for Pagan Latinity, as to apply for and get leave from his ecclesiastical superior to celebrate Mass and say his office in Greek, lest the Roman Missal and the Roman Breviary should spoil his taste for writing classic Latin! It is hard to deem which ought to be the more blamed—the want of reverential feeling in the classical professor which made him dare to ask, or the weakness of those who gave him, such a dispensation."

Dr. Rock's sketch of the architectural forms and regulations of the Anglo-Saxon Churches, though based chiefly upon the customs prevailing in other parts of Christendom, will be read with much interest. He gives a view of the interior of St. Clement's Church at Rome, one of the most important monuments of Christian antiquity existing in the world, and shewing the ancient position of the altar, the use and position of the *ambo*, before the introduction of screens necessitated a change in its place, and ultimately caused it to be disused altogether; and also the character of the low railing or parapet which enclosed the sanctuary during the first thousand or eleven hundred years of the Christian Church.

A woodcut of the "eucharistic reed" furnishes another curious illustration of an ancient rite, now used, we believe, by the Pope alone, when he solemnly pontificates. Dr. Rock thus describes the use of the reed. The notes to this passage are peculiarly interesting, but we have not space to quote them.

"Believing, and openly avowing—as the Church does now, and has always done from the very beginning—that both the flesh and blood of our Saviour Jesus Christ are received as much and as wholly under one as under the two kinds, and never allowing any person to receive the blessed Eucharist out of the time of Mass, but in one kind alone; still the Anglo-Saxons permitted the faithful who wished it to partake of the consecrated chalice also, if they made their communion at the holy sacrifice. But even then, the cup which held the blood of our Redeemer, and provided for the 'confirmation,' as it was called, of those who had already eaten his body, was not let go into the hands of the communicants, nor sent about from one to the other.

Being somewhat bigger than that used by the sacrificing priest, this ministerial chalice—so it was termed—had two handles, by which it could be held by the deacon who carried it down from the altar to the people kneeling at its foot; and each one drank of its hallowed contents, not by putting his lips to its brim, but through a long narrow pipe or hollow reed, made of gold, silver, or ivory, which was often, though not always, fastened on a pivot to the lower inside part of the sacred vessel. The golden reed is used to this day by the Pope whenever he solemnly pontificates, and by the Cardinals, who serve him as deacon and sub-deacon, both of whom communicate along with the supreme Pontiff under the two kinds."

We have room for only one more extract, on the long-loved churchyard yew-tree:

"A great many of our churches stand upon the very spot where stood an Anglo-Saxon, if not even a British church; and on this point one of the best proofs is the valuable discovery made, not long ago, of an Anglo-Saxon, and beneath that of a Christian British burial-ground, under the church and churchyard of Pytchley, Northamptonshire (*Archæological Journal*, vol. iii. p. 105). That those venerable old yew-trees, to be seen in so many of our churchyards, were put there by order of Edward I., to provide the youths of the parish with bow-staves for practising archery, is not only unsupported by the weakest evidence, but of itself is an idea which cannot bear examination. Many of those trees were planted by Anglo-Saxons', not a few by Christian Britons' hands. At Aldworth, Berks, there stands in the churchyard a yew-tree, measuring nine yards in circumference at upwards of four feet from the ground. The shape is very regular, of an urn-like form. The branches spread to a considerable distance, and rise to a great height. (*Beauties of England*, vol. i. p. 171.) Now, if we follow the rule laid down by De Candolle, and referred to by Professor Henslow in his *Botany*, we shall find that this yew-tree is as old as the ancient British period of our ecclesiastical annals. Learning that our countryman Evelyn had left exact notes of the circumferences to which some of the most celebrated specimens had reached in England, De Candolle measured the same trees again; and then comparing Evelyn's measurements with his own, and noting how much each had grown, this learned foreign botanist found that the yew-tree, in this country, increases its diameter one line every year. During the June of 1841 I visited the Aldworth yew; and, on measuring, ascertained it had en-

larged its girth by half-a-yard since it had been noticed in the first volume of the *Beauties of England*, published 1760,—that is, in the course of eighty-one years. But as half a yard is equal to eighteen inches, equal to 216 lines, which, divided by three, will show the increase of the diameter to have been only seventy-two lines after eighty-one years, we perceive that this specimen had not grown so fast as De Candolle's rule would allow. Let us, however, take that rule as a safe one, and then we have this result of the Aldworth yew's age in the year 1760. Being nine yards in circumference, this tree was therefore three yards in diameter; but 3 yds. = 9 ft. $\times 12 = 108$ in. $\times 12 = 1296$ lines, or as many years old, A.D. 1760; and subtracting its age from that date (1760 — 1296 = 464), we perceive that it must have been planted as far back as A.D. 464; that is, shortly after the preaching of St. Germanus against the Pelagian heresy. Hitherto our ecclesiastical antiquaries have taken little or no heed of the churchyard yew-tree; but it is much to be wished, on several accounts, that whenever a church is visited, for the sake of making notes of it, attention may be paid to its yew-tree, if it has one; the position of which, and its circumference, ought to be jotted down. Sometimes, too, where the yew is but young, its donor's name, and the planting of the tree, are both recorded in some of the church papers; as I found, not long ago, while looking through some old books kept in a room over the porch at Sutton, not far from Abingdon.

"So strong was their love for this well-chosen symbol of never-fading joy in heaven, that the early Christian Britons, it is likely, often, if not always, sought to build their churches quite near to some fine yew-tree—even then, maybe, a few hundred years old. Perhaps the largest of our churchyard yews may be older than Christianity itself. Giraldus Cambrensis, while in Ireland, A.D. 1186, noticed, standing in the churchyards there, some very old yew-trees, which were thought to have been planted by the holy men of old: 'Præ terris autem omnibus, quas intravimus longe copiosius amaro hic succo taxus abundat, maxime vero in cœmeteriis antiquis, locisque sacris sanctorum virorum—manibus olim plantatas, et decorem et ornatum quem addere poterant, arborum istarum copiam videas.' (*Topogr. Hiberniæ*, ed. Camden, p. 739.) Most likely the Irish were taught this custom by their elder sister in the faith, the British Church; and St. Patrick may have, among other ritual usages taken over to Ireland from this his native country, Britain, introduced the practice of always having a yew-tree in the churchyard."

THACKERAY'S PENDENNIS.

The History of Pendennis: his Fortunes and Misfortunes, his Friends and his greatest Enemy. By W. M. Thackeray. Bradbury and Evans.

If we may judge by the first six numbers, this will be the best of Mr. Thackeray's stories. It promises to be as clever as *Vanity Fair*, and far more agreeable. *Vanity Fair*, with all its remarkable power, is eminently an unpleasant book. All its personages who have any virtues are spooneys, and all who have any brains are scoundrels. The interest of the tale is divided between fools and knaves; and while we admire the author's keen perception of all that is vile, frivolous, and contemptible in the great *Vanity Fair* of life, we desiderate something else than alternate folly and knavery for our sympathies to act upon.

The fortunes and misfortunes of Arthur

Pendennis are hitherto far more to our liking. There is fully the same vigour in delineating both the inner working and the outward life of his characters which Mr. Thackeray manifested in *Vanity Fair*, and which place him in a position so decidedly above that of Mr. Dickens in the ranks of living novelists. While his still popular rival is eminently superficial in his views of man and of the world, producing his peculiar effect by a minute observation of every thing that is outward, odd, and fantastic in life, and working up every thing that is not farcical with the painstaking exaggerations of melodrama, Mr. Thackeray goes straight to the heart and soul of his creations; and seeing with the eye of his imagination their innermost nature, he evolves that which is outward and visible from that which is within, and which is the

only true groundwork on which the writer of fiction can construct a story without risk of absurdity or caricature.

Mr. Thackeray's tendency to overdraw the features of his characters is, also, more restrained in his new tale. One and all, they are good, genuine specimens of humanity, and it is only here and there that the comedy of the scenes they represent degenerates into farce. We have also somewhat less of the writer's affectation of perpetually introducing himself to the attention of the reader. The story has but to proceed as it has commenced, to be one of the most amusing novels in the language. The Major, the young hero himself, his fond and somewhat foolish mother, Captain Costigan and his daughter, Dr. Portman, Curate Smirke, and the very entertaining snob Foker himself, need but conduct themselves with the same truth of nature as hitherto, to furnish us with many a hearty laugh, and call forth many a smile of admiration at Mr. Thackeray's skill in portrait-painting. The Major himself is drawn to the life. He thus appears upon the scene:

"One fine morning in the full London season, Major Arthur Pendennis came over from his lodgings, according to his custom, to breakfast at a certain Club in Pall Mall, of which he was a chief ornament. As he was one of the finest judges of wine in England, and a man of active, dominating, and inquiring spirit, he had been very properly chosen to be a member of the committee of this Club, and indeed was almost the manager of the institution; and the stewards and waiters bowed before him as reverentially as to a Duke or a Field-Marshal.

"At a quarter past ten the Major invariably made his appearance, in the best blacked boots in all London, with a checked morning cravat that never was rumpled until dinner-time, a buff waistcoat which bore the crown of his sovereign on the buttons, and linen so spotless that Mr. Brummel himself asked the name of his laundress, and would probably have employed her had not misfortunes compelled that great man to fly the country. Pendennis's coat, his white gloves, his whiskers, his very cane, were perfect of their kind as specimens of the costume of a military man *en retraite*. At a distance, or seeing his back merely, you would have taken him to be not more than thirty years old: it was only by a nearer inspection that you saw the factitious nature of his rich brown hair, and that there were a few crow's feet round about the somewhat faded eyes of his handsome mottled face. His nose was of the Wellington pattern. His hands and wristbands were beautifully long and white. On the latter he wore handsome gold buttons given to him by his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and on the others more than one elegant ring, the chief and largest of them being emblazoned with the famous arms of Pendennis.

"He always took possession of the same table in the same corner of the room, from which nobody ever now thought of ousting him. One or two mad wags and wild fellows had in former days, and in freak or bravado, endeavoured twice or thrice to deprive him of this place; but there was a quiet dignity in the Major's manner as he took his seat at the next table, and surveyed the interlopers, which rendered it impossible for any man to sit and breakfast under his eye; and that table—by the fire, and yet near the window—became his own. His letters were laid out there in expectation of his arrival, and many was the young fellow about town who looked with wonder at the number of those notes, and at the seals and franks which they bore. If there was any question about etiquette, society, who was married to

whom, of what age such and such a duke was, Pendennis was the man to whom every one appealed. Marchionesses used to drive up to the club, and leave notes for him, or fetch him out. He was perfectly affable. The young men liked to walk with him in the Park or down Pall Mall; for he touched his hat to every body, and every other man he met was a lord.

"The Major sate down at his accustomed table, then, and while the waiters went to bring him his toast and his hot newspaper, he surveyed his letters through his gold double eye-glass. He carried it so gaily, you would hardly have known it was spectacles in disguise, and examined one pretty note after another, and laid them by in order. There were large solemn dinner-cards, suggestive of three courses and heavy conversation; there were neat little confidential notes, conveying female entreaties; there was a note on thick official paper from the Marquis of Steyne, telling him to come to Richmond to a little party at the Star and Garter, and speak French, which language the Major possessed very perfectly; and another from the Bishop of Ealing and Mrs. Trail, requesting the honour of Major Pendennis's company at Ealing House, all of which letters Pendennis read gracefully, and with the more satisfaction, because Glowry, the Scotch surgeon, breakfasting opposite to him, was looking on, and hating him for having so many invitations, which nobody ever sent to Glowry.

"These perused, the Major took out his pocket-book to see on what days he was disengaged, and which of these many hospitable calls he could afford to accept or decline.

"He threw over Cutler, the East India Director, in Baker Street, in order to dine with Lord Steyne and the little French party at the Star and Garter—the Bishop he accepted, because, though the dinner was slow, he liked to dine with bishops—and so went through his list and disposed of them according to his fancy or interest. Then he took his breakfast and looked over the paper, the gazette, the births and deaths, and the fashionable intelligence, to see that his name was down among the guests at my Lord So-and-so's *fête*, and in the intervals of these occupations carried on cheerful conversation with his acquaintances about the room.

"Among the letters which formed Major Pendennis's budget for that morning there was only one unread, and which lay solitary and apart from all the fashionable London letters, with a country post-mark and a homely seal. The superscription was in a pretty delicate female hand, and though marked 'Immediate' by the fair writer, with a strong dash of anxiety under the word, yet the Major had, for reasons of his own, neglected up to the present moment his humble rural petitioner, who to be sure could hardly hope to get a hearing among so many grand folks who attended his levee. The fact was, this was a letter from a female relative of Pendennis; and while the grandees of her brother's acquaintance were received and got their interview, and drove off, as it were, the patient country letter remained for a long time waiting for an audience in the antechamber under the slop-bason.

"At last it came to be this letter's turn, and the Major broke a seal with 'Fair Oaks' engraved upon it, and 'Clavering St. Mary's' for a post-mark. It was a double letter, and the Major commenced perusing the envelope before he attacked the inner epistle.

"Is it a letter from another *Jook*?" growled Mr. Glowry, inwardly; 'Pendennis would not be leaving that to the last, I'm thinking.'

"My dear Major Pendennis,' the letter ran, 'I beg and implore you to come to me *immediately*—very likely, thought Pendennis, and Steyne's dinner to-day—I am in the very greatest grief and perplexity. My dearest boy, who has been hitherto every thing the fondest mother could wish, is grieving me *dreadfully*. He has formed—I can hardly write it—a passion, an infatuation—the Major grinned—for an actress who has been performing here. She is at least twelve years older than Arthur—who will not be eighteen till next February—and the wretched boy insists upon marrying her.'

"'Hay! what's making Pendennis swear now?' Mr. Glowry asked of himself, for rage and wonder were concentrated in the Major's open mouth, as he read this astounding announcement.

"'Do, my dear friend,' the grief-stricken lady went on, 'come to me instantly on the receipt of this; and, as Arthur's guardian, entreat, command the wretched child to give up this most deplorable resolution.' And, after more entreaties to the above effect, the writer concluded by signing herself the Major's 'unhappy affectionate sister, Helen Pendennis.'"

Having thus plunged *in medias res*, Mr. Thackeray takes a retrospect, and relates how the Major came to be guardian to the youthful Stephen, who had now spoiled his respected relative's breakfast at the Club. Here is the boy at the Grey Friars' School:

"Arthur Pendennis's schoolfellows at the Grey Friars' School state that, as a boy, he was in no ways remarkable either as a dunce or as a scholar. He did, in fact, just as much as was required of him, and no more. If he was distinguished for any thing, it was for verse-writing: but was his enthusiasm ever so great, it stopped when he had composed the number of lines demanded by the regulations (unlike young Swettenham, for instance, who, with no more of poetry in his composition than Mr. Wakley, yet would bring up a hundred dreary hexameters to the master after a half-holiday; or young Fluxmore, who not only did his own verses, but all the fifth form's besides). He never read to improve himself out of school-hours, but, on the contrary, devoured all the novels, plays, and poetry on which he could lay his hands. He never was flogged, but it was a wonder how he escaped the whipping-post. When he had money he spent it royally in tarts for himself and his friends; he has been known to disburse nine and sixpence out of ten shillings awarded to him in a single day. When he had no funds he went on tick. When he could get no credit he went without, and was almost as happy. He has been known to take a thrashing for a crony without saying a word; but a blow, ever so slight, from a friend would make him roar. To fighting he was averse from his earliest youth, as indeed to physic, the Greek Grammar, or any other exertion, and would engage in none of them, except at the last extremity. He seldom, if ever, told lies, and never bullied little boys. Those masters or seniors who were kind to him, he loved with boyish ardour. And though the Doctor, when he did not know his Horace, or could not construe his Greek play, said that that boy Pendennis was a disgrace to the school, a candidate for ruin in this world, and perdition in the next; a profligate, who would most likely bring his venerable father to ruin and his mother to a dishonoured grave, and the like—yet as the Doctor made use of these compliments to most of the boys in the place (which has not turned out an unusual number of felons and pickpockets), little Pen, at first uneasy and terrified by these charges, became gradually accustomed to hear them; and he has not, in fact, either murdered his parents, or committed any act worthy of transportation or hanging up to the present day.

"There were many of the upper boys, among the Cistercians with whom Pendennis was educated, who assumed all the privileges of men long before they quitted that seminary. Many of them, for example, smoked cigars—and some had already begun the practice of inebriation. One had fought a duel with an ensign in a marching regiment in consequence of a row at the theatre—another actually kept a buggy and horse at a livery stable in Covent Garden, and might be seen driving any Sunday in Hyde Park with a groom with squared arms and armorial buttons by his side. Many of the seniors were in love, and shewed each other in confidence poems addressed to, or letters and locks of hair received from, young ladies—but Pen, a modest and timid youth, rather envied these than imitated them as yet. He had not got beyond the theory as yet—the practice of life was all to come. And by the way, ye tender mothers and sober

fathers of Christian families, a prodigious thing that theory of life is as orally learned at a great public school. Why, if you could hear those boys of fourteen, who blush before mothers, and sneak off in silence in the presence of their daughters, talking among each other—it would be the women's turn to blush then. Before he was twelve years old, and while his mother thought him an angel of candour, little Pen had heard talk enough to make him quite awfully wise on certain points—and so, madam, has your pretty little rosy-cheeked son, who is coming home from school for the ensuing Christmas holidays. I don't say that the boy is lost, or that the innocence has left him which he had from 'heaven, which is our home,' but that the shades of the prison-house are closing very fast over him, and that we are helping as much as possible to corrupt him.

"Well—Pen had just made his public appearance in a coat with a tail, or *cauda-virilis*, and was looking most anxiously in his little study-glass to see if his whiskers were growing, like those of more fortunate youths his companions; and, instead of the treble voice with which he used to speak and sing (for his singing voice was a very sweet one, and he used when little to be made to perform 'Home, sweet home,' 'My pretty page,' and a French song or two which his mother had taught him, and other ballads, for the delectation of the senior boys), had suddenly plunged into a deep bass, diversified by a squeak, which, when he was called upon to construe in school, set the master and scholars laughing—he was about sixteen years old, in a word, when he was suddenly called away from his academic studies.

"It was at the close of the forenoon school, and Pen had been unnoticed all the previous part of the morning till now, when the Doctor put him on to construe in a Greek play. He did not know a word of it, though little Timmins, his form-fellow, was prompting him with all his might. Pen had made a sad blunder or two—when the awful chief broke out upon him.

"'Pendennis, sir,' he said, 'your idleness is incorrigible, and your stupidity beyond example. You are a disgrace to your school and to your family, and I have no doubt will prove so in after-life to your country. If that vice, sir, which is described to us as the root of all evil, be really what moralists have represented (and I have no doubt of the correctness of their opinion), for what a prodigious quantity of future crime and wickedness are you, unhappy boy, laying the seed! Miserable trifle! A boy who construes $\delta\epsilon\ \alpha\upsilon\delta$, instead of $\delta\epsilon\ \epsilon\ \textit{but}$, at sixteen years of age, is guilty not merely of folly and ignorance, and dullness inconceivable, but of crime, of deadly crime, of filial ingratitude, which I tremble to contemplate. A boy, sir, who does not learn his Greek play, cheats the parent who spends money for his education. A boy who cheats his parent is not very far from robbing or forging upon his neighbour. A man who forges on his neighbour pays the penalty of his crime at the gallows. And it is not such a one that I pity (for he will be deservedly cut off), but his maddened and heart-broken parents, who are driven to a premature grave by his crimes, or, if they live, drag on a wretched and dishonoured old age. Go on, sir, and I warn you that the very next mistake that you make shall subject you to the punishment of the rod. Who's that laughing? What ill-conditioned boy is there that dares to laugh?' shouted the Doctor.

"Indeed, while the master was making this oration, there was a general titter behind him in the schoolroom. The orator had his back to the door of this ancient apartment, which was open, and a gentleman who was quite familiar with the place, for both Major Arthur and Mr. John Pendennis had been at the school, was asking the fifth-form boy who sat by the door for Pendennis. The lad, grinning, pointed to the culprit against whom the Doctor was pouring out the thunders of his just wrath—Major Pendennis could not help laughing. He remembered having stood under that very pillar where Pen the younger now stood, and having been assaulted by the Doctor's predecessor years and years ago. The intelligence was 'passed round' that it was Pendennis's uncle in an instant, and a hundred young faces wonder-

ing and giggling, between terror and laughter, turned now to the new comer and then to the awful Doctor.

"The Major asked the fifth-form boy to carry his card up to the Doctor, which the lad did with an arch look. Major Pendennis had written on the card, 'I must take A. P. home; his father is very ill.'

"As the Doctor received the card, and stopped his harangue with rather a scared look, the laughter of the boys, half constrained until then, burst out in a general shout. 'Silence!' roared out the Doctor, stamping with his foot. Pen looked up and saw who was his deliverer; the Major beckoned to him gravely with one of his white gloves, and, tumbling down his books, Pen went across.

"The Doctor took out his watch. It was two minutes to one. 'We will take the Juvenal at afternoon school,' he said, nodding to the Captain, and all the boys, understanding the signal, gathered up their books and poured out of the hall."

And here we are told how the luckless youth sped in his wooing, and how he was found out.

"It happened two days after the above gaieties that Mr. Dean of Chatteries entertained a few select clerical friends at dinner at his Deanery House. That they drank uncommonly good port wine, and abused the Bishop over their dessert, are very likely matters; but with such we have nothing at present to do. Our friend Doctor Portman, of Clavering, was one of the Dean's guests, and being a gallant man, and seeing from his place at the mahogany, the Dean's lady walking up and down the grass, with her children sporting around her, and her pink parasol over her lovely head—the Doctor stepped out of the French windows of the dining-room into the lawn, which skirts that apartment, and left the other white neckcloths to gird at my lord Bishop. Then the Doctor went up and offered Mrs. Dean his arm, and they sauntered over the ancient velvet lawn, which had been mowed and rolled for immemorial Deans, in that easy, quiet, comfortable manner, in which people of middle age and good temper walk after a good dinner, in a calm golden summer evening, when the sun has but just sunk behind the enormous cathedral-towers, and the sickle-shaped moon is growing every instant brighter in the heavens.

"Now at the end of the Dean's garden, there is, as we have stated, Mrs. Creed's house, and the windows of the first-floor room were open to admit the pleasant summer air. A young lady of six-and-twenty, whose eyes were perfectly wide open, and a luckless boy of eighteen, blind with love and infatuation, were in that chamber together; in which persons, as we have before seen them in the same place, the reader will have no difficulty in recognising Mr. Arthur Pendennis and Miss Costigan.

"The poor boy had taken the plunge. Trembling with passionate emotion, his heart beating and throbbing fiercely, tears rushing forth in spite of him, his voice almost choking with feeling, poor Pen had said those words which he could withhold no more, and flung himself and his whole store of love, and admiration, and ardour, at the feet of this mature beauty. Is he the first who has done so? Have none before or after him staked all their treasure of life, as a savage does his land and possessions against a draught of the fair-skins' fire-water, or a couple of bauble eyes?

"Does your mother know of this, *Arthur*?' said Miss Fotheringay, slowly. He seized her hand madly, and kissed it a thousand times. She did not withdraw it. 'Does the old lady know it?' Miss Costigan thought to herself, 'Well, perhaps she may,' and then she remembered what a handsome diamond cross Mrs. Pendennis had on the night of the play, and thought, 'sure 'twill go in the family.'

"Calm yourself, dear *Arthur*,' she said, in her low rich voice, and smiled sweetly and gravely upon him. Then, with her disengaged hand, she put the hair lightly off his throbbing forehead. He was in such a rapture and whirl of happiness that he could hardly speak. At last he gasped out, 'My mother has seen you, and admires you beyond measure. She will learn to love you soon: who can do otherwise? She will love you because I do.'

"Deed then, I think you do,' said Miss Costigan, perhaps with a sort of pity for Pen.

"Think she did! Of course here Mr. Pen went off into a rhapsody, through which, as we have perfect command over our own feelings, we have no reason to follow the lad. Of course, love, truth, and eternity were produced: and words were tried but found impossible to plumb the tremendous depth of his affection. This speech, we say, is no business of ours. It was most likely not very wise, but what right have we to overhear? Let the poor boy fling out his simple heart at the woman's feet, and deal gently with him. It is best to love wisely, no doubt: but to love foolishly is better than not to be able to love at all. Some of us can't: and are proud of our impotence too.

"At the end of his speech Pen again kissed the imperial hand with rapture—and I believe it was at this very moment, and while Mrs. Dean and Doctor Portman were engaged in conversation, that young Master Ridley Roset, her son, pulled his mother by the back of her capacious dress, and said:

"I say, ma! look up there!—and he wagged his innocent head.

"That was indeed a view from the Dean's garden such as seldom is seen by Deans—or is written in Chapters. There was poor Pen performing a salute upon the rosy fingers of his charmer, who received the embrace with perfect calmness and good humour. Master Ridley looked up and grinned, little Miss Rosa looked at her brother, and opened the mouth of astonishment. Mrs. Dean's countenance defied expression; and as for Dr. Portman, when he beheld the scene, and saw his prime favourite and dear pupil Pen, he stood mute with rage and wonder.

"Mrs. Haller spied the party below at the same moment, and gave a start and a laugh. 'Sure there's somebody in the Dean's garden,' she cried out; and withdrew with perfect calmness, whilst Pen darted away with his face glowing like coals. The garden party had re-entered the house when he ventured to look out again. The sickle moon was blazing bright in the heavens then, the stars were glittering, the bell of the cathedral tolling nine, the Dean's guests (all save one, who had called for his horse Dumpling, and ridden off early) were partaking of tea and buttered cakes in Mrs. Dean's drawing-room—when Pen took leave of Miss Costigan."

With the same spirit and good humour the rest of the story is hitherto told.

ALLIES' JOURNAL IN FRANCE.

Journal in France in 1845 and 1848, with Letters from Italy in 1847, of Things and Persons concerning the Church and Education. By Thomas William Allies, M.A., Rector of Launton, Oxon. Longmans.

We confess that we opened this book with

considerable anxiety. Mr. Allies, in his former work, had approached, humanly speaking, so near to a full recognition of Catholic truth, and in tone and sentiment had so far outstepped the position of those with whom in theory he classed himself, not to say his own

formal doctrinal statements and incidental conclusions, that we could not well see what room there was left for a nearer advance without arriving at such a clear perception of the claims of the Church as must be followed either by the immediate acknowledgment, or by the conscious and wilful rejection of them. The recent publication of a second edition of his controversial treatise precluded the hope of his having abandoned the grounds he there assumed; while, on the other hand, we feared that the sort of external view of the Catholic Church which a non-Catholic tourist can ordinarily obtain, might not be unattended with danger, especially to one who had committed himself to a particular ecclesiastical theory. And the more so when we considered the constitutional incapacity of the English mind, so eminently national, to appreciate the character of a people whose temper and cast of thought so widely differ from its own; and which wants, besides, that Catholic element which might enable a man, however otherwise disqualified, to throw himself into the spirit of other times and another order of things than exists within the sphere of his own experience. The time, too, chosen for this tour of observation was one at which the insular prejudices of many among us had been indefinitely heightened by the pride with which they had beheld their country exempt from those revolutionary storms which had swept over the greater part of the Continent; and when the clergy of France had been called by the march of events to take up a position which is naturally so repugnant to the respectable conservatism of religious Anglicans, and one which, at best, it is so difficult for them to understand. All this made the experiment still more dangerous.

It was a great pleasure to us to find our apprehensions not realised, and that Mr. Allies not only rose above these national prejudices, but what is more important, so far from abandoning his former advanced position, had neither lowered his tone nor modified the strength of his statements. It may seem unaccountable, indeed, that the events of the last three or four years, not to say the mere lapse of time, and the many occasions that the interval must have presented of acquiring such knowledge as leaves a man no longer excusable, should not have forced conviction upon a really earnest mind; but strange as is the phenomenon which his work exhibits, we cannot but regard its publication as strong presumptive evidence of the writer's sincerity and honesty of purpose. Mr. Allies has written a book which carries us back in thought and feeling to those days of bright promise when the party of which, if it does not disclaim the connexion, Mr. Allies is now the most forward and the boldest spokesman, dared honestly to avow all its convictions,

anxious only to find and declare the truth, and reckless of all collateral consequences, so that that great end were attained. When we say that the *Journal in France* is characteristic rather of the crisis that was gathering to a head at the beginning of the year with which the work commences, than of the period that lies between that date and the present, our readers will readily understand the tone and spirit of the performance. The intervening time has been completely barren of works of any boldness or power from the pen of those who claim to be the remaining representatives, or at least the legitimate descendants, of that body of writers whose effusions were certainly devoid neither of vigour nor definiteness. The policy of the party (we are speaking particularly of its periodical literature) has been rather to avoid all positive statements, and confine itself to the expression of the vaguest generalities; to blink the great critical questions really at issue, and take refuge in mere special pleading; to ignore their adversaries' arguments, or, by an evasive attack upon some subordinate point, create a diversion under the cover of which they might make their escape. Mr. Allies is a writer of a very different spirit. So far as he is an opponent, he is an honest and a manly one. He writes like a man in earnest. He dares to say what he thinks; and, what is more, he evidently means what he says. He has no conventionalisms of speech, which the initiated reckon at what they are worth, and the simple and ignorant take for what they appear. He does not affect a confidence which he does not feel. He lays bare with unrelenting hand the evils of the system to which he belongs, nor tries to conceal their extent and deformity. He speaks out, and spares not. Neither is he afraid of argument. He fearlessly questions the keenest intellects of Catholic France, and he does not suppress or distort the answers he receives. He repeats what he hears; he describes what he sees; he prosecutes to the end the aim with which he sets out—to state facts as they are, whatever they be. This is why he has our respect and our sympathy; and we know not which most to applaud, the resoluteness with which he pursued his inquiries, or the boldness with which he has published the conclusions to which he has thus far arrived.

But while awarding to Mr. Allies, as in justice is his due, the highest meed of praise in the particulars we have stated, we are bound as Catholics to express our dissent, not only from many propositions which he incidentally lays down, but from much even of the general moral bearing which the book exhibits. We would here, however, once for all, declare that such animadversions as we shall feel ourselves compelled to make are directed, not so much against Mr. Allies himself, whose individual state of mind we do not pretend to judge, as

against the religious position he occupies—a position so fraught with peril to the individual, and so injurious to the cause of truth itself. In doing this we fear that our remarks will take a more controversial turn than appears to be provoked by a work of this description, written in so kindly a spirit and with so laudable an object. We feel too that it may seem ungracious in us to give the first notice, and consequently the most prominent place, to objections the subject-matter of which, from not lying on the surface, may appear to the general reader to occupy but a small portion of the volume. But our reason for this course is, that, with all the singular merits of the book, what we consider its principal fault is not the presence of an occasional blemish, which might be pointed out by the way, but a radical defect which more or less affects the whole performance. We cannot, therefore, notice what we really so much admire and appreciate without signalling what we consider of too much importance to be dismissed with a cursory remark. Mr. Allies is in too critical a situation to be merely complimented on having written a work of a more candid and liberal character than has often proceeded from a Protestant pen; and those who are looking about for a stay in a doubtful position are too likely to catch at any theory or sentiment which may serve them in the place of those realities which are only to be found in the Catholic Church, not to render it most essential, as far as is possible, to shew the true value of sophisms too welcome and too pleasing to be narrowly sifted.

We must begin with a topic in which we have a particular interest. In so doing we may appear to have selected for censure a mere casual observation of the author; but it will be clear as we proceed that our remarks are necessary to the full expression of the idea which the work has suggested to us, and upon which it is our object to enlarge. Mr. Allies is describing a visit he paid to the Dames de la Visitation, and the conversations he had with the nuns:

“I said, Roman Catholics in England seemed to me to commit a great fault, and especially converts. The moment they had left us, it seemed their object to depreciate to the utmost the Church of England; instead of allowing what we undoubtedly possessed, and pointing out with charity and kindness the particulars in which they presume us to be deficient, they delight to condemn us *en masse*, in the most harsh and insulting manner . . . and when this came from men who for years had been fighting on our side, it was the more offensive. It was in strong contrast with the charity and kindness one met with in Roman Catholics abroad.”

That individuals may at times have used expressions which have been deemed harsh and unkind, when they were really the fruit of an ardent zeal and an anxious charity, and that such expressions may, on occasions, have not been the best which might have been

chosen, may be readily supposed. To grant this is merely to say that men are men, and liable to errors of judgment. But that any fault of the nature, or originating in the spirit Mr. Allies describes, may be justly attributed to that large class of persons to whom he alludes, we most earnestly deny. We presume that he refers especially, if not exclusively, to the published writings of converts. If we are right in this conjecture, the “contrast” he draws between the supposed severity of such publications, and the kindness of his reception by the Catholics of France, is neither accurate nor fair. Until he and his friends have given those they accuse an opportunity of shewing them the same good offices of “charity and kindness” which they “meet with in Roman Catholics abroad,” they are not in a condition even to institute the sort of comparison which Mr. Allies has thus publicly made. We frankly invite them to the proof. Let the next summer’s tour be among the Catholics of England; let them visit our churches, our colleges, our religious houses, and, if they so please, the humble abodes of their quondam associates; we promise them a hearty reception. Let them kneel at our altars, and join, if they will, in our psalms and our litanies; at least let them see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, what we really are doing and saying, and not judge us by the reports of our enemies, or by their own overstrained construction of some sharp word or unadvised sentence, as free from all malicious intention as it was freely and honestly uttered. We confidently believe that whatever else they may put into print, we should never again be called upon to protest against an accusation which is grounded on nothing but an unreasoning prejudice. Meanwhile we challenge them to the trial with the sincerest goodwill.

We need not dwell upon the peculiarity of the position which the converts occupy in regard to their old friends, and, indeed, to the whole Anglican body. It must be obvious to every candid mind that seriously considers the situation of both parties, that the former have a most difficult yet imperative duty to fulfil, the instant their eyes have been opened to the reality of their condition. They have to tell their old companions in arms, by whose side they have perhaps “been fighting for years,” that so far as they are opposing the cause of Rome they are contending against the Truth of Christ; and so long as they wilfully close their eyes to the light, which, for all they see it not, is shining around them, and delay submission to that wonderful power which never ceases to demand their obedience, they are imperilling their own souls and the souls of those whom their influence withholds from obeying the call. They have to disown their allegiance to that communion which

they once regarded as their spiritual mother, and to denounce it as a schismatical and heretical body, the enemy and not the ally of the Catholic Church. They have to repudiate the pretensions of those whom, up to the moment of the change, they believed to be their brethren in the faith, and to refuse them that only sympathy which their friends will accept, but which it would be dishonest and uncharitable in them to pretend to bestow. This alone is offensive and irritating; but the confidence with which it is done is perhaps even more so. Did the converts adopt that doubting, hesitating tone—that oblique, hypothetical way of speaking—which has an air of humility and self-distrust, the rest might be tolerated; but no sooner have they passed the mysterious line than their whole manner is changed. Their language is precise, definite, positive. They speak with a *certainly* of being in the right, which, to those who are without, and do not behold the glorious vision their eyes have opened upon, is unaccountable, except on two grounds—either that their friends are morally deteriorated, or that they are possessed of a faculty which they do not themselves enjoy.

It is this, if we mistake not, this confidence, this unyielding positiveness, which is really the ground of the accusation so constantly brought against converts to the Church, and we seem to see a confirmation of the supposition in the passage we have quoted above. For what is the gravamen of the charge made by Mr. Allies? What is meant by the converts "*depreciating*" the Church they have left? What is it which that Church "*undoubtedly possesses*," which the converts will not allow that it has? Is it the grace of the sacraments, or the power of the keys, or the deposit of the faith, or the merit of good works, or internal union, or external authority? Is there any one peculiar privilege, or gift, or power, which converts, as such, ought to allow to exist in the Anglican Church, but persist in ungraciously denying? Much—we suspect all—depends upon the answer to these questions. We cannot withhold the expression of our very strong conviction, that what really is so offensive in the language of Roman Catholics in England, and especially converts, is that they deny, as in all truth and consistency they must deny, that the "Church of England" possesses any one spiritual gift, any one saving grace, which is not equally possessed by every Protestant sect. And yet in this what do they more than assert and maintain what the Church universal asserts and maintains in acts even more significant than words? Upon her, therefore, and not upon her children in this particular country, must the accusation fall, if it mean what we strongly suspect that it means, when the feeling that inspired it is put into words. Catholics every

where—not only in England, but every where—regard the Anglican Church as a purely Protestant body. It is not that they merely perceive in it certain deficiencies, whether of doctrine, or practice, or ecclesiastical constitution, which only need to be supplied, or repaired, or re-adjusted, in order to restore it to perfect integrity; they believe that it wants the foundation, the essence, the very first principle of a Church, and in fact is no Church at all. Such belief, and the words that express it, must needs be offensive, especially in those who once held very different language; but surely, if the truth be as they say, to declare it in the strongest possible terms, so far from being a fault, is an act of the highest charity and kindness. If this be what is meant by "*condemning en masse*," the converts are certainly guilty.

We are far, then, from accusing Mr. Allies of any intentional ill feeling towards those on whom he passes so severe a censure; we think we can trace the apparent uncharitableness to a determined ignoring of the fact, that the Anglican communion is repudiated and condemned by the Catholic Church, not ignorantly, but knowingly. He seems as if he would not see that no amount of knowledge a Catholic may have can possibly modify or change his opinion. Unable legitimately to evade the conclusion that Catholics, both English and foreign, unite in condemning his Church, he gets rid of the force of this testimony by satisfying himself that English converts, who know the true facts, are harsh and unkind, while Catholics abroad, who are kind and indulgent, are ignorant of the real merits of the case.

Another quotation will set this in a clearer light.

"I have found well-informed Roman Catholic ecclesiastics ignorant that we possess a ritual, use fixed prayers, have a regular hierarchy; while scarcely any one is aware that we have a form of absolution as categorical as their own, and one which presupposes special confession. They are in the habit of taking for granted that we have no succession, besides asserting that our orders are invalid through defect of the formularies. The present Pope, conversing lately with an English clergyman, seriously inquired of him, whether we administered what, in condescension to the supposed feelings of his auditor, he termed '*la cena*,' once a year, and whether we passed the cup from hand to hand? Two notions, I imagine, which must have given him the poorest impression of the Anglican communion which a Roman Catholic could have. And in conversing with theologians, they ordinarily direct themselves against merely Protestant feelings and arguments, such as touch the Lutherans and Calvinists abroad, or Dissenters here, but which have nothing to do with English Churchmen."

Nothing to do with English Churchmen! What must the intelligent clergy of France have thought of so grave an assertion, as they compared it with the results of their own historical reading, the common sense of mankind, and their everyday knowledge of religious English people? Mr. Allies makes two

assumptions, both of which are denied by all "well-informed" Catholics, but which he puts forth as if they were equally indubitable and equally granted: 1st, That he and his party represent the English Church; and 2dly, that, as thus represented, that Church is not a Protestant body, and has nothing to say to "Protestant feelings and arguments." Whereas, what is the fact? Puseyism—we have looked about for a less obnoxious term, but have not lighted on one that better expresses our meaning—Puseyism is a novelty. It cannot be found in the "Anglo-Catholic Library." As at present developed it has not a ten years' growth. How many of those who now believe in it were taught it as children? Is not its history written in the continuous progress of individual opinion? How many of its teachers have advanced as far as Mr. Allies? and of those, how many are bold enough to avow their convictions? Puseyism is not the popular form of belief. It has not reached the religious heart of the country. It has not found a home in the affections of the poor. It has not even the sanction of the influential classes, or of the constituted authorities. It is barely tolerated; that is all. It is really astonishing with what complacency the members of this party arrogate this pretension to themselves of *being* the English Church, and how dexterously they confound or separate between individuals and the Church, as the argument of the moment suits them. That which they dislike in the prevalent belief and practice they shift off upon some hostile party, and inveigh against the unfairness of charging upon the Church itself what are but the obstinate errors and ignorances of its less enlightened members; that which they approve and make their boast of among themselves, they refer as a matter of course to their Church, and express their indignant amazement at the obtuseness of those who see in all this quasi-Catholic array the professions and practices of individuals, not those of the Church to which they belong.

Again, is there any one point which has been more insisted upon in controversy with Anglicans than that, whatever accidental profession individuals may make of Catholic doctrines—however they may admire and imitate Catholic practices—however far they may have risen above the common feelings and prejudices of Protestants, and detected the fallaciousness of Protestant arguments,—of all sects or parties without the Church, there is none more thoroughly identified with the fundamental principle of Protestantism—the exercise of private judgment—than that which is represented by Mr. Allies? For not only do they interpret the Scriptures by their own construction of antiquity, by their own readings of history, and their own theological de-

ductions, but they subject Fathers, and Councils, and churches, nay, the whole Catholic Church (always including their own supposed portion)—that very divine, infallible authority, in which, in their creed, they profess their belief—to their own individual and varying judgment. There is not a Puseyite, be his professed submission to the Church what it may, who does not make himself the ultimate judge in all matters of religious belief, and rest on his own decisions; and in no one, as we shall shew in the sequel, is this assertion more strikingly verified than in the amiable author of the volume before us.

Catholics, therefore, not only see no real essential difference between the Anglican Church, as such, and other Protestant sects, but they maintain, not rashly and ignorantly, but deliberately and advisedly, that Puseyism is but another and an extreme development of the Protestant principle of individual judgment, and at the same time the most illogical and self-contradictory system of belief that perhaps ever beguiled the educated mind.

Mr. Allies complains of the false and unworthy notions that are entertained of the Anglican Church by Catholic divines abroad. Is his own account of it calculated to produce a better impression? We will not go further than the passage on which we are commenting. Mr. Allies says that the notion of Communion being administered but once a year, and of the "cup" being "passed from hand to hand," must have given the Pope "the poorest impression of the Anglican communion which a Roman Catholic could have." The *poorest*—if thereby he meant the utmost nakedness of belief and practice; but, he may rely upon it, not the *worst*, if his honest exposure of the infidelities of his Church be taken as the description of its actual condition. What, for instance, would the august personage to whom he alludes think of a Church which is Catholic on paper and Protestant in practice; which retains the forms of divine things, and denies the power thereof; which claims to possess the ministry of reconciliation, but refuses to exercise it, leaving men with their sins unconfessed and unforgiven, content with a "categorical form," which "supposes" what is never enforced, and is rarely performed, even on those special occasions on which alone it appears to be even in theory considered desirable. Has Mr. Allies ever seriously considered what is really involved in such statements as these, put forward too, be it observed, by way of justifying his Church from the ignorant animadversions of opponents? But this is only one instance among many of the way in which, as it seems, most unconsciously, he accuses his Church of a greater delinquency than is laid to its charge by any of those whose ignorance of its merits he so much regrets, almost condemns. Better;

far better, for a Church to have no fixed ritual, no valid succession, no regular hierarchy, than to possess all the seven sacraments, and deny their efficacy, or withhold their ineffable grace from the souls of men for whom Christ died. Its "state" in God's sight would be far less guilty. Alas, when will Anglicans perceive that their very defence of their Church is—we cannot say *its*, but—their heaviest condemnation? *We*, indeed, can console ourselves with the thought that, whatever sins lie at the door of the Anglican Church, from this fearful offence at least it is free. But what ought to be the judgment of those who, believing it possessed of all the treasures of Christ, *know* that practically, habitually, wilfully it ignores, nay, denies their possession?

One word on the instance Mr. Allies has adduced of the error of the Pope with respect to the usages of the Anglican Church. Is the error so great after all? Is it an error, even in *fact*, so great as at first sight appears? We declare from our personal knowledge that, though technically incorrect, the notion entertained by his Holiness does not unfairly represent, we will not only say the prevalent state of belief among English Churchmen, but their actual practice, viewed in the light in which it must be viewed by all Catholics. It is true that the rubrics prescribe that, in "the administration of the Lord's Supper, the communicants should receive the same kneeling:" we say nothing of the apologetic statement that follows, which, in the eyes of every true believer in the great sacramental mystery, is conclusive as to the intention which such an act might seem to imply. It is true that they also enjoin, that whatever remains of the "consecrated" elements shall be "reverently" consumed; and we do not stop to inquire what species of reverence is meant, nor how the second participation differs in any way from the first, supposing that what is received is really what Anglicans say they believe it to be, nor how a *second communion* (for such it actually is, if it be a true sacrament) can be justified by patristic authority or Catholic usage. But we would ask Mr. Allies, what is the actual practice in this matter, we do not say in his own parish, but among "English Churchmen" generally? It is this. The "consecrated" elements that remain unconsumed are left to be eaten and drunk by non-communicating pew-openers and vergers, and that in a manner any thing but reverent; or, where a more decent practice is in vogue, they are distributed among such of the poor as choose to partake, and the cup not unfrequently "passed from hand to hand." In cases where there are two communions a day, it is not unusual to "*consecrate*" *again* whatever remains of what was consecrated before. And now we ask, was the Pope in effect so very far in the wrong? What difference is there,

in Mr. Allies' belief, between the cup as it is given in the administration of the sacrament, and the same, a few minutes after, when it is "passed from hand to hand?" To the Catholic, if that cup be any thing more than the commonest thing, it is the tremendous Mystery Itself. What is it to Mr. Allies? We might press the matter still further. The Pope, as is evident, made a confusion between the usage in England and that in Scotland. But we ask, do the vast majority of "English Churchmen" hold the Presbyterian sacrament to be no sacrament; or does it shock them to see a sacrament, as true as their own, administered in so irreverent, so unbelieving a manner? What say, not Mr. Allies and his friends, but the great body of his co-religionists, both clergy and laity? What in this matter is the *sense* of the Anglican Church? Does Mr. Allies really believe that the Pope, when better informed, would materially alter his judgment? We are sure he will bear with us when we say that, keen-sighted as he is as to the state of the communion to which he belongs, he has not attained even yet to the power of distinguishing a "sham" from a "reality." He is constantly using language and delivering himself of sentiments, the force and truth of which, so far as words go, it would be scarcely possible to exceed; and yet he does not seem to *feel* or to *know* what he says. No one can justly accuse him of shallowness of thought, or want of practical earnestness; the contrary, as we have said, is most conspicuous in him; but it is as if he were capable of conceiving *ideas*, but had no perception of *realities*. He is able to hold those ideas, without perceiving their consequences, or fathoming their meaning. How weak, for example, are the strictures we made above, compared with the following energetic protest, which had not occurred to us when we made them!

"In what state is a branch of the Church of Christ, which utterly neglects this truth in practice, and allows it with impunity to be denied, and derided, and calumniated? Whose children from their infancy have scarcely ever heard it? Whose full-grown men turn from it in all the hardness of rebellious manhood?"

What answer but one can be returned?
Or this simple statement of facts:

"Not one Anglican priest in a hundred has ever been called to receive a confession, or unfold the terms of reconciliation to a guilty soul. Indeed, so much is this the case, that the notion of the priest in most parishes is extinct; it is the minister and the preacher who have taken his place."

What can be added to this?

But to resume the thread of our foregoing remarks: Mr. Allies is always insisting on the ignorance of Catholics respecting his communion. And what if it be so? Does he suppose that, if it were discovered to-morrow that the Anglican Church was not only at union with itself in the belief of its members, but in all points, both of faith and of practice, per-

fectly on a par with the schismatical Greek communions, the discovery would change in one tittle the Catholic's belief in the *ecclesiastical* state of that Church, except so far as the fact of its possessing a priesthood and sacraments would put the mass of the people, who knew no better, and had no means of knowing better, in a higher spiritual condition? Would the Catholic question for a moment the truth of that great principle which constitutes the indivisible unity of the body of Christ? Would he recite the words of his creed—*Unam Sanctam Catholicam et Apostolicam Ecclesiam*—in a less exclusive and absolute sense? Would he think that the time was come when the successor of St. Peter must lower his pretensions and abandon his prerogatives? Mr. Allies does not think so, as we will immediately shew; but why, then, insist so much, or at all, on a point so irrelevant to the question at issue?

It is another instance of what we are continually saying. One while Mr. Allies sees clearly, and then again he is blind. He says and unsays, like a man that sees no real *object* before him, but is occupied with a *subject*, on which, as it were, he debates with himself. Does he not perceive that the difference between the Catholic and Anglican belief is one not of fact only—though it is that too—but of principle? that the Catholic holds not only a different *view*, with which every Anglican theory of unity—from the lowest ultra-Protestant notion to any the highest that may be held even by himself—is utterly irreconcilable, but a *faith* which refuses to admit any other idea but one? He does perceive this, and he does not perceive it. He is constantly asserting, "Unity with them is indeed a *first principle*;" yet as constantly evincing his surprise and disappointment that the Catholics with whom he converses cannot take in *his* idea of the Church as well as their own, or amalgamate one with the other. It is the same with the general question; he knows that the Catholic believes that Catholicism is Christianity—the only revealed truth of God—the gospel of Christ, which, "whosoever believeth shall be saved, and whosoever believeth not shall be condemned;" and yet he is astonished that Father Lacordaire should be "possessed" with "so complete a conviction of the truth of the whole Roman system," as to be "utterly unable to conceive a person of ability and sincerity coming to any other conclusion;"—that even, as put "hypothetically," "he could not, and would not, receive" any other "idea." What is the reason of this? Is it that Mr. Allies does not see the difference between faith and opinion; or is it that he would fain close his eyes to the incompatibility of the two systems which he wishes to reconcile? He does not, and seems as if he could not, see that when a Catholic says, "I believe in

one Church"—in a Church which is indivisibly and numerically one,—it is "morally and metaphysically impossible" for him to admit another idea, which shall comprehend within the bounds of that unity those who are external thereto; he does not see that the belief which excludes them is a substantial, integral part of the *faith* of the Church, to change or to modify which is heresy. This inability which Mr. Allies displays to grasp so simple a fact when presented to his mind, cannot but arise from the want of a deep appreciation of the objective oneness of the Church, which is no more susceptible of qualification than is the great Catholic verity, that there is one God, and not three Gods, in the ever-adorable Trinity. He is ever treating the Catholic doctrine as a mere theological opinion—a piece of *Roman* rigidity; and yet recurring to it again and again, as though he were uneasy under the thought of this insurmountable bar to reunion.

His want of clearness and consistency in this respect is very observable. At p. 251 he says:

"He (M. des Billiers) did not like to admit that the primacy of jurisdiction involved infallibility, because infallibility of the Pope is not a dogma. But here lies precisely the difficulty of their position. Roman Catholics want, for the completion and impregnability of their system, the infallibility of the single papal chair, and this is precisely what has been ever denied by large schools among them, and is not even now an article of faith. For that they are the universal Church, that their dogma alone is true, that the Greek and every other communion is heretical or schismatical, or both, all this depends on the infallibility of the single papal chair."

Strange reasoning indeed!—to confound the conclusion which he perceives is involved in a particular statement with the premises on which that conclusion depends. It is to identify the foundation on which an argument rests with every legitimate conclusion that may be drawn therefrom. The Church of course is free at any time to rule, as an article of faith, any conclusion which is really involved in that which she holds; but as long as, in her wisdom, she sees fit to leave open questions, it is most unreasonable to accuse her position as *therefore* incomplete and assailable. Had the Church ever ruled that the Pope was fallible in matters of faith, there might be some meaning in saying, "I perceive that supremacy logically implies infallibility. To hold the one and deny the other is an inconsistency." The objection, as it stands, is futile and frivolous. The Church is in no way concerned with the fact that individuals or schools have held different opinions on an open question. An open question *implies* the liberty of differing. The opinions of individuals are not the decisions of the Church.

But his inconsistency is even more strange. By a *dogma* he means an article of faith; for he says that the "infallibility of the Pope is

not a dogma." Yet the doctrine that the Roman is "the universal Church," and that "every other communion is heretical or schismatical, or both," is a dogma—is therefore an article of faith. Its truth, of course, he denies. But hereupon it follows that the faith of Roman Catholics—or, which is the same thing, the creed of the Roman Catholic Church—is untrue, *i. e.* heretical. It embodies a false idea of the unity of the Church; it excludes what the true faith does not exclude; it contains an element of belief which the true faith does not contain, *viz.* the Papal supremacy, or the necessity of communion with Rome. When the Catholic says, "I believe in one holy Catholic Church," he *means* what is not true. He pronounces the words in a heretical sense. Does Mr. Allies mean this? If not, what does he mean? What is heresy? His whole conduct on the subject is very perplexing. He frequently asserts that the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope is involved in that of the supremacy; but we never find him either asserting or denying that the dogma of the supremacy is involved in the Roman idea of unity. We never find him saying: "If such be your belief in the indivisibility of the Church, then my idea of unity is irreconcilable with yours. One or other must be false; both cannot be true. This is not the idea I have gathered from a study of the Fathers." His line is rather to say: "If you believe so much, you ought to believe more. I find the primacy in antiquity, but not the supremacy. You who believe in the supremacy, ought to believe also in the infallibility of the Pope. *You see less than I see. You ought to go farther, and be more consistent.*" We do not accuse Mr. Allies of wilfully evading the real critical point at issue, but we would urge upon him the duty of testing his belief in this matter; for on this—on the *unity*—we might say the very *being* of the Church—and not primarily, as he supposes, on the infallibility of the Pope, "depends" the truth of the claim of the Roman communion to be the one "universal Church."

But perhaps, after all, Mr. Allies may suppose that he holds the Roman idea of unity. We assure him he does not. He often uses language which a Roman Catholic will accept, and which, in the letter, is sound and correct; but when he comes to define his terms, an essential difference appears—a difference on first principles. He will forgive us if we say that this has ever been one sure test of heresy. It will make its own statements in orthodox words; it will not accept the definitions of the Church. It cannot venture beyond the dead letter. It holds not the living faith; if it reasons, it is lost.

We have already expressed our high admiration of the candour with which Mr. Allies relates all he saw and heard among the vari-

ous scenes and persons that came before him; but in nothing is this excellence more marked than in the exactness with which he details his conversations with the first ecclesiastics of France. The ability and fairness he here displays have rarely been equalled, and, we think, cannot well be surpassed. We had intended quoting the whole of a remarkable conversation which he held with Father Lacordaire, but we have room only for the extracts on which it is our object to comment.

The first is connected with the subject last mentioned, in reference to which Mr. Allies has, most innocently we are sure, brought another unfounded accusation against converts.

"I said that in controversy it was necessary to push principles to their absolute issue: it was natural enough that they, born and living under the papacy, should not feel it to be an absolute monarchy. He quoted Bellarmine as saying that it was a monarchy tempered by aristocracy and democracy. The Pope could not destroy the episcopate. I said our new converts maintained that he could: that if all the Bishops in the world were on one side, and the Pope on the other, he could make a new episcopate. 'I regard,' he said, 'as anti-Catholic such opinions as these.'"

All Catholics, and therefore Father Lacordaire, must be perfectly aware that it is impossible, in the very nature of things, that converts should have been allowed to publish any such "anti-Catholic opinions" without rebuke from authority. The charge, therefore, is its own refutation. But, in fact, it is founded on a total misapprehension of a doctrine very generally held among Catholic divines, and maintained, we believe, by most of those persons to whom he refers. It is simply this, that the Pope is, singly and exclusively, the ultimate source of all ecclesiastical power; that the power of the Church, as well as its unity, is centred in him. And had Mr. Allies confined himself to the mere statement of *principles*, had he said that the converts maintained the proposition just mentioned in its most naked and absolute form, no fault could have been found with the statement. But he does more than this. He supposes a case, *viz.* "that if all the Bishops were on one side, and the Pope on the other, he could make a new episcopate"—a supposition not only impossible as a matter of fact, but utterly irreconcilable with the idea, or principle, of which he supposes it a legitimate issue. For what is that idea? It is this, that the Church is a building upon a foundation. Trace back the Church to its origin, and you find at its base—Peter: "Thou art Peter, and upon this (*Peter*, or) rock, I will build my Church." "*I will build my Church.*" The Church is not a mere base, but a base with a building upon it. The building can never be separated from the base, nor the base from the building, because of Christ's promise. And this the Catholic maintains, as firmly as he maintains that that base is St. Peter, and

that the building remains a building only by adhering to him. There is a confusion in Mr. Allies' mind. When it is question of the spring, the principle, the root, the foundation, the ultimate form and primary source of the Church's unity, we acknowledge but one—one only and exclusively—the See of St. Peter. But when it is question of what the Church *is*, and will be as long as the world endures, we maintain that it is a building upon a foundation—not a foundation only, as was Peter when Christ made him so, but a building upon a foundation—a body united to a head, or whatever else may be called that necessary function, that central organ, which is both the seat and the bond of corporate life. We no more hold that the Church can become a *Peter* again, than we hold that the body of a man can be resolved into the first element of its being, or a building be levelled to its base, and yet the building and the body remain in their essence entire. Christ laid a foundation; but He did not that only, He promised to build his Church thereupon. The Catholic holds both these truths, and Mr. Allies has no right to make him separate the two, even in supposition. Such a supposition is destructive of the very idea of the Church.

Should Mr. Allies ask, "If the Pope can remove any particular Bishop, why cannot he remove any number of Bishops, nay *all* the Bishops? Why cannot he destroy the episcopate?" one answer among many might be, Because of Christ's institution and promise. Were he asked in return, "If the Bishops can remove any particular priest, why cannot they remove any number of priests; why cannot they destroy the priesthood itself?" or were he asked, "If any individual may fall away from the Church, why may not all fall away?" what would he answer?

But perhaps it may be said that, in controversy with Anglicans, Catholics have employed the very same mode of argument, by reducing their adversaries' propositions to a manifest absurdity. Here also is a confusion. When the attack has been upon Anglican *principles*, those principles have been traced to their ultimate form; and in that ultimate form, few Anglicans, if any, will ever acknowledge them. Either they evade the conclusions to which they are being driven, by suddenly giving up something which they began by maintaining—whether it be the essential unity, or the visibility, or the authority of the Church—or they take refuge in the plea that, as a practical result, their principles are never reduced to that form. Well, granted, we have said; but what *are* your principles? let practical results alone for the present; but what, for instance, is your principle of unity? what is it that makes so many separate episcopal units one whole episcopal

body? When you press us to an "absolute issue," we will go all the way with you, till we find the centre of unity and the source of jurisdiction in the see of St. Peter. Why are you, in your turn, so unwilling to follow us, when we would take you a similar journey? We tell you we have been to the end of your theories, and found in them no principle at all.

The next extract to which we must call attention is the following:

"I recalled to his mind what he had said, that well-informed and sincere persons could not remain out of the Church of Rome. Since then I had been especially studying the question of the Roman primacy, and yet the conclusion to which I had come, after a most careful examination of antiquity, was in favour of a primacy of order, but against that of jurisdiction."

We feel that we owe it to Mr. Allies to represent to him the aspect which this posture of mind wears in the eyes of Catholics. The Catholic knows what it is to feel the most unbounded confidence in the mercy and faithfulness of God, and in the merits of his Redeemer; but this easy confidence in his own sincerity is a thing to which he is a stranger. Rather is it a matter of fearful self-examination all his life long, whether he be dealing sincerely with himself and with God; for to have a heart sincere before God is all one with being acceptable in his sight. And as his confidence is placed on the Divine promises, and not on his own sincerity, so his faith reposes on something without himself; not on the convictions of his own mind, or the deductions of his reasoning faculty, but on the objective creed of the Church—the truth of God as proposed to him by a divine authority. We pass no judgment on Mr. Allies, but we would entreat him to reconsider what, not in theory, but in fact, is the ground of his confidence. On what is it that he relies as the basis of his convictions? To what does he make his appeal? To the teaching or the authority of the Catholic Church? To the teaching or the authority of his own communion? To *any* present teacher, to *any* living authority? No; to *himself*—to the inward conviction of his own sincerity; or, if not to this alone, to his own theological exactness, to his own intellectual acumen, his powers of research, his talents as a scholar, his knowledge of the Fathers, or of that vague waste of years styled "antiquity." We know that he will recoil from this description, for both intellectually and religiously he is far above the principles on which he is content to act; but is not this his own account of his position? "Three years ago, you said that no well-informed and sincere person could remain out of the Church of Rome; now *I* am a well-informed and sincere person, *I* have been studying the Fathers; *I* have been carefully examining antiquity, and *I* remain out of the Church of Rome." We dwell on his words,

not in a taunting spirit, nor with any captious wish to put a worse construction on them than they need be supposed to bear; but we find ourselves unable to read them in any other sense, and we put them in this startling form that he may the more clearly realise their actual import, and the assumption which they imply. We would remind him that what he condemns in the Protestant mind is its self-reliance, and its want of an objective faith. The Protestant studies the Scriptures, and takes his own interpretation for the revealed will of God; but we would beg him seriously to consider, whether they who examine antiquity, and consult the Fathers, and take their own conclusions for the Catholic faith, do not act on a principle essentially the same. And let him remember, too, that in so doing they are guilty of an inconsistency which lies not at the door of an avowed Protestant, inasmuch as they hold the principle of authority, yet deliberately set it aside, and act on their private judgment. They profess to submit to the authority of the Church, yet subject that Church to the results of their own reading, and the conclusions of their own understanding.

We have asked Mr. Allies whether this be not his own case. If he will look steadily at the position he really occupies, he will see that it is. What *authority* does he acknowledge or obey? He may *agree* in his conclusions with this or that body of persons, few or many, on such and such points, more or less as it may be, but he acknowledges no present living authority as standing to him in Christ's place, and demanding, therefore, his faith and obedience. He *submits* to no Church, and owns none as his *teacher*. If, indeed, he declare his conviction that there is no present actual authority to which obedience is due, then we ask, what becomes of his belief in a teaching authoritative body? And why go on solemnly enunciating a belief in that which no longer exists? If the visibility, and the unity, and the Catholicity, and the authority of the Church be in abeyance, why go on repeating the words of the Creed? Why talk of authority, and why continue to inveigh against the Protestant principle of private judgment, when, willingly or unwillingly, it is the only principle on which an "English Churchman" can act? But if he believes there is such an authority—that there is a present living Church to which obedience is due—then we ask, where is it? What Church can and does teach with authority? There is but one. There is but one authority on earth which he could submit to if he would; one only that has an intelligible voice; one only that even *claims* to be listened to and obeyed. This he feels. If there be any one definite impression which his book conveys, it is unquestionably this:

that the Roman Catholic Church is the only real ecclesiastical authority which has survived the division of east and west, and the schism of the sixteenth century. And now let him consider that to this only authority on earth—to the whole Catholic Church in communion with Rome—that "great spiritual empire"—that "kingdom of heaven on earth," in which he beholds "the working of a Divine and supernatural power"—bishops, and priests, and people of "so many various nations utterly different in manners, language, origin, and temper," yet all teaching and holding one "uniform, coherent, systematic body of doctrine," and all obeying one sovereign head;—to this whole body, so "widely extended," so "closely united," he opposes—what? the conclusions of his own theological reading. How clearly, then, must it appear that, if he really desires to be rid of a principle which he abhors, if he wishes in earnest to escape from the exercise of his own private judgment, there is but one way—submission to a Church that can teach. Either he must submit to that Church, or he must remain in his solitariness, reposing on himself, appealing to himself, with no ground of confidence, no object of faith, but his own individual convictions. Will he be content with the latter alternative? we think—at least we hope not. Ought he not to feel that when his position not only prevents him from acting on a true principle, but absolutely compels him to act on a false one, that position cannot be such as God wills?

But perhaps Mr. Allies will say that he cannot, as present minded, accept certain doctrines which the Church would impose upon him. We would entreat him, however, to consider one point, which seems never to suggest itself to him, which is, that there is really no practical conclusion to be drawn from the arguments he uses. Supposing he has convinced himself that the successor of St. Peter, to whom he concedes a primacy all but divine, has usurped a power which of old he did not possess, and that the Church sanctions certain devotions to the Blessed Virgin of an ambiguous and dangerous character—what then? Does this help him forward one step towards proving that the Anglican Church, which no longer concedes *any* pre-eminence to St. Peter's successor, and gives *no* honour to the blessed Mother of God—not to mention many other grave charges to which it is liable, and which could not be stated in stronger language than he has himself employed—is an integral member of the Catholic body? The two questions do not touch at a single point. What, then, is it that is legitimately deducible from this line of argument? Nothing but what he would himself repudiate—that the Roman communion is herself corrupt and unfaithful. And if she be so, does Mr. Allies really be-

lieve there is any remaining sound portion of the Catholic Church? Is there any Church upon earth which deserves to be named the "pillar and ground of the truth?" Such reasoning, then, either leads to nothing, and is therefore worth nothing, or it ends in the destruction of all that the person who uses it believes that he holds. It is infructuous in its nature, and self-contradictory. This alone ought to put a man on his guard. It proves that the line of argument adopted leads in the direction of denial, not of assertion, and that its ultimate intellectual goal is sheer infidelity. It has been well said that in one sense no man is really an Atheist, if by Atheist be meant one who *believes* that there is no God. Unbelief, and a positive belief in the non-existence of God, are two different things. It is clear that no unbeliever ever does more than attempt to destroy the evidence of truth. He sets up, and can set up, no counter evidence; the most celebrated unbelievers have confessed it to be impossible. To attempt to *prove nothing*—for truth alone is positive—is a contradiction in terms. And as the infidel's argument is infructuous in every dogma of unbelief, so also is it infructuous in any positive practical results. As it leads only to the denial of former belief, so it issues only in a cessation from such acts as were the consequence of that belief. And be it observed, that this unproductiveness is peculiar to those arguments which involve a simple denial, and neither make nor imply a corresponding assertion on the contrary part. It is true that there is also a suspension of action in an interval of doubt, but that very circumstance marks it as a state in which, in matters that concern the salvation of his soul, a man is bound not to remain. No argument, therefore, which would fix him therein ought to be acquiesced in for a moment.

And so with respect to self-contradiction. When a man finds that any argument which he employs legitimately involves the rejection of what he knows to be positive truth, he ought at once to be awakened to the perception of its infidel tendency. For instance, Mr. Allies thinks he sees in the Catholic Church a certain corruption of doctrine, or a certain assumption of power, so false and so wrong as to justify separation, and the breaking up into fragments of that which ought to be one. But in order to believe that these different fragments constitute one corporate whole, he has necessarily to lower his theoretical view of the Church, which is that of an organic body teaching infallible truth; in other words, he has to reject what he previously held, and take up with a lower idea—not because the higher no longer appears to rest on the same incontestable evidence, but because it is incompatible with something else which he has reasoned out for himself, or cer-

tain facts which he thinks he has observed. We know that Mr. Allies, and the party who may be considered to share his opinions, would energetically deny this conclusion; neither do we intend to fasten it upon them. On the contrary, we believe that they are so blinded by their theories, that they do not perceive the consequences to which they necessarily tend. They are not aware of the position which at this moment they actually occupy, nor of the use which minds less committed to a cause are making of the principles which they themselves unknowingly maintain. But while we rejoice in the thought that there are many who have allowed no palpable inconsistency to force them into the conscious rejection of truth once perceived—and of this number we confidently believe our author to be—we would entreat them to consider what it is to occupy a position of which they cannot accept the self-evident consequences.

Mr. Allies may still say that, great as are the intellectual difficulties connected with his position, a man can but act on the dictates of his conscience. Before we conclude, therefore, this portion of our notice of his book, we must make one further extract. We would wish it, however, to be clearly understood that the remarks we are about to make strictly apply only to the moral attitude which the actual words employed appear to imply, and that it is far from our intention to decide that they accurately represent the writer's own state of mind. In narrating the conversation with Father Lacordaire already alluded to, Mr. Allies observes:

"I said, I found it very difficult to represent our real position to them. The question was not whether one *might* be a Roman Catholic; for of that I had no doubt; we all admitted that they were a part of the Church. The question was, whether I was *forced** to become a Roman Catholic—to deny all my past life," &c.

Will Mr. Allies allow us to be frank with him, and to say, that as long as a man's mind is directed to the point, whether it is possible to remain with safety in the communion in which he finds himself—as long as this forms the whole bent and object of his search—so long will his conscience remain unaffected; in other words, so long will his conversion be morally impossible. We do not mean that such a state of mind may not ordinarily occur at one stage of that mental process and struggle which generally precedes conversion; but it must be remembered that these different states and stages, which in the order of time constitute, humanly speaking, the approach towards conversion, are, as viewed under a different aspect, so many obstacles and resistances which the mind is making to that blessed change. The real inward attitude of soul which is the prelude to conversion, the only state of mind in which conversion is possible, is that in which

* The italics are the author's.

the jailer of Philippi found himself when he said, "What shall I do to be saved?" The question may be asked, answered, and acted upon in an instant, as it was in his case, or the process may be spread over a longer course of time; and for this reason, if for no other, that the question may have arisen previous to much examination of the claims of the Church, or may not have been asked till the individual was intellectually in possession of all such reasonable proof as obliges him to act. But be this state of mind of short or of long duration, it must, and invariably does, precede conversion. And the reason is plain. Conversion implies an act of the *will*, not a mere assent of the *intellect*. Moral truth not admitting of mathematical demonstration, never forces assent, as the latter must do, otherwise its presentation to the mind would involve no moral probation. The will must therefore be rightly directed ere truth can be embraced. The leading idea and object before the mind—that which it pre-eminently seeks and desires—is the same in fact with that which it wills. Now, it is plain that he who asks simply, "What shall I do to be saved?" seeks *one* thing, and one only—the salvation of his soul. But he who inquires, "Can I safely remain in the communion in which I find myself?" is seeking a different object. He is seeking to ascertain whether safety is compatible with a certain line of action. It is true he may say, he too seeks salvation, for that he does not wish to remain where he is, if it must be at the cost of his soul; but who is there who would not say the same? All men, in this sense, desire salvation. How should it be otherwise? How can man do aught but desire, in the abstract, his supreme good? It is the law of his nature. There was one who said, "If Balak give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go beyond the word of the Lord." He desired to go with the princes of Moab, but not unless he could go, so to say, safely. He importuned the Lord to grant him permission; but this permission—the permission to hazard his soul—he must have at all costs. This awful warning is constantly needed by every one of us during his mortal trial; for we may depend upon it that, as in the department of morals, he who desires to attain to heaven at the least possible expense of good works, is morally certain to fall short of that *minimum*, so he who, when truth is placed before him with its corresponding requirements, inquires, "How much of this can I safely dispense with?—how can I safely set aside its claims without doing violence to my conscience?"—will never, so long as he remains thus disposed, attain to the truth at all. How should he, amidst the overwhelming motives which must exist in all cases—in some more, in some less, but in all most pressing—to make him desire to find what he seeks, viz. a sense of safety in the rejection of

the truth, which solicits him, confounds him, and persecutes him, but which can never win his acceptance till he seek his salvation alone, and not certain conditions under which he may possibly be saved?

A further thought suggests itself. Not only has one who seeks to ascertain if he can safely stay where he has so many urgent motives to stay, not attained to this holy impartiality of mind—not only is his aim beside the right object—but he has a thousand inducements, instead of testing the claims of the Church, to cast about for difficulties, which can never be wanting to those who are without. He is under every temptation to dwell upon them and magnify them, and instead of contemplating the question as a whole, to search after facts in support of the position he is desirous of vindicating. Vainly may such a one suppose himself impartial, because he is conscious at times of an intense desire to find incontestable proof of the claims of the Church. This is but natural. Disturbed and perplexed, he oscillates between two states of mind—the desire of feeling safe where he is, and the passionate longing for such complete, irresistible evidence as shall sweep away all misgivings, and, filling his whole soul with confidence, bear him without effort or struggle to some harbour of rest. He would have such a mental vision of truth as should bring with it conviction as lively as that which sight bestows. Such confidence, such evidence the Church cannot furnish to those who are without, though she can confer it, blessed be God, on those who have entered within.

In all this we are sure we have Mr. Allies' hearty concurrence; but we wish to prevail upon him, and those who think with him, to apply those ordinary moral and intellectual rules, with which they are so well acquainted, to this great, this only vital question. Let them but leave off treating it as a learned controversy, or a theological thesis—let them but view it as the poor and ignorant view it, with singleness of purpose, and with that plain common sense which must be the best interpreter of a question which interests humanity at large—and it is wonderful what a change will come over them, and how easy and clear all will then seem in their eyes, which is now embarrassed with difficulties and wrapt in confusion.

Our remarks have taken a more controversial and aggressive turn than we had desired or intended; but the *Journal in France*, besides its more obvious design, cannot but be regarded as an indirect apology, not so much for the communion to which the author belongs, as the position which he and his party continue to occupy. The more we considered the work in this light, the more deeply we felt the risk which such a position involved; and the admiration we had conceived for the gene-

ral object and spirit of the book—an admiration which is still undiminished—necessarily gave place to the expression of our fears, and what will be deemed, we trust, not an un-

charitable remonstrance. In our next Number we hope to do more justice to the contents of the volume.

ANGLICAN MISCONCEPTIONS :—THE CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

The Christian Remembrancer, April 1849.

London, J. and C. Mozley.

IN a notice of Mr. Allies' *Journal in France*, in the last number of the *Christian Remembrancer*, we find some deductions drawn by the reviewer from Mr. Allies' statements, on which we must make a few remarks. The facts of Mr. Allies' book the writer very coolly, and very judiciously, altogether ignores, though he is honest enough to say that he regrets its publication, and also to abstain from impugning Mr. Allies' correctness or veracity. He then proceeds to make certain strictures upon the French Church in general, and upon Father Lacordaire in particular, which furnish one of the most curious instances of a total misconception of arguments and statements which it was ever our fortune to meet with. We do not, indeed, charge the writer with the least intentional unfairness; on the contrary, we have little doubt that he most truly believes all that he has said to be consistent and well founded.

His first observations are designed to expose what the reviewer conceives to be Lacordaire's inconsistencies in what he said to Mr. Allies on the subject of the Puseyites. Lacordaire was speaking of the Catholic doctrine of "invincible ignorance," as furnishing an excuse in certain cases for those who are not within the Church; and then applying it to the case of such men as Mr. Allies and the writers in the *Christian Remembrancer*, he said that *they* could not hope for salvation on any such plea, for that they were fully acquainted with the arguments for Catholicism, and were men of considerable powers of mind. At the same time, Lacordaire said that of course he did not mean to assert any thing about *individuals*, who are judged by God alone.

From this the reviewer actually supposes that Lacordaire admitted the Puseyites to be men of a higher degree of personal piety than those ordinary Protestants who will really be saved on the ground that they could not know the truth; and that he meant to imply that the individual leaders of the Anglican movement would *not* be included in the general exclusion of all unbelievers from salvation! How is it that he does not perceive that Catholics *do* impute to such men as the Anglican leaders a "corruption of the will" as the real cause of their continuance in schism, and consider that their religiousness, however far

it may go in outward works of devotion and in the sentiment of Catholicism, is not accompanied with that unfeigned humility and love of God which would necessarily impel *them* to burst the bonds in which they are enthralled, and to act as honest men upon their own principles? Hard, cruel, and uncharitable as such an opinion may seem to be respecting men who are so much better than professed men of the world, yet Anglican controversialists may rest assured that it is the opinion of Lacordaire and all other Catholics; and that when we speak of the piety and self-denial of the Puseyites, we are far enough from meaning that it is of that genuine Christian character which entitles them to hope for salvation. They know the arguments for Catholicism; they are not intellectually incapable (either through old age or nature) of appreciating them; therefore we conclude—not with the reviewer, that because Puseyites are self-denying men, therefore there is salvation out of the Catholic Church, but—that the fault in their case lies in a perverse will; that is, that they are not really converted in heart, or practically guided in all things by the Spirit of God.

And when, further, we add that we do not venture to apply this doctrine to individuals by name, what we mean is this :—that as God alone knows men's hearts, we cannot conclude as a certainty that any one man is not *intellectually* incapable or ignorant, and therefore, being thus intellectually deficient, really in a state of favour with Almighty God, and invisibly a member of the Catholic Church. Not for a moment do we admit that where the heart is willing, and the judgment sound and rightly informed, any man *can* continue out of the Church who is not physically prevented from entering it. All we say is, that however well instructed, and however clear and able in reasoning powers, be such men as Keble, Pusey, Manning, Wilberforce, or Allies, yet it is just possible—as we cannot see their souls—that they may be ignorant or incapable, and therefore may be free from that perversion of will which would infallibly condemn them.

The reviewer next proceeds to say that the clergy with whom Mr. Allies conversed in France, told him that the worship of our Lady in the Catholic Church is "less than what it is ordinarily asserted to be;" and then he goes on to quote a passage from Mr.

Newman's Essay on Development, in which he is supposed to have taken an opposite line of defence, and to say that it is absurd in Catholics, or (as he would have it) the Catholic body, to defend this worship, *both* on the ground that it is thus "less than is supposed," and on the ground that it *is* as much, and yet is justifiable.

Here, again, is an entire misconception. The French clergy, as every other Catholic in the Church would have done, told Mr. Allies that our worship of the Blessed Virgin was inferior to what Protestants suppose it to be: *i. e.* that it is not *divine* worship. They never told him that it was not a more exalted veneration than can be paid in reason to any other *created* being, or expressed any dissent from what Mr. Newman has said in the essay above named. If the reviewer had chanced to have seen the Pope's Encyclical Letter recently issued on the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, he would have known that the very highest authority in the Church has, in the most solemn manner, employed language as strong as has ever been used, in respect to the efficacy of our Lady's intercession. The confusion in the minds of Anglicans, when they think these statements made by Catholics to be inconsistent, arises from the circumstance that they themselves cannot enter at all into the nature of that worship which we pay to Almighty God Himself; and therefore imagine, that when we assert that the worship we pay to Mary is less than they say it is, *viz.* that it is not *divine* worship, we are really adopting an explanation which brings down our regard for the Queen of angels and men to that level which may approve itself to the judgment of High-Church Anglicans. Never was there a greater mistake. The worship of the Church for the Blessed Virgin, as it prevails amongst almost all pious Catholics, is based upon the belief that through the Incarnation of the Eternal Son she is raised to a condition far above all other created beings; but it no more even *approaches* to the nature of divine worship, than all the stars in the firmament approach in number to actual infinity. God is God, and creatures are creatures; and though the elevation of Mary transcends all the conceptions of the most estimable of Anglican divines, it is separated by a boundless space from the incommunicable glory and power of the almighty Lord of all things.

After this, the *Christian Remembrancer* tells us that the French Church does not do her duty to the great mass of the French people, but is heedless of the infidelity and

wickedness around her, caring only for her own children. He would have his readers also believe that the French clergy considered the state of the Church in France before the first revolution as immaculate, and repudiated the idea, that by worldliness and carelessness she had in any way contributed to bring about that frightful convulsion. We need hardly say that both of these imputations are simply false, and are contradicted by the whole tenour of the book on which they are professedly based. But what is it that the reviewer thinks the Catholic Church ought to do in order to conciliate Protestants and infidels, and which (we conclude) he supposes would really conciliate them? He would have us believe that the miracle of St. Januarius at Naples, and the history of the *Santa Casa* at Loretto, are the great causes of modern scepticism, and Protestant hatred of Catholicism! We assure our readers that we are serious, and are only repeating the identical instances in which this writer says we ought to reform ourselves. Literally this is all he has to say. These miracles, he will have it, are the great scandal to "educated" minds. But what if "educated" minds in the Church, including Pius IX. and almost all the most influential clergy and laity throughout Christendom, believe these things to be true? Would the *Christian Remembrancer* have us abolish these wonders, if we ourselves consider them not to be fictitious? Is he himself prepared to act on the same principle, and to shut up the miracles recorded in the Bible from the criticism of "educated minds," because so many of these educated minds in England, France, Germany, and Italy, no more believe the Scripture miracles than the *Christian Remembrancer* believes the miracle of St. Januarius's blood? Or does he really suppose that the Church *knowingly* countenances what she believes to be false, and regards the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius and other similar *scandalous* miracles to be fables?

The truth is, these imputations and deductions are mere *pleas* for what the writer knows to be unjustifiable by any fair course of argument. They are not the things which are of practical weight in his own mind. They are devices for throwing dust in the eyes of the readers of Mr. Allies's book, and for cheating people into a belief that the whole question between England and Rome is one of mere criticism, and not a question involving the eternal safety of the immortal soul.

SHORT NOTICES.

Mélanges d'Archéologie d'Histoire et de Littérature. Par C. Cahier et A. Martin. Parts 1 to 4. Paris, Poussielgue-Rusand. London, Dolman, and Barthès et Lowell.

THE authors of the *Monographie de la Cathédrale de Bourges* are here continuing their archaeological and historical labours, with no diminution of zeal or learning. The Rev. Fathers Cahier and Martin are two members of the Society of Jesus, who have long held one of the highest places in the ranks of continental archaeologists; and their work on the architecture and painted windows of Bourges is well known as one of the most splendid and satisfactory of modern illustrated books. M. Martin has been lately in London, where he preached the Lent Sermons at the French Chapel, and has since visited many of the most celebrated of our English Cathedrals; and we may hope that the publication before us may at some time or other benefit by his tour. No living archaeologist is more competent to appreciate the charms of ancient English art, or more devoted to the illustration of the great works of the thirteenth century.

The first half volume of *Mélanges* contains twenty-four plates, chiefly from the treasures of metal-work still to be found at Aix-la-Chapelle, Rheims, Namur, &c. The celebrated shrine at Aix-la-Chapelle is given in all its details, and is alone a sufficient proof that the works of the thirteenth century are among the most unrivalled productions of refined skill and genius of any age or nation. Those who know mediæval metal-work only from what is to be seen in this country, will be astonished at the exquisite beauty of this superb relic. The letterpress essays and descriptions which accompany the plates are of high archaeological value and interest.

M. Martin, we may add, though an ardent and most learned archaeologist, is strongly opposed to the revival of rood-screens, which he considers to have been unknown in the Church till the twelfth century, and by their destroying the interest of the laity in the great functions of the Church, and by separating them needlessly from the clergy, to have materially assisted in bringing about the calamities of the Reformation.

The Our Father, being Illustrations of the several Petitions of the Lord's Prayer. Translated from the German of Dr. J. E. Veith, by the Rev. E. Cox, D.D. Burns.

THIS is the second work of Dr. Veith which Dr. Cox has made known to the English reader. *The Our Father* is a series of meditations or lectures, marked by all the celebrated author's striking originality and profoundness of idea. Veith's modes of thought and illustration are quite unlike the ordinary type either of French or Italian theological writers. He has that ardent fondness for the varieties of natural beauty which is so rarely found except in some branch of the great German race, and which imparts to his writings a peculiar charm for the English taste; while he is ever alive to those popular notions in philosophy and infidelity which abound in all parts of Germany, and are daily becoming

more rife among ourselves. On the whole, there are few books recently translated which possess such a union of depth of thought, beauty of sentiment, and unction of feeling, as this excellent little volume.

Adventures of the First Settlers on the Oregon or Columbia River. By Alexander Ross, one of the Adventurers. London, Smith and Elder.

WASHINGTON IRVING's charming little narrative, *Astoria*, has long ago told the world the history of that attempt at founding a fur-trading settlement which was set on foot by John Jacob Astor some forty years ago. That the expedition utterly failed, Irving's history did not conceal. But it took altogether the most favourable possible view of the character and conduct of Astor, and of the most responsible agents whom he employed in his bold undertaking. Mr. Ross now gives us a picture on the other side of the question; and though so long a period has elapsed since Astor's scheme was planned and came to nought, the interest of the story has not ceased. Mr. Ross was one of the subordinates engaged to establish the settlement; and possessing more practical experience in the Pacific fur-trade than many others who were employed, from the first detected errors and mismanagement which must have brought a much easier undertaking to a disastrous termination.

He has now published a kind of journal of the history of the expedition, accompanied by a good deal of curious information on the habits and ideas of the aborigines who live on the banks and in the neighbourhood of the Columbia River. He tells his tale in an unaffected strain, relating all the disasters of the voyage out, and of the attempt at settlement itself, with all the keenness of one who had suffered in person. The book is both interesting and valuable.

La Papauté, et les Emeutes Romaines. Par M. A. de Montor. Paris, Le Clerc; London, Burns.

M. MONTOR is a French historian and critic, who has written much upon the history of the Popes, and upon Italy in general. He is a zealous Catholic, and has here sketched an outline of the various occasions on which the Roman Pontiffs have shared the same fate as that which the Republicans of our own day have forced upon Pius the Ninth. The work has thus a peculiar present interest, and will repay perusal.

The Knight of the Faith. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Richardson.

THIS little occasional publication seems to be intended to meet the popular Protestant misconceptions of Catholic doctrines and history, in a short, pointed, and practical way. The papers are cleverly executed, and the *Knight* strikes hard and home, and with no lack of goodwill.

Report of the Catholic Poor-School Committee. Printed for the Committee.

WE rejoice to see a business-like Report like this. It gives a hopeful account of the progress of the Poor-School Committee, and a tolerably fair list of subscriptions and donations. It also

conveys a great deal of information necessary to all parties engaged in establishing or supporting schools for the Catholic poor.

Histoire Ecclésiastique, en Quatre Tableaux. Par Catherine Heron. Bruges. London, Burns.

THESE four large sheets are compiled by an English Catholic lady resident at Bruges, and present at one view all the great events of the history of the Church. They are clearly and legibly arranged and coloured, and we need hardly say will be found extremely useful for schools and colleges, as well as for the private student of ecclesiastical history. Their correctness is vouched for by the Bishop of Bruges.

Essays on Subjects connected with the Reformation in England. By the Rev. S. R. Maitland. London, Rivingtons.

THE readers of Mr. Maitland's *Dark Ages* will know what to expect from this learned and amusing volume. More than this we have not space to say at present, but shall return to it next month.

Johnston's Physical Atlas of Natural Phenomena. Reduced from the imperial folio edition. Part I. Blackwood and Sons.

THIS is the first part of a republication, on a smaller and cheaper scale, of Mr. Johnston's admirable Atlas of the geology, hydrography, meteorology, and natural history of the earth. The letterpress is the same as in the original edition. The work has received very high encomiums from Humboldt, Mrs. Somerville, Sir D. Brewster, and other distinguished authorities in physical science: and is altogether a necessary portion of the library of the scientific student.

Œdipus, King of Thebes. Translated from the "Œdipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, by Sir Francis H. Doyle. London and Oxford, J. H. Parker.

WE cannot but cordially sympathise with Sir Francis Doyle's desire to make the beauties of the Attic Bee better known to the non-classical reader, though we have probably a livelier sense of the extreme difficulty of the task than he has himself. In fact, no poetry but that of the Bible is really translatable without so grievous a diminution of the charms of the original, as to render it a question whether it is desirable even to attempt it. The judgment of the world is, however, in favour of making the attempt, and Sir Francis needs no apology for his personally joining the band of translators. He is a scholar with the true refined classical spirit, though lacking perhaps in that fervour and vigour of style which are needed in order to attract the ordinary English reader's attention. We shall be glad to find that his first essay meets with such success as to induce him to complete the whole series of Sophocles' plays.

The Weekly and Monthly Orthodox. London, Andrews.

THIS revival, in a new form, of a Catholic journal of old standing, whose cessation was regretted by many, bids fair to satisfy its readers more and more. It is a vast improvement upon its predecessor in tone, intelligence, and appearance, and contains original papers, interesting correspondence, and some good woodcuts of Catholic churches, their furniture, &c.

A Treatise on the Church: translated from the German of the Rev. Dr. H. Klee. By the Rev. E. Cox, D.D. Jones.

DR. COX'S translation of one of the most important sections of Klee's masterly *Catholic Dogmatics* has been published for a year or two already; but we notice it, both because it is a very favourable specimen of the manner in which the peculiar awkwardness of German phraseology may be overcome by a skilful translation, and because the work itself contains so lucid and complete a synopsis of what may be termed the Church's own definition of herself, that it ought to be in the hands of every person who wishes to know *what* the Catholic Church is, and the way in which she is spoken of and described by the earlier Christian fathers. Dr. Klee enjoyed also what we must ever think a very great advantage to the Catholic theologian, namely, a familiarity with the philosophical thought of modern Germany. His natural powers were keen, clear, and comprehensive; he possessed the gift of *statement* in a remarkable degree, together with that facility of expressing himself in a few concise words, which is unhappily not too common among his countrymen. Adding to this a deep store of patristic learning, and a long experience in theological teaching, he produced a treatise which, for its size, is perhaps at once as orthodox, as philosophic, as complete, and, what is more, as readable, as any other work of the kind of recent times.

Opere di S. Alphonso M. de' Liguori. Tornio, Marietti. London, Burns.

THIS is a handsome and complete edition of all St. Alphonsus's works, both practical and dogmatical, Italian and Latin; making in all eight large volumes. The price is moderate; sufficiently so, indeed, to place the work within the reach of limited incomes. Considering the character of St. Alphonsus' writings, and the influence they exercise in the Church upon minds of all characters, there are few books more necessary to the theologian and the spiritual director.

Opere del Padre Paolo Segneri, della Compagnia di Gesù. 12 vols. Turin. London, Burns.

ANOTHER much needed importation from the press of Turin. The works of Segneri are among the ablest which the Italian Jesuits have produced; and their popularity abroad has been equal to their merits. They cannot be too well known in this country.

Breviarium Romanum. 4 vols. quarto.

Breviarium Romanum. 2 vols. quarto.

Breviarium Romanum. 1 vol. 8vo.

Missale Romanum. Small folio.

Malines, Hanicq; London, Burns.

THESE are the last editions issued from the press of M. Hanicq at Malines, and are among the best he has brought out. They have the great advantage of diminishing, to the utmost practicable extent, all necessity for turning backwards and forwards to different parts of the book; and they are legibly printed in red and black on good paper. The 8vo Breviary in one large volume is one of the most readable editions we have seen.

Ince's Outlines of General Knowledge, of French History, and of English History. London, Gilbert.

NEW and improved editions of Mr. Ince's very useful text-books. The first named, especially,

contains a vast amount of condensed information. In the History of England the Catholic teacher must beware of the writer's theological prepossessions and errors.

Histoire de St. Elisabeth de Hongrie. Par le Comte de Montalembert. 2 vols. Bruxelles, Wahlen; London, Burns.

A GOOD Belgian reprint of Montalembert's charming life of St. Elisabeth, at the usual cheap Belgian price.

Rodriguez on Christian Perfection. A new edition, for Persons living in the World. In 2 vols. Burns.

THIS is perhaps the most generally useful book which the publisher of the edition before us has yet issued. Any remarks of ours to shew the rare value of the original work would be something like an impertinence. Since it was first published in Spanish, in 1614, it has been translated into almost all the languages of Europe; France alone having produced not less than six translations. Yet it has often been felt to be subject to one drawback for the general reader. Having been originally intended for the use of *religious*, it has a good deal which is inapplicable to persons living in the world. Hence the book has been needlessly bulky for the common reader, not to mention the difficulty which ordinary minds would naturally feel in separating those parts which apply to all Christians in common, from those which exclusively refer to sacerdotal or conventual life. An edition, omitting these latter portions, was accordingly not long ago published in Paris, with the approbation of the late Archbishop; and similar editions had previously appeared in France and Spain. The present English edition is on the whole based on the French edition to which we refer; but it retains rather more of the original work. It can hardly fail of being universally acceptable to English Catholics, as one of the most admirable books for general and habitual perusal which the Church possesses.

Petermann's Atlas of Physical Geography. With descriptive Letterpress, by the Rev. T. Milner. Part I. London, Orr and Co.

MR. PETERMANN'S *Atlas* differs from Mr. Johnston's in containing a good many well-executed woodcuts in the letterpress, illustrative of the more remarkable geological phenomena of the globe. It is an excellent work, as far as it has hitherto gone, and most useful both for the upper

classes of schools and colleges, as well as for general reference to the lover of physical science.

A Popular Natural History of Quadrupeds and Birds. By William Dowling. Burns.

IT is a treat to open a professedly popular natural history, without seeing at every other paragraph a flood of all the hardest scientific words that ever drove boy or girl to despair. We never could conceive on what principle the compilers of these books overlay their writing with all the technical terms that are to be found in Cuvier, and the whole multitude of modern natural historians. Mr. Dowling, therefore, at once prepossesses us in his favour, by promising to tell us about plain cats and dogs, eagles and hawks, goat-suckers and singing birds. Nor do his pages disappoint our expectations. They are full of the only kind of information which it is possible for the unscientific reader thoroughly to understand, or ever to remember; and while they will charm an intelligent boy or girl, are not without attractions for grown-up people.

The Christian consoled and instructed. From the Italian of Quadrupani. Burns.

FEW writers have equalled Father Quadrupani in expounding the gentleness and tenderness of the gospel of peace to all conscientious souls. His writings breathe the odour of the words of Him who carries the lambs in his bosom, and never quenches the smoking flax. The success of these instructions in Italy was immense, and the present translation is from the thirty-sixth edition. It contains also the additions which have been made in Belgian translations from St. Francis of Sales and others.

The Catholic School. No. 5, April 1849. Published for the Catholic Poor-School Committee.

A VERY interesting number to all who desire to see music cultivated in our schools and congregations, as it contains letters recommending its study from some of the Bishops. Dr. Ullathorne's letter is especially interesting. The number also contains a statement of what Government inspection really means, lists of masters and mistresses now wanting situations, and other important matters.

MR. NEWMAN has republished his 4th volume of Sermons (which was just out of print) written when he was a member of the Anglican communion, and so far altered as to correct any thing that they contained contrary to Catholic faith and morals. The Sermons themselves are among the very best he ever published.

Correspondence.

THE STATE OF ROME—PROGRESS OF PLUNDER AND TYRANNY.

[From our own Correspondent.]

Rome, April 11, 1849.

THE work of robbery and oppression still continues; and though not without much secret grumbling and dissatisfaction, yet certainly without any open let or hindrance. There is scarcely a monastery in the city which has not been seized, either wholly or in part, for military or civil purposes. The

Cardinal-Vicar's offices, the places where the archives and the relics were kept, are converted into a dwelling for the Minister of Finance; the religious houses of S. Andrea delle Fratte, Gesù e Maria, S. Vincenzo at the fountain Trevi, S. Marcello, &c. &c., are occupied by soldiers, or rather, I should say, by men wearing a military dress, and carrying a gun; the offices of the Inquisition are to be converted into small rooms and houses for the poor; and so on, from one end of Rome to

the other. If all these changes had the same practical result as the last is intended to have, viz. providing cheap and good lodgings for the poor, there would be less to complain of; it would be possible to believe that these men really have *some* good purposes in view, however mistaken they may be in their choice of means. But this is very far from being the case; on the contrary, most of these measures are characterised by the most manifest uselessness. For instance, the barracks are well-nigh emptied, in order to find a sufficient number of subjects even to make a *show* of occupying all these new military posts; moreover, the mode of putting them into execution has been, in many instances, more wantonly malicious than you can conceive; such as taking possession of the refectory of a convent just at the moment the poor *frati* were assembled for their dinner; turning out a body of nuns, or threatening to do so, late at night; and so forth. This last act of barbarity was inflicted on the nuns of the Good Shepherd in Trastevere; they were removed to a convent near S. John Lateran in the night of the 24th of March; but this time the agents of the Government had overstepped their limits; for the nuns of that establishment being French ladies, the French Chargé d'Affaires immediately interfered in their behalf, and they were reinstated in their own house on the 28th, the Roman Government apologising for the *mistake* which had been made, they said, by some of the subordinate instruments of their will. The Pope's plate, both of his table and chapel, has been melted down, and yielded (it is said) the sum of 1600 crowns; and plate has been taken from some of the churches for the same purpose. Bells are being seized and broken up for cannon on all sides. The Oratorian Fathers have been released from confinement, and several Bishops and other persons, both lay and clerical, imprisoned in their stead. The Bishop of Gubbio, whose pastoral letter to his diocese on occasion of the amnesty was so popular that it was printed both in papers and on handkerchiefs, side by side with the Pope's own decree on that subject, is now in custody for having issued a pastoral of a different kind—a very beautiful letter addressed to the clergy of his flock, consoling and exhorting them under their present severe trials. It is purely a spiritual address, with but a single paragraph in any way political, wherein he tells his clergy that they cannot lend any active help, either by oaths, declarations, or by any other means, to the projected spoliation of the goods of the Church. The Bishop of Fermo, the Cardinal-Bishop of Ancona, and the suffragan Bishop of Civita Vecchia are imprisoned for similar or unknown offences; and altogether the war against religion and the Church is being waged more and more openly.

The Assembly decreed a solemn triduo for

a blessing upon the Piedmontese war, or, as they called it, the sacred war of independence; but they omitted to fix any particular day for the commencement of the function, and the clergy have taken no notice of it whatever. The foreigners, and especially the English, have been loud in their complaints at the absence of all the usual ceremonies of the Holy Week; and the Romans themselves have been made conscious of the Pope's absence in this, perhaps, almost more than in any other way. The Government were well aware of this, and have done what they could to alleviate the feeling. They insisted on the erection of the cross of fire in the middle of St. Peter's on Good Friday evening, which had been discontinued ever since 1825, and had better not have been renewed, if one may judge from the conduct of the crowds who were assembled on this occasion. They got up also an illumination of the Basilica on Easter Day, "in a new style." Such was the promise; and the new style proved to be an illumination with Bengal lights in the republican tricolor! Monsignor Lucini, one of the canons, was ordered to be arrested, for attempting to oppose the illumination of the cross; but he has escaped into some hiding-place. One of the chaplains, however, has been imprisoned, for refusing to speak to the Government messenger whilst he kept on his hat in the church. Monsignor Gallo too, Canon of S. John Lateran, is arrested on a suspicion of carrying on a treasonable correspondence with Gaeta! And what is worst of all, in order to attract a crowd to the Piazza of St. Peter's on Easter Day, they got some suspended or excommunicated priest to give benediction with the Blessed Sacrament from the Loggia, where the Pope generally gives his solemn blessing at that time. The same man, assisted by others of the same class, had first celebrated a High Mass at the altar under St. Peter's Chair; and because the canons of the Basilica refused to be present at this profanation of the sacred rite, the Government has ordered each canon to pay a fine of 25*l*. "for so grave an offence against the dignity of religion (!) and the majesty of the Republic." It is rumoured that the priest (who was a Piedmontese) received 500 scudi for his day's work. Padre Ventura attended as representative of Sicily; the triumvirate and all the Deputies assisted, although Mazzini (who is confessedly the principal man) has published his opinion, that Italy will never be free as long as she is Catholic; and there is a Jew also among the Deputies, who, it is said, received the kiss of peace with the rest in the middle of the Mass. And all this profanation in St. Peter's in Rome on Easter Day!

I told you in my last that they had taken possession of the Palace of the Inquisition and released the two or three prisoners who

were there. One day last week they threw it open to public inspection, and the Government published an invitation, calling every body to come and see the "horrid corpses," &c. &c., which had been found there. A grosser imposition can hardly be conceived: the corpses proved to be a mass of human bones, which it would be strange if there had not been, seeing that the chapel of the establishment was once a church belonging to a confraternity, the members of which were always buried there; and these bones the Government had caused to be dug up during the last month, whilst the doors have been closed against all but their own agents; every bit of old iron also, though it were a mere shapeless mass, was carefully brought together from every corner of that large rambling palace, and exhibited to the gaping public as instruments of torture. And this exhibition was made, as the Government proclamation expressly stated, for the sake of exciting in the people a more lively hatred of the reign of the *casta sacerdotale*, which was now fallen.

As to the *politics* of Rome, properly so called, there really is little or nothing to say. There has been, as usual, a quantity of talking and writing, but very little acting. When the Piedmontese war was proclaimed, there was to have been a most energetic co-operation to forward the sacred cause; but Radetzky's movements proved much too rapid for our Roman senators, and we do not know that any thing has been *done*, beyond making a lot of carriages for cannon (several of which were burnt one night—some say by accident, others by the *Neri*, others by the Government themselves, as an excuse for delay), stealing a number of guns from unwilling and unpatriotic citizen-sportsmen, breaking and melting bells for cannon which they have not yet succeeded in boring, dressing up a set of beardless youngsters in indescribable uniforms, and setting them on horseback to ride about on messages through the city, and other equally important measures. The *patria* also was declared in danger, and the Executive Committee was supplanted by a triumvirate endowed with unlimited powers. This triumvirate consists of Mazzini, Armellini, and Saffi; and a few changes have been made in the Ministry; but they have not yet succeeded in discovering a remedy for any of the evils under which Rome is suffering, or done any thing to allay the general and growing discontent. Gold or silver can only be bought at twenty per cent; and even small notes of two or five scudi are purchased at a premium of seven per cent. Under these circumstances, you may imagine how the misery of the people increases daily; and there is no doubt, that if foreign troops were at the gates, they would find a most numerous body of co-operators within the walls. It is notorious also that a

large proportion of the Civics, and almost every individual among the carabinieri (the finest body of men in the States), would gladly lend a helping hand to upset the present state of things; but without some such moving impetus, I do not think there is energy or courage enough in the Romans themselves to originate any thing. Still, the Government have shewn some symptoms of fear within the last few days, made a great number of arrests, brought out the cannon, &c.; and there are many Romans who expect a speedy demolition of the Republic by the Romans themselves. *Credat Judæus Apella.*

KELLY'S PLAIN-CHANT MANUAL.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—May I request you to insert the following remarks on a review of my compilation which appeared in the *Rambler* of February 1849. The reviewer lays down two principles, which, he says, should never be lost sight of: "first, correct principles in the study of it; second, unanimity in the use of a correct text." Beautiful principles these, and very true also; and, moreover, substantially applicable to every art or science about which man can occupy himself. The whole review is founded on the assumption, that there is not the slightest, no, not even the remotest, difficulty in the application of either or both of these principles. And so he slashes away at a tremendous rate, and in his own estimation must feel confident he has annihilated the whole work. He does not even vouchsafe a word of praise to the printer, though I should wish very much to be referred to any other large work of the kind so *cheaply and so well got up*. Before entering into any details, I must give a common-sense view of the matter. Fact No. 1: a great number of the offices of the Church are set to what is called Gregorian or Plain-Chant music. Fact No. 2: though most of the offices are the same for all countries, the music for these same offices, though agreeing in some points, disagree in many others. Fact No. 3: to purchase all the works containing this music at the time I commenced my work, would cost between ten and fifteen pounds. Fact No. 4: I speak from experience, these offices with the music were inaccessible not only to the labouring classes, but to very many priests on the mission, and students in colleges. I have made an effort to remedy this state of things. Should any body else, not daunted by the labour, succeed in bringing out a work on the subject cheaper and better than mine, neither envy nor jealousy nor self-conceit shall prevent me from applauding his effort, nay even assisting him as far as I may be able. Be it known, therefore, that I have used neither scissors nor pruning-knife. (I have some doubts on this subject), but I have kept two objects constantly in view: firstly, to embody as many offices as possible in two volumes, with the best selection and greatest variety of music I could find, from the various editions I was able to collect together, and to bring these volumes out as cheaply as possible, and in such a manner that each office could be afterwards published separately. Secondly, to give the necessary information for singing these offices, and

above all, to give a *fixed determinate* meaning to every thing.

As I have compared the parts criticised with the editions I have borrowed from, the details shall be very brief. Sharps and flats: I had some doubt myself about the latter portion of the rules for sharps and flats; I should like to see a definition that would clearly harmonise with the usage in Plain-Chant books. Page 100, "Ave Regina," quite correct; "Credo," Nos. 4 and 5, quite correct; one natural left out, but not observed by the reviewer; "Sanctus," p. 313, quite correct; "Litany," p. 129, taken from modern music—though it may look very ugly, the tune is not so bad after all; "Agnus," No. 6, quite correct.—Different modes of singing the Gospels, &c.: does the reviewer condemn our works on theology and Scripture? error and truth are there recorded side by side; even in those works many opinions are recorded which nobody now adopts.—Psalm tones: the magnificent cadences, I should say, have not been left out. The mediation of the third tone is not a misprint. It has been put so deliberately. Page 615; it is one of the proses, and given exactly as I found it.—Mode of singing the "Passio:" I wish somebody would send me a better one. "Mass for the Dead:" this, he admits, I have given correctly. I should have selected the other had there been a good organ accompaniment to it; but after all the difference is not so very great. Webb's motetts occupy only 113 pages. It is difficult to conceive that the same individual who wrote the first part of the review penned also the observations on the motetts. It is here substantially stated that there is scarcely any thing like time in Plain-Chant; I should like to know how any thing can be called a good tune without good and proper time being observed in it. The mode in which the reviewer has got out of the note printed at the end of the dedication is amusing, but he has forgotten to point out any other large work on the subject more correct than mine. Your humble, obedient servant,

WILLIAM KELLY.

[On the whole, Mr. Kelly seems to allow the justice of our review. "*Habemus confitentem reum.*" Fact No. 1 of his "common sense view" is clear. Fact No. 2 requires explanation. Much of the Plain Chant does differ in different churches; and one reason of the difference is, that much printed Plain Chant is corrupted or incorrectly composed, and therefore differs from that which is not so. In the name of "common sense," can the restoration of Plain Chant be effected by any collection of this music, from every source, right or wrong, indiscriminately? And yet, as far as we can see (we say it under correction), this seems to be the only object of Mr. K. Hence the tone of his defence. "Page 100* . . . quite correct, &c.; page 313, quite cor-

rect." And why so? "*I have used neither scissors nor pruning-knife,*" &c.; "*I have compared the parts criticised with the editions I have borrowed from,*" &c. And therefore?—therefore the pieces have been *correctly copied out*. The conclusion is just, nor did we ever dispute it; but it is simply an *ignoratio elench*. The original question yet remains—are the pieces *in themselves correct*, according to the rules of Plain Chant?

If Mr. Kelly had the means of discriminating between correct and incorrect in this matter, at least in more evident and elementary notions, he was bound to do so. As he has not done so, he must, in all fairness, blame himself for the conclusions which others will from that fact deduce.

Here is another example of this kind of defence: "P. 615; it is one of the proses, and given exactly as I found it." Precisely; therefore, since it was incorrect as found, it is incorrect as given. But we cannot notice all the logic of Mr. K.'s letter, and must beg leave to offer him what seems to us to be *the* common-sense view of the question. 1. Plain Chant has recognised principles, and should be taught according to those principles. 2. The text of such compositions in Plain Chant as corresponds with those principles is correct, and to be retained; the text which contradicts those principles is incorrect, and to be reformed or rejected. Now, one very clear principle is, that the "*tritonos*" (*fa-si*) is not allowed in Plain Chant. Hence the old saying, "*mi (si) contra fa est diabolus in musica.*" If Mr. K. will turn to p. 205 of his Manual, he will perceive that his system of "correct copying" has introduced this "*diabolus*" in the equivalent interval of *za-mi*; and the same "*diabolus*" lies latent in the preceding page at "*homo.*"

But in one thing Mr. K. has fairly caught the reviewer napping. Webb's motetts do not occupy nearly 200 pages; they take up only 113. Add Novello's *Miserere*, and you have 140 of this travestied music. *This* is the portion of his work wherein we desiderate Mr. K.'s talents in "correct copying." If he would not give the motett to the public as he found them, why did he not leave them as he found them? We hope, therefore, that Mr. K. will "cook his raw material" before he offers it to the public in his second volume.]

the correct form, he gives (from the editions published in the dioceses of Malines and Liège, and used generally in Belgium and the north of France) the anthem just as in Mr. K.'s book. The following are his observations upon it: "It is inexplicable how those who wrote the anthem after this manner did not perceive that it answered to no mode whatsoever of the Plain Chant. They have substituted a whole tone (*do-za*) in place of the characteristic semitone (*do-si*); and in place of the whole tone (*la-si*), necessary and natural to the true mode (fourteenth) of the anthem, they give us a semitone (*la-za*), which is foreign to the true tonality." In the "*Vesperale Romanum*" of Malines, 1848, the error is avoided, and the anthem transposed into the sixth tone; but this was of course too late for Mr. K.

* In the *Revue de la Musique*, tom. ii. p. 309-314, M. Fétis père gives us some elucidations concerning this precise "*Ave Regina.*" After what he considers

Ecclesiastical Register.

DEATH OF THE MOST REV. DR. CROLLY, ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH AND PRIMATE OF IRELAND.

THE Church in Ireland has sustained a most severe loss in the death of the Most Rev. Dr. Croll, of cholera. His Grace departed this life at his residence in Fair Street, Drogheda, at half-past twelve o'clock, p.m., on Friday, the 6th ult. He performed all the usual episcopal services on Thursday, in the parish chapel of Drogheda, and attended at the sermon, and other services on that evening. About three o'clock on the morning of Good Friday he was seized with illness, and departed this life in little more than nine hours afterwards.

The deceased Primate was a native of the county of Down. Having terminated his ecclesiastical studies with marked success in the College of Maynooth, he was appointed to a Professorship in that establishment. On leaving the College he was at once entrusted with the arduous spiritual charge of the populous and important town of Belfast. There he laboured on the mission with no ordinary zeal, until the death of the Right Rev. Dr. M'Mullin, Bishop of Down and Connor, when he was raised to that see, May 8, 1825. Then might be said to have commenced Dr. Croll's career. In the full vigour of life, he devoted all his energies to the cause of religion. He passed from parish to parish, and from chapel to chapel, preaching twice almost every Sunday.

During the ten years he presided over the diocese of Down and Connor, thirty-nine chapels were commenced and nearly completed under his auspices. Few Bishops have ever been more deeply or deservedly beloved than was Dr. Croll, by laity and clergy, by Protestants and Catholics, during these ten years of his episcopate. In private life he was more than a favourite—ever the soul of the social circle in which he was present, ever playful as a child, yet ever dignified as a Bishop, he won and retained an extraordinary sway over the hearts of the people and the clergy of his diocese. He built chapels, he built schools, and did much, indeed, to make a persecuted creed gain respect from even its bitterest enemies in the Orange counties of Down and Antrim. Though ever on good terms with his Protestant and Presbyterian neighbours, and ready to yield to their prejudices all that principle would permit, none knew better how to be stern and determined when duty required him to be so. An instance of this occurred during the time the former cholera was spreading devastation in Belfast. The Protestant and Presbyterian clergymen, fearing to bring infection into the bosoms of their families, were not so constant in their attendance at the cholera hospitals as the priests were. The result was, that many Protestant patients were becoming Catholics at the last hour. This was rumoured abroad. Some of the more bigoted Dissenting clergymen were offended. They came and posted themselves at the hospital-doors, and expressed their determination not to permit the priests to "tamper," as they called it, with their flocks. The priests, jaded with arduous labour, were unable to *force* their way, though patients were loudly calling for their aid. Intelligence of the circumstance was conveyed to Dr. Croll. He sallied forth, reached

the hospital, and, handing the ministers aside, told them he would be prepared to reason with them as soon as he had attended the dying who were invoking the aid of a clergyman; and so saying, he passed into the pest-room, and took his priests with him, leaving the ministers to ponder over his determination. Thus, though pre-eminently conciliatory, he was heroically determined, and, by both qualities, earned universal respect, and the deep devotion of his own people.

In May 1835, on the demise of the Most Reverend Dr. Kelly, he was elected to be Primate of Ireland and Archbishop of Armagh. He carried with him to his new position the gratitude and love of the priests and people of the diocese he was leaving.

In the Primacy his first work of public usefulness was the establishment of the Armagh Catholic College. He commenced a cathedral on a gorgeous scale, but it still remains unfinished.

In later days, the Primate took a view of the Charitable Donations and Bequests Act, and of the Queen's Colleges project, which was at variance with that held by the great majority of the Irish Bishops, clergy, and people. Even in his old age (we have not ascertained his exact age, but it cannot be much below seventy years), he laboured at his spiritual duties as unceasingly as the youngest clergyman in his Grace's archdiocese. Early and late he was in the confessional; and no opportunity of discharging the most humble and arduous duties of the clerical avocation escaped him.

In all, his career was one of much honour and great usefulness. Full of years and full of works he has passed away—*Requiescat in pace!*

THE FUNERAL.—The remains of Dr. Croll were removed from Drogheda on the 14th ult., and, accompanied by the carriages, and in many cases the gentry of the highest station in this county, arrived in Armagh at three o'clock, p.m. on the same day. The coffin containing the remains was placed in the Catholic chapel. On Sunday, at three o'clock, the funeral procession moved from the chapel towards the new cathedral, in a vault in the centre of which building are now deposited the remains of the deceased prelate, who projected that magnificent structure. Amongst the Catholic prelates who attended were, Dr. Denvir of Belfast, and Dr. M'Nally of Clogher. Dr. Russell, the Rev. George Croll, and some of the Professors of Maynooth, were present. Amongst the clergy of the Established Church were, Dr. Elrington, the Revs. Lord John Beresford, Irwin, Wade, &c. &c., wearing scarfs and hatbands. Several ministers of the Presbyterian Church and other communions also attended. The Protestant gentry of Armagh and the surrounding country attended in great numbers. Several of the Protestant gentry and professional men wore scarfs and hatbands. Of Catholic clergymen, there were from twenty-five to thirty; and, on the entrance of the hearse within the grounds surrounding the new Catholic cathedral, commenced to chant the "Requiem." The pupils of the Catholic College walked in the funeral procession. All members of the Catholic communion in this city and the environs, who could attend, were present; and the aggregate number constituting the funeral procession amounted to from

five to six thousand persons. In truth, never was there in Armagh a more marked and striking manifestation of respect for the memory of any deceased person.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

FROM the very useful and sensible Report of the Catholic Poor-School Committee, we extract the following important paragraphs on the general state of the education of the Catholic poor:—

“The number of Catholic schools which have already applied for Government grants is by no means small; and the Committee observe with satisfaction that the number is almost daily increasing, while the apprehensions entertained in some quarters vanish gradually as the subject becomes better understood. The advice and direction constantly afforded by the Bishops to the Catholic Poor-School Committee, the growing importance and the vast numbers of the British Catholic body, the unanimous determination of the Committee to forego every advantage rather than endanger the religious character of our schools, and the jealousy of undue State interference which is common to every class of religionists throughout the country, are so many guarantees that Government will not venture, or, if the attempt be made, will not be allowed, to tamper with the freedom of education. Meanwhile, Catholics have every thing to gain by the instruction of the poor. A very large proportion of the lower orders in the most populous places—it might almost be said, all the lower orders who profess any religion whatever—are Catholics; and education, as it spreads among the poor, will confer temporal and eternal blessings upon thousands now so grievously neglected, and in blessing them will elevate and strengthen all united with them in the same holy faith. Nor will our own poor alone, though we are bound to consider them in the first place, be the gainers. It is now commonly allowed, even by persons whose opinions force them to explain away the fact, that the Catholic religion alone is qualified to influence the masses. What these masses now are it is beside the purpose to describe. Suffice it to say, that the education of the Catholic Church, and not one or all of the many devices which have been tried, or may be tried, can, and as far as that education is diffused, will, convert these masses into useful citizens, loyal subjects, and good men.

“In passing from negotiations with Government to the internal support given during the past year by the Catholic body to the education of the poor, the Committee are bound, in the first instance, to record their grateful sense of the kind countenance and favouring influence which they have uniformly experienced from the Bishops, whether in their individual or collective capacity. The various Pastoral Letters collected in the Appendix to this Report form a memorable record of the sentiments of ecclesiastical authority in the Catholic Church, sufficient to rouse the most lethargic to exertion, and to prove to the world without, that Catholics as a body are uncompromisingly committed to the cause of popular education. Nor has the charity of the clergy and laity disappointed the zeal of their spiritual rulers. The general collection made in every Catholic church and chapel throughout England and Wales produced a sum considera-

ble in itself, which, augmented by private subscriptions, has placed about 4000*l.* at the Committee's disposal. From the moment when first they entered upon their labours, the Committee have never doubted of Catholic generosity; persuaded as they felt, from all past experience, that no effort of benevolence amongst us was ever allowed to fail for want of funds. At the same time it is impossible to deny that, large as the contributions appear, when considered in regard to a body composed to a remarkable extent of the poorest of the poor, and taxed in its wealthier members beyond all other bodies, still, when compared with the numbers of children now totally untaught, and with the vastness of the machinery required to found schools for the schoolless, and to provide schools already built with efficient teachers, books, and apparatus, the amount raised is not a fifth of what is absolutely required. So deeply have the Committee felt the truth of this observation, that they have not scrupled to vote amongst the most pressing applicants for assistance a sum of money exceeding their total income. They felt that, placed as the trustees and dispensers of educational funds, they could not allow schemes devised and promoted by zealous missionaries to languish, and perhaps to be abandoned, for want of a pledge of assistance from them.

“During the past year the Committee have received applications for aid in building and supporting schools in 138 localities; and, after careful consideration, they have made 123 grants, amounting in all to 4942*l.* Some of the school-houses to which building grants have been promised are not yet sufficiently advanced to justify payment of the sums guaranteed, so that the amount actually paid to schools is reduced to 2847*l.*”

The income and expenditure of the Committee stand as follows:

*General Account. Catholic Poor-School Committee.
As audited by Sir W. Lawson, Bart.*

RECEIPTS.

To Balance from Educational Fund, Catholic Institute.....	£303	15	4
To Net Amount of Subscriptions and Donations received up to 31st December	3715	5	6½
To Interest on Deposits at Bankers....	15	11	11
To Interest on Stock purchased with 500 <i>l.</i> received from Mr. R. Besley, viz.:			
Half a year's Dividend, due Lady Day	8	4	9
Ditto ditto Michaelmas	8	4	9
	£4051	2	3½

EXPENDITURE.

By payment of ninety-seven grants to Schools	£2647	0	0
By pension for five Candidate Teachers at All Souls' Convent, St. Leonard's.....	62	10	0
By payment of Expenses of five Candidate Teachers to Ploërmel.....	35	0	0
By payment to sundry Schoolmasters.....	12	10	0
		<hr/>	2757 0 0
By payment to Clerical Nominees for Travelling Expenses.....	111	0	0
Ditto to Secretary for ditto	11	15	6
		<hr/>	122 15 6
Carried over.....	£2879	15	6

Brought forward.....	£2879	15	6
Salary to Secretary.....	200	0	0
By payment for Rent, Attendance, Coals, and Chandlery.....	59	19	0
By payment for Postage, Carriage of Par- cels, Collecting Subscriptions, Clerk, and incidentals.....	72	8	10
By payment for Furniture.....	59	18	6
By payment for Printing, Stationery, Books, and Advertisements.....	158	16	11
By payment on account of Mr. R. Bes- ley's annuity.....	40	0	0
By Balance in hand.....	580	3	6½
	£4051	2	3½

THE PROPHECIES OF ORVAL.

CIRCULAR OF THE BISHOP OF VERDUN TO THE
FRENCH BISHOPS.

Verdun, Feb. 6, 1849.

MY LORD,—For some years past *The Previsions of a Solitary*, generally known under the name of *The Prophecies of Orval*, have made a great noise in France. At a recent epoch, they furnished to the religious and political press matter for an ardent and passionate controversy. Nevertheless, so long as they were merely an object of curiosity to the public, or an ordinary topic of discussion, I did not judge them worthy of a serious attention; and although the manuscript copies* had proceeded from my diocese, I thought fit to abstain from pronouncing a judgment, or even expressing an opinion on a work which it did not belong to me exclusively to appreciate. A recent circumstance makes it my duty to depart from this resolution.

The important events which have just taken place in Europe, and still more those of which all the world has a secret presentiment, could not but recall the attention of the public to previsions forgotten for an instant, but which facts seemed to take in charge so completely to justify. Accordingly, they became more than ever a subject dwelt upon by minds greedy of diving into the future. From the most diverse parts of France I was consulted as to the degree of confidence which these prophecies merited; and recently, in a memoir published at Paris,† the principal materials of which were furnished by a priest of my diocese, the *Prophecy of Orval* was characterised as a Divine inspiration, and compared, without qualification, to the oracles transmitted to us in the sacred Scriptures.‡

It then became the duty of a Bishop to examine into this work, and to subject not only the *Memoir*, but the author himself, to the test of a severe and conscientious criticism. I owe to you, my Lord, I owe to my colleagues in the episcopate, an exact statement of the result of my investigations.

The capital point, when a prophecy is in ques-

* The "Prophecy of Orval" has been several times printed in different periodical collections. The most complete edition is to be found in the "Oracle" for 1840, published by M. Henri Dujardin. Its title is as follows:—"Certain Previsions revealed by God to a Solitary for the Consolation of the Children of God." The Prophecy commences with these words:—"At that time, a young man, coming from beyond the sea," &c., and ends with these:—"God places a wall of fire which obscures my understanding, and I see no more therein; may He be praised for ever."

† "Second Supplement to the Oracle for 1840," containing a Memoir on the Prophecy of Orval, &c., by Henri Dujardin. Paris, 1848.

‡ P. 35 of the Memoir.

tion, is to establish its authenticity, and to prove, by unimpeachable testimonies, that it is certainly anterior to the events which it announces. That was the task taken upon himself by M. D—, curé of B—, author of the *Memoir* aforesaid.

According to him, the *Previsions* were revealed to a religious of the Abbey of Orval* who lived in the first half of the fifteenth century, and who, from his love of silence and retreat, had been called by the title of Solitary. Those revelations, being printed at Luxembourg in 1544, fell a prey to the flames, when in 1637 the library and the monastery were burnt by the troop of the Maréchal de Chatillon. One copy only having escaped the conflagration, and having been carefully preserved by the prior of the house, was, at the time of the French invasion of Luxembourg, placed in the hands of a certain Brother Aubertin, with the charge precisely to keep this deposit, and afterwards to restore it to the monastery, if Providence should one day permit the abbey of Orval to be raised from its ruins. Brother Aubertin, retiring to Pont-à-Mousson, allowed the author of the *Memoir*, in 1823, to transcribe the previsions which related to France. Copies of these, more or less faithful, being spread among the public towards 1828,† the desire arose of verifying their correctness by comparing them with the printed prophecy. "But then," says the author, "Brother Aubertin had departed this life, and with him had disappeared, beyond recovery, the mysterious *little book*, the sole and last depository of the events which, in our time of calamity, God reserved for France and Europe."

I will abstain, my Lord, from pointing out to you the numberless improbabilities, the palpable contradictions, the impossibilities even, with which this narrative is filled. The author, I may observe, seems to have made it his business to take away all authority from the prophecy, by avowing that he was permitted to substitute for the so-called unintelligible terms used by the Solitary, expressions less obsolete, to replace the words effaced in the original by equivalent words, and to translate after his own fashion a work which he nevertheless believed to be Divinely inspired.‡ But, without resting on these critical considerations, the worth of which might be contested by minds settled in a foregone conclusion, I employed myself exclusively in making researches as to the existence of Brother Aubertin, the depository of the original prophecy, who disappeared all of a sudden, when the author of the *Memoir* was summoned to point out the source from whence he had drawn the *Previsions*.

Now, my Lord, it results from authentic evidences, which are at this moment deposited in the archives of my secretary's office, that in 1823 there did in truth exist an old religious of this name at Pont-à-Mousson, but that he had never belonged to the Abbey of Orval, nor even to the Cistercian Order; that he had made his profession among the Canons-regulars of St. Augustine,

* An Abbey of the Cistercian Order, in the old Diocese of Trèves, in the centre of the forest of Ardennes. The village, where are still to be seen the imposing and picturesque ruins of the Abbey of Orval, belongs at present to the Province and Vicariate-Apostolic of Luxembourg.

† It was proved by the inquiry, that in February 1828 a copy of the "Previsions" was sent by the author himself to an inhabitant of Verdun.

‡ P. 25 of the Memoir.

in the Abbey of Domèvre (Meurthe), situated at the foot of the Vosges, eighty leagues from Orval, the name of which he hardly knew; and that this religious, whom they made to die in 1825 or 1826,* was still living at the beginning of 1837.†

This discovery, destroying from its basis the only foundation on which the authenticity of the *Previsions* rested, assuredly would dispense me from any further researches. However, I still thought it fit to interrogate the author of this disgraceful mystification, and I have had the pain of receiving proof that a priest had had the misfortune to violate the laws of truth in so grave a matter; I am happy to add, my Lord, that I have had the consolation of obtaining, from the mouth of the guilty man himself, a complete avowal of his fault. He declared to me, in fact, that the little book printed at Luxembourg in 1544 had never existed but in his own imagination; that the Prophecy of Orval, in the part relating to the empire, was exclusively his own work; that the rest had been composed at haphazard, with scraps of old prophecies borrowed from unknown collections, and on which I have no occasion to express my judgment; that, at first, he had seen in this trick nothing but an amusement without any object, but that the course of time verifying some of his previsions, vanity on the one hand, and false shame on the other, had made him persevere in a path from which he was at length happy to emerge.

In making this communication to you, my Lord, I have not, thank God, the thought of denying that the spirit of prophecy may yet rest on the Church of Jesus Christ. I am not ignorant that at all the great epochs of history, Divine Providence has deigned more than once to raise the veil which covered the future, and that the Spirit of God has often revealed to the most simple souls distant events which escaped the piercing gaze of genius. But being responsible in the eyes of the Church for all that concerns religion and the faith in my diocese, I could not permit that an error, for the support of which the name of one of my most venerable predecessors was appealed to, should propagate itself by the favour of my silence. If the Apostle commands us not to *despise prophecies*, he would have us at the same time prove seriously whatever is doubtful, and reject without consideration whatever is neither good nor certain.‡ And I believe that I am fulfilling a duty towards the Church, by putting my venerable colleagues in a position to hinder an over-confident credulity or a systematic impiety from confounding a purely human work with the sacred oracles, the eternal object of the faith and of the veneration of Christians.—I am respectfully, my Lord, your Lordship's most humble and obedient servant,

✠ Louis, Bishop of Verdun.

The *Journal de Bruxelles* subjoins the following evidence on the subject, given by a correspondent of that journal, who dates, Bastogne, March 16th, 1849:

One of the last religious of Orval, J. H.

* P. 28 of the Memoir.

† In fact, the following entry is to be found in the registers of the civil acts of Pont-à-Mousson:—"Jacques Lamort, called Brother Aubertin, died at Pont-à-Mousson, on January 28th, 1837, at three o'clock in the afternoon."

‡ "Prophetias nolite spernere: omnia autem probate: quod bonum est tenete."—1 Thess. v. 20, 21.

Freymuth, called Dom Arsenius, died, curé of Tintigny, in 1837, at the age of seventy-eight years. He had been cellarer to the abbey; he knew perfectly all the traditions, all the usages of the house. It was a pleasure to hear him relate the affairs of his monastery, for which he bore a singular affection, and the destruction of which had so distressed him that he never revisited but once, and then with tears, the ruins which remain of it. Dom Arsenius did not love revolutions; those of 1830 had not his approbation. How easy was it not, then, for him to have unveiled this mysterious prophecy, if he had had any cognisance of it? But he never said one word about it.

I knew and visited Dom Arsenius for eight years; I have had in my hands and I have read all the mss. of the abbey which this religious had in his possession; amongst others, all the correspondence of Br. Jacques with Cardinal de Bissey on the inroad and progress of Jansenism at Orval. I have read more than once the narrative of the devastation of the abbey, written by the last abbot, Dom Gabriel; in it the author often uses the tone and even the expressions of Jeremias. This ms. contains, moreover, a sort of summary of the annals of the house, and nowhere is there to be found the least allusion to a prophecy made by a religious of the house. I have talked a hundred times with Dom Arsenius about what was said and done at Orval, but never in the most intimate, I may venture to say the most confidential, conversations, did he breathe a word to me of prophet or of prophecy.

I have only to add, that let any one consult the great number of persons, lay and ecclesiastical, who knew the curé of Tintigny, and they will only confirm what I have just declared.

STATE OF ROME.

THE spoliation of churches (says a correspondent of the *Ami de la Religion*, under date March 14) continues with activity; the faction which has got hold of all their riches by the help of inventories which they have caused to be made up, has commenced by robbing the bells. Already a great number of the bells are in the hands of Government; the pretext for their removal is to make weapons of defence against the *barbarians*. In reality they have only made *baiocchi* out of them, under the legal value. Deploable scenes have taken place in many churches, but up to the present time none have equalled the violence and scandal which has occurred at Sta. Maria, in Vallicella (the Chiesa Nuova). That great and rich church, built by St. Philip Neri, forms part of the convent of the Fathers of the Oratory, and amongst its most precious relics it possesses the body of its holy founder. On Saturday last, towards noon, some individuals, saying they were sent by Government, without, however, producing any credentials, came to give orders to the religious to give up their bells. They refused, as they had a right to do; and not being in a position to repel force by force, they shut the gates of their church and convent. The inhabitants of the quarter assembled to protest against the spoliation; the servants of the Government retired, swearing they would take vengeance. They went to inform their friends of the *Circolo popolare*, and whilst Government was sending sol-

diers to keep the people in church, they returned in great force. The gates of the church were still closed, whereupon these persons piled fagots against one of the doors of the monastery, lighted them with pitch, and speedily effected an entrance. After disgracefully polluting the place, they arrested the Superior, Father Cesarini, an old man of seventy-four, and Father Concha, one of the *consultors* of the congregation, and these two religious are now lying in prison. From the convent the assailants penetrated into the church, and at last got possession of the bells. This exploit has been celebrated by two proclamations on the part of the Ministry, in which they assume the responsibility of the things done, but protest, at the same time, an inviolable respect for our most holy religion (*santissima nostra religione*), ascribing, as usual, the misfortunes of the day to the obscurists and retrogrades. In spite of all this hypocrisy and violence, the cowardly and inert attitude of the Roman people is still more afflicting. If they were a people without faith, one could the less complain of it; but enter what house in Rome you will, you will find an image of the Madonna, and before the image several lamps lighted; the poorest have at least a taper; even in the Corso, I do not know a *café* where there is not the exterior mark of piety. Yesterday evening, in returning to my house, I passed one of the quarters of the Civic Guard. *Ave Maria* rang; immediately the guard turned out, three beats of the drum were heard, and at each beat, officers, soldiers, and all, recited the *Angelus*; the same was the case at the other quarters. One would hope that in the case of many this religion is real as well as external; still, although St. Philip Neri is for Rome what St. Vincent de Paul is for France, and St. Francis de Sales for Savoy, the people seem capable only of one feeling, and that is, to tremble before the gang of rebels who oppress them. They thus allow their faith to be outraged, and the sanctuaries they most revere to be despoiled, just as they allowed, on November 16th, their holy and venerable Pontiff to be seized in the Quirinal. [In the provinces the case seems different. The rebel Government attempted to confiscate the patrimony of the Santa Casa at Loretto, but the population shewed so vehement an indignation at this sacrilege that the Commission drew back, and issued this mean and hypocritical manifesto:—"Citizen Commissary—The Government of the Republic, far from diminishing the religious glory which the City of Loretto derives from its ancient and venerable sanctuary, wishes it should preserve it intact, and would desire even that its splendour should be augmented in the eyes of all Christendom. For this reason, the patrimony of the Santa Casa is exempted from the general measure, and the Republic places it under the safeguard of the highly Italian and religious population of Loretto."] The forced loan is raised with great difficulty, and it is said Bologna and the Romagna refuse to submit to it. The paper-money of the Republic has fallen 25 per cent. The rebel Government try to raise the spirits of their partisans by false reports of the state of feeling in France, publishing for instance the address of the *Montagne* as if it had emanated from the entire National Assembly.

A letter from Rome of the 17th, addressed to the *Univers*, says:—"I have to write to you to-

day of the arrest of the Abbé Estrade, honorary canon of Toulouse, charged by his Archbishop to obtain the Holy Father's approbation of the coadjutor which the Government has given to that prelate. M. Estrade left Rome by the mail on the 7th of March, and arrived at Terracina in the night. His passport, which was perfectly *en règle*, set forth that he had been at Gaeta in the course of the month of January. That was sufficient to cause him to be suspected by the military authorities, and they accordingly had him arrested. He had taken the precaution of not carrying any letters, knowing well that they might be seized; but several of his friends gave him commissions, which he had inscribed on little bits of paper, and these papers were found in his portfolio. Thereupon the affair assumed gigantic proportions, and an entire plan of conspiracy was discovered in it. Informed of the arbitrary arrest of which M. Estrade was the victim, the *Chargé d'Affaires* of France made representations to the Roman Government, which immediately hastened to order his release. M. Estrade has drawn up a detailed report of all that occurred to him, and has remitted it to the embassy. He demands a public reparation, the outrage having been public, and a pecuniary indemnity for the injury done him by the arrest. M. Armellini, chief of the Executive Government, sent for him on Sunday, and made him an apology. It is to be feared that these hypocritical excuses will be all that he will get. The embassy is embarrassed with respect to a Government with which it does not communicate in any way; and, besides, M. d'Harcourt is at Naples. M. Estrade has left for Gaeta. Another French priest was also arrested in returning from Rome a fortnight back, and was detained four days in prison at Poligno. His name is Jules Fiongas. The Abbé du Rousseau, secretary of the Cardinal Archbishop of Cambrai, has also been arrested at Terracina, in returning to Gaeta three weeks ago, and was fined 5*fr.* for carrying a letter addressed to his Archbishop. I forgot to mention that the release of the Abbé Estrade was demanded in vain by M. Poultier, Commandant of the Tenare, who had seen him at Rome, and with whom he was to go from Terracina to Gaeta. Rumours of an intervention have completely ceased, and the discouragement is immense. I am assured that the Russian embassy has insisted with the Government, to obtain the release of Monseigneur Vespignagni, Bishop of Orvieto, and of Cardinal d'Angelis, Archbishop of Fermo. The Bishop is still at the Chateau St. Angelo; but it is said that the Cardinal, after having been confined in the citadel of Ancona, has been conducted to the frontier. One of the journals announces the arrest of Cardinal Clarelli, Bishop of Montefiascone and Corneto, and that of Monseigneur Pecci, Bishop of Gubbio. The curé of San Archangelo has been put to death in the prison of that town. At Rome domiciliary visits have been made in the convents of the Franciscans and of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem, and the little money that was in them was taken away."

DEATH OF CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI.—We have to report (says the Roman correspondent of the *Daily News*) the death of the celebrated Cardinal Mezzofanti, who departed this life at Rome on March 16, aged nearly eighty. He was born September 19, 1774. A native of Bo-

logna, he was brought up in the university of that town. A zealous anxiety to confer spiritual assistance on the various foreign soldiers who in the stirring times of Buonaparte filled the hospitals of the city first led the Rev. Joseph Mezzofanti, then chaplain to these institutions, to the study of modern languages. He soon discovered that, by some peculiar mental adaptation, the acquirement of any given dialect was to him the most quick and facile undertaking imaginable; and, about the time that Lord Byron made his acquaintance, he could fluently converse in any European idiom. Since then he became master of all the Oriental forms of speech, and as the science of languages becomes, in fact, facilitated rather than impeded by the accumulation of varied resources, there was scarcely a spoken jargon from the Himalaya mountains to the Andes of which Mezzofanti had not made the comparative anatomy. Personally he was most affable, and generally beloved in Rome; as proof of which even Radical journals announce his death with a broad mourning border.

The *Milan Gazette* publishes a letter from Rome, of the 31st, stating that Mazzini has only accepted the triumvirate in the hopes of being invested with the Dictatorship. Heavy contributions are being imposed by the rebel Government. Banker Torlonia has been taxed at 120,000 scudi (666,000*l.*); Mark Anthony Borghese, at 35,000 scudi (194,300*l.*); Prince Rospigliosi, at 17,000 scudi (94,350*l.*). The sacred vessels of the Paolina and Sistina have been sent to the Mint, together with the golden rose prepared for Easter, and intended as a present to one of the sovereigns. It is of exquisite execution, and valued at 400 scudi. All the functionaries of Rome who have not adhered to the Republic (300 in number) have been dismissed.

The *Univers* says: "We have received news from Rome and Gaeta up to the 4th. The conferences on the affairs of Rome were opened at Gaeta on the 30th March, between the plenipotentiaries of France, Austria, Spain, and Naples. If our information be exact, the representatives of the Catholic Powers first examined if the re-establishment of the Sovereign Pontiff in his States could not be effected by pacific means; but this, as the reader will divine, was decided in the negative. The armed intervention of the Powers from which Pius IX. has demanded assistance has been recognised as indispensable and urgent. The plenipotentiaries subsequently occupied themselves with the means of execution, and with the part which each of the states should take therein. No definitive solution was come to up to the departure of the packet-boat. Our correspondent causes us to fear that the part taken by France has not responded to what the Pope was entitled to expect from the eldest daughter of the Church. The indecisions of the Ministry have, it is said, caused our representative to hold a language which, whilst expressing the best intentions, tends to continue a situation which the delays of diplomacy render every day more deplorable."

The *Univers* publishes the following letter from Rome, dated the 4th: "The news of the defeat of the Piedmontese army arrived here on the 29th ult. It would be difficult to tell you the effect which it produced on the men of the faction which governs. In the Constituent Assembly the news was given by the Minister of Foreign

Affairs with many oratorical precautions. Our comedians continue to perform their part, and in order to palliate the effect of the defeat of the army of Charles Albert, Sterbini announced an insurrection in Lombardy, and the proclamation of the Republic in the Abruzzi. To confirm this official statement, bills were sold in the streets, entitled, *Vittoria dei Lombardi contra i Tedeschi*. But apart from these official declarations, the triumph of Radetzky exasperated the demagogical party, which begins to dread the approach of the *barbarians*. A good deal of activity is displayed at the Ministry of War, and the people play at soldiers with enthusiasm. All our bells will soon be converted into cannon; but our foundries have thus far only given pieces which burst at the first discharge. Some disquietude is, consequently, felt as to the manner in which the guns will be made to act before the cannon of the *Tedeschi*. As for the bravery of our soldiers, it cannot be called in question. On the 1st there was a singular spectacle; the doors of the Palace of the Inquisition were opened, that the people might see what had been the tyranny of past Governments. In each room a person was placed to describe the tortures of the prisoners who were thrown into this hell. Some persons, however, declared that they would not mind passing their days in prison, if they were subjected to the *régime* of the prisoners under the paternal government of the Pontiffs. When the prisons of the Inquisition were thrown open, only three prisoners, as is known, were in them—a priest, a bishop, and a nun. This prison was only a place of correction for persons of a sacred profession, who scandalously outraged the duties of their ministry. The guilty were detained less for punishment than to be placed in the impossibility of doing injury. To crown this spectacle, a band of wretches, pretending to be irritated at the horrors they had witnessed, went vociferating about the streets, and to shew their indignation against the Holy Office, they smashed the windows of a coffee-house, at the corner of the Place de Trevi, and then dragged out a poor old priest, and made him go with them. They subsequently compelled him to ascend a church-porch, and preach in favour of the Republic, and of the Red and Social Republic. The poor man ceded in order to escape from them. Not only did they make him cry, 'Hurrah for the Republic,' but 'Death to the priests.' The wretched man, however, added 'wicked priests.' The same crowd went to the church of Minerva, which it threatened to burn down, but it was obliged to retreat before the carabinieri. On the same day there were some fights between a portion of the people and the soldiery—not, however, arising from any political cause—and about twenty persons were wounded. The following day more imposing demonstrations were threatened, but every thing remained calm. All clerical persons are leaving Rome to escape outrage."

ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF THE POPE ON THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

THE following is the original of the important document of which we gave a translation in our last number:—

PIUS PP. IX.

Venerabiles Fratres—Salutem et Apostolicam Benedictionem.—Ubi primum, nullis certe nostris meritis,

sed arcano divinæ Providentiæ consilio, ad sublimem principis Apostolorum cathedram evecti, totius Ecclesiæ gubernacula tractanda suscepimus, summa quidem consolatione affecti fuimus, Venerabiles Fratres, cum noverimus quomodo in pontificatu recolende memoriæ Gregorii XVI., prædecessoris nostri, ardentissimum in Catholico orbe mirifice revixerit desiderium, ut ab Apostolica Sede tandem aliquando solemnî iudicio decerneretur, sanctissimam Dei Genitricem, omniumque nostrum amatissimam matrem, Immaculatam Virginem Mariam absque labe originali fuisse conceptam. Quod pientissimum desiderium clare aperteque testantur, atque demonstrant postulationes tum ad eundem prædecessorem nostrum, tum ad nos ipsos continenter prelatæ, quibus et clarissimæ antistites, et illustria canonicorum collegia, et religiosæ familiæ, inter quas inclitus Prædicatorum Ordo certatim efflagitarunt, ut in Sacra Liturgia, ac præsertim in præfatione Missæ de Beatissimæ Virginis Conceptione vocem illam *Immaculatam* palam publiceque enunciare et addere liceret. Quibus postulationibus ab eodem prædecessore nostro, atque a nobis ipsis quam libentissime fuit obsecundatum. Accedit etiam, Venerabiles Fratres, ut quamplurimi e vestro ordine suas litteras ad ipsum decessorem nostrum, et ad nos dare non destiterint, per quas iteratis petitionibus, atque ingeminatis studiis expostularunt, ut veluti Catholice Ecclesiæ doctrinam definire vellemus, Beatissimæ Virginis Mariæ Conceptum Immaculatam omnino fuisse, atque ab omni prorsus originalis culpæ labe immunem. Neque vero hac nostra etiam ætate defuere viri ingenio, virtute, pietate, doctrina præstantes, qui doctis ac laboriosis eorum scriptis huiusmodi argumentum, pientissimamque sententiam ita illustrarunt, ut non pauci mirerentur, quod nondum ab Ecclesia, et Apostolica Sede hic Sanctissimæ Virgini decernatur honor, quem communis fidelium pietas Virgini ipsi, ex solemnî ejusdem Ecclesiæ et Sedis iudicio, atque auctoritate tribui, tantopere exoptat. Equidem huiusmodi vota pergrata, perque jucunda nobis fuere, qui vel a teneris annis nihil potius, nihil antiquius habuimus, quam singulari pietate, et obsequio, atque intimo cordis affectu Beatissimam Virginem Mariam colere, et ea peragere, quæ ad majorem ipsius Virginis gloriam, et laudem procurandam, cultumque promovendum conducere posse videantur. Itaque vel ab ipso supremi nostri pontificatus exordio summa quidem alacritate in tanti momenti negotium curas cogitationesque nostras serio convertimus, atque humiles fervidasque Deo Optimo Maximo preces adhibere haud omisimus, ut cœlestis suæ gratiæ lumine mentem nostram collustrare velit, quo cognoscere possumus quid in hac re a nobis sit peragendum. * Et enim ea potissimum spe nitimur fore, ut Beatissima Virgo quæ meritorum verticem supra omnes angelorum choros usque ad solium Deitatis erexit,* atque antiqui serpentis caput virtutis pede contrivit, quæque inter Christum et Ecclesiam constituta,† ac tota suavis et plena gratiarum christianum populum a maximis quibusque calamitatibus, omniumque hostium insidiis et impetu, semper eripuit, atque ab interitu vindicavit, tristissimas quoque ac luctuosissimas nostras vicissitudines, acerbissimasque angustias, labores, necessitates amplissimo, quo solet, materni sui animi miserans affectu, velit præsentissimo, æque ac potentissimo suo apud Deum patrocinio, et divinæ iracundiæ flagella, quibus propter peccata nostra affligimur, avertere, et turbulentissimas malorum procellas, quibus cum incredibili animi nostri dolore ubique jactatur Ecclesia, compescere, dissipare, et luctum nostrum convertere in gaudium. Optime enim nostris, Venerabiles Fratres, omnem fiducia nostræ rationem in Sanctissimâ Virgine esse collocatam; quandoquidem Deus totius boni plenitudinem posuit in Maria; ut proinde si quid spei in nobis est, si quid gratiæ, si quid salutis, ab ea noverimus redundare . . . quia sic est voluntas ejus, qui totum nos habere voluit per Mariam.†

* S. Gregor. Pap. Exposit. in lib. Reg. i. § 5, ed. Ben.

† S. Bernard. Serm. in cap. xii. Apocalypsis. Dom. inf. Oct. Assumpt., § 5, ed. Ben.

† S. Bernard. in Nativit. St. Mariæ de Aquæductu, § 6, ed. Ben.

Hinc aliquos ecclesiasticos viros pietate spectatos, ac theologicis disciplinis apprime excultos, et nonnullos venerabiles fratres nostros Sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ Cardinales virtute, religione, consilio, prudentia, ac rerum divinarum scientia illustres selegimus, eisque commisimus, ut pro eorum prudentia atque doctrina gravissimum argumentum omni ex parte accuratissime examinandum curarent, ac subinde eorum sententiam ad nos diligentissime deferrent. Dum autem ita se res habent, illustria decessorum nostrorum vestigia sectari, exempla æmulari censuimus.

Quamobrem has vobis, Venerabiles Fratres, scribimus litteras, quibus egregiam vestram pietatem, atque episcopalem sollicitudinem magnopere excitamus, vobisque etiam atque etiam inculcamus, ut quisque vestrum pro suo arbitrio, atque prudentia in propria diocesi publicas preces indiendas, ac peragendas curet, quo clementissimus luminum Pater nos superna divini sui Spiritus luce perfundere, numine afflare dignetur, ut in tanti momenti re illud consilium suscipere valeamus, quod ad majorem, tum sancti sui nominis gloriam, tum Beatissimæ Virginis laudem, tum militantis Ecclesiæ utilitatem, possit pertinere. Optamus autem vehementer, ut majore, qua fieri potest, celeritate nobis significare velitis qua devotione vester clerus, populusque fidelis erga Immaculatæ Virginis Conceptionem sit animatus, et quo desiderio flagret, ut ejusmodi res ab Apostolica Sede decernatur, atque in primis noscere vel maxime cupimus quid vos ipsi, Venerabiles Fratres, pro eximia vestra sapientia de re ipsa sentiat quidque exoptetis. Et quoniam Romano Clero jam concessimus, ut peculiare canonicas horas de Beatissimæ Virginis Conceptione recentissime compositas, ac typis editas, recitare valeat loco earum, quæ in communi Breviario continentur, ideoque hisce litteris facultatem vobis tribuimus, Venerabiles Fratres, ut, si ita placuerit, universæ vestræ dioceseos clerus easdem de Sanctissimæ Virginis Conceptione canonicas horas, quibus nunc Romanus utitur clerus, persolvere libere et licite possit, quin ejusmodi veniam a nobis, vel a nostra Sacrorum Rituum Congregatione implorare debeat.

Plane non dubitamus, Venerabiles Fratres, quin pro singulari vestra in Sanctissimam Virginem Mariam pietate, hisce nostris desideriis omnia cura et studio quam libentissime obsequi gaudeatis, atque opportuna responsa, quæ a vobis exposcimus, nobis dare prope-retis. Interim vero celestium omnium munus auspiciem, et præcipuè nostræ in vos benevolentie testem accipite Apostolicam Benedictionem, quam ex imo corde profectam vobis ipsis, Venerabiles Fratres, cunctisque clericis, laicisque fidelibus, vigilantie vestræ commissis amatissime impertimur.

Datum Cajetæ die 2 Februarii anno 1849, Pontificatus nostri anno tertio.

BRIGHTON. — The Rev. Father Ferrara, an exiled Jesuit, who was accustomed, we believe, to preach before his Holiness when in Rome, has been preaching in this town a succession of sermons in Italian, intended to form a kind of spiritual retreat. Such a retreat cannot, of course, be strictly accomplished without retirement from the world. Still it is of great importance to induce persons to listen for eight days together to eight sermons and meditations upon their principal duties, and the means of grace which they enjoy as Catholics. It is needless to say that these sermons, being in Italian, were intended to remind the higher classes of their duties, to point out the compatibility of sanctification with a continuance in the world, and to shew that it was not singing, dancing, and the like, which make it improper to communicate weekly, but those sins which, though often practised in such amusements, may yet be separated from them by frequent confession and communion. For those not acquainted with the Italian language a series of solid meditations were given in English by the Rev. Mr. Mac Avila, the priest of this mission. The meditation of each day was followed by the *Tantum ergo* and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Hence this retreat is one of a

novel kind in England. We only hope the eloquent Jesuit may soon master the English language, and be thus able to present his sterling good sense and ardent devotion to the much larger audiences which they amply deserve. In the evenings Mr. Mac Avila gave a similar course of sermons to the poor, which brought almost all of them to their Easter duties. On Holy Friday Father Ferrara preached the Agony, as far as circumstances would admit. It was an American devotion originally, but is now common in Italy. It consists of a set of short discourses on our Lord's seven words on the cross, with solemn singing and music between them, and certain prayers at the close, addressed to the five sacred wounds. Properly this devotion should occupy the time between the hours of twelve and three; and if all were arranged with a view to this, the Mass of the Presanctified, and the ceremonies which accompany it, might be finished before twelve, and then this most touching devotion, which the Holy See has encouraged by the indulgence granted for it (*vide Raccolta*), might be advantageously introduced into England. We hope in another year that this, and the devotion of "*Maria Desolata*" on Holy Saturday, will have found their way at least into those churches where the ceremonies of Holy Week cannot be "carried out." They would, however, be a useful adjunct to these latter, the public and dramatic character of which would perhaps have a more lasting effect when assisted by these more individual and contemplative devotions.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—The Catholic population of the Cape amounts to some five or six thousand souls, in a colony numbering one hundred and eighty thousand, occupying, or rather spread over, as many thousand square miles. Eleven years ago there was neither priest, nor Bishop, nor church of our religion (except a small chapel that was in ruins when the present Bishops arrived), in the whole colony; nor, exclusive of the military, could be discovered more than about one thousand Catholics. There are now two Bishops, seven priests, two candidates for orders, six churches or chapels, and the Catholic population above mentioned. A new and neat church at Grobbelaar's river, in the district of George, was lately blessed, nearly four hundred miles from Cape Town, and one hundred from the nearest town. It was built entirely at the expense of an individual—Mr. John O'Connell—who also supports the clergyman, and thus secures the ministry of our holy faith to his own family, and some fifty other Catholics who inhabit thereabouts. On the same occasion the Right Rev. Dr. Griffith administered the sacrament of Confirmation to seven of these, five of whom were adults between twenty-five and eighty years of age. The youngest and oldest of these were converts to the Church; the former, the wife of the founder of the church, from Anglicanism; the latter, a Dutch or Africander woman, from Calvinism. In the coloured infidel population there is little done. Some have been tried, and received, but "found wanting:" they are too much the creatures of sense.

PIUS IX. AND THE JESUITS.—A correspondent of the *Tablet* furnishes the following curious anecdote:—"It will be recollected that Cardinal Castracane, in March last, was the bearer of a VERBAL message from Pope Pius IX. to the General of the Society of Jesus, then in Rome, in consequence of which message that religious superior, by and with the advice and approbation of his council, immediately—that is to say, before midnight of the very day on which, about seven o'clock in the evening, that verbal message was delivered—issued his orders to the several establishments in Rome under the direction of that Society, to consider themselves broken up. I am unable to inform you, sir, what that verbal message was; but *I am able* to inform you what were the words addressed to the Bishop of Pignerol by Pope Pius IX. between the hours of eleven and twelve of the morning of the day on which that verbal message was delivered by Cardinal Castracane to the Superior-General of the Society of Jesus at the *Casa*

Professa, usually called the Gesù; or rather I should say that *I am able* to inform you what were the words which that Bishop told me with his own lips, between one and two o'clock, were the words which had been addressed to him between eleven and twelve by Pope Pius IX., and which I caused him to repeat to me between eight and nine that evening, after I had been informed of the visit of Cardinal Castracane to the Gesù. The words were these—'I never have ordered, I never will order, I never have advised, I never will advise, the Fathers of the Society of Jesus to quit the direction of their establishments in Rome.' And to this most explicit declaration Pope Pius IX. immediately added the expression of his highest esteem of that Society, and of his fullest approbation of the manner in which the members of it had conducted themselves in Rome, and in every part of the Papal States, as far as such conduct had come to his knowledge. A moment's reflection upon the facts which I have just stated to you, and which I am ready, whenever called upon by proper authority, to confirm on oath, ought to be sufficient to convince any man of common sense, that the voluntary retirement, or the retirement by order or by advice of Pope Pius IX., of the members of the Society of Jesus from Switzerland would no more have prevented the attack of the Berne revolutionists upon the Catholic cantons of Switzerland in November 1847, than the retirement of the members of the Society of Jesus from the direction of their establishments in Rome has prevented the attack upon the Quirinal Palace on the 16th of November, 1848." The same correspondent gives the following authentic information as to the conduct of his Holiness on the memorable 16th of November:—"On the morning of the 17th of November, I learnt from the lips of the subaltern officer of carabinieri who came to tell the Cardinal, with whom I was then sitting, and who requested that I would not leave the room, what had passed between his Holiness and himself, when, at the risk of his life (as he said), he 'forced himself' into the presence of the Holy Father, and said to him these words, to the best of my belief and recollection,—for the man wore such bushy whiskers, and spoke so *very* rapidly, that I dare not positively say that I caught *every* word he said to the Cardinal:—'Holy Father, at the risk of my life I am come to tell you that you have not a moment to lose. We are here, between Swiss and Carabinieri, not 300 (I think he said—yet see M. de Montalembert's speech), but without any superior officer (*these words I can swear to*), and no one who will take upon himself the responsibility of ordering us to fire. Outside the palace there were at least six thousand men; when I attempted to get into the presence of your Holiness their numbers were rapidly increasing, and by this time there must certainly be upwards of ten thousand men. I can promise your Holiness, that if you will pronounce the words to me *Fate fuoco* (fire), we are all determined to lay down our lives for you; but that is all we can do. But if your Holiness will not yourself give me that order, authorise me to go and fetch Galetti to your Holiness, and I will do so at the risk of my life. His Holiness immediately answered, 'Go and fetch Galetti.' I immediately ran out and cried out to the crowd, 'The Holy Father has ordered me to bring Galetti to him,' and they cheered me, and I immediately went off for Galetti.' It is not necessary for the purposes of this letter that I should add what more that subaltern officer said as to what he had witnessed with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears, inside or outside the Quirinal Palace on the 16th of November. I do not profess myself able to repeat a considerable portion of what he said, but I have written to you enough to shew you, that if that officer spoke the truth, Pope Pius IX. shewed on that day the same anxiety for the lives of those within the Quirinal, and for the lives and *souls* of those who came with intent to storm the Quirinal, which his Divine Master shewed when He said to Judas and the mob who came to apprehend Him with swords and clubs—'If, therefore, you seek me, let these go their way.'—St. John xviii. 8."

THE CHURCH IN PORTUGAL.—(From the *Morning Post*.)—The Ministry being pressed to explain the negotiations with the Court of Rome, proposed secret sittings on the 12th and 13th, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs laid before the Chamber the details of the *concordat*. The Bulla da Cruzada is to be re-established in Portugal and its colonies. There is to be a commissioner-general and other functionaries, either elected by the Pope or subject to his sanction. The revenue is to be sent to Rome. There is to be an ecclesiastical court (Tribunal da Legacia), the members to be appointed by the Pope, and entirely under his direction. When Don Pedro, under the protection of Lord Palmerston, in company with his reformers, took possession of this country, the Bulla da Cruzada, the Tribunal of Legacia, and all the Pope's jurisdiction, were done away with, as being contrary to their doctrine of national independence. They also then took possession of all the property of the Church, which they called national, and they

have publicly sold the greatest part; but now it appears this Church property is to be sold privately. For the present the Government is no longer to seize upon the property of the nuns, or to prevent any one from taking the veil. The Bishops formerly had large revenues derived from the produce of the land; the collegiate institutions and ecclesiastical seminaries had also revenues, which supported them without being a charge to the national treasury. The new reformers took possession of all these revenues; but now, by this *concordat*, in every bishopric, by next October, there is to be a collegiate and an ecclesiastical seminary. M. Pereira moved the next day that all the papers respecting the negotiations with Rome should be sent to a committee to give their opinion; but Government opposed it, and the motion was rejected. Count de Thomar was the negotiator of this *concordat*. The Government has conferred the Grand Cross of Christ on the Pope's Nuncio, and upon Count de Thomar.

Historic Chronicle.

THE Parliamentary experience of the past month has proved one point, and one only:—Lord J. Russell's administration is one of the most *helpless* that ever sat on the Treasury benches. They have had a fair field, and not—as is generally added on such occasions—*no favour, but all favour*. Ireland has lain before them, prostrate, miserable, and imploring aid; while England, in spite of her usual anti-Irish prejudices, is ready to accept *any* real measure to save the sister kingdom. The Ministers can do nothing. They have but a sixpenny rate in aid, and imagine that there is no conceivable alternative, or even additional possibility, but an Irish Income-tax. So Lord John called together the Irish Members at his house in Downing Street,—a step partly cunning, partly silly, partly unconstitutional,—and asked them, like naughty boys, which they would have, the physic or the rod. For once the Irish members agreed, and said, "Neither;" at least they said so in other words. Accordingly, the Premier repaired to the House of Commons to go on with the rate in aid, which of course was carried, as tens of thousands are still starving.

Meanwhile Sir R. Peel has again propounded, with more fulness of detail, his plan for resettling Connaught. Almost every one but the Russell party hails the plan with joy, and calls on Lord John to resign. Such resignation, however, must be premature, unless Peel is really prepared to take his place, which cautious Sir Robert has not yet announced, or even hinted. In Ireland itself, Mr. Duffy has fairly beaten the Government; for though he is not acquitted, the jury have again found it impossible to agree, and he is out on bail.

The protectionist and anti-taxation movements have had so little that is genuine in them, as to be hardly worth recording. Mr. Cobden has spoken quietly in the House, and Mr. Disraeli has disappointed many of his friends. Almost the only good things that Parliament has done are, the warm reception of Mr. Adderley's anti-Colonial-Office demonstration, in favour of preserving the Cape of Good Hope from being made a penal settlement; and the welcoming Mr. Bouverie's bill for relieving Church of England clergy from penalties when they leave the Establishment. If the bill passes as it now stands, it will

be a boon to many converts to the Catholic religion.

The Indian news is quite satisfactory. The Bombay mail of the 17th March brought full details of the battle of Goojerat, gained by Lord Gough's army over the Sikh and Affghan army on the 21st February.

The great apparent disparity of the armies gave the brief account which arrived by last mail the interest of a victory gained under probable vicissitude, and by bold and skilful handling of the lesser force. The enemy's army is reckoned at 60,000 men, while ours numbered only 25,000 men; but it seems that the victory was from first to last due to the scientific precision and cool handling of "that splendid arm, the artillery," in which our superiority over the enemy was more marked than our inferiority in men. The British brought 100 guns into the field, many of the heaviest calibre; the Sikhs had but 59 brass pieces of comparatively light metal. The Sikh chief was strongly posted between two river-courses, which protected his flanks, and yet allowed him good manœuvring space to retire either on the east or west side of the town of Goojerat, which afforded shelter and protection to his rear. The fight began at seven in the morning. Our heavy artillery cannonaded his centre for three hours before his well-served guns were silenced. About noon our infantry was ordered forward, and its way was cleared so effectually by field-artillery, which played in advance of it, that one regiment had not to fire a single shot till it had passed to the west of the town of Goojerat and regained its communications with that part of the army which passed to the eastward of the town. Repeated efforts were made by the enemy to use his immensely superior force of cavalry; but always without success, from the destructive intervention of our everywhere-present field-artillery. The conduct of our own cavalry is highly spoken of: the Fourteenth Dragoons redeemed its bays. Captain Unett and his squadron of the Third Light Dragoons, renowned for their charge through the Sikh infantry at Chilleenwallah, is again distinguished by special praise. By four o'clock the enemy had been driven from every post, and was in general retreat: the field-artillery and cavalry im-

proved their advantage, and converted his retreat into a total rout and flight. He was pursued with great slaughter for a distance of some fifteen miles. Next morning, an adequate force took up the direct pursuit, and detachments were sent off to the points whereby retreat would be most effectually cut off. The result has been, that fifty-three of the fifty-nine guns brought by Shere Singh into action are now in our camp, and the whole of his immense store of ammunition and his camp equipage is in our hands: his force is annihilated as a hostile army, and he himself and his father have escaped to the Salt Range hills, with only a dispirited remnant of not more than 8,000 men, chiefly cavalry, and some half-dozen light guns. Goojerat was taken in the course of the fight; Jailum and Rhotas, on the right bank of the Jailum river, are in the possession of Sir Walter Gilbert's pursuing force; and Sir Henry Lawrence has come in from Shere Singh's camp with offers of full surrender on almost unconditional terms. The war is considered so far finished that staff-officers are getting leave to return to their appointments on special service. A more significant fact still, perhaps, is, that Gholab Singh's force under Colonel Steinbach has commenced actively assisting our movements towards the recapture of Attock and the expulsion of the Affghans from Peshawur.

A son of Dost Mahomed Khan was present at the battle, in personal command of 1500 Affghan horse: it is rumoured that he was killed.

This complete success has been obtained at a cost small in comparison with that sustained in Lord Gough's previous battle; our loss is stated to be about 100 killed and 900 wounded.

France is still quiet; singularly so, indeed, considering that the elections are so soon to come on. A measure for suppressing the excesses of the clubs has been passed; and the Assembly has approved of the Government's intervention in favour of the Pope. Fourteen thousand troops, under General Oudinot, have been ordered to Civita Vecchia; and before these words are in type, we may hear that the Republican Government has fallen to pieces, and Pius the Ninth is quietly restored, before the arrival of either the French or the Austrians.

Charles Albert's renewal of the war against Austria has come to an almost instantaneous conclusion. He has been routed in two battles by Marshal Radetzky. The two armies were drawn up on the two banks of the Ticino—the Piedmontese army in a long weak line covering the whole of his Lombard frontier, the Austrian army in a compact line near the centre of this position. On the 21st March each army made forward movements—the King's towards Milan, and the Marshal's towards Turin: the Piedmontese line became compromised; the King was forced to fight a battle near Vercelli, with inferior numbers and no guns; he was worsted, and driven back towards Turin. On the 23d, a second battle was fought, at Novarre, which lasted from morning till night: the Piedmontese fought with tenacious courage and efficiency, but were overpowered, and driven in a state of disorganisation towards the Alps. Upon this, Charles Albert abdicated the throne

in favour of his son, Victor Emmanuel, who is now King of Sardinia, and is negotiating a peace with Austria. Genoa, however,—or rather a faction in Genoa,—rebelled against him, and set up a few days' republic. General della Marmora attacked the city, took it after hard fighting, and re-established order; the leaders of the revolt escaping to Marseilles, by the friendly aid of an American war-steamer. An amnesty has been proclaimed to all persons except twelve of the most prominent leaders. The National Guard is dissolved.

A reactionary movement in favour of the Grand Duke of Tuscany took place on the 11th ult. Guerazzi was placed in prison by the populace, and the municipality proclaimed that they were holding power on behalf of the Grand Duke.

Warlike operations against the Sicilians were resumed on the 28th March by General Filangieri, who has already taken Catania and Syracuse. Catania was attacked on Good Friday, and was not taken without stubborn resistance and great loss of life; it was bombarded, and reduced to smoking ruins. An eye-witness describes the infuriate conduct of the successful Neapolitans. "The Sicilian dead lie unburied; the Neapolitans even kick them as they pass,—plunge into the midst of the nearly deserted town, rob, plunder, and destroy, and commit every possible atrocity on helpless innocence or decrepid old age. Syracuse struck, without firing a shot, as soon as the Neapolitan force hove in sight and the troops approached by land."

In the Venetian Assembly, on the 2nd inst., Manin announced the defeat and abdication of Charles Albert. The representatives crowded round him, embraced him, and by acclamation decreed that "Venice shall resist Austria at every cost. President Manin is invested with unlimited powers."

Austria has definitively broken with the Frankfort Parliament. The Parliament has offered the imperial crown to the King of Prussia, who has conditionally accepted it. On this Austria withdraws altogether, alleging that the Parliament was called only to frame a constitution, and not to elect an emperor. The war between the Austrians and Hungarians still rages furiously, no permanent results having as yet happened on either side. The Danes have been again fighting the Germans for Schleswig, and are again negotiating.

NOTICE.

To Subscribers to the Rambler.

We have received complaints from some of our subscribers, stating that their booksellers in the country are unable to procure the RAMBLER in time to send out with the magazines. We beg to assure them that the fault must lie with the London agents of the booksellers, who do not apply at the proper London house for their supply. The RAMBLER is always to be had on the morning of the last day in each month, at JONES's, 63 Paternoster Row, as well as at the Publisher's, 17 Portman Street, Portman Square.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W.—The prohibition to which our correspondent alludes is grounded on the general principle, that *all* secret societies are forbidden by the Church, as fraught with danger to the interests both of religion and of civil society. Though the society in question may be harmless in England, it has practically been productive of the most fatal results on the continent. We are unable to answer our correspondent's second query.

The Rambler,

A JOURNAL AND REVIEW OF HOME AND FOREIGN LITERATURE,
POLITICS, SCIENCE, MUSIC, AND THE FINE ARTS.

VOL. IV.

JUNE 1849.

PART XVIII.

THE OFFERTORY.

A WORD or two of apology may perhaps be thought necessary by some of our readers for the introduction of this subject into our pages. It may be considered undesirable that a matter so essentially ecclesiastical should be handled in a journal whose editor is a layman, and which cannot of course speak with any thing like authority upon the question. We beg, therefore, to preface the remarks we are about to offer with every apology that can be desired, and to premise that we venture upon nothing more than *suggestions* upon a matter which is of very deep interest to every zealous son of the Church, whether he be layman or ecclesiastic. And we have the less hesitation in bringing the subject forward, in that we are convinced that there is no more fatal idea than that which draws a distinction between the interests of the clergy and those of the laity, in this, or indeed in any matter of ecclesiastical arrangement. We are all one; one in our faith, one in our hopes, one in our present state of difficulty and trouble. Neither body can suffer without the other; neither can rise or fall without the elevation or the sinking of the other. Whatever plans be followed in our churches, in our colleges, within the very altar sanctuary itself, have a material influence upon the humblest lay member of the Church; and whatever be done for the instruction, the comfort, and the general advantage of the laity, reacts most powerfully upon the whole clerical body with results the most happy and most enduring. We cannot consent, therefore, to any theory which shall build up a wall between the interests of priest and people, in this or any similar matter; the more so, indeed, in this one special instance, in that priest and people are *equally* concerned in all arrangements for the temporal support of the ministers, fabrics, and public services of religion. Those who give or pay have necessarily an equal right to discuss the comparative merits of different methods of giving or paying, with those who receive.

It is also manifestly most important that the subject *should* undergo a full and free discussion before any general change is introduced in our system. Nothing is so bad as a great

alteration which has not been thoroughly argued, weighed, and sifted to the bottom. In all such things we should talk and write before we act, inasmuch as talking and writing do no permanent mischief; while a false step taken in action may issue in incurable evils. These things also cannot be discussed in private; people in general have no means of getting at the opinions and arguments of others, except through the medium of public journals. Neither side can fairly state its own case, or test the view of its opponent with any searching examination. It is the very office of a periodical such as the *Rambler* to afford scope for a complete and acute probing of every topic of present practical interest to the Catholic body in general, whether in secular, theological, ecclesiastical, or political matters. We are so strikingly in a state of mere transition, that never was there a time when the public discussion of all important topics was more imperiously called for. We have arrived precisely at that epoch when the traditions, habits, and ideas, which a generation ago were sound and wise, are rapidly becoming obsolete and mischievous. We cannot stand still. We must go forward, and adapt ourselves and all our plans to the facts and necessities of the day; or we shall not only fail of accomplishing our own ardent wishes, but of fulfilling the barest elements of our duty as children of the Catholic Church. One subject after another *must* acquire a peculiarly pressing and urgent interest, and cause us many an hour of anxious thought and deliberation, if not of deep anxiety and sorrow. And our truest wisdom will consist in searching vigorously into the bearings of every problem that presents itself for solution, by means of that public, energetic, yet temperate discussion, which alone can give us a reasonable confidence that we know our own minds, and have mastered the conditions essential to success in what we undertake.

Besides this, it can scarcely be doubted that it is extremely desirable that all such subjects should be publicly handled by parties who have not the responsibilities of official authority to give an undue importance to their views,

or to embarrass them in their full and clear statement. Any person in high office puts himself into a false position when he enters the arena of public discussion. He is so hampered by his rank and responsibilities, that he cannot speak out, lest he compromise himself, and mix up his private opinions with his judicial or administrative actions. Men who write in periodicals come prepared to give and take good, sound, hearty blows; to be exposed, and perhaps ridiculed, for their blunders; to be attacked and misrepresented by those who oppose them, or who misunderstand or dislike them. No one ever enters into the literary field without coming in for his share of damage and injury, so that it is often undesirable even for a simple priest to appear by name in the controversies of the day. The sanctity of his office must be considered, and nothing done which may impair the respect in which it is held; and the weight which that office gives to his words, apart from their own intrinsic worth, is sometimes so great, that it cannot be brought to bear upon a question without materially prejudicing the reader either for it or against it. The cause of truth is best served, when arguments are left to stand or fall according to their own value or worthlessness, and when full and fair scope is given to every person to express his opinion on the subjects under discussion.

For all these reasons, then, we trust that our readers will willingly welcome the introduction of the subject of "The Offertory" into the *Rambler*. We are induced to bring it forward at the present time, from having become aware that a feeling of great interest in the question is springing up and rapidly increasing in many parts of the country; and that many persons are strongly disposed to adopt the offertory as the great means for the support of the clergy, without perhaps having fully weighed all that is involved in its general introduction into a country situated as England is at present. Our remarks will therefore wear a perhaps unnecessarily cautious aspect; and we may be thought to be throwing cold water upon a principle and a system for which, in fact, we have the highest possible regard and admiration.

Let us state, then, once for all, that we cannot too strongly express our conviction, that a free collection of the gifts of the faithful, such as is implied in the restoration of the offertory, is, in almost every instance, by far the most Christian, the most agreeable, and the most pecuniarily successful method which can be adopted for the supply of the necessities of the clergy and of divine worship. We are not speaking, of course, of *endowed* churches or chapels. A permanent endowment alters the whole money-relation between pastor and people; and we are not pretending that it would not be a happy circumstance for the Catholic Church in England, could all her missions be

assisted by a moderate, yet sufficient, endowment for their support. The age of endowments is, however, gone, and perhaps gone for ever. They were the results of an age of wealth, such as, in all probability, the Church never will see again; and which they who love her purity better than her splendour feel little desire to see restored. Poverty is the great fact in the Church of to-day. There is scarcely a country under heaven where the Church has enough for her needs, much less for her magnificence. We must live in all spiritual things, as they say, "from hand to mouth." The future cannot be abundantly provided for. We want double, treble, or fourfold the sums we can command, for instant use. So far from laying up for posterity, we have been compelled repeatedly to forestal posterity, and to force the burden of our own debts upon those who come after us. It is vain, therefore, to look to endowments as the means for extricating us from our present discomforts and difficulties. Here and there an endowment will be given; here and there a mission will be provided for; here and there a mortuary chapel be built, with an income in perpetuity for the priest who says Mass in it; but to look for such things all over England, and especially in our giant towns and cities, is mere folly. *Rusticus expectat, dum defluit amnis*. The bottomless stream of poverty flows on, and knows no rest; and it will flow on, until every eye that now watches its dark, heavy torrent is laid in the grave, and till our children's children are no more.

The system, further, which has now for so many years prevailed generally amongst us is at last bearing its natural fruits, and shewing that it is built upon a false foundation. The bench-renting or pew-renting system takes its origin from the Protestant dissenting body, and from that class in the Anglican establishment who are most akin to the Dissenters in their modes of thought and habits of feeling. When introduced into the Catholic Church, it was radically a novelty; unheard-of before, and diametrically opposite to the practice of the Church throughout Christendom. It was based upon ideas of religious worship, and of the relation between the pastor and his flock, which had no place in the Catholic creed. It brought along with it a necessity for introducing the maxims and devices of that world, to whose theories and passions the Church herself is eternally opposed. It placed both clergy and laity upon a false footing with regard to each other. It converted the temple of God into a market-place, and his sanctuary into a place of theatrical exhibition.

Of course we do not pretend to say that there is any thing morally *wrong* in the present system of letting out portions of the church to the wealthier part of society at a fixed annual rent. There is no sin, strictly speaking, in the mere fact of saying to one

man, "You shall sit here, if you will pay me two guineas a-year;" and to another, "The rent of that bench is one pound per annum." All we allege is, that it is a *mistaken* system, founded upon lawful expedients, and not upon high Christian principles; and that it utterly defeats its own ends, and comes to nought. It checks Christian charity, by substituting bargaining for giving; it draws an improper distinction between rich and poor, shutting out the poor from the place of honour and convenience; it practically excludes tens of thousands from ever hearing Mass at all; it compels us to have recourse to every possible device for attracting the imagination and fantastic caprice of the wealthier classes, to catch at popularity, and to fall in with the customs of that sect of Protestants to whom the system owes its origin. More than this, it has turned out an utter failure. However we may be opposed to any other system, however terribly we may dread depending upon an offertory, we cannot deny the fact, that the bench-renting scheme is really coming to nought. Church after church, and mission after mission, is sinking deeper and deeper into the mire; debt is contracted after debt; the clergy are poorer every day; nothing rouses the laity to action, or to greater generosity; and it is with the utmost difficulty that some of the most distinguished chapels in London and elsewhere are enabled to support even their present limited number of clergy, and to pay the needful expenses of public worship. Something, therefore, *must* be done. Some device must be hit upon for staying this frightfully downward progress, and for placing our clergy and missions in a position which we should not be ashamed to own to the world.

In this posture of affairs, nothing can be more natural than that we should have recourse to the old system, which was universal in the Church before the days of endowments began, and before the State took upon it to pay the clergy when they had lost their endowments. Coming to us, as it does, sanctioned by nothing less than apostolic authority, and practically succeeding in almost every instance in which it is fairly tried amongst ourselves, we can hardly wonder when we hear of priest after priest who is meditating a recourse to this primitive and truly Christian method of collecting the alms of the faithful. And that we *shall* recur to the offertory, as our ordinary means of supporting our missions, we have ourselves not the slightest doubt. Come to it we must, sooner or later. The present system is so incurably rotten, that it must in the end fall to the ground with a crash; and nothing will remain to us but the adoption of the only other method which remains to us to be tried. We have not the slightest expectation of hearing any better news of our churches and chapels than is now

becoming more and more common every day. They will be more and more involved, more and more a source of anxiety and distress to the clergy and the Bishops; and we can only trust that, wherever it is by any means practicable, those who have the practical control will lose no time in the gradual application of a remedy to the root of the evil, before the whole frame is diseased, and breaks down in irremediable ruin.

Still—we say it in all respectful deference, but with all earnest solicitude—let no man have recourse to the offertory without well counting the cost, and mastering the full nature and details of the system he is about to adopt. Trifling as it may appear, as a simple alteration in the mode of collecting money, it necessitates, in many respects, a radical change, which no prudent man will venture upon without deep forethought, and a determination to carry out his new plans with the most rigid consistency. If it be attempted as a half measure, and without any of those attendant arrangements which are essential to its working, its introduction will be stamped with disappointment and disaster, and be productive of evils which years and years will not remedy. It is better to go on patching up the old building, mending its gaps, and strengthening it with iron clamps and timber supports, than to blow it up at once with gunpowder, without being prepared with the perfect design of a new and better structure, and with every necessary appliance for raising it in perfect completeness upon the ruins of the old. We should deplore the half-and-half application of the offertory system, as an evil of no common magnitude; and should anticipate a marked deterioration both in the temporal and spiritual condition of any mission in which it was thus unwisely adopted, only in order to fail. Let us, then, briefly specify the most important elements which are necessary to its success; and without the adoption of which, at least in spirit, if not always with precise uniformity in details, it would be—in our humble judgment—far wiser to retain our present practice, inconsistent and unsatisfactory as it may be.

To ascertain what should be done to make an offertory successful, we have only to inquire what *spirit* it is which it embodies, and in which it is essentially opposed to the system of fixed bench-rents. In one word, the offertory is a system of *giving*, the rent-system is one of *buying and selling*. In the first case, the benefits of religion are freely offered to all alike; and the duty of supporting the clergy, and of maintaining the public services of religion in efficiency, is pressed upon their consciences; in the second case, we presuppose in a congregation such a firm determination to fulfil their religious obligations as will compel them to take every means to hear Mass and perform their duties, and then proceed to

bargain with them for a good seat at the highest price we can get them to pay. In the first case we treat them as men, to whom the Gospel is preached; in the second, we regard them as admirable Christians, advanced to the highest condition of spiritual perfection. This, we say, is the *theory* of the bench-rent system; it is founded on the supposition that all Catholics are such pious and devoted persons, that they will gladly pay any thing, rather than be excluded from the worship of God; and that the virtue of Christian charity burns so fervently in their minds, that however hard a bargain we may drive with them for their seat in church, it will, nevertheless, prompt them to give bountifully whenever we appeal to their generosity in our necessities. We are not now asking which is the best of these two schemes, and which of the two is correct in its ideas of human nature, and the degree of self-denying piety to be found in ordinary Catholic congregations. All we urge is, that the two systems are fundamentally distinct; that we cannot act upon them both at once; and that we must clearly recognise *what* is the principle on which the offertory is founded, if we would turn it to any advantage.

This, then, is the first point to be mastered. The offertory is a plan which appeals solely to the generosity of Christians. Its very essence is a noble-hearted, confiding bounteousness on the part of the clergy towards the people. It freely offers to all from the fount of living waters, bidding every man slake his thirst whensoever he will, without let, or hindrance, or conditions, or compulsory payment of a solitary farthing. It does not say to a congregation, "It is your duty to hear Mass; God requires it of you, if you would be saved; you must come to us, the clergy, in order to be able to fulfil your obligations, but you shall not come—or at least you shall not come with any comfort—unless you promise beforehand to pay a certain sum of money in return." It does not offer the blessings of religion to the laity as a marketable commodity, to be bargained for, haggled over, and finally purchased at the lowest price current of the time and place. It does not forbid those who cannot pay to approach near the altar of God, or reserve the highest seats at the wedding-feast for those whose purses are most plentifully stocked with gold. No; it is a voice sent out into the highways and hedges, to compel *all* men to come in. It offers every thing; it exacts nothing. It begins with a gift, and asks only a gift in return.

This principle, therefore, must be thoroughly recognised and mastered before an offertory is introduced into any congregation. It must be remembered that it is founded upon an idea wholly irreconcilable with the system which it is intended to supersede. It is impossible to unite the two. We cannot amalgamate the one with the other. If a trace of the old

system remains, it will eat out the heart of the new. Buying and giving are things so radically opposed to one another, that, so far from its being possible to employ them in union for the support of our churches, they will mutually defeat each other, and unite only in destroying what now exists. The first feature in an offertory must be the universality with which it is applied. *Nothing* must be required in payment from any one class of a congregation. Every Mass must be free alike. There must be no necessary payment for any one function which the Church performs for her children's benefit. A single penny demanded as a condition of sitting in any single seat, destroys the effect of the whole: the principle of Christian generosity is as deeply wounded, and as effectually paralysed, as by the guinea, two guinea, and three guinea payments now required. We may theorise as much as we will, and say that sixpence is nothing, and a penny is nothing, and that people *ought not* to grumble at being compelled to pay; all this avails nothing against the great fact in human nature, that mankind never will give liberally when they are forced to pay any preliminary sum, however trifling that sum may be. Be our zeal, our sincerity, our piety, what it may, the moment the idea of buying and selling, even at the cheapest rate, is introduced into the Church, that moment *we* also introduce the maxims of trade, and give, not as much as we can afford, but as little as we are compelled, either by necessity or by decency, to give.

Hence it is, that when an offertory is attempted at Low Mass on Sundays and days of obligation, while payment is still required at High Mass, the experiment proves a miserable failure, and the only result is, that the stingy get off without paying at all, while the charitable are not stimulated to any great self-denial or noble munificence. A congregation does not feel that any confidence whatever is placed in it by its clergy, by such an arrangement. Its conscience is not fairly appealed to. It feels no more interest in the church, or obligation to pay for its support, than before. And the same is the result when only a small portion of a church is partitioned off for the benefit of the rich, and the poor can occupy a larger share than is now usually allotted to them. In this case, neither rich nor poor are rightly confided in or called upon. The poor man concludes that he is not even asked to give. When he *can* give, he does not, for he supposes that, as he has his seat free, while others pay, there is no wish that he should offer all he can for the service of God. An Irish bricklayer's labourer, who would contribute as much as one or two guineas a year in a church where there are no fixed payments at all, is found, in practice, not to give a shilling where even the slightest distinction is set up between the children of wealth and the children of poverty. You

may reason and argue as you will as to what people ought to do, or what they will do on *your* theories; *their* theories and feelings lead them to a completely opposite line of conduct; and if you talked to them till the end of the world, they never would act upon any appeals which find no response in their own bosom.

We would put it fairly to any man of common sense and common candour who has no previously conceived theory to support, whether he himself, however wealthy he may be, does not personally feel differently on the subject of giving money in a church where he is not compelled to pay any thing, from what he feels in one where he is admitted as one of a favoured few to the best places, reserved by policy for the rich. Let any of us go into a strange church, and try the experiment on ourselves. We enter the sacred building, and by one of those most unpleasant gentry who have the guardianship of the "reserved seats," are ushered in to a pleasant spot. Having disbursed the necessary sixpence or shilling, we button up our pockets, considering that we have done our duty, and paid our debts, just as we feel a painful satisfaction when we have discharged our tailor's or butcher's bill. Any further call we look upon, if not exactly as an imposition, yet as any thing but an appeal to be responded to gladly, happily, bountifully. We may *consent* to give more, but we do not give it cheerfully, and to the utmost of our means.

But let us enter a church where the ideas of the market-place clearly have never entered. Let us look around, and see the sons and daughters of misery crowding up to the very steps of the sanctuary, while every thing betokens a courageous trustfulness on the part of the clergy by whose ministrations we are benefiting, though but as chance visitors. Who does not feel at once that he is bound in honour, and as a sincere Catholic, to contribute something to the support of such a church and priesthood? Who does not ask himself, "How much *can* I give?" not, "How little *may* I give?" Who does not wish at such times that he was a richer man than he is, that he might be able to give that amount, as a Christian, which he would never dream of giving as a crafty calculator of the value of money?

It is further essential to the success of an offertory that it be tried for some considerable period. Were it a mere change in the machinery of collecting money, or a different form of taxation, people might be ready to fall in with its regulations in a week or two, so that it would begin to bear its fruits almost from the day it was established. But this is so far from being the case, that frequently many months if not years must elapse before it is made to *tell* upon the feelings and pockets of a congregation. It is so different in spirit and principle from what they have been accus-

tomed to; it appeals to a class of ideas so unlike those to which we have been wont to appeal, that a certain space of time must pass away before either the rich or the poor are duly worked upon by its influence. Men and women are not reformed, or remodelled, in a day or a month. The habits of a life give way but by slow degrees. A class of Catholics who never knew what it was to have the duty of supporting their clergy fairly set before them as a matter of Christian honour and gratitude, and who have been habituated to pay for the spot where they kneel, in the same spirit of bargaining in which they hire a new servant or purchase a new horse, are at first thrown all aback when these old profit-and-loss notions are cast to the winds, and the priest simply says to them, "Freely ye have received, freely give." Nothing, therefore, can be more absurd than to expect an offertory to cause money to flow into the treasury the moment it is instituted. And nothing could be more unwise, in many missions, than for a priest to make so great a change, without being prepared to wait a while, till it can naturally bring forth its fruits. In some cases, undoubtedly, the experiment, if rightly managed, would instantly answer, and the first quarter's receipts would be fully equal to those under the old system, and would continue progressively to increase. But this would not always be the result, and no wise man would make the attempt without ample preparation for either contingency.

Again, an offertory could never succeed unless the present distinction between rich and poor were utterly abolished. The system absolutely requires that no one maxim of worldly prudence or worldly tastes should find an entrance into the house of God. It is so simple and unadulterated an appeal to all the nobler and more self-denying feelings of the Catholic heart, that it will endure no mixture with any thing that is low or earthly. It begins by repudiating the spirit of the world, once and for ever, and it refuses to bear its fruits if that spirit again intrudes itself into the sanctuary under any guise or pretence whatsoever. It is a call upon us as Christians and sinners, and as Christians and sinners *alone*. It strikes down all human pride and fantastic daintiness; it follows rigidly in the steps of Him who has said, "How hardly shall they who have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven!" and who has given us this one unfailing note of his true Church, that in it the poor have the Gospel preached to them. We regard it as hopeless to attempt to improve our present condition so long as the rich are suffered to engross all the best places in our churches and chapels, while the poor are thrust down "below the bar." Until we have faith to recur to the customs of older times, and to do what all Catholics do abroad to this very day, we shall never move either rich or poor to a primitive

munificence or hardy self-denial. Delicacy may look disgusted; fastidiousness may shrug its shoulders; the fine lady may protest and complain; the comfortable tradesman may turn up his nose at the thought of close contact with "the lower orders;" but we may be well assured that if we are not prepared to go the full length of abolishing the distinction between the poor and the rich, we must be content to remain in our poverty and difficulties for ever.*

We know that it is generally said that English people will not submit to be mixed up together, as one sees persons of all ranks side by side in the continental churches. And undoubtedly the English mind would recalcitrate most vigorously and maliciously against such radical revolutionary schemes, as it would term them. But this is not the point before us. The question is, whether English *Catholics* would submit to it; whether that odious, purse-proud, petty, sulky haughtiness, which is so hateful a feature in the true John Bull race, would not willingly bow itself down to the dust before such an exhibition of the beauty and force of Christian love and brotherhood as the Catholic Church has it in her power to display. We do not want to know whether this or that Catholic nobleman, or this or that Catholic lady, or this or that Catholic shopkeeper and his wife, brought up in that spirit of worldly exclusiveness and silly pride which the present system engenders in the best of us, would, in his or her actual present state of mind, *like* such a change, if we asked their opinions beforehand; this is not what Christianity came into the world for, to leave bigotry and selfishness to their original dominion over men's souls; the question is, whether that faith which we love and obey has not within it a divine energy to beat down these lofty barriers, and to bring the most contemptuous and self-worshipping of men to regard a street-sweeper and an old apple-woman with the feelings of genuine Christian love and respect, and to account it an honour, rather than a disgrace and an annoyance, to kneel by their side before his presence who is pre-eminently the God and the Saviour of the poor. That Englishmen and Englishwomen, when the truth and beauty of the Catholic religion are fairly brought to bear upon them, unhampered by our present unnatural and unhealthy system, will rejoice to yield to the holy influence, we have not the slightest doubt in the world. To deny this, indeed, is to deny the very gospel of Jesus Christ itself. And, in fact, from the very highest ranks of English Catholics, down, through all our gradations, to the hard-toiling labourer, are already to be found most distinguished and honourable exceptions to the rule of the vulgar crowd; and there are coronets, which their owners would rejoice to be allowed to lay on

the pavement of the house of God, side by side with the poor tattered garments of those who have hardly a home in which to shelter their feeble frames.

Nor, practically, would the personal discomfort arising from a recurrence to the old system be nearly so great as is generally supposed, provided proper arrangements were made to carry out the plan in its full spirit. First of all, the benches should disappear from our churches, and chairs alone be substituted. In this case, every person might place himself just where he pleased, choosing his neighbours according to his taste. It is the use of chairs which enables a foreign congregation of all ranks—and foreign beggars, and the foreign poor, are infinitely more filthy and disagreeable than beggars and the poor in England)—to unite in the worship of God without any invidious distinction of classes. If the proximity of Denis O'Flaherty or of Biddy Toole is too much for our nerves, and we had rather they came not betwixt the wind and our nobility, we have but to settle ourselves in some more retired spot, and avoid the unpleasant contiguity which offends our nostrils or begrimes our clothing. And most assuredly we may confidently rely upon the good feelings of the poor themselves to spare us any needless discomfort. Were the labouring classes freely admitted into every part of our churches, not only would they be far more anxious than they now are to present an appearance of cleanliness and decency, but their own delicacy of feeling would keep them from causing any annoyance to those whom they felt were truly their fellow Christians. It is the greatest mistake in the world to suppose that because a man's jacket is black and dingy, therefore he has no sense of the comfort of cleanliness, and of the proprieties of civilised life. Ask a mud-besmeared Irishman from the next mason's yard into your drawing-room, and see if he does not make twice as many apologies for treading upon your elegant carpet, as you would get from your very respectable neighbour, or your very wealthy friend. No man who knows the poor can have failed to perceive what a wonderful amount of true delicacy of sentiment, and of consideration for the feelings of others, is to be found concealed beneath the roughest exterior and the dirtiest fustian coat. Do but trust them; treat them openly, honestly, cordially; and they will respond to your advances with a true gentlemanly refinement, that will put to shame the mock sensibilities of many a spoilt child of fashion and splendour. The surest way to keep the poor, and especially the Irish poor, in a state of personal uncleanness, is to pen them up, all huddled together, close to the doors and under the galleries of our crowded chapels. If the most fastidious of us all were doomed to pass his days in a pigsty, would he, think we, trouble himself to

* Of course, what is here said in no way applies to the reservation of some small part of a church for *official* people, or the personal friends of the clergy.

wash and shave in the morning, as he does now that he consorts with gentlemen and ladies? Of course, while the poor are packed together like cattle, they will not trouble themselves with much soap and water; but once admit them to the company of their betters, and the innate sense of decency and propriety, which not even the deepest pauperism can annihilate, will rapidly work as gratifying a change in their exterior garments as in their interior spirit. In every church, also, it will deserve serious consideration whether the men ought not to be placed on one side, and the women on the other. This is primitive, Catholic, and found to answer admirably wherever the regulation is now enforced in this country. Such an arrangement will materially diminish the discomfort of a promiscuous mingling together of the cleanly and the dirty. The timid lady need fear no approach from the grimy blacksmith, and the smart gentleman may be left to take care of himself, and guard his beauties from defilement. In truth, with such rules as these, there is no need of fearing any real unpleasantness from the abolition of those barriers which now make some of our churches and chapels a kind of representation of the rules of the Herald's College. We have the utmost possible faith in the purity and genuine refinement of the poor; all that is needed is, to trust to their own good sense and good feeling, and not to treat them as inferior beings, and we shall be spared every annoyance, save such trifling inconveniences as a Christian man ought to be ashamed to own.

These, however, are but outward arrangements, and would go scarcely half way in making an offertory a thoroughly satisfactory means for the support of the necessities of the Church. It is of the first importance to accompany them with such a method of conducting divine service as shall both touch and rouse the hearts and consciences of every class in a congregation. The present system of buying and selling, among other unfortunate consequences, has introduced among us a tendency to think more of attracting the imaginations and tastes of the wealthy, than of gratifying and calling into action the more purely devotional feelings of either poor or rich. The "shilling opera" was but the natural consequence of pews and bench-rents. Once let go the highest principles of Christian charity and almsgiving, and we must resort to all sorts of unworthy devices to replenish our diminishing funds. The Dissenters and "Evangelicals" fill their pews by enlisting the services of a "popular preacher," who tickles the ears of the wealthy, flatters the souls of the comfortable, insinuates sweet doctrine into the brains of wealthy spinsters, and *draws* a full house, after the approved theatrical or concert-room fashion. Among ourselves the "popular preacher" is an unknown being. Our clergy are too good and too much in earnest to furnish any such

class of ecclesiastical abortions. Therefore we have had recourse to the singing gallery for our attractions, and have spent in many cases quite a large income in paying a set of second-rate sopranos, tenors, and basses, to draw people to our chapels, in order that they might be mulcted of shillings and half-crowns as the condition of having their ears delighted with Mozart, Haydn, and Zingarelli. Happily, indeed, all this is now dying away. The concerts at Exeter Hall have fairly driven us out of the field; and Signor Costa and the Sacred Harmonic Society are the resources of those doubtful Protestants who used to enrich our fashionable London chapels with their Sunday payments. Every where throughout England a distaste for the florid and operatic school of Church music is increasing; and though, as yet, we hardly know *what* we want in its place, yet it is clear that a showy choir is no longer an *attraction*, and no longer replenishes the coffers of the church which supports it.

A well-considered and thoroughly *popular* species of Church music is, therefore, to be regarded as an essential element in the arousing those Christian feelings which alone will respond to the establishment of an offertory. We must have every where such choirs and such musical compositions as the people in general will really like, understand, and enter into. Unless Church music is of such a character as this, the interest of a congregation in public worship can never rise to any high degree of warmth; and unless it does thus rise, the offertory would not succeed. If a church is nothing but a place where people say their individual prayers, they never will feel that deep interest in its services which alone can prompt them to zealous liberality in almsgiving. Our services must become more congregational and united, so that every single individual shall feel a personal interest and delight in High Mass, Vespers, Benediction, and every other function and service; and that, not only as a private Christian spiritually benefited by them, but as an integral portion of the one great united body of worshippers, who *combine* thus to adore and glorify Almighty God with every faculty of their souls and bodies.

Therefore, in the first place, the music sung at High Mass by the choir should be such as is found comprehensible and expressive by the general body of the congregation; and, in the second place, congregational singing should be encouraged to the utmost possible extent at Vespers, Benediction, and in those other English services which are in use in many churches and chapels throughout the country. No offertory could possibly fail where the services are truly congregational; every man, woman, and child that sings will give. The genuine, cordial, and truly Christian pleasure which is felt by a congregation which, with one voice, as well as one heart, unites in the responses, psalms, and hymns of Catholic wor-

ship, is so sweet and delightful to the mind, that they will do any thing rather than lose the enjoyment when once they have experienced it. That any such result can take place without a larger admixture of *English* singing in our churches than is at present common, we cannot ourselves believe. People will not sing what they do not understand. It is visionary to expect congregations to unite in singing Latin words, of whose meaning they have scarcely the faintest glimmering of knowledge. It is difficult even to get them to sing a Litany, an *O Salutaris*, or a *Tantum ergo*; and as to their generally singing Vespers, or Compline, until they are much more advanced in musical acquirements than they now are, we hold it to be an impossibility. It was by singing German hymns and saying German prayers that the German Catholic congregations acquired that delight in congregational singing which makes their singing so wonderfully grand and impressive. And it will only be by singing English hymns and saying English prayers that English Catholic congregations will emulate their brethren abroad. Once, indeed, let a fondness for singing be cultivated amongst us by such means as this, and we should find it easy enough to induce a congregation to sing in Latin; for the delight found in the act of singing would be a sufficient stimulant to induce them to overcome the difficulties of a foreign language; and Vespers and Compline would be sung by congregations who now remain obstinately mute from year to year.

In conjunction with congregational singing will naturally come the use of every other method which exists for increasing the personal interest which a congregation feels in a church *as its own*. Our present system has nearly destroyed this feeling; the people look upon the church as a building which belongs to the clergy or trustees, and is let out in small allotments to them, as daily, weekly, or yearly tenants. Hence they have precisely the same disinclination to expend much money or care in its support, and in that of the clergy to whom it belongs, as we find in a householder who rents his tenement, or a farmer who takes his land, by the year only. Nobody cares much for that which is not his own; he will do for it what the letter of the law rigidly requires, but little or nothing more. The first object, therefore, in every mission, ought to be to make every class of Catholics find themselves *at home* in their church or chapel. Once let them feel that deep interest in the structure itself, in the public functions, and in the well-being of the priesthood, which is often so delightful a feature in continental villages and cities, and the niggardly spirit which now paralyses the Church in this country must instantly vanish away. And by nothing is this feeling of individual and common *possession* of a church so powerfully produced, as by the frequent use of all those minor devotions which

have so touching an influence upon the pious heart, whether they be specially devoted to the honour of the blessed Sacrament, of our blessed Lord's Passion, of our blessed Lady, or of the Patron Saint of the church; or in connexion with guilds, confraternities, or schools; or whether they be only those interesting and useful devotions in the vernacular tongue of the country, which, in Germany, Belgium, France, and in very many parts of Italy, are so warmly cherished by the poorer classes of Catholics as well as by the more wealthy.

The same may be said of a more abundant use of images and pictures. Most English Catholic churches are singularly destitute of all those aids to devotion which affect the cultivated and the uncultivated imagination and intelligence alike. Instead of many altars, we have many galleries; instead of many images, we have many monuments to the friends and relatives of the congregation, frequently conceived in the least edifying possible taste; instead of many pictures, we have many barriers, and many cushions and many hassocks, to make the body supremely comfortable, while the mind is left cold and bare. It has also been hitherto a somewhat unfortunate peculiarity in the decorations of our newer and better churches, that a great deal too much has been thought of those merely ornamental paintings and carvings, which, while they gratify the eye of the man of taste, have far less power to move the heart of the man of devotion than pictures and statues of religious subjects of a very ordinary degree of artistic merit. A church may be gorgeous from vault to pavement with gold and azure and vermilion, with the most elaborate and magnificent patterns; and every capital and moulding may display foliage and devices such as will rival the best works of older and richer times; and yet not have one-fiftieth part of that charm for the *soul* which a few well-chosen and well-disposed paintings and images will produce. We look upon a judicious multiplication of pictures and statues, of various sizes, and representing the great scenes in the life and death of our blessed Lord, and in the histories of the Saints, as an auxiliary in arousing the torpid devotions and self-sacrifice of our congregations, which no wise or enlightened person will overlook or neglect.

It need not be added—for this is a condition which will present itself at once to every one who thinks practically upon the question—that the adoption of the offertory must necessarily be accompanied by more frequent appeals in preaching to the sense of duty and gratitude of the congregation who are thus called upon to support their clergy. Preachers who feel themselves hampered and tied down by the present method of collecting money, need have no scruples whatsoever in telling their people what is required of them when *giving* is substituted for *buying*. The priest at once

will assume an authority over his congregation's *conscience* which he could never exercise over their *pocket*. When he has himself given every thing freely, bountifully, without stint or bargaining, he stands on a vantage ground which is otherwise for ever out of his reach. He can point out to his flock how it is both their duty, their privilege, their interest, and their source of merit, to mortify their own personal and domestic inclinations, that they may have more to contribute to the service of God. He can adopt a tone towards them, such as we are confident few clergy can safely venture upon, without a sense of the absurdity of their own words, while they stand in their present commercial relations to their congregations. And in melancholy truth, there is no denying that our Catholic laity are sometimes grievously in want of such instruction in their duties as Christians towards those who minister at the altar. To hear our gentlefolks and shopkeepers sometimes talk, one would fancy that the clergy were a class of usurers and extortioners, banded together in a sort of joint stock company for mulcting the laity of the utmost amount of pelf that could be squeezed by all possible tricks from their reluctant gripe. Notwithstanding some brilliant exceptions, it is impossible to help seeing that English Catholics no more think it a privilege and a delight to contribute to the glory of God and the good of the poor, than they count it a privilege and a delight to pay the income-tax or the window-tax. Self-denial for the sake of the Church is rare amongst us. The question generally asked by a man of himself is, "How much *must* I give?" not, "By what means can I possibly get *more* to give?" A miserable proof we have lately had of the existence of this feeling among us, in the spirit with which the recent collections for the Pope were too often met, and the astoundingly small sums which were gathered from some of our most wealthy congregations. People seemed to think it a kind of *shame* that free-born Britons should be taxed to pay the expenses of an Italian Pontiff, and expected the

College of Cardinals and the whole supreme administrative Court of the Universal Church to subsist upon air, and to conduct the affairs of the four quarters of the globe upon the income of a private gentleman of limited means. Oh, that a printed list could be published of the exact sums given by every peer, and baronet, and country squire, and city merchant, and comfortable tradesman, towards the relief of the urgent necessities of that Pontiff, who governs the Church for our benefit, and not for his own! We shrewdly suspect that many a blush would be raised on cheeks which hitherto have rarely known the livery of sensitive modesty or honest shame. Be this, however, as it may, there can be little doubt that an abolition of the present system of bench-renting would do more to awaken the virtue of Christian liberality, than all the devices or appeals we can have recourse to, now that we vainly try to raise up an edifice of self-denial and heroic charity upon the sandy basis of bargaining, buying, and selling.

In conclusion, we have only again to request our readers' pardon for the introduction of this most important and delicate subject into our pages, and for the freedom we have used in discussing it in its various bearings. It is one of those urgently pressing topics which *must* be discussed; and the more openly, honestly, and fearlessly it is discussed, the better. Trifling as it may appear to those who have not been called to give it any special consideration, it is a subject which lies at the very root of the Christian social system. It exercises an influence upon the whole Christian life, far more powerful than at first sight may be anticipated. Its full and fair examination cannot safely be much longer postponed; and if we may venture upon expressing our own humble judgment, the sooner it is thoroughly looked into, as a thing of immediate and most practical moment, the happier will be the result upon the well-being of every class of persons who share the blessings of the Catholic Church in England.

ENGLISH ART; ITS WEAKNESS AND ITS STRENGTH.

THERE is a class of artists, who, when they wish to paint a picture, or carve a statue, commence their work by imagining in the mind a certain visible painting or sculpture, and then proceed to depict this vision which they have conjured up on canvass or in marble. There is a second class, who begin by transporting themselves in imagination to the actual spot where the scene which they would represent really took place, or to the presence of the person whose portrait they would produce. They do not, like the first class, begin by conceiving a picture, but they

view the outward, tangible reality in its literal and exact aspect; and their work, when completed, is a faithful transcript of what they have seen, if not with the eye of sense, yet with the eye of the mind, and it is precisely what would, or easily might have been seen, by persons actually present at the event portrayed. A third class dive deeper into the spirit of the scenes they would recall. The coming picture or statue is the subject which last enters their mind. The visible reality of the event as it positively occurred, is the second step in the process of accomplishment. Their

first effort is to seize the *meaning* and spiritual significance of what they would represent, to penetrate into the souls of the agents whose deeds they would paint, or whose corporeal countenance and frame they would chisel in enduring stone.

The first named of these classes are manufacturers; the second are chroniclers; the third are poets. The first paint *forms* and *colours*, or hew *shapes*; the second reproduce *things*; the third portray *men* and *nature*. Nine-tenths of the pictures and statues of the present day are of the first class; a majority of the remainder are of the second; and some few alone can claim the honour and title of the third. In architecture, save in those buildings which are raised simply for barren utility, without a thought of their beauty or grandeur, our artists never attain to the distinction of the third class. They are either manufacturers or chroniclers. They either pile together wood and stone to make a certain preconceived show; or they reproduce the external works of other days with a cold, heartless, literal correctness, helpless to express any *idea* characteristic of the living men and present purposes for which they are raised.

It is enough to walk through the rooms of our most important annual exhibition of pictures, to be convinced of the truth of what we have said. Survey that wilderness of gold frame and glaring canvass, and see how the pictures have been *made*. In truth, they have almost all mistaken their rights when they claimed a place in a gallery of paintings. They should have been reserved for some future exposition of manufactures, and been set side by side with cottons from Manchester, knives from Sheffield, and buttons from Birmingham. These compilations of red, and blue, and green, and yellow, are not pictures at all. They are fabrics, made to order; designed, drawn, and coloured, after certain approved recipes. There is as much *art* employed in the production of the gilt frames as in the compositions these frames surround. *Compositions* in very sadness they are, and nothing more. They were *compounded* by certain pictorial practitioners, out of certain authorised materials, according to the orthodox prescriptions in the painter's pharmacopœia. The men who made them thought over all the necessary portions of what is technically termed a picture; they examined the works of their predecessors and contemporaries, and thought how they might get a *bit* here and a *bit* there, in order to make up the whole; they went round the last year's Academy exhibition, and picked up stray hints wherever they could lay their hands on any thing that would fit into their own designs; they put their forms and colours together with the same devout subservience to fashion as the fair lady who chooses her silks and ribbons according to the most

approved Parisian costumes of the day, and made out a picture as milliners make out dresses.

Let any man frequent the society of the common professional artist, and hear his talk, and say whether we have overstated the absurdities of this pictorial manufacture of ours. Is there one artist out of ten who is a man of sense, refinement, and thought, or who really *knows* any thing except the established technicalities of his trade? Are they not almost all manufacturers of outward shows, and not recorders of real events, much less interpreters of the ideas and passions of humanity, and the mysterious soul which gives to visible nature all its charms? Why are they painters at all? *What* have they to paint? Have they any thoughts to communicate to their fellow-creatures? Any story to tell them? Any high and holy purpose to attain by the embodiment in form and colour of all that is most admirable in the life and destiny of man? Are they not a vulgar, foolish, ignorant, pedantic class of beings, often by no means too respectable in their morals or refined in their tastes, and decidedly inferior to another class which is not very elevated in the scale of intellectual nobility, the class of *littérateurs* and professional writers for the periodical press? What a shameful thing it is for a great country like the imperial kingdom, that, as a body, she should be ashamed to own both her literary men and her artists; that a man should be thought worse of, rather than better, from being known to write for the press, and from being a professional painter or sculptor! Yet can we condemn the popular verdict, while artists (not now to speak of the "gentlemen" of the press) are what they are in very deed? When men who ought to be tailors presume to make pictures; when a semi-respectable individual, without brains, education, or lofty thoughts, devotes his days to one of the noblest works to which the human energies can be called; when those who have literally nothing at all in their own minds which they would express, or relate, or urge upon their contemporaries, deliberately set about making and compiling paintings for the Royal Exhibition, or for the British Gallery, or for the Suffolk Street Show, just as druggists make up prescriptions, or cooks prepare a dinner,—what should necessarily follow, but that the world in general should despise the artist race, and look upon them as something decidedly inferior to the brotherhood of respectable grocers and haberdashers?

And therefore, also, it is, that year after year passes by, and a miserable mediocrity is the utmost that is attained by so large a proportion of English artists. The persons who produce these pictures, busts, and buildings, have no business on earth to be artists at all. If they must get their bread in some way or

her, they ought to sell shawls behind a counter, or obtain clerkships in merchants' counting-houses, or do any thing in the world but set themselves up as teachers and poets to their generation. Their souls are not above buttons; they are not in a state, either by natural genius or intellectual culture, to have any thing in their minds which is worth painting, or fit for painting. They deserve—as in good deed they very nearly obtain—the same contempt with which we listen to the outpourings of a theological shoemaker, who every Sunday leaves his last in order to expound the Epistle to the Romans, or the itinerant vender of cures for corns and bunions, who attracts crowds of listeners to hear him dilate on the virtues of some marvellous plaister or heaven-born ointment. They are quacks, pretenders, dealers in cant daubings and glazings, who have no more true vocation for the artist's life than for the monastic life; and therefore their productions are nought, and they themselves are held in no esteem by the sharp-sighted world, whose applause they vainly seek to win.

Here, indeed, is the great secret of the failure of modern art. Men speak as if the fault lay in some want of professional skill, or in the absence of cordial, liberal patronage. But it is not so. The fault lies in the artist himself. It lies in his own mind, in his very nature, in his habit of thought, in his personal tastes and feelings. English artists, as a class, are men of no intellect or acquirements whatsoever. They cannot generally express themselves on paper in grammatical English, much less write any thing worth reading by their professional brethren and the world of amateurs. Indeed, it can hardly be doubted that a painter or architect who was known to be a good writer and to study much, would on that very account stand a worse chance of employment and patronage than his more ignorant or more stupid brother, whose whole soul was immersed in oils and varnishes, and whose mental vision was bounded by the purlieus of Trafalgar Square. We shall never see English art rival the glories of Italian art of other days, until our artists are a better-educated class of men, more refined, more self-respecting, more conscientious and self-denying. So long as the profession swarms with young men who take to it solely as a means of livelihood, whether fitted for it or not by natural genius and intellectual acquirements; so long will the artist, as such, be excluded from good society, and so long will his productions be a source of admiration to the vulgar only, and of disappointment to every man whose applause is worth seeking and winning.

In saying this, we do not for a moment assert that the whole field of British art is thus barren and worthless. On the contrary, we have not a few painters who are true artists,

whether of the species of chroniclers or of poets, who are strikingly distinguished from the common herd, and whose works will live, and be the delight of generations yet to come. And a very interesting subject of inquiry and reflection it is, to examine into the spirit of the works of each of such real artists, apart from their mere mechanical correctness, and ascertain whether they are to be classed among the historical and narrative painters, or among the poet-painters. We shall attempt, therefore, a few remarks upon the works of some of our ablest artists, with a view to shewing how far, and in what measure, they fulfil the real duties of their calling, and deserve our honour and regard. But before doing this, it may be as well to recall in a similar way the peculiarities and characters of some few of the most illustrious artists of the golden ages of Italian art, before that same deathlike weakness which has paralysed the whole people of Italy in war, in statesmanship, in literature, and almost in theology, had enfeebled the minds and hands of her painters, her sculptors, and her architects, and reduced her fair cities to the level of a mere mausoleum for the remains of her days of life and power. The great artists of Spain and Holland will also claim their share of notice in the inquiry.

What we have termed the school of chronicler-artists, has indeed found few votaries in Italy herself. Her illustrious men have ever been so filled with the spirit and passion of the poet, that but rare instances can be named in which the painter or sculptor has been content with the mere representation of the outward aspect of a scene, uninfluenced by the feelings of the artist himself, or apart from that depth of spiritual significance which transmutes a dry historical record into an inspired poem. One Italian painter alone, Masaccio, attained any very high degree of excellence in his art, as a mere recorder of the events of other days. His great works at Florence, the delight of Raphael and Michael Angelo, and the wonder of the English traveller, to whose eyes his style is strange and astonishing, remain unsurpassed, if not unrivalled, as the very perfection of that school which, without rising to the dignity of the poet's conceptions, impresses upon the spectator the very image and daguerreotype of the scenes which his pencil portrays.

It was in Holland that the literal school of the artist-chroniclers was found to flourish, as eminently akin to the spirit of the people among whom it was cherished. The Dutch painters are almost to a man the rigid and faithful recorders of what they saw with the eyes of the body, while almost to a man the eye of their soul was blind. Never was there such a narrative of actual, literal truth, both of nature and of common humanity, as is presented by the pictures of Ostade, Teniers, Ter-

burg, Both, Cuyp, Rysdael, Jan Steen, Vanderneer, the Vanderveldes, and that long catalogue of names, of which these are but a few chance examples. Their pictures are the very repetitions of what the ordinary observer perceives in nature and in man. The whole surface of the visible world is transferred to their canvass; and thus their works delight and please that great multitude of amateurs who have no hearty love for the productions of the great Italians and Spaniards, because they have in themselves a knowledge of the prose of life alone, and are blind to its deepest poetry.

Among the great Spanish painters, we should be disposed to name Murillo as on the whole the most remarkable example of the school of literally true artists. His boys, and women, and men, of every-day life, are drawn with the fidelity of a sun-picture. Gaze at them, examine them, and ponder over them as we may, we see more and more distinctly that he has painted every thing that the most accurate observer would note in any given individual boys, women, and men; but that he has done nothing more. His pictures, masterly as they are, have that extraordinary likeness to reality that makes us laugh. They all but smile, and speak, and move. Of that intense depth of meaning which shines forth in the heads of Velasquez, and the noblest Italian painters, and which solemnises our minds as we look and admire, Murillo's works have nothing. He records what he sees with his eyes, and that is all. His sacred pictures, also, do but confirm this judgment. He did not paint saints and angels, apostles and patriarchs, but ordinary men and women arranged in tableaux, and draped accordingly, with set countenances and postures, to represent the events from Scripture, or the scenes in heaven which he would portray. We have seen scores of women and children as worthy of representing the Mother of God and the angels, as the figures in Murillo's pictures. Sweet, refined, and devout as they are in intention, they have no poetic truth about them; they are but pictures of pious individuals of a very pleasing exterior, disposed so as to call to mind the Bible histories, or the glories of the heavenly host.

Turn, then, to him who (in our judgment) was the greatest of all painters, and mark how every one of Raphael's pictures, be it crayon sketch, or oil painting, or fresco, is a living, breathing *poem*. Far as he is from the literalness of a prose narrator, he is as far from overstepping the truths of human nature as Shakespeare himself. We have never seen any thing precisely the same as Raphael's figures, save when he painted a professed portrait; we know that no actual event ever wore so noble, so touching, so sweet an aspect, as he has thrown over every scene that he recalls; but we feel that there is no stroke of his pencil which

oversteps the modesty of nature and the reality of truth, or that does not embody that spirit and idea with which we ever in imagination invest the incidents which he has chosen to embody. Raphael also is the least *subjective* of all poet-painters. Like Shakespeare again, or Homer, he does not infuse the colouring of his own mind into the creations of his pencil—at least he does it in a very slight degree. His works are unlike one another, except in a universal prevalence of grace, refinement, and unexaggerated expressiveness. We do not see the painter in the painting; humanity comes forth from his touch, illumined by the pure white light of the sun, and not tinted with any one of those bright prismatic hues which colour it when painted by almost all other true artists of every age.

Thus, further, it is that the works of Raphael stand out in so striking a contrast to those of his great Florentine rival. Michael Angelo is the *most* subjective of all illustrious artists. He depicted himself in every form that he traced. One deep, intense, and never-fading sentiment pervades his works, whether on the roof of the Sistine, in the chapel of the Medici, or in the dome of St. Peter's. All are poems, but none of them are pure dramatic poems; they are lyrics, grand and magnificent, in which, under the semblance of prophets and sibyls, monarchs and allegorical figures, and even in the very forms of architectural construction, the artist pours forth *himself*. Raphael transports the spectator to the very scenes that he portrays. We are in spirit with him in the presence of the philosophers, or in the Areopagus where Paul preached, or before the throne of the Roman deputy when the sorcerer was stricken with blindness. But Michael Angelo absorbs us into himself: he does not open out all his ideas and passions, and ask for the sympathy of man. On the contrary, he is misanthropical, rude, and haughty. He rather expounds his habitual moods of thought and feeling, and seems to care not whether men stay and wonder, or are heedless and turn away.

It is the same with every other artist whose works we most love to cherish. One and all, it is plain that before they commenced the actual production of their painting, statue, or edifice, they mastered the idea which they had to represent. Fully informed and practised in the mechanical arts of drawing and colouring, according to the skill and taste of the schools to which they belonged, they never for an instant accounted this information and practice as sufficient in themselves for the creation of a work of art. Their first thought was of their subject, its nature, its meaning, its poetry, its fitness for artistic exhibition; their second thought was of its natural, or possible, or most expressive visible embodi-

ent; their third was directed to the picture sculpture itself, which was to be the utterance of these inward conceptions to others. It is impossible to walk through the galleries and churches which contain the masterpieces of other times, without being conscious that we are conversing with intellects of another species from the common artist race of our own day. But in the rooms of the Royal Academy Exhibition in Trafalgar Square, who are for acquainting himself with the minds of nine-tenths of the men who made all these pictures? We feel that it would be something to converse with Michael Angelo or Raphael, to learn devotion and Christian reflection from Angelico, to hear Titian or Paul Veronese exound their own thoughts on the subjects they created. Even the coarseness of Rubens does not prevent a desire to become acquainted with his manly, energetic soul; and it needs little to assure us that the mind of Rembrandt must have been a most curious study for the psychological inquirer. And so, more or less, with the whole long catalogue of every school of artists who live in the admiration of posterity. They themselves are personally interesting to us, as men; we think of them when we contemplate the labours of their hands, as we find it impossible to forget Sophocles in the *Œdipus*, Horace in his *Epistles*, or Dante in the *Inferno*. But now, how rarely it is that we see a picture, a piece of sculpture, or a building, which makes us desire to know the man who created it, and to penetrate into the workings of that genius which has so enchained our sympathies, and communicated to us such new sensations of delight! We think, perhaps, that we should like to *possess* the picture, in order to hang it up in our house, or to *employ* the sculptor or architect to carve for us a bust, or design for us a building; but do we wish to converse with them as with our friends? Do we think that they are men to enlighten and inform our minds, as well as to please our eyes? When we read a poem, or a history, or a novel, or a book of devotion, if it rises above bare mediocrity, it inspires us with a wish to see its author, to hear him speak, to observe for ourselves the free workings of that spirit whose written words have thus charmed us. But how rare it is, even for the most ardent "patrons of art" to feel in any such way towards the artists whose works they purchase and praise! An emperor cultivated the society of Titian; Michael Angelo was the friend of Popes; Rubens was thought worthy of high diplomatic employment; but these days are no more, at least for the present. It is only here and there that artists are found worthy of our friendship; and even when they are thus worthy, the cold, harsh, haughty world of fashion, wealth, and literature, scarce vouchsafes them an embrace or a smile.

Let us note, however, some of the few ex-

ceptions to this rule which the artist-world of the day presents to our regard. Take, for example, the works of Turner; we do not mean his later works, for upon their much-disputed merits we do not feel disposed now to enter; but his paintings of a somewhat earlier period, when, having escaped from the trammels of the stiff, formal, and stately school on which he conceived his first great pictures, he proved himself the greatest of painters of *the truth of nature* that England or any other country ever produced. In these astonishing productions, Turner shewed himself a *poet* of the highest lyric order. He looked upon nature, until he not only saw with a most accurate eye every feature of her countenance, and marked every one of her myriad changes of expression, but until his mind had penetrated into those ideas of beauty, grandeur, purity, repose, magnificence, and awe, which are embodied by the Divine Creator of all things in the visible works of his hands. No cultivated man can look at Turner's pictures without at once doing homage to their spiritual power. When we have satisfied ourselves with remarking the extraordinary correctness of observation which has been brought to bear upon their production, and that still more rare genius and skill with which, as a painter, the artist has contrived, not to copy literally what he saw, but to produce upon our minds, rather than our corporeal vision, the very same impression which results from the contemplation of the original reality; when we have done all this, we are absorbed in the enjoyment of that peculiar *sentiment* which is infused throughout the whole, and are borne away, in imagination, just as by the sight of the actual glories of nature herself, to those invisible worlds of which the universe that is now seen is but the type, the shadow, the dim embodiment and revelation.

Take, again, another very different, and altogether very inferior painter, yet one who is, after all, a poet, though of the coarse, earthly, and sensual sort,—Maclise. Unrefined, licentious, unheroic, Maclise's pictures nevertheless are redeemed from falling to their naturally low and grovelling level, by the imaginative vigour which is mixed up in the artist's mind with these debasing productions of his pencil. His sensuality becomes almost pure and innocent, because there is a perpetual recognition in his works of the greatness and power of intellectual strength and energy. His *object* is not to depict a gross and revolting carnality in itself. His works are not indecent, though the animal portion of humanity displays itself with so painful a prominence. They are accompanied by sensuality, rather than the slaves and ministers of sensuality. He does not, like some of the odious painters of Italy, deliberately aim at a representation of every thing that is most offensive to purity, and at a por-

traiture of vice in the most attractive possible garb. On the contrary, he has ideas of grandeur, vigour, romance, activity, cheerfulness, glowing spirits, and magnificence, which it is his special object to express in his painted scenes; and his works are only disagreeable and mischievous, because the poetical part of his character is wedded to an intensity of animal passion which drags them from the regions of the pure and noble, to the level of the gross and defiling.

Etty, on the other hand, though at first sight a more sensual painter than Maclise, is in truth far less so. But then he is far less of a poet. In fact, he is hardly a poet at all, unless a multiplication of brilliant metaphors and images—the *colouring* of poetry—constitute the real bard. Etty contrives to be ever verging upon the sensual, and yet never to transgress the actual boundary. He is governed by one idea, the idea of colour. He has nothing that is spiritual or moral to express. He has no grossness of physical passion to embody. His figures, his landscapes, his accessories, are so many conventionalisms, adopted with certain modifications from elder masters, for the purpose of combining a multitude of rich, or luscious, or mysterious hues. He is only intellectually, not carnally, sensual. We never think his pictures the result of morbid or filthy feeling, though they often tend to shock all modesty. Nor do they seem to be manufactured for the market, or to be copies of other men's works, or compilations of ingeniously selected fragments. The painter clearly did not sit down coldly, and first imagine a picture, and then paint away. His mind is evidently possessed with one idea, and one visible source of infinite variations and combinations. Imbued with this feeling, he hits upon all kinds of devices, scriptural, mythological, or horticultural, as vehicles for the expression of this idea, and as instruments by which his favourite source of pleasure may unfold its kaleidoscopic wonders.

Stanfield, again, is a poet of another kind. He is one of the most *subjective* of accomplished landscape painters. It may be questioned whether he ever painted a single picture which did not more or less reflect his own spirit and habitual feelings. We cannot call his works profound, or full of tender, touching sentiment, like those of Turner; nor have they that extraordinary truthfulness to nature which is one of Turner's characteristics; on the contrary, they are generally more or less artificial in their treatment. Yet every one of them has a meaning to unfold. They are like the animated, clever, intelligent journal of the artist's thoughts, as he has wandered up and down through the fairest scenes of Europe; and tell us how joyously, heartily, and kindly he has opened his mind to their beauties. Stanfield's pictures are thus eminently attractive to thou-

sands who are totally incapable of appreciating the talent they display as works of art. While they recall a crowd of images to the memory with clear and easily understood voice, they awake in us just that spirit of cheerfulness, good feeling, and active energy, which is ever so grateful to the English mind. Nobody that is familiar with them would ever think them the works of a misanthrope, a rogue, or a simpleton. They are unmistakeably the works of a genuine *man*.

Landseer also is surely a poet, though of no high order. He must rank with Æsop, Gay, Fontaine, and others, who to a strong sympathy with the instincts and habits of animals, have united a remarkable facility or vigour of versification. Landseer's dogs and horses live and act, but then they are dogs and horses only after all. The whole interest of his pictures lies in the birds and beasts, and the human beings who are introduced serve only to strengthen our interest in the passions and sufferings of the lower species of beings, into whose hearts the painter seems to have penetrated with the keenest eye. As mechanical productions of the brush, Landseer's works remind us of those poems in which the poet seems to have uttered verse as readily and joyously as common people utter prose. He can evidently paint a picture as *easily* as a house-painter can paint a wall. He knows the inner nature of the dog, the horse, and the falcon, as we know ourselves and our daily companions; and he possesses such a facility for expressing himself, so to say, in his art, that he can almost at any time paint an admirable picture, and never paints a really bad one.

Herbert's pictures are poems of a far higher rank, and not only aim at the highest ideal, but aim with no faltering or erring hand. With a wisdom hitherto rare in all historical painters, he seeks *strict truth* of historical representation with the same fidelity with which Turner has done homage to the truth of inanimate nature. In common painters this truthfulness becomes a mere literal recording of the visible peculiarities of an actual scene, and varies from the marvellous fidelity of the Dutch school to the painful minuteness of the Chinese, just as this same daguerreotype of mankind varies in written or spoken things from the facsimiles of outward peculiarities in Dickens' stories down to the loquacious detail of an old housewife's gossip. In Herbert, on the other hand, and other poet-painters, this circumstantial accuracy is only an accessory, and is subservient to the great purpose of the painter, which is, to impress the spectator with the real nature and meaning of the event recorded, with the utmost possible correctness, completeness, and power. Herbert, again, is not a subjective artist; he does not paint himself. He tries to throw

himself into the scene he paints, and to be the almost unconscious interpreter of its hidden spirit. Many great painters strive to absorb their subject into themselves, or they do so without the slightest effort, and cannot help transfusing their own character into their works. But in Herbert's pictures the artist does not appear, except as a subject for the critic's remarks. He has hidden himself, and counts himself most honoured when he is most forgotten. With what fidelity, animation, and depth of thoughtfulness, he can seize upon the very essence of a scene in history or poetry, and with what mastery over the technical machinery of his art he can portray what his imagination has conceived, his recent pictures have undeniably shown.

Other English artists we might also specify, who rise far above the monotonous level of their contemporaries, and who are as truly poets as any departed or living man who ever sung in numbers. Sculptors, too, might be named, not unworthy of the same high distinction. It is when we proceed to the works of architecture which our age has produced that we look in vain for the tokens of the poetic spirit, and see only a vast concourse of edifices, some below observation, others below criticism, others mere manufactures for the market, and others, rising only to the merit of being successful copies of the works of other days, to be classed among the works of chroniclers and antiquarians, who relate what they have learnt with good taste, accuracy, and spirit. We have not one solitary building of the present age which can claim high rank as a work of art, or as in any way an example of the possibility of the existence of poetry in architecture. There is not an edifice which can even by courtesy be said to have any *idea*. They all represent nothing, they mean nothing, they say nothing, and they produce no impression. What our age is cannot be known from its buildings, viewed as works of art. Those which can in any sense claim to be called great have only an *industrial* interest, and declare nothing but that we are making great progress in physical science. Our politics, our religion, our philosophy, our domestic habits, our amusements, our literature, our imagination, find no home in the architecture of the time. We either manufacture buildings to order, or servilely copy and reproduce, with certain pretended changes, the structures of our forefathers. What we have that is really noble and perfect of its kind, is to be found in those instances in which our feelings and wants are precisely identical with the feelings and wants of our ancestors; so that when we tamely and correctly imitate their constructions, the result is both noble in itself, and is characteristic of the men who have raised it. Such, for instance, are the London bridges over the Thames, which are nothing more

than repetitions, with variations of detail, of the old Roman bridges, and which are among the very few buildings of the time, having any pretence about them, which are free from some element of absurdity or pitiful unreality. Such, too, are the superb club-houses of the metropolis. It happens that the wants of a club are, to a certain extent, the same as those of a Roman, Venetian, or Genoese noble, when the nobles of Italy were lofty in mind as well as in rank. So of course a club-house, which is in fact nothing but a modification of an Italian *palazzo*, is a reality, and not a sham. It looks like what it is. It represents the tastes and wishes of its inhabitants. It is designed, not so much for look, as to fulfil certain definite objects. It is a real structure; that is, not a thing of four walls, divided into interior compartments, decorated, painted, and gilded, after some model two or three centuries old, but a thing intended for use, to answer one well-ascertained purpose, and made as superb and elegant as circumstances will permit.

Observe, on the other hand, the new Houses of Parliament. What mortal man, not knowing what they were, would guess, from seeing their exterior, for what end they were intended? We can conceive a great architect of old Greece or Rome, or of the thirteenth century in England, or of the fifteenth or sixteenth century in Italy, first led to Westminster Bridge, and asked *what* he thought that mighty mass of building might be. Surely would he task his brain, to light upon any thing which it possibly *could* be. It would not be that he would be puzzled to decide between certain possible uses for which the enormous pile might be intended: he would not be able to conceive any single purpose for which it would seem to have been erected. What on earth could be the use of those scores and scores of windows, all precisely similar, like the windows of a gigantic hospital, none of them large enough for a hall, or a church, or a banqueting-room, yet all too big for private apartments: for what incomprehensible use that mighty and never-before-imagined monster, the coming Victoria Tower, could be intended: and why an astonishingly elaborate fret-work of delicate ornament had been spread over the whole surface of an enormous building in the very smokiest and blackest spot in the whole habitable world: why all this had come to pass, our resuscitated architect would agitate himself in vain to divine. Was the building meant as a tremendous toy, to combine in one whole an idea of the domestic habits, the manufacturing celebrity, and the boundless wealth of the England of the nineteenth century? It cannot be doubted that this immense building is perhaps the most magnificent piece of mediocrity which the ingenuity of man ever devised. It

is literally *destitute* of sentiment. We *feel* more when we enter the rudest village church, mouldering and decaying beneath the touch of time and churchwardens, than before that long-drawn front, and within its gilded chambers. It is simply a reproduction, upon a preposterously extended scale, and with the appliances of the purse of Great Britain, of some of the fabrics of the middle ages. It is a great, monstrous *Hotel de Ville*, and nothing more; and if it tells posterity any thing about the age that raised it, it will say that we studied the doors and windows of the middle ages with praiseworthy attention; that we had a great deal of money which we hardly knew how most injudiciously to throw away, but that we had no more knowledge of the poetry of architecture than of the inhabitants of the moon.

Our new churches, in like manner, bear witness to the poverty of our souls in imaginative and poetical architecture. The most respectable of them are nothing more than reproductions of the externals of past times. They are not works of the *art* of our own era. They satisfy the judgment of the critic who is familiar with the details and plans of buildings erected four or five hundred years ago, and who regards architecture as a high species of antiquarianism. But they *move* no one, except those who are beforehand prepared with ready-made raptures, who are ecstatic by rule, and sentimental when they count it orthodox to be delighted. The active life of Christianity has no voice in our ecclesiastical structures; and it is generally thought a vast degree of praise for a new church, when the architect has not overlooked some most important matter of detail or construction, and made his building tolerably convenient.

We need hardly say that the revived Gothic churches of the Anglican Establishment are absurdities, viewed as expressions of an indwelling spirit, and as local habitations for certain definite creeds and devotions. A clergyman in a flowing Popish surplice, reading the exhortations, lessons, and collects of the Book of Common Prayer, or preaching any such sermons as are possible in the Church of England, beneath the carved timbers and sculptured capitals of a building of the age of Henry the Third or Richard the Second, is so grotesque a piece of incongruity, that one can only smile at the simplicity which believes that there is any thing in common between Anglicanism and mediæval architecture. A communion-table, in all its chilling nakedness, or pretentious velvet and gold, receding far away from a congregation at the extremity of a chancel half as long as the body of the church itself, to which the officiating minister *retires* to read a certain portion of the service, as if there was some mysterious significance in a man's declaiming the ten commandments

out of sight of the people, stands so ludicrously in contrast with all that remains of the old building, and the old rites, and the old furniture, that it does not rise even to the dignity of a caricature. The notion that all these handsome new Anglican churches are works of Christian art, and that they express any idea whatever in the minds of those who design them, or of those who pay for them, is too baseless to be seriously discussed or refuted. If there is any thing that represents and embodies the popular religion of the day, it is the high-backed pew, and the velvet cushion that lies rich in all its composure upon the pulpit-desk.

Nor can we flatter ourselves that our Catholic church architecture has any pretensions to a true poetic spirit. It is as simply a copy as the new Anglican churches, with this difference of course, that the old Gothic churches having been built for Catholic purposes, are in every age more appropriate for Catholic worship than for Protestant worship. Still we cannot pretend that we have any modern ecclesiastical architecture which corresponds to the peculiar forms, customs, and rules which the Catholic Church has adopted since the middle ages passed away. Still the same in her faith, in her sacraments, in her great ceremonies, in her feelings of devotion towards Almighty God and his saints, she has necessarily modified her ancient practices in many points, and has introduced practical details and separate devotions unknown to our forefathers. As the world in which she lives is changed, so has she changed much of her armour with which she fights the battles of her Lord. The intellectual condition of mankind in general is totally dissimilar to that of mediæval times. Politics, literature, civilisation, domestic habits, all have progressed onwards by the inevitable law of humanity. The relation of the clergy to the laity has been powerfully modified. New religious orders, including one society which has never been surpassed for its almost miraculous influence, have sprung up in vast numbers in her bosom. New rites and devotions have been devised and authorised, and have acquired a hold upon the pious soul, second only to that which is possessed over her by the adorable Sacrament of the altar. Above all, riches have been exchanged for poverty, worldly honour for the shame of the cross, and the power to control the world for a bare permission (and often not even this) to worship her Lord in liberty and peace.

To suppose, therefore, that the Catholic churches of this day ought to be precisely the same as those which were the natural expression of her mind in times so wonderfully unlike our own, is to strike at the very root of Christian art itself, and to degrade it to a mere pedantic imitation of lifeless forms. The

mediæval architecture, taken exactly as it stands in the venerable relics of the past, would be no more the natural home of the modern Catholic Church than it would have been the natural home of the Church of the Catacombs. Every age which is not superficial, conceited, utilitarian, and unimaginative, will have a form of art of its own; a language which it will speak; a series of practical rules, designed for the special purpose of accomplishing its own desires. If it takes that which existed before it—and to some extent this must ever be the case in art, as in all human things—it will not take them in order to copy them, but in order to use them. A true artist will begin with asking, "What is it that *we* want?" not "How did William of Wyckham or Reginald de Bray satisfy *his* wants?" His next aim will be to ascertain what there is existing around him which he can thus employ; and so far as it answers his present purpose, so far will he use it, or so far will he modify it, and no further. What more he needs he will invent. Thus did the architects of ancient Athens; thus did the architects of Rome with architecture of Greece; thus did the Byzantine architects with the fragments and principles of Pagan basilicas and temples; thus did the Gothic architects with the Byzantine churches and cathedrals; and thus did the cinque-cento artists of Italy, when upon the ruins of debased Gothic they invented the forms and details of modern Italian architecture. And thus have the architects of the nineteenth century done *in nothing*. Take them from their books and portfolios, and they are lost.

What English art needs, then, is not so much more study and better instruction, as more sense and better ideas. It is not so much nobler models that we want, as nobler thoughts. We want artists of another class of mind. It is not the painter who is in fault, so much as the man. The art itself is de-

graded in the persons both of its votaries and of its patrons. For be it ever remembered, that these last are at least as culpable as the former. We have a throng of men thrusting themselves forward as painters and sculptors, who ought never to emerge from the warehouse or the shop, because the public feeling and estimation for art is itself so low and miserable, that it has no power to attract minds of a higher intellectual character. The popular taste is so trashy and superficial, that it asks for nothing better than manufactures or revivals. It has no aspirations of its own; it wants nothing nobler; it looks to art as a pretty though rather costly amusement, and counts itself great when it has learnt the prattle of the studio and the print-shop, and can talk fluently instead of thinking and feeling deeply. And therefore there is no power existing to summon into existence a different class of artists. Those artists who become great are so in spite of circumstances, in direct opposition to the common tendencies of the class to which they belong, and because they have that power within them which delights to surmount obstacles and to despise the vulgar cry. Nor, in truth, can we expect any thing better until the whole character of the English mind is changed. Till the nation is more profound, more thoughtful, more capable of clear reasoning, more humble, and more religious, we have little hope of seeing any real elevation in the average standard of the arts of the day. When the nation has attained to a knowledge and enthusiastic love for *something*, it will call aloud for its expression in the forms of art; but until then, our pictures, sculptures, and buildings will remain, like the popular religion, politics, and philosophy, a superficial congeries of unconnected fragments, partly true, partly false, partly genuine, partly hypocritical, partly old, partly new, and altogether unenduring and unsatisfying.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW AND MR. MACAULAY.

THE *Quarterly* has recently reviewed the popular new *History of England*. They who would know *why* the *Quarterly* has reviewed Mr. Macaulay, have but to turn to a certain article in the *Edinburgh Review*, cutting up Mr. Croker's *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, and again to the later editions of the said Croker's *Boswell*, and especially to the index, under the head "T. B. Macaulay," where they will find hints most suggestive and explanatory of the article which has now appeared in the *Quarterly*.

Mr. Macaulay's History has already caused so much noise in the reading world; it has been perused by so many thousands of persons who

generally eschew history as they eschew physic; and this singular attack will probably prove the foundation of so curious an episode in the records of literary controversy; that we shall make no apology to our readers for presenting them with an account of this specimen of critical acumen, or for refuting some portion of the accusations which the reviewer has delighted to lay at Mr. Macaulay's door. If historical truth is of any value; if it is our wisdom as men and as Christians to seek to direct our footsteps by the light of past experience; if it is the sacred duty of the critic to represent fairly the opinions and statements of any book which he reviews, to make pas-

sion subordinate to candour, and to observe a rigid accuracy in all counter-statements which he may urge in refutation of the views on which he sits in judgment,—then is every man called upon, as far as in him lies, to protest against such a mode of criticism as the *Quarterly* reviewer has here adopted, and to expose the devices to which he has had recourse in order to bring a book and its author into contempt. To the most severe censures, provided they are based upon facts and not upon perversions, we can have nothing to object. They are not only permissible, they are absolutely necessary for the guardianship of the best interests of man. Let the peccant author be ridiculed, turned inside out, and condemned with unsparing severity, provided only his writings be not misrepresented, and his authorities misquoted; and provided also that the reviewer himself abstain from those very faults which he chastises. We have no taste for milk-and-water criticism, or for converting that which is really a warfare into a mere passage-at-arms or trial of skill. Especially has Mr. Macaulay no right to complain of the harshest handling and the hardest blows. Himself a reviewer by profession, he has made the fullest use of the critic's privileges, and has spared neither friend nor foe when he has thought fit to strike. Against such a mode of criticism, however, as the great Conservative organ has thought fit to adopt in the case before us, we feel bound to protest, as a violation both of the courtesies and the elementary duties of criticism; and as calculated to bring the calling of the reviewer, and even historic research itself, into ridicule and contempt. Misrepresentation, violent abuse, and the falsification of quotations, are weapons to be abjured by every honest and respectable critic; and we think we shall both amuse and inform our readers if we lay before them a few instances of the extent to which these disgraceful resources have been employed in the review before us. Could we believe that every person who reads the *Quarterly* would take the trouble to recur to Mr. Macaulay's pages, and examine how far the critic has done justice to his subject, or would search for himself into the documents and authorities to which both the historian and the critic refer, and observe which of the two parties is the more guilty of perversion of facts, we should not bestow an hour's labour on the matter. But as, of the whole multitude of people who peruse or skim the review, not one in a hundred will have both the means and the inclination to test its justice; as the review itself is eminently calculated to throw dust into our eyes, and blind us to the real bearing and weight of the accusations it alleges; and as, further, that very unreflective and very touchy individual, John Bull, having overpraised Mr.

Macaulay, is becoming conscious that he has been guilty of absurd adulation, and is therefore now prepared to believe that his late idol is not even a man, much less a god, but only a painted block of wood;—for all these reasons we shall note a few such specimens of the reviewer's truthfulness and spirit as, we think, will convince our readers that whatever be the historian's sins, there is not the slightest dependence to be placed upon this reviewer's criticisms, and that they must not believe one word of what the *Quarterly* asserts without going into the details of each separate point for themselves.

The style, spirit, and qualifications of the supposed critic are well known to every person who is versed in the literature of the day; he stands confessed as one of the most accomplished, the most clever, the most bitter, the most unrelenting, and the most personal among the whole class of professional or amateur reviewers. He will be found drawn by a kindred and hostile spirit, in an article entitled "Criticism on Women" in the *London and Westminster Review* for April 1839. Those who would know more of the usual character of his writings we refer to that portrait, while we address ourselves without further prologue to the article immediately before us.

We have already expressed at some length our own opinion upon Mr. Macaulay's History,* nor are we disposed now to qualify the view we there expressed in any very important particulars. We pointed out the great defects in the author's style and mind; his tendency to rhetorical exaggeration, both of idea and in expression; his readiness to sacrifice the rigid truth of fact for the sake of an impressive climax or a pointed sarcasm; his excessive worship of William of Orange; his revelling delight in the slashing exposure of all the frailties, follies, and crimes of his characters; his superficial acquaintance with the real history and nature of the Catholic religion in general, and of the Jesuits in particular; the perverted views of national progress which his third chapter was in some respects calculated to inspire; and his confounding of the mere numerical advance of material riches and luxuries with a real progress in all that pertains to a genuine and purifying civilisation. Above all, we shewed his utter insensibility to every thing that is most great and noble in humanity and its destinies; his excessive value for politics, parties, and the "glorious" Revolution; and his want of cordial sympathy for any thing that is truly spiritual and elevating to our immortal nature.

With all this, we could not but admit that his book is the most readable history, for the popular taste, which exists in our language. It exactly suits the age for which it is written.

* See *Rambler* for February and March 1849.

It communicates information in a guise which renders it not only palatable, but delicious, to those who are wont to turn with repugnance from all important study. It transports us, in spite of our critical objections, back to past times, so that we live over again the life of our forefathers. They who want to know, see, and understand *what* England and Englishmen were in former days, are at any rate taught *something* that is living, real, and interesting. So that while the critic carps, and the refined taste is offended, and the learned man detects here and there a gross blunder or a monstrous exaggeration, and the cut-and-dried scholar would have every history written after the old approved pattern—undramatic, unpopular, confined to politics and martial deeds, stiff, formal, full of dates, and barren of feeling,—Mr. Macaulay meanwhile carries off the crowd of readers, enchains their interest, tells them something they can remember, gives them ideas, and compels them to have some one opinion or other on the state of things among their forefathers which issued in the state of things in which they now find themselves, living and moving men. Such, on the whole, we consider the defects and the merits of Mr. Macaulay's volumes; and notwithstanding all that the *Quarterly Review* has been able to bring forward, such is still our opinion; except that Mr. Macaulay's *exaggerations* are clearly carried to a more unjustifiable extent than we had previously supposed.

The *Quarterly* reviewer has, indeed, completely overshot his mark. His article is not a criticism at all. It is a fierce, headlong onslaught, directed more against the author than against his book; and betrays at every page such painful marks of personal feeling, as to throw an air of suspicion over its most plausible accusations. The writer is so eager to prove Mr. Macaulay in the wrong *in every thing*, that he rushes head foremost into the very faults which he is professing to condemn, until there is not a single blot in the History which is not to be found, in increased blackness, in the criticism. So vehement is his wrath, that he fastens upon every little trivial error, or oversight, or want of rigid accuracy, with an eagerness that hurries him again and again into errors, oversights, and inaccuracies, precisely similar to those on whose exposure he dwells with such complacent indignation. In a word, whatever be Mr. Macaulay's party spirit, the critic's party spirit is still more rampant; whatever be Mr. Macaulay's propensity to build general statements on solitary examples, the critic's edifices rest on still less stable foundations; however bitter be Mr. Macaulay's attacks upon both Whigs and Tories, he is himself assaulted with a fury to which he is comparatively a stranger; and however little he may

rise to the appreciation of what is most noble, most pure, and most sublime in the history of man, the *Quarterly* reviewer would seem to be buried in a still denser insensibility, and to be unable to discern any thing worthy of love and reverence save the stale subjects of faded Tory eulogies, and to imagine that the old toast of "Church and King" is symbolical of every thing that is great, and glorious, and good. In fact, if we are to believe this writer, Mr. Macaulay's History is not only not faultless, but utterly worthless; it is a piece of gratuitous literary impertinence, communicating nothing that was not previously known by every old woman in the kingdom; without one solitary merit to counterbalance its innumerable defects in matter, in style, in spirit, in principles, and in taste. The reviewer has been guilty of that capital error, against which all young lawyers are warned by their elders, which consists in making out a great deal too good a case for their client. The jury will be puzzled and confounded for a time. The shout of popular applause which greeted Mr. Macaulay may grow dull and cold, and for a while it may be the fashion (as we foretold) as much to underrate the book as it was at first the fashion to overrate it. But by and by the oscillations in public opinion will cease; and of all the many false predictions uttered by the *Quarterly*, the prophecy that this History will find no place on the historic shelf will prove one of the most rash and most mistaken.

We shall take a few of the reviewer's charges, pretty much in the order in which they occur, as specimens of the species of criticism with which he has attempted to demolish his adversary.

First of all, he tells us that Mr. Macaulay had no business whatever to write a history of the Revolution at all! The very publication of the book is a piece of sheer impudence, which has astonished the faculties of the *Quarterly* reviewer. He asks, "What reason does Mr. Macaulay give for this work of supererogation? None." And then, in a sentence of which the syntax is equal to the sense, he commences to tell us that no man has a right to write a fresh history of any event, unless he has new facts to communicate. Has the reviewer's long experience not taught him, that there are *three* reasons why new histories may be written;—the first, that the writer has new facts to relate; the second, that he has a view to give of the course of history and the characters and motives of important historical personages not yet put forth; the third, that he can tell his story in a way peculiarly acceptable to his contemporary readers. If Mr. Macaulay has not told us much that is new,—for we entirely deny that he has told us *nothing* that is new,—he has at least given utterance to sentiments upon

the history, progress, and sources of strength of the English constitution and people, which are not to be found in any previously existing Protestant historian whatsoever; and he has adopted a mode of narrating history, which, however offensive it may be to the writers in the *Quarterly Review*, is, at least, eminently welcome to the reading public; and is calculated to communicate information to thousands who, but for Mr. Macaulay's book, would have lived and died in their pristine ignorance and prejudices respecting the past. The sale of the History has already proved that there was good reason for writing it.

The reviewer next finds fault with the historian for mixing up, with the old-fashioned staple of political history, the only materials which give real life to the records of bygone days. He cannot bear to see kings and queens, statesmen and orators, soldiers and divines, reduced to the level of men and women by the introduction of what our ancestors thought *undignified* topics and trivial details. It is enough for him that a history reads like an account of realities, and that "a sort of dramatic life" is infused into its personages, to condemn it *in toto* as no history at all. It becomes "Monmouth Street literature," "an old dog in a new doublet,"—a sort of puppet-show for the foolish and uncritical. The only cases in which the reviewer will allow us to know any thing beyond the records of battles, political intrigues, and royal dynasties, are those in which the judicious historian has relegated the greater part of his information respecting such vulgar subjects as art, literature, religion, buildings, national wealth, and the like, to separate chapters. It is altogether monstrous, he thinks, that when we read of a celebrated trial, or the deathbed of a prince, or the debates of a senate, we should have any idea of the aspect these things bore to the eye, of the private characters of the persons concerned, or of the peculiar stage of civilisation which they represented, and by which their minds were formed. It is an unpardonable heresy to imagine that all those facts and circumstances which are of *most* importance to ourselves in real life were of *any* importance in the events traced on the page of history. We are to regard our ancestors as fighting, law-making, and intriguing puppets; but not as men with passions, habits, and physical forms like our own. All this we need not refute. They who think history to be a record of *things*, will probably agree with the reviewer. They who account it a record of *men's deeds*, will agree with Mr. Macaulay.

The reviewer next condemns Mr. Macaulay for dealing out so large a portion of censure to the great majority of the personages he paints. We have already expressed our own opinion on the excessive gusto with

which he demolishes a scoundrel, or drags forth a hidden hypocrite into the light of day. But yet, let us ask, What is the history of public men in general, but a history of villany in some shape or other? The reviewer says that Mr. Macaulay "has almost realised the work that Alexander Chalmers' playful imagination had fancied, a *Biographia Plagiosa*, or *The Lives of Eminent Scoundrels*." And is not the history of kings, statesmen, soldiers, courtiers, and even patriots, in sad reality, such a biography? It may suit the cant of the world to extol great men as models of virtue and uprightness. Were we to judge by the pages of the *Quarterly Review*, the Tory party, including all kings and lords in general (save Whig lords) have been pious, upright, pure, and benevolent. If we are to believe the *Edinburgh*, the same is to be predicated of all respectable people who have fought against Toryism. Yet nine-tenths of the public men who figure in the chronicles of Great Britain are most unquestionably to be included under the category of scoundrels, of a greater or a less degree. Nine-tenths of all mankind, save those who are *religious* men (of whom but few appear in the records of history), are rogues—rogues concealed, or rogues found out. Some are unlucky, and their evil deeds are brought to light; others are fortunate, and are called men of honour and purity. But when we come to facts, we find that of all these "honourable men" no one will trust another with a guinea, unless he is bound to honesty by the restraints of law or public shame; and scarcely one out of ten even attempts to act up to the precepts of the religion he professes to believe. Mr. Macaulay's fault lies, not in his blackening mankind in general more than they deserve, but in the coldness with which he eulogises those whom he admits to be exceptions to the common depravity and worthlessness. What we desiderate in his History is a want of sympathy with those whom he confesses to have been the great and the good, the few burning and shining lights in the midst of the darkness of the dishonest and licentious world.

Of the reviewer's criticisms on Mr. Macaulay's *style*, we may safely say that they are partly exaggerated and violent, partly quibbling and pettifogging. That it is far enough from faultless, and that its faults are often serious, every cultivated reader knows; but what shall we say to such miserable straw-splitting as we find in pp. 557 and 558 of the review? The writer is wroth because the historian says that a regiment of militia "*came pouring into*" a country town. Because Queen Elizabeth used the words "*foul scorn*" in a sense in which they are not in general use now, he will not permit Mr. Macaulay to use them in the sense in which they

are now in use. He is offended that Burnet's phrase that the prince "*was that day hunting,*" is rendered, "*William was many miles off after a stag.*" His delicacy will not endure its being said that a squire's chaplain, to whom the dainties of his lord's table were denied, "*might fill himself*" with the coarser household food! "An ounce of civet, good apothecary!" Then, as a crowning offence, the historian is supposed to be quoting his own ballads, because he writes that "the Life Guards and Blues came *pricking fast* from Weston-Zoyland," and that on the acquittal of the Bishops, "the boats that covered the *Thames gave an answering cheer.*" Are we to believe that the reviewer never heard the expressions "pricking fast," or "an answering cheer," before he read *The Lays of Ancient Rome*? Is an historian to be forbidden the use in prose of any common metaphor or form of speech which he may chance to have employed before in verse? How many times has the reviewer himself before made use of the very same terms of reprehension and sarcasm which he has now heaped on the head of Thomas Babington Macaulay? All this is mere quibbling nonsense, unworthy a sensible reviewer, and conveys the impression that the writer sat down to his work with a determination to rend and smash in every direction, whether his author was guilty or no.

A little further on, the reviewer accuses Mr. Macaulay of habitually perverting his authorities, so as to varnish over the sins of Whigs with the thinnest possible coating of reprobation, while the enormities of Tories are double dyed of the blackest hue. "We will suppose," he says, "that Mr. Macaulay found Barillon saying in French, '*le drôle m'a fait peur,*' or Burnet saying in English, '*the fellow frightened me.*' We should be pretty sure not to find the same words in Mr. Macaulay. He would pause—he would first consider whether the '*fellow*' spoken of was a *Whig* or *Tory*. If a *Whig*, the thing would be treated as a joke, and Mr. Macaulay would transmute it playfully into '*the rogue startled me,*' but if a *Tory*, it would take a deeper dye; and we should find, '*the villain assaulted me,*' and in either case we should have a

grave reference to 'Barillon, ^{Jan. 31,} Feb. 1, 1686,' or,

'Burnet, i. 907.'" We pray the reader to remark, that this accusation occurs exactly two pages after the reviewer has been condemning Mr. Macaulay for the exuberance of foul epithets which he has lavished upon the *Whig* Sir William Williams! For this man, says the reviewer, Mr. Macaulay "has the epithets of *odious, disgraceful, hated, despised, unblushing, abhorred, apostate*; and as if all this were not enough, we have, as a final bouquet, 'How man can live under such infamy it is not easy to understand; but even

such infamy was not enough for Williams.'" He might have added also, that Mr. Macaulay had said that the name of Williams "was associated with seditious violence which was remembered with regret and shame by all respectable Whigs, and with freaks of despotism, abhorred by all respectable Tories."

As to the Billingsgate style of writing, if Mr. Macaulay falls into it, what shall we say of the *Quarterly*? If the above black words are too bad for Jeffries, how do the following fit Macaulay?—"Inflated fustian, exaggeration amounting to falsehood, oscillation between extravagance and commonplace, the glittering agility of a rope-dancer, studied meanness, grandiloquence; puffing, blowing, and trundling; violence and pertinacity, lace and trimmings from the Monmouth Street of literature, an old coat with a new facing, the old dog in a new doublet, libelling, grave tautology, &c. &c. Really if Mr. Macaulay (to use the most exact, though not the most refined, word) *blackguards* Judge Jeffries, he is here *blackguarded* in return with no lack of interest. Is it, we might ask, the opinion of one of the most experienced of modern critics, that Macaulay is as odious as a writer as Jeffries was as a judge? If not, why all this redoubled vituperation, and multiplication of sarcasm?

As we are here touching upon the subject of party predilections, it may not be altogether out of place to add a few words on the general subject of historical impartiality. We hold it, then, to be an absurdity to require of any writer whatsoever that he should mete out an equal measure of eulogy to those from whom he differs, and those with whom he agrees. Doubtless he ought to do this if he really *thinks* them to be equally deserving of praise or of blame. But if he is an honest man he cannot think this, unless he has no opinions on any subject, either religious or political, and in this case we should be loath indeed to admit his claims to honesty or common sincerity. If I believe one set of views to be right, I must, by the very nature of the case, be predisposed to look with a more favourable eye upon the moral character of those who agree with me in sentiments, than upon those who oppose me. It is a mark of the most shallow latitudinarianism to pretend that a man's religious and political opinions have no influence upon his character; and that in forming our estimate of his motives we are to take no account of his principles. Whatever be the depth and warmth of our charity towards our neighbour, we *must* believe that *as a general rule* those who are on our side are better men than those who are against us; otherwise we are guilty of the monstrous notion that moral truth has no more tendency to purify the mind than scientific knowledge. An honest Tory must necessarily think that there is more humbug

and rebelliousness to be found among Whigs than among Tories; and an honest Whig will naturally conclude that Tories are more given than Whigs to be bigots and tyrants. A Catholic *cannot* think Protestants as good Christians and as honest men as Catholics; and a Protestant, to be consistent, must look upon Catholicism as injurious to the moral character of its adherents. Every history, therefore, which is the work of a man of any earnestness and zeal for truth, must bear the impress of his personal views. It is ludicrous to look for any such impartiality as shall place Whig and Tory, Catholic and Protestant, Churchman and Dissenter, on one and the same level of personal virtue. The best possible history will be that which gives most completely, most charitably, and most intelligibly, the Whig view, or the Tory view, or the Catholic view, or the Protestant view. And that Mr. Macaulay has here given to the world as fair and candid an exposition of the conduct and motives of his political adversaries as was ever given by any previous Whig historian, we think no calm and reasonable reader of his history can deny. Strange to say, in fact, the reviewer positively admits that "no one can rise from the work without a conviction that the Tories (whatever may be said of their prejudices) were the honestest and most conscientious of the whole *dramatis personæ*."

Let us now examine some of the *Quarterly's* criticisms of the details of this unfortunate History. It will be found that where these criticisms are *founded on fact* they are almost invariably pressed to conclusions of the most exaggerated importance; molehills are magnified into mountains, verbal inaccuracies into intentional misstatements, and omissions apparently accidental into deliberate falsifications. In the same way the reviewer would often have his readers believe that because *one* of Mr. Macaulay's authorities does not fully bear him out in his statements, therefore no other does. He cites references and quotations for the purpose of shewing the historian's scandalous partiality and dishonesty, quietly blinking the fact that any other references either occur in the History itself, or exist, though not referred to by name.

For instance, at p. 561, Mr. Macaulay is attacked for mis-spelling the name of Dr. Lawrence *Echard*, which he spells *Eachard*, the same, *i. e.* as the name of Dr. John Eachard, who wrote a well-known and very clever book on the Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy. Upon this the reviewer is disposed to think that Mr. Macaulay altogether confounded the two writers in his own mind! He forgets to tell us that the two authors were of the same family, though not exactly contemporaries, and though they spelt their names differently. What

would he say if we professed to believe that he himself confounded Sydney Smith, the witty and the reverend, with Sidney Smith, the anti-corn-law lecturer, because he—the hypercritical guardian of orthography—mis-spells the former name, and converts Sydney into Sidney (p. 591)? Or shall we charitably conclude, that Mr. Knight, the esteemed publisher in Fleet Street, is supposed by this writer to be the *author* of the *Pictorial History of England*, because, at p. 552, he speaks of him and the said History in the terms usually employed to describe the author, and not the publisher, of a book? In the same childish spirit of petulance he tells us that the once somewhat notorious *Catherine Macaulay* made as great a noise in her day as *Thomas Macaulay* does in ours; and that future historians will be likely to confound the two! A pretty quibble is the following: at pp. 290, 291 of the History, Mr. Macaulay quotes from Chamberlayne's periodical publication, on *The Present State of England*, certain statements, which were reproduced for some sixty or seventy years afterwards in the subsequent numbers of the same work, as continuing to be still correct. Upon this we are gravely informed, that Mr. Macaulay had no right to bring forward Chamberlayne as an authority for any such statements as characteristic of the time of Charles II., because they continued to be characteristic of the next three or four reigns also. Are we, then, to accept it as a canon for historical writing, that nothing is to be put forward as a picture of any one epoch, which that epoch possessed in common with any other epoch, either before or after? The very idea is childish. Yet this is just the *species* of proofs which are here urged of the historian's disgraceful perversion of authorities.

Again, we are told that Mr. Macaulay, having emphatically described the *villany* of Dangerfield, the contriver of the sham conspiracy called the Meal-tub Plot, attempts to varnish over his character by pretending that Lord Peterborough actually bore witness in his favour; the fact being, that Lord Peterborough regarded him as being as great a scoundrel as even the *Quarterly* would desire. And on what is this gratuitous piece of folly laid to Mr. Macaulay's charge? On the fact that he cites Lord Peterborough's words, that Dangerfield had a plausible *appearance*, that he was "a young man who appeared under a decent figure, a serious behaviour, and with words that did not seem to proceed from a common understanding." Really this folly is hardly worth exposing. Further on, in a similar spirit, he would have it believed that Mr. Macaulay has attempted to conceal the fact that Sir James Mackintosh wrote a history (unfinished, by the way) of the Revolution. Sir James, says Macaulay, confided

to me the materials collected by him, "at a time when he meditated a work similar to that which I have undertaken." If Mr. Macaulay meant thus to insinuate that Sir James never even commenced his own work, he is not only all that the reviewer says of him, but an idiot besides.

Thus, again, we are told that a certain anecdote respecting the battle of Sedgemoor is worthless, because it was told *three-and-thirty years* after the battle to Kennett, who relates it. Of course the hasty (that is, the ordinary) reader concludes that this lapse of three-and-thirty years had diminished the value of the authority on which Kennett recorded the story. We should suppose that the tale was a mere *tradition*, three-and-thirty years old, and thus, in all probability, considerably modified by passing through different parties, if not originally false. But what is the fact? Simply that Kennett received it from an *eye-witness*, though the period at which he was thus told the story was thirty-three years after the battle. This furnishes a fresh canon for the historian, and forbids us to believe any thing told us by a person of fifty or sixty years of age respecting what he saw with his own eyes in his youth.

All this, however, is trifling to what we have next to say against the reviewer. It will hardly be supposed that, in an elaborate refutation of one of the most remarkable and popular books of the day, a writer would venture upon misquoting the very passages which he brings forward from original writers in support of his accusations, or would make statements as to matters of fact, whose falsehood may be detected by every person of common sagacity and industry who will take the trouble to look for himself into the authorities referred to. The reviewer has, however, calculated upon a degree of gullibility in his readers which we suspect he will scarcely find, even in an age when reviews are looked upon as almost immaculate and infallible. Indeed, the coolness with which he flings an apparent quotation, or a seemingly undeniable fact, in the face of his author, amounts to a species of literary impudence which we have seldom seen equalled, and never surpassed. Take, for example, the following:

The villain Dangerfield, already referred to, was killed by a blow in the eye, given him by a barrister, named Frances, on the evening of the scourging which he underwent from the hangman's hands. It had been rumoured that the blow was prompted by jealousy of Dangerfield, who was guilty of criminal intimacy with the wife of Frances. The whole story was false; and the husband, in his dying speech, indignantly denied it. Mr. Macaulay tells the story in a somewhat rhetorical style; and stretches the words of Frances farther than he is perhaps justified in doing; making

Frances say, that if his wife "had been inclined to break her marriage-vow, she would have at least selected a Tory and a Churchman for her paramour." Remarking upon this, the reviewer would have it supposed that Frances said nothing at all which would justify the idea that his wife would have had a greater horror of a Whig lover than a Tory lover; and supports his assertion by quoting, *with inverted commas*, an extract from the speech. Turning then to the speech itself, as reported in the *State Trials*, the only authority both of the historian and the critic, we find that this pretended quotation is no quotation at all, but a paraphrase, in which the boast of Frances that his wife was of too "*loyal a family*" to have debased herself to such a profligate as Dangerfield, even "*if she had been so inclined*," is converted into a declaration that she was too *well born* to do so. Whigs, we must remember, were *well born*; but when Frances said his wife was of a *loyal* family, he undoubtedly meant that she was too much of a Tory to debase herself as asserted. The reviewer also quietly asserts that Mr. Macaulay had no reason whatever for calling Frances himself a Tory at all.

The same *State Trials* furnishes another and far more glaring case of what is almost worse than misquotation. The reviewer, with a sneer at Mr. Macaulay's well-known "Windsor Castle" despatch, tells us that it is a strange mistake for a constitutional lawyer to call Mrs. Lisle the *Lady* Alice; and then presumes that the "error" arose from Mr. Macaulay's reading too hastily the running title of the *State Trials* instead of the text, because the (supposed) error happens to be in the running title, *and not in the body of the work*. At such a criticism we were truly astonished, and marvelled at the writer's obliviousness of the fact that the title *Lady* used to be constantly given to persons who had no legal rank whatsoever, just as it was once the custom to call priests by the title now confined to baronets and knights alone. But what will be the amazement of our readers when we tell them, that so far from the word *Lady* being given to Mrs. Lisle in the running title only, and not in the body of the work, it is really given to her *again and again*, perhaps dozens, if not scores, of times (for the trial is a long one), both by the judge and by the witnesses? Burnet also speaks of her as Lady Lisle. Truly this is one of those curiosities of reviewing which will supply matter for some future Disraeli, when he takes to recording all the literary follies, perversities, and impertinences of this age of periodicals and newspapers. (*State Trials*, vol. xi. pp. 298, &c.)

We need scarcely say, that Mr. Macaulay's plain-spoken character of Cranmer is intolerable in the eyes of the *Quarterly*. While all the rest of the world is gradually opening its

eyes to the true nature of the Reformation movement in England, the party of which the *Quarterly* is the representative rejoices in its early blindness, and still seeks to palm off upon mankind the impudent falsehoods which our grandfathers accepted as undoubted historic facts. Cranmer is still supposed by persons of this stamp to have been an honest and well-meaning, though not very courageous man. A love for religion is supposed to have prompted the first founders of the Anglican Church, and they tell us that the political machinery which they made use of was merely a useful instrument which these enlightened and self-denying reformers employed for the service of the pure gospel. Accordingly they rejoice to imagine that Cranmer's opinions with respect to episcopacy and the king's supremacy were not such as would strike horror into the mind of every tolerably conscientious High Churchman of the present day, and are furious with every candid truth-teller who brings into the light of day the real views of this Archbishop and the other Bishops, who shared in the spoils of the Church, and seized upon the sees of the expelled Catholic prelates. With this view the reviewer before us strives to throw discredit on Mr. Macaulay's sketch of Cranmer, partly by one of the most unfortunate references to Cranmer's own words which he could have hit upon, and partly by inducing his readers to believe that no real ground existed for the assertion that Cranmer's ideas of episcopacy were fundamentally and incurably *Erastian*.

Let us now see how the matter really stands.

Seventeen queries were put by King Henry the Eighth to the Bishops on certain theological difficulties which he detected in the "necessary doctrine and erudition for any Christian man." The tyrant, who, with all his villany, was an extremely acute and clear-headed reasoner, saw through the shuffling and inconsistencies with which his subservient divines were endeavouring to retain as much as possible of the formal statements of Catholicism in conjunction with his own doctrine of the royal supremacy, which they had not scrupled to accept in all its consequences. Accordingly he put to them these seventeen queries, to which the Bishops replied in a still shuffling and shallow spirit, and their replies were signed by Cranmer and nearly the whole body of English Bishops. Henry again pressed them to their conclusions, and in some marginal remarks begged them to harmonise their views into a more consistent scheme. To these marginal remarks of the king, fresh answers were accordingly given. The whole documents are to be found in the records appended by Burnet to the third volume of his *History of the Reformation*, part ii. p. 229 (Oxford edition, 1829).

To these documents we refer any honest person who wishes to know what principles these reforming Bishops really held and acted upon. They held most unquestionably the *personal infallibility of the King*. The *Quarterly* reviewer tells us expressly (pp. 573, 574), that of all Mr. Macaulay's sins none are worse than his statement, that the divines of this school declared that King Henry was the very overseer, the very shepherd whom the Holy Ghost had appointed; and he pretends that the only ground Mr. Macaulay has for this assertion is a certain paper in Gardiner's handwriting. Will it be credited, then, that on the occasion of these seventeen queries, on the very question of the origin of the spiritual powers of bishops, the following answer was sent into the king? "*As for making and constituting priests, the prince shall and may then do as God shall then by inspiration teach him; which God hath promised to do always to his Church, in ruling and teaching any necessary knowledge, where any doubt requiring discussion doth arise.*" If this is not attributing to the king the infallibility which our Lord promised to his Church, we know not what words mean. And it is to be observed further, that this reply was not a vague complimentary speech, but a distinct dogmatic statement, in reply to a question from Henry, in which he particularly asked whether this *was* their real meaning.

Were not this review, also, almost unexampled in rashness of assertion, we should have wondered to see its author actually referring to Cranmer's own words at the end of the replies to the queries, as furnishing a proof that he had no strong *convictions* on the subject. Cranmer says, that what is above stated is not, as the reviewer professes to quote him, a "mere opinion," but an "opinion, which he does not temerarily define," but remits the judgment thereof wholly unto the king. From this, the reviewer wishes us to conclude that though Cranmer had stated a heterodox opinion upon the authority of bishops, he was by no means confident of its truth, but was in a degree inclined to some *better* view. The fact is, on the contrary, that he says that he really holds a still *worse* and *more utterly anti-Christian* view. He says, "Your majesty is infallible; we are mere bishops and priests, deriving all our spiritual authority and rights to ordain from you as from our source; you are taught by the Holy Ghost; therefore, whatever I have here said, I speak as a dutiful Christian, and am ready to remit the whole to your Majesty's judgment." If any man of supposed decent capacity, and with the power of reading the English language, does not see that this is the meaning of Cranmer and his coadjutors, then we should conclude that the sooner a writ *de lunatico inquirendo* is issued

against him, the better for the interests of historical truth and common sense.

Acting upon these principles, when King Henry died, Cranmer took out a fresh commission from the new king for his archbishopric. He held that his rights and functions expired with the demise of the crown, and must be renewed by the succeeding sovereign. The commission expressly states that the *whole* episcopal authority emanated from the king, as from its source and fount, as the following passage from it will shew: "Quandoquidem omnis juris dicendi auctoritas, atque etiam jurisdictio omnimodo, tum illa quæ ecclesiastica dicitur, quam sæcularis, a regiâ potestate velut a supremo capite, ac omnium magistratuum infra regnum nostrum, fonte et scaturigine primibus emanaverint; sane illos qui jurisdictionem hujusmodi antehac non nisi præcario fungebantur beneficium hujusmodi, sic eis ex liberalitate regiâ indultum gratis animis agnoscere, idque regiæ munificentiae solummodo acceptum referre, eique, quoties ejus majestati videbitur, cedere convenit." (See Burnet, vol. ii. part ii. p. 136.) Can we wonder that when the Anglican Church was founded upon ideas such as these, its more honest members looked upon consecration of Bishops as a ridiculous mummery, and their vestments as the trappings of imposture?

But to proceed with the reviewer's further accusations against Mr. Macaulay for his imputations on the character of the Establishment. In Eachard's amusing book before referred to, is found a lively description of the mode in which young men *preparing* for orders would be treated by the great men to whom they should offer themselves as a kind of semi-chaplains. These youths are by Eachard called *Levites*, while Mr. Macaulay erroneously supposes that the term implied that they were already in orders. Of course this is *literally* an error; but it in no degree overthrows the truth of the general picture drawn by the historian of the contempt with which the clergy were regarded by the aristocracy of the day. If a young man fresh from the University were to be put on a level with the gardener or the groom in a great man's house *before* he took orders, are we to believe that he would be treated with any thing like decent respect when he had actually entered the ministry? This is a fair specimen of the style in which a trifling inaccuracy is magnified by the critic into a deliberate perversion, and the foundation for an historical untruth.

The next is far worse. Queen Elizabeth in her injunctions to the clergy decrees as follows: "It is thought very necessary that no manner of priest or deacon shall hereafter take to wife *any manner of woman* without the advice and allowance first had upon good examination by the Bishop of the same diocese, and

two justices of the peace of the same shire; *nor* without the good will of the parents of the said woman, if she have any living; *or* of two of the next of her kinsfolk; *or*, for lack of the knowledge of such, the master or mistress where she serveth." From this Mr. Macaulay justly concludes, that it was a very common thing for the Anglican clergy to marry servant-girls. The critic, however, is so intensely obtuse, as to perceive no justification in the above injunction for the conclusion drawn by the historian. He does not see that the injunction presupposes that the woman whom the clergyman will marry *will* be a serving-girl, and speaks *only* of those who have a master or mistress. Two conditions are to be observed in the marriage of any clergyman; the first, that it be approved by the Bishop and two justices of the peace (a pretty condition for any woman above the lowest rank);—the second, that if her parents and relations cannot be found, her master or mistress shall give consent. How extraordinary that the reviewer did not see that the injunction considers it as quite certain that the bride of every minister would be able to bring forward her *master's* or *mistress's* consent, even though she knew of none of her kinsfolk! The master or mistress is looked upon as a last resort, *sure* to be discoverable, though father, mother, aunt, and uncle, were all unknown. Mr. Macaulay certainly makes a mistake in saying that Queen Elizabeth ordered that no clergyman should marry a servant-girl without consent of her mistress, for the injunction only made this consent one of three alternatives; but he is fully justified in alleging, that her majesty looked upon servant-maids as the usual helpmates of her clergy.

If, indeed, the reviewer had read (or attended to) the notes appended to the paragraph in which Mr. Macaulay makes the above statement, he would not have forgotten that Wood, the author of the *Anglicæ Notitia*, and a member of New College, Oxford, writing a few months after the death of Charles the Second, "complained bitterly, not only that the country attorney and the country apothecary looked down with disdain on the country clergyman, but that one of the lessons most earnestly inculcated on every girl of honourable family was, to give no encouragement to a lover in orders, and that if any young lady forgot this precept, she was almost as much disgraced as by an illicit amour."

We cannot spend much more time and space in illustrating all the perversions and absurdities of this attack; but there is one specimen of logic so exquisitely silly, that we must briefly describe it. The reader should know, then, that when Mr. Macaulay was first planning his *History*, he went down into Somersetshire, to see the spot where the

battle of Sedgmoor was fought, and to gather together any local information or traditions which he might collect respecting the circumstances of that miserable conflict. Among other *notabilia*, great and small, he examined a curious collection of antiquities, stored up by one Mr. Stradling, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, in a tower not far from Sedgmoor. In this little museum he found a large dish of Persian ware, which tradition states to have been set before Feversham, the Commander-in-chief of the royal army which defeated Monmouth.

Now Mr. Macaulay, before narrating the story of the battle, describes the nature of the country in which it was fought, and names the villages where the various troops were quartered. He also observes, that in recounting the incidents of the fight, and the movements of the armies engaged, more reliance may be placed upon the traditions still preserved in the neighbourhood, than can safely be given to reports in countries where the families of the farmers are perpetually changing. In Somersetshire it is not unusual to find families engaged in cultivating the very same land which their lineal ancestors cultivated under the Plantagenets. Hence their traditional anecdotes are entitled to a more than ordinary measure of credence. Mr. Macaulay also introduces this unlucky dish of Persian ware *as an instance of the interest still felt on the spot in the events of the battle*, and says that many persons still living there remembered the daughter of the girl who waited on Feversham at table on the day of the fight.

All this of course is not very extraordinary, nor very important; but so far as it goes it is sensible, and bears upon the matter in hand. Upon it, however, the reviewer has the incredible silliness to concoct the following sham syllogism, and to attempt to thrust it down our throats as a scientific statement of Mr. Macaulay's real argument.

"Feversham supped in Somersetshire one night in 1685.

John A'Noake farms in 1849 the same land which his forefathers farmed in 1485.

Therefore, this is the same dish of Persian ware out of which Feversham supped.
—Q. E. D."

With one more specimen of the reviewer's truthfulness we have done. People who have not read the History, or who, having read it, have forgotten the character it gives of William of Orange, will be naturally predis-

posed to acquiesce in any accusation against the historian, grounded on his excessive admiration for the "hero" of the Revolution. When they read in the *Quarterly*, that Mr. Macaulay has represented the Prince as actuated by a sincere zeal for the liberties of England and the Protestant Church, they will say that it was to be expected that such a decided Whig would certainly take that view of his character. Of course, therefore, they place implicit credit in the reviewer's assertion that he *does* take that view of William's motives and schemes. But what is the fact? *The very reverse.* Mr. Macaulay states in the most distinct and the strongest terms, that William cared nothing whatsoever for civil liberty; that, in truth, he was "at least as covetous of power, and as impatient of restraint, as any of the Stuarts;" and that though as far as he had any religious opinions at all, they were of the Calvinistic cast, yet his immoral life shewed that religion was with him a mere cloak for his ambition. He throughout describes him as animated by one intense master-passion, namely, a desire to make head against Louis the Fourteenth, and to uphold the balance of Europe against that monarch's overwhelming power. It was for this especially that he sought to be king of England, that he might be a great monarch instead of a petty prince, and command armies such as would make the French monarch tremble. As for any dislike to the arbitrary acts of the Stuarts, Mr. Macaulay represents him as only grieved that he could not succeed to James's throne in the course of nature, in order that he might have assumed all his despotic power, unfettered by the conditions which the Revolution imposed upon him. They who doubt this, need only turn to the second volume of the History, pp. 188-193, to learn how disgraceful is the misrepresentation into which the reviewer has, on this point, suffered himself to be betrayed.

We can add no more, though abundance yet remains to be sifted and exposed. The specimens we have already given are sufficient to bid the cautious reader beware how he believes what reviewers tell him, and to shew how criticisms are manufactured for the simple and unwary. As to the critic himself, his absurdity is equal to his perverseness; and we cannot refrain from laughing at his elaborate inanities, while we are indignant at seeing the critic's office so dishonoured. *Solvitur risu fabula, tu missus abibis.*

THE NEW CROOK IN THE LOT.

A Tale of the Nineteenth Century.

[Continued from p. 32.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lady Harris and Rachel Meadows.

ONE of those moments—rare in the life of Lady Harris—had now arrived, when the wife has to consult the husband. Yet whether Lady Harris's interview with Sir James on the morning following the events of the last chapter can be properly called a consultation, the reader must be left to judge. Her first measure was to request Rachel to remain in her room till she should visit her, and there, under pretence that Miss Meadows was indisposed, she sent her breakfast. Sir James and herself were, therefore, at their morning meal alone, for William had left the house early, and was not expected to return.

"In the midst of their most reprehensible conduct," said Lady Harris, in continuation of a great deal with which we will not trouble our readers, "Jane and her husband did well to leave us their direction. And I am sure that we have done wisely to send William to Terni to them. As we shall probably meet in England, it is best to make up matters without delay, before people can take the liberty of interfering with their opinion on our private affairs. William being the bearer of our forgiveness, and being also the one to offer them our society when they shall be settled so near New Park as Westerton, can very properly enforce on Mr. Newcome the necessity of making a settlement, at least of her own fortune, on Jane. I do not imagine that there were any such transactions before their marriage. William was always very fond of his cousin, and I never saw him enter on any thing with greater alacrity than on this message of mercy."

"It was extremely well thought of," said Sir James. "Just like you, I must say, my dear. I am extremely glad. It will be delightful to be all friends again."

Now, Lady Harris had a more difficult subject to enter upon. She commenced it with great courage, and carried it on with her usual address. But with no small astonishment did the bewildered Sir James listen to his wife's account of the affairs of his household. He was told of William's attachment to Rachel Meadows, and easily convinced of the impossibility of such an alliance. Joseph Reeves's affairs were then entered upon, and his intentions towards Rachel were spoken of as certainly to be fulfilled. To ensure success in this matter, it was duly pressed upon Sir James that the whole of their influence was to be exercised to get Reeves on in life, and settle him and his wife satisfactorily.

"The disposal of Reeves for the present you can leave to me," continued Lady Harris to the easily persuaded Sir James; "and I wish particularly to keep William out of the way; just at this time it is obviously desirable to keep him for a while beyond the possible powers of Rachel's beauty and fascination."

"Very true, my dear."

"I will therefore write to him, and say that we desire him to go with Jane and Mr. Newcome to Florence, which I hear is to be one of their resting-places. And I will say that we will meet him there."

"What, my dear! we meet him? Are you going to Florence, Lady Harris?"

"Our party is so broken," said the lady, "that I think we had better move towards England. Jane's conduct, as things have happened, turns out to be rather convenient. It has given us an excuse for sending William away as soon as his danger was perceived; and if any reason should appear necessary for our hasty departure hence, her marriage will be a sufficient one. People may suppose that my nerves have suffered by the shock, and that a change is desirable for the recovery of my spirits."

"My dear," said Sir James, "you are always right. I hope no one is uncomfortable;—Rachel is quite happy, I suppose?" There was a little misgiving in Sir James's mind.

"Rachel has a headache this morning. You will see her at dinner," replied Lady Harris.

"I am glad of that," replied Sir James, not seeing how little of his question had been answered; and breakfast being over, he walked away.

Some things which had been that morning communicated to him Sir James understood, and some things he did not understand. His mind was clear on two points—that William had better not marry Rachel, and that it was a good thing to be reconciled to Jane. But the disentanglement of William from the ties of his affections, and the transference of Rachel from him to Joseph Reeves, and all without the world, or even their own household, being acquainted with the fact so degrading to their pride, of William and Joseph Reeves having loved and desired to marry the same person, these things Sir James did not understand. He felt and saw that such things were in progress, but he felt as a child who sees the result of some marvellous mechanism, who is sure of its success, yet is unable to understand the intricacies of its movements. Lady Harris knew all this, but did not care. Sir James's

parts in the drama were quite within his comprehension, and his wife had no doubt of his faithful adherence to them. He was not to talk, and he was to do as he was bid. Thankful to be relieved from all further responsibility, and feeling more than ever that Lady Harris was a wonderful woman, Sir James abided her directions in the true spirit of implicit obedience.

And now the more difficult task was to be got through, of telling Rachel—who was as yet ignorant of William's departure—of all these sudden resolutions, and of their bearing on herself. On Sir James leaving her, Lady Harris ascended to Rachel's room. She entered—Rachel rose to meet her patroness, and tears, in spite of herself, trembled in her eyes. Lady Harris looked sad, yet kind; yes, very kind—affectionately kind. She put forth her hand, and drawing Rachel closely to her, embraced her; their tears mingled. Lady Harris was not a hypocrite. She loved Rachel as she could have loved any pet thing which could have contributed to her pleasure or distinction. She loved her as she looked at her; and she thought of her son, and loved him also; but he was *her own*, and she *would not* be contradicted in her intentions towards him. Yet she could not treat either of them with the strong hand of power. She could not say to him, You shall not; or to her, I forbid it. And why? Her heart told her that these two persons, out of all the world, did not know her. They did not distinguish her faults, but had viewed them from a position whence they had looked like virtues—the stern virtues of the great.

But she was greatest in her son's estimation. And there, enthroned in her high place, she must—she would remain.

High-spirited, with a masculine intellect, and great moral courage; generous, disinterested; faithful in friendship, fervent in piety—so would William have described his mother. So she would still be, with him. She had ruled her husband, insulted her friends, and tyrannised over her dependants—but to her son she would still seem the woman, and more, the mother. No one who knew her could have guessed how much she treasured this one soft feeling in a heart that pride had hardened. But goodness and gentleness are lovely, even to those who have ceased habitually to practise the one or to cultivate the other. There never lived a being who did not desire to appear good in the eyes of those he loved. And it is well that this tribute to virtue is universal, it saves many from utter degradation.

We must now look back to the conclusion of William's interview with his mother. After having gone through the trial of being present during Reeves's communications, and being again alone with his mother, he had found her so tender, so kind, and so apparently consi-

derate of his feelings, that he had yielded to the impulses of nature, and had poured forth all his heart before her. No feeling was concealed; William wanted sympathy, his desires felt satisfied—the mother and son wept together. Lady Harris did not say a syllable in disparagement of Rachel. She had no desire, and no cause to do so. Even when William reproached her for want of candour, she excused her; but she excused her by exhibiting those very points of her character about which he felt most jealous. But Lady Harris had asked William *how he could*, knowing all he did know, marry Rachel. "If," she said, "there had been a mutual attachment, such as ought to satisfy me as to your probable happiness, I would not have placed my wishes in opposition to yours. But in the case, as it is I make no hesitation in asking that sacrifice which will be a lasting benefit to you, and no real sorrow to her."

With shaken hopes, and a heart wrung by anxiety and annoyance, William had, at this part of the interview, written to Rachel. He told her that he should not see her till he had received her answer; and he had begged her to take a day at least to consider her reply, and to examine the state of her heart towards him. During this time, he told her, he should employ himself in taking a message of reconciliation to his cousin.

It was with this letter in her possession, and to deliver it, that Lady Harris entered Rachel's room, as we have said.

"Can you be generous?" were her first words; and she led her agitated companion to a sofa, and placed herself beside her. "Can you be generous?" she repeated; but she never looked at Rachel, neither purposely seemed to turn away.

"Can you be generous? See, Rachel, my son loves you, loves you with the pure strength of youth's first passion. Wealth, and rank, and a true heart are offered you. All is yours, and at a sacrifice few would think of twice. Yes, Rachel, *all* is yours—not an acre, not a shilling, not a smile, shall be withdrawn from him or from you—all is yours; his father will feel a momentary disappointment, you will soon soothe him—but—*my heart will break.*"

All agitation had left Rachel; she felt astonishment, and something of fear.

"What would you have, Lady Harris?" was her answer. Not a word came in reply, and then Rachel turned the mild lustre of her face on the wooden countenance of her companion, and repeated her question with a steadiness of voice and manner which spoke her determination to be answered.

"My son loves you"—she seemed as if for a while she could not get beyond that fact—"Rachel, my son loves you; you know it—you have listened kindly to him—William loves you, Rachel. But it was not for this"—she

went on with a low, deep, voluble utterance, as if the power of speaking of herself had at last, after an effort, come to her—"it was not for this that I took you beneath my roof, cultivated your talents, and watched the unfolding of your—to me unfortunate—fascinations of mind and person. Neither did I bear my child—my only child, and rear him with more of a mother's love, and hope, and pride, than you think of, to bestow him on the creation of my own eccentric fancy,—on an object of my charity, like yourself. Oh, Rachel, Rachel! you are pained—well, forgive me, for I have loved you much. Yes! as much as this disappointed heart could love, it has loved you. And now, Rachel, let me do you justice. You, and you alone, of all the things from which I have expected satisfaction, have never disappointed me. From you I have never turned with jaded spirits and stricken heart, miserably conscious of the emptiness of all things. And yet—listen, Rachel—let me confess to you my whole heart—I expected to part with you, I *wished* to part with you, I desired that *something* should arise to make you independent of me—of *me*—of my fickle favour—for there is something about me, and within me, that has caused every source of happiness I ever knew to fall from me in the using. Yes, Rachel, bear with me, for I will tell you all; I have often wished to give you into other hands, *because* I feared losing my joy in you, as I have lost it in others after long habit. I wanted to love you all my life, but the experience of many years warned me that I was not destined to find lasting reality in any pleasure that I could keep about me. You have been a great pleasure to me, and so I wished for your establishment elsewhere, before disappointment should come, that my heart might, in one instance, know the gratification of success."

Lady Harris had spoken the truth. As Rachel had listened, the spirit of disinterestedness had grown strong within her, and not on herself, but on her patroness, her thoughts were fixed. No idea of Lady Harris having encouraged Reeves crossed her mind; she dwelt only on the acknowledgment of disappointment that had been poured forth; and now she exclaimed,

"Success, Lady Harris! success in *one* instance! Surely no one was ever so continually successful as yourself!"

Lady Harris pressed her hand on her heart, and answered, "It is long since *this* has been convinced of any thing but the *unreality* of all things. What have riches and rank been to me but means of exciting envy; and the powers of my mind and the zeal of my spirit but means of making me the head of a party? Ah, Rachel, while there were things to be acquired, they seemed desirable; but as soon as that success was secured of which you speak, I found nothing but bitterness. Yes, I have

been successful, and found the objects worthless when attained; and I became the head of a party, to despise those I presumed to lead. This has been the work of my life; and now, where am I? Disliked for my pride, shunned for my bitterness, and feared for my power. Yes, Rachel, I know myself; feared for the power of my own imperious will, which has always achieved what it desired, and never found any thing worth possessing."

"*Except religion*," said Rachel, and it was her heart that spoke.

"Religion!" repeated Lady Harris. "Religion is, no doubt, the one true thing in a disappointing world. Religion—do not shrink from me, Rachel—I have felt its excitements, but its sweetnesses, its comforts, its peace, are not for me; *there* also I have been disappointed.—But I have never doubted it," she continued eagerly; "I have never doubted the spiritual influences with which some are blessed; though I have suffered, I have never doubted. And if my portion here is to remain as ever—if I am always to feel the burden and heat of the day—if I am never to know any thing of those refreshing seasons of tranquil faith which others experience,—then be it so, and His will be done."

There was silence for several minutes. Rachel's heart was greatly softened towards her benefactress. But she recollected the circumstances which had brought them then together, and knew that it would be best for both of them to get the business over.

"Let us speak of William," she said at last, very softly, and laying her hand affectionately on Lady Harris's arm.

Lady Harris did not look at her, but gave her the till now forgotten letter. Rachel took it silently, and read it several times. She paused long and thoughtfully on many parts. "I do not retract one expression of my love; I love you with devotion that cannot be described. . . . My mother says that it will break her heart. It is a trial to hear her say so, and to think that she believes what she says. She has been a fond mother to me, and I her only child. And how I loved her! How affecting to see her strong mind wrung with disappointment, her generous heart, her magnificent spirit bowed with grief. . . . If you really love—I should rather say, if you love me as woman is *said* to love—even with deeper devotion than man, I beseech you to tell me so, and nothing shall part us. Say that I am necessary to you—say that it will destroy your happiness to lose me—say what will set my heart at rest, and justify my opposing the best and dearest of mothers. . . . She will not oppose us if—you know what I mean; I cannot write that which implies a doubt of what is dearer to me than life. . . . Tell me that I possess your heart, then my first duty will be to you."

Thus read Rachel, and read again, and re-

mained some time in deep reflection. William had not mentioned Reeves. He had felt that to do so would have been a blot on his pages; he could not think of him quietly; he would not do more than entreat her to examine her heart with reference to himself. Once convinced of her love, every thing would be easy. So strengthened, he could meet any thing, explain, arrange, command any thing. If Rachel had erred in any, the smallest degree, which he could scarcely admit, it could not have been wrongly. The real state of her feelings towards himself was all that he wanted to know, and he confined his writing to that end. And very far from Rachel's thoughts was Joseph Reeves. With his unexpected apology of the evening before, and her immediate answer, he had been dismissed from her thoughts. She was utterly ignorant of the influence that, through him, had been brought to bear upon her circumstances; there was not even a suspicion as to the possibility of his being mixed up with the things then considering.

She remained in deep reflection. Lady Harris also seemed to be absorbed in thought. At last Rachel spoke. She turned towards Lady Harris.

"You have, then,—at least so says your heart—led a life of disappointments?" Lady Harris bowed her head in acquiescence.

"A thought strikes me," said Rachel; "you must forgive me if it displeases you. We should not so frequently meet with disappointment if the plans we sought to advance, the wishes we proposed to gratify, were more distinctly for the benefit of others than ourselves. I mean, if we kept ourselves out of sight, or in a disposition to yield our own interests or prejudices where the happiness of others was concerned."

Lady Harris did not speak, and Rachel continued.

"If I may dare to say so, there is more happiness in the strength of self-denial than in any power we may acquire over others; and the success which is best rewarded is *success against ourselves*."

Lady Harris was still silent. She was pale as death; her eyes were fixed on the ground; she looked like breathing stone. After a few moments of expectation, during which no answer, by look, word, or gesture was returned, Rachel, with firmness and gentle dignity, spoke again.

"Lady Harris, would you like to take this opportunity to test the reward of disinterestedness? You have seen your son's letter to me. You yourself have assured me that his love is strong and pure. Will you yield your own will, and try to be successful in bestowing happiness on him?"

Lady Harris's face worked convulsively. Her heart pleaded for her son; but a hundred evil thoughts were busy there. Not one of

her friends—the friends she despised—would believe that her character had so suddenly changed. They would think that she had been overcome; they would pity her, or pretend to pity her; they would triumph in the supposed mortifying end to her romantic adoption of a low-born girl. And then she had pledged herself to Reeves. She had done so, desiring to make it *impossible* for her to consent to her son's wishes—and it *was* impossible. Yet still her heart pleaded for him. Alas, for the passions of human nature unrestrained! still something whispered there, You cannot yield, you cannot go back; for you there is no place for repentance, though you seek it with tears.

In a hoarse voice she answered, "You do not love him."

"Not with that passion which would, as he expresses it, justify him in opposing you. Without such a declaration from me, he will not oppose you; and I cannot make it. On *you*, therefore, his happiness depends. I feel, as I have said to him, that I could make him happy; will you have it so?"

"No," she replied; and then again, with increased strength, "No."

The pleadings of Nature were over; the better feelings of the heart were stifled. Lady Harris had a character to preserve; it had brought her nothing but sorrow; but till that hour the truth had never been confessed, and still the secret was safe. She had made her decision; and now, if this trial were ever known, it would be as one of Lady Harris's successes. Rachel rose from her seat, yet stood for a moment lingering, as if supposing that the decision might be reversed; but again, and even fiercely, was uttered, "No." It was final. Rachel turned away, and, having written a few words at a table near her, she presented the paper to Lady Harris. She received it eagerly, and her glance glared upon the writing. Rachel had not implicated her. William would be disappointed, but his feelings for his mother would remain the same. She had triumphed. She stood up to go. She gave a piercing look at Rachel. Was there any sorrow or trouble to be read on features usually so eloquent of all that went on within? No. There was a something strange, but Lady Harris could not read it; it was beyond her powers, above her comprehension.

"I sought for truth. The more I sought,
A living lie around me grew;
False was all joy, all speech, all thought;
Thy promise, Lord, alone is true."

"No way open yet to the fulfilment of my heart's desire to serve Thee without fear," whispered Rachel's heart. "It rose like a vision, and I thought its fulfilment might have been His will. It has proved false; but the words remain: 'I will never leave thee or

forsake thee.' 'Thy promise, Lord, alone is true.'"

An hour after Lady Harris had left Rachel's room—so elastic is the spirit of self-will—every former determination was as strong as ever. The machinery of her plans had been disarranged, and must now be replaced and newly ordered, but the final intention of the whole was unchanged. The struggles so lately experienced were forgotten in the activity of thought and action which was now called for; no idle wish impeded her, no vain sorrow stopped her course: perhaps her oftenest recurring regret was, that she had been obliged to say so much to Sir James. But she knew that he was to be trusted, and there was comfort in that; and there had been an absolute necessity for speaking to him, for she could not otherwise have so quietly disposed both of her son and Reeves. She now wrote to William, enclosed Rachel's reply to his appeal,—which consisted only of an assurance that she could say nothing to justify him in thinking of her happiness before his mother's, and the expression of a fervent wish that he might find in his filial duty the just reward of Heaven,—and desired him to accompany Newcome and Jane to Florence, where she promised to meet him, with Sir James, on their return to England. And William was further assured of the success of a negotiation which she had that day commenced and concluded, and which secured his being relieved of Reeves's company on the journey home. Lady Harris had secured Mr. Humlove's companionship for Reeves. Mr. Humlove was to join him at Naples, and they were to return to England together, and Mr. Ridley's Spouter's house was to be the point of reunion. Reeves had taken his place in the diligence, and was to set off that night. And now Lady Harris began to think of their own departure, and to prepare for it, by asking Sir James to announce it to his friends, as he had the opportunity. Every now and then, amid all these arrangements, a thought occurred about Rachel. When they met William at Florence, what were they to do? Should she get William to go all the way to England with Newcome and Jane? No, she could not be separated from him in that way—could she dispose of Rachel? It was a puzzling question, not to be answered on the moment. So Lady Harris put it for the present from her thoughts.

CHAPTER XIX.

Perfidy and Cruelty.—Peace and Death.

THE evening is come, and the hour of Reeves's departure. He has shaken hands with Sir James, and received his mistress's last smiles and instructions; and her injunction to write, and her assurances of their continued favour, have been responded to. And now he is gone;

and Lady Harris does not know that the temptation of her patronage has extended its evil fruits beyond her own roof. He has stood before her with the smile of the unsuspecting in his eye, and the hopeful words of the prosperous on his lips. And she has received a full measure of honour, and gratitude, and praise. Again she had felt that he was a gratifying proof of her power, but she knew not how far such power had reached.

"Really, Reeves," Sir James had exclaimed, "I can't let you go without saying how very extraordinary a person I feel you to be. Your progress in every thing has been most surprising. You reflect the greatest credit on Lady Harris—indeed, you are quite an accomplished gentleman."

Reeves had said, that his gratitude could never cease, that Lady Harris *had made him what he was*; and he said it with emphasis, and almost with a sentiment of revenge, for he had that day learnt to shrink a little from himself.

It is one thing to float on the full tide of success, and play with the accidents and opportunities that meet the stream in its upward course; and it is another to guide one's own course, and meet and accept responsibilities, and be—not a passive thing borne on by happy accident, but a thing of will, and answerable for its deeds, and marked for ever by them. Reeves *had been* the first, but was that passive thing no longer. He had been borne on, till the waves had become too rapid for him. And to keep his place, he had had to assert his own strength, and to fix upon himself a character—a character that for one moment he had shrunk from—and it comforted him to say that "Lady Harris had made him what he was." He had that evening been with Anna Tregenna; he had only just returned from her. He received Sir James's praises with a smile; and with bitterness did his sarcastic heart turn them against itself. He was "a credit to Lady Harris"—yes; but his school-days were over; he had that evening begun the acting for himself, and he felt how successfully. He was "an extraordinary person"—he knew that now; he was "an accomplished character"—yes; he had proved it that very night. He had sent a note to Anna in the morning, appointing to visit her in the evening. She had received it just as she was going to the Palazzo Galviati, by little Adolph's invitation, to see his *presepio* for the last time, with the addition of the figures for the Epiphany. The child was presiding at a sort of nursery entertainment. Mrs. Bellomi was with her friend Terese, and Cathcart and Jonathan were also there. High on a stand stood the *presepio*. Anna had performed her promise of helping to dress the figures. Our blessed Lady and St. Joseph no longer occupied the front, but, standing in the background, they

watched the three kings as they knelt in adoration before the infant Saviour. The child's mind was filled with the scene, and delighted in trying to impart something of what he felt to his new friends.

"Will you teach it to little boys in England?" he said to Jonathan, "that they may never forget the Epiphany, that they may love *Him* as a little child. You cannot have *that presepio*—it is Anna's. I gave it to her when we were making it for Christmas. Anna said she would never forget that time—will you, Anna?"

"Never," she said emphatically.

"Nor me?" added the child, looking at her inquiringly.

"Nor you," she answered, in the same tone; but Anna did not then know how deeply the child's eagerness, and faith, and earnestness had impressed her heart. She left the scene of holy, happy innocence, and reached her home again. She looked round her neatly arranged room, to see that all things were placed properly; she was a minute longer than usual at her own attiring; and then the gentle girl, in whose movements and appearance there was an elegance and refinement not easily to be described, sat down, and waited, with a sparkling eye and a blushing cheek, for the arrival of her lover—for the lover to whom, as his note had said, "a moment of importance had arrived"—for the lover who had "something to communicate to her."

He came—Anna scarcely knew how to receive him, he looked so great and beautiful in her eyes, so much grander than he had ever before appeared to her. Reeves had purposely taken pains with his dress, and now studied to preserve the manner and address he had acquired, and which a few hours after purchased Sir James's praises. He returned Anna's welcome with almost a repulse; gentle as it was, the girl felt it, and by a look inquired his meaning. Reeves motioned her to a chair, as though the house had been his own; she followed his suggestion, and fixed her eyes upon him.

"I told you," began Reeves, in a quiet and composed voice—"I told you that an important time in my life had arrived. Before I explain it, let me say that I have for some time felt myself placed in a very difficult position towards you. You must have seen that my position is not what it was,—that, in fact, the person who first, at Westerton, spoke to you on a certain subject—no longer is."

Then came a pause, and a smile so cold, so polite, so patronising even, that all the woman's spirit rose to Anna's help, and she said indignantly: "Say no more—you need say no more, sir." She rose up, and looked proudly.

"Stop, Anna, we are not going to part like this," he said. "Why do you look so at me?"

Anger and pride are but poor refuges for a wounded heart. Do you think I don't know how much you have loved me—how much you *now* love me?"

"Begone, begone!" she exclaimed.

"Ah, that's better," he answered. "In that cry there was more truth than in the other; more pain, Anna, and less pride. Now don't blame me; I must bring you to your senses somehow. It won't answer for me to leave you in a passion of romance, which will cast you at your mistress's feet, and rouse her to tell all the world how the new-made gentleman made love to her waiting-maid, and deceived her. That's right," continued Reeves, "shed tears; weep, Anna, weep on; that's natural and woman-like, and what the moment calls for. No, I am not going—don't point to the door—I have much to say to you, and you must hear it; and not meet it with momentary feelings of false strength, but hear it to understand it, and feel it, and believe it; that I may know that the past is over and forgotten, and without effect, and that no troublesome consequences shall follow me. Yes, Anna, weep on; and let no one see your tears but me. I best can understand them; and speak, when you can; speak, lament, reproach, bewail the past, and make it a curse to the future, if you will; but speak to *me*, for no other will ever be found to comprehend you. You have loved me truly, Anna?"

"Yes, yes, Reeves," she cried, the flush of pride all gone, and really brought to a distinct sense of her suffering and trial. "Yes, yes; if you *will* have the truth you *must* have it. Yes, I have loved you too well, too truly."

"Now, then, Anna, listen to me," said Reeves; "I have deceived you from the first, but not always to so great an extent as of late, since we have been here. At Westerton *you* sought *me*—don't shrink from it, I mean nothing wrong. I was necessary to your state of mind, and you sought me. You thought it was religion that you sought, but it was not religion apart from me, and so you sought *me*. You had doubts and scruples; you were troublesome. You were also a temptation to me, for I saw your admiration. I silenced all your questions by proposing myself as your lover, and then your doubts vanished, and your happiness returned. You told me that your faith was grown strong. I knew better—it was *love*. I could not have undeceived you, even if I had wished to do so. I was mounting to prosperity on the back of a party. I could not afford to lose a single one. Your connexion with the Hall made you valuable; it was a prize from the enemy's camp; I could not undeceive you, and I liked you."

Anna was listening to Reeves attentively.

"Liked me!" she repeated.

"Yes," he said, and paused. And he spoke truly. As well as he could then like any thing

except himself, he had liked Anna. But unaccustomed things had gathered round him; strange and dazzling positions had been forced upon him; and these he now put forth to Anna; but he did not speak of Rachel. He told her how he loved display; how he had laboured for admiration, and achieved it; how he had a love—but not a miser's love—for gold, but loved it for its power,—for what it could purchase for him. And he told her how, when he thought of her sex and the things that are dear to it—of home, and rest, and woman's influence and tenderness—that his thoughts were not like her thoughts. That his thoughts were of costly things, and luxurious ease; of wreathed brows, and jewelled arms; of things of glittering light, and rich hues, and sounds—now soft, now clashing—but always true and harmonious, and combining naturally with the new life that had sprung up within him. "All this, Anna," he cried, "is mine as a loan, and shall become mine—my own, my property, my right—for ever. Think you that you can have any part in such a lot as that? Speak, child; Anna, speak—louder—what are you saying?"

She was saying the last words that she had rightly heard: "All this"—and how well her mind had taken in the new, the terrible world he had described—"All this shall be mine for ever. For ever!" she repeated, in a soft low voice: "My God! It is the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life."

Her spirit, in its gentleness and purity, crouched, and, as it were, sought to hide itself from the bold words that were falling round her, and seemed to bruise her as they fell. Reeves saw his power, and felt his success. His work was being accomplished. He had sought to destroy all sympathy between them. With every breath he had withered it, and soon it would all be perished and gone. He wished to shew her that he was another being to that which she had imagined; that the thing she had loved was not, and, except in her imagination, had never been; that truth had dissolved the tie that fancy had woven, and that had, for a time, been consented to; that now she knew that they were two beings, between whom there was neither hope, nor thought, nor feeling in common; that they were separated, that different paths lay before them, and that every hour of their lives would separate them more and more. "Convince her but of this," he thought, "and she will seek no consolation beyond herself; the tie will be effectually severed; she will suffer, but never seek for sympathy; she will not be weak enough to sorrow for the past, she will not wish to hope for the future."

And so he went on; and Anna heard and understood, yet did not follow every word, but felt as if flashes of lightning passed through thick darkness, and rested on scenes till she

knew them, and then passed away; but came again and again with its brightness, and forced her to see, yet never warmed her into admiration or interest, but scared her, and left her to feelings only of terror and dread. Reeves saw it all. Every vivid account of those things his soul coveted was a barrier and a mark of difference between them; every sentence he spoke made a still further separation. At last he felt that his work was accomplished.

"Now, Anna—tell me *now*—have you any part in such thoughts—such hopes as those? Is there any fellowship between us? I have been sincere with you; you have seen me as I am. An hour ago you said you loved me; be sincere yourself now, Anna. You *do not* love me now?"

"No, no," gasped Anna.

"Ah, I knew it. No, Anna, you do not—how should you? The dove might as well love the eagle. You do not love me now?"

"No, no, I don't—I don't love you," said Anna.

"And the past?" said Reeves, with the smile of a conqueror—"what do you think of the past?"

"I don't know—I can't recall it—you are not the same—I can't recollect the past."

"Never seek to recollect it. Think of me, if you ever think of me, as I am."

And the work was done. Reeves had returned to Lady Harris, and stood before her smiling, and speaking his grateful farewells: and Sir James was astonished at him. He certainly had made extraordinary progress. And he undoubtedly reflected the greatest credit on Lady Harris, and Lady Harris had made him what he was. A few hours more, and Reeves was gone.

Days past—they seemed to Anna to pass so slowly—and at length a week had told its tardy number, and one day was grown so like another, that neither sunshine nor cloud could stamp a difference on them; but still each day in its sameness came and went, still so slowly. Then Miss Westerton began to think that her servant was ill. Her complexion had grown so very colourless, and her eyes were quite glassy. "What is it, Anna?" she would say; "you always look so cold." But Anna would place her hot, dry, feverish hand in the one her mistress would extend to her, and say, "Oh, no, Miss Katherine, I am not cold; there is not any thing the matter." And after that, Katherine could only sigh, and talk of England, and say that Italy had not agreed with either of them, she thought. And that Anna did not feel ill, was true. She did not feel any bodily ailment, only that slow passage of time, and that strange sameness in every thing about her, as if the very consciousness of life had passed away. But when the night came, how different it was; then how busy was the mind,

and how its life-like creations teemed around her! The night became a time of such luxurious enjoyment, that she longed for it to come, and watched the hours with anxiety which brought it, but so slowly, to her.

Reeves never appeared in those strange visions. But there was an existence felt to be exempt from trial, free from evil of every sort, and full of love. And Kate, and every one who had been kind to her, was enjoying it with her, and among them, but distinguished from them by a peculiar brightness, which Anna thought was the mark of the purer spirit of love which animated him, was Adolph. And then there came back to her the words he had said, the holy hymns he had repeated, the stories of saints, their sufferings, their wonderful works, their strong faith, their undying love, and the proofs of their eternal reward. And guardian angels came, and patron saints, her own St. Anna, and with her, her child, our blessed Lady; and then came the manger, and the Infant Jesus; and the Angelus, which Adolph had so often said before her, rose like a solemn chant, and her own voice was taking part in it.

And so passed night after night; every night was generally the same, only varying in the placing of the scenes, and in the introduction of the persons; and almost always the whole passed away into the chanted prayer, and left only a sense of peace, and protection, and love. At length there came a night longer than any she had ever had, and more persons crowded into the vision of her mind, and clearer scenes came, with which Westerton mingled, and all, whether living or dead, whom she had known and loved, and proved sincere. She knew that it was lasting a long time, and that people were watching her, and that some were weeping; but she did not grieve for that, she felt that they loved her, and she liked to see such tears. And when day opened upon her, she saw Katherine leaning over her, but she never asked what brought her there, or why she wept.

She did not know how time passed, but, after a while, she heard the tread of many persons, and looked about her, and saw sometimes one and sometimes another.

But why did not Adolph come? She had looked at every new face, and watched each one that had returned. She knew them all. Cathcart had been there, and Terese—but where was Adolph? she opened and shut her eyes, and tried to see him. And after a few such efforts, she thought that she did see him, but kneeling with the Magi, and all glittering with a silvery light that issued from the place where the Saviour lay. And the offerings of the Wise Men were on the ground, but Adolph was stretching out his arms towards the manger, and saying, "Myself, myself, the body that Thou gavest, the soul that Thou has pur-

chased—behold the offering of myself to Thee."

Two days after this, Kate whispered to the physician, who stood with her by Anna's bedside, "Is there any hope?"

"I must not deceive you," had been the reply; and then, as if it were an effort to say it, he added—"there is none."

Anna opened her eyes. "You are not in pain now, are you, dear Anna?" asked Katherine. The dying girl looked round with that puzzled look which often precedes the total loss of consciousness.

"Give me air," she said, after a moment. "Keep the door open, I like to see them pass in and out: let them come; I like to see those who love me."

"Mrs. Bellomi is here," said Kate; "and I never leave you, and Cathcart was here just now."

The doctor took Kate aside. "But a short time of life remains to her," he said; "all pain is over"—there had been a time of acute suffering—"all pain is over, her mind suffers a little from weakness perhaps—but she will continue quiet; this is the calm that precedes dissolution."

"Lift me up," said Anna. Kate raised her, and propped her up with pillows, and Mrs. Bellomi bathed her temples with a refreshing lotion. The physician took his leave, and as Kate's eyes followed him to the door, she saw Cathcart, who she supposed was gone, almost hidden by the curtain, on his knees. He held a wooden crucifix in his hand, and his face expressed a depth of earnestness that Kate had never seen before.

"And is death so near?" Katherine's heart was whispering—"so near, and amid such coldness and desolation of feeling! What can be said or done? Is it of any use to send for Mr. Truelove? Mr. Player is out of the question, there is no sympathy in her mind towards him. She would understand a Catholic priest as well—or better. What is to be done?—and I to stand by and see death coming, and be thus bewildered and do nothing?" And Kate wept. Anna looked at her, and her lips moved. Kate stooped over her to catch the words.

"Why do you weep, dear, kind friend and mistress? You have always been good and happy, but I—oh, I have been very miserable. May your heart never know the bitterness that mine has suffered!" Still Kate could only weep. Anna pressed her hand. "I brought my trials on myself," she continued. "I thought that I served God rightly—rightly. Ah, what is right? My poor thoughts. I am dying, and cannot tell what way is right."

Still Kate could not speak, but Anna looked anxiously, as if for an answer, and then her restless glance fell on Mrs. Bellomi.

"It is not as we think, my dear," said the

good woman gently, "but as God has taught by the Holy Ghost abiding in his Church."

Anna shook her head, and the restless glance died away. "It is too late to learn now," she whispered weakly. "I am going; poor and ignorant, and blind and naked I go, and may the Lord have mercy on my soul!"

"You have been always sincere," said Kate, not knowing what else to say. There was a faint smile.

"To do all that is righteous in Thy sight—to do all that is righteous in *Thy* sight, I *now* desire; but—but—" She could say no more. There was a terrible pause. Then Anna again opened her eyes, and spoke.

"I shall never see him again. He has long, yet secretly, been the desire of my eyes on earth. My religion *was his*; given by him, believed in with him; but now all is gone. Was it *true*? He was not true. Was *that* true? He deceived me, wilfully deceived me; but that is all over now. But—but I should like him"—she spoke with difficulty, but, turning to Kate, grasped her arm with surprising strength, and looked with terrible earnestness in her face,—“I should like him to be sorry, to repent; repentance is right—I feel that. He *must* repent; *I* repent. I am a sinner; I confess my sins; God forgive me all my sins.”

She was quite exhausted, and fell back senseless. Kate dropped upon her knees, overwhelmed with a sense of helpless impotence. She could only look on the wreck before her, and weep. Mrs. Bellomi commanded her feelings, and, when the first movement of the poor girl shewed that consciousness had returned, she softly uttered a form of words which Kate never forgot, and which she afterwards learned was called an act of contrition. A slight smile, as she concluded, expressed the sufferer's satisfaction; and when she again opened her eyes, it was to fix them on Kate with a mild steadiness; and when she spoke, it was to say, but with composure, and even firmness, "I am dying, but I cannot die thus. Give me something to know, to believe in."

"What can I say?" gasped Katherine.

Anna looked confused, and began to wander in her words. "Where are they, all those I used to see? Why are we so much alone? I loved them—those who always came at night, and then stayed with me; and that soft song, and some words I learnt. And he told me that one was my own patroness, St. Anna; where is she? where is Adolph?"

"I cannot bear this; I must go to Emily," said Kate to Mrs. Bellomi. "I must ask her advice. She shall send for Mr. Player."

"No," exclaimed Anna, in a voice that made them start: and then, in a hurried excited way, she began to repeat all the expressions commonly used against his party. And Mrs. Bellomi commenced soothing her, and exhorting

Katherine, aside, by turns. "Hush, hush, Anna; no warm words now, no bitter thoughts at this time. You are very ill, my dear child, but your trust is in God. Don't confuse her mind, Miss Westerton; see how bad it is for her. We love God, and for his sake we love every neighbour as ourselves, and beg his grace and mercy for all the world. Leave her, then, Miss Westerton, if you can't command yourself. I tell you, there is but one thing in the world of any good, and God only knows how to bring her to that now."

Kate did turn aside for a moment; and then she saw that, within the last few and sorrowful minutes, Cathcart had risen from his knees and gone away.

The boy had heard Anna speak of Adolph, and had fled. Some would have stayed to ask, or at least to consider; but Cathcart neither spoke or thought. He ran with his utmost speed, reached the Palazzo Galviati, and Adolph's nursery, and there told, with tears, how he had accompanied his mother to see Anna; how he had heard the doctor say she could not live; how he had stopped to pray by her bedside for a moment, concealed from her sight by the curtain; how he had heard her say she could not die as she was; and how, immediately after, she had asked for Adolph.

A priest had been with Adolph that morning, and he was still in the house. "I may go, grandmamma?" said the child; "we will all go. Where is Father Beulau? He must also go, and Terese, dear grandmamma; you and Genevieve will be kind to Anna. I am very fond of Anna, and she was very kind to me."

"It may save a soul," said the Duchess, in a whisper to the good nurse Terese; "but that thought is too much for our dear child. Let him feel it only as the indulgence of his tenderness. Get ready, and I will take you immediately."

In half an hour's time the Duchess was at Lady Emily Carminow's, and Adolph was allowed to see Anna. Cathcart had run with the carriage for a little way; then, seeing a church where the *quarant' ore* was being held, he entered it, and, kneeling in the Presence that is so elevating to a Catholic, he poured forth his feelings freely, both in words and tears. The church, as all churches are at such times, was filled with worshippers. Cathcart's emotion was soon observed. First one and then another asked the cause; and the boy's answer, "Pray for a soul departing," was always the same.

"Pray for a soul departing, and that she may embrace the true faith."

"May it please God—our Lady pray for her. Has she got a priest?"

"Yes, he's gone to her—and friends are with her."

"Glory be to God—send her soul to his keeping!" And they prayed, and fervently.

An hour passed in that Divine presence, an hour of devotion—of prayer—of faith. And then another kneeler was by Cathcart's side—it was his mother. Many knew her, and they looked in her face for the answer their hearts hoped for. They had it. "Bless God!" she said, "it is all well. She's safe in the Church, and happy; but not gone yet." And then the voice of prayer changed to thanksgiving and praise.

"See," said Mrs. Bellomi to her son, as they left the church,—*"see,—there's her master; do you see the Major? He's praying for her also, and thanking God, as well he may."*

"But Anna," said Cathcart; "*must she die?*"

"Yes, my son—and why not? Who would keep her here? It has been a trying world to her, and she striving always after what seemed right. Ah, what a sorrowing trial it must be, to be ever labouring after that which is not bread."

"Thank God for the Church!" said the boy; "but, mother, where has Jonathan been all the morning?"

"He has been wandering up and down like a spirit before the house, my child; and sometimes he has been in it, and no sooner in than out. I have had but a word or two with him; and Miss Kate said no more; I expect she feared his saying something to his father which might bring him to the house. She stood alone, poor lady, but she did not want *him*; and he made no venture upon a Catholic house, for Catholic every place must be that owns the Major and her Ladyship for master and mistress."

"Where's Adolph?" asked Cathcart.

"Gone back to the palace, my son. He went back with the Duchess. He thinks to see Anna again in a day or two, and no one contradicted him. Indeed, it may be true enough, but not in this life, for she will never see to-morrow. And there's another," said Mrs. Bellomi musingly—"there's another soul in that house that might surely be brought home, if they would pray for her."

"Mother!" exclaimed Cathcart.

"Yes, my son. And you shall go up to St. Gregorio, and ask the monks to say Mass for the living and the dead—for dead there'll be—to-morrow."

Kate Westerton still sat by the bed of the dying; but it was not a bed of terror, scarcely a bed of sadness now. Anna had become so weak as to require more than usual attendance; and two religious sisters, such as Anna had sometimes seen, and often wondered over, were by her, to do all that was needed with gentleness and love, such as is never found elsewhere. The trial had passed from Katherine's mind; those conflicting senses of responsibility and helplessness were gone; she was still, and

thanked God. Suddenly, it seemed that a system had sprung up, and she beheld its workings carried out before her. There was preparation with repose, and expectation without anxiety. The soft footsteps, the gentle voices, the placid faces, the evident habitual knowledge of such scenes, created an atmosphere of contentment about Kate; and she looked on Anna, and from the depths of her soul—she could not disguise it from herself—she was satisfied.

Once Anna exerted sufficient strength to put out her hand towards her mistress. Kate took it fondly, and put her ear close to her moving lips. There was a sweet smile upon them. "Ah, my life has been a dream, and yet I thought it reality; and those last feelings which I thought were fancies are now all shewn to be true. I want to say one thing—can you understand me?"

"Yes, perfectly, dearest—say what you like—I will do whatever you can desire."

"Tell my grandfather of the Catholic faith: say that it cares for the poor, and supports the weak—and loves—*loves*—loves in deeds and in heart. Say, that it loves, because it has *Him*—do you understand?" Kate whispered that she did.

"Say that I felt it, and found it, and was happy in my death." Anna could articulate no more. Kate pressed a kiss upon the lips, and they never more moved in this life.

The blessing of consciousness was given to the last; the eloquent understanding smile told it well. The sun was going down, and life seemed ebbing with the day; night closed in, and the soul was free.

Kate looked upon the dead. She was gone—she had no right in her—they were parted indeed. It was late, but Player had heard of the end, and was come to see her.

"No, no; indeed it is not so," said Kate, as Player urged old theories, once so agreeable, on her acceptance. "No, no; it is true that we once thought so, but we cannot—or at least *I* cannot—think so now. We used to say that the Churches were one, and that the faith was the same, but *I feel* that it is not so now. They are two religions. Argue as you will, prove what you like; I might have accepted the thing as a theory before trying it, but now the trial has been made, and I feel—I know—that they are two. Do you know," she continued with deep earnestness, "do you know, my dear friend, for a friend you are to me, I am sure—do you know all that has happened here? The uncertainty of that dear girl's mind; the bewildering sensations attending a want of all fixed faith; then the recollections of what that child had taught her, and the willingness to know more, and the quick strong acceptance of the whole. Then came such a strange readiness to lay hold of and benefit by the means of grace. The thankful

outpouring of the tried and self-reproving soul in confession, and the undoubting faith in the absolution pronounced by the priest. I could not help feeling that there was a great trial to myself in the change that had come upon her." Kate went on, but now her voice was often interrupted by sobs that could not be suppressed, and she sometimes turned aside to weep. "I seemed to have lost her, and I could scarcely see how; and Emily and Alfred were so thankfully happy; and I could not help recollecting—may God forgive me, for I was very wrong—a foolish thing Lady Harris said about my finding Westerton very different when I went back to it as a guest, having so long been a mistress there; and I thought the very hearts of the people were going from me, and that my cousins would indeed have *all*, and I was so jealous of them. Don't think me foolish; I really have no one to speak to; I feel such a solitary being." And then thoughts of Mr. Villars and Arthur rose to Kate's mind, and her tears flowed unrestrained. She soon, however, recovered herself.

"Do you know," she said, "that the priest brought Anna the blessed Sacrament? It was then that I most found the difference that there was between us; *I felt* that it was not for *me*. And then I knelt; it was not as others knelt, but in *fear*, not faith. In England I have been told, that I might, if I wished it, communicate with the Catholics in their churches abroad, and I really believed that I might, and thought that I should; but that idea is over now, and I so thank God that I never did; for, theorise as we will, *we are not* the same, and *we do not* believe. Oh, we are all of us more lonely than we think; I never thought that I should feel our separated position as I have felt it this day. Dear Anna,—but no sooner was she a Catholic, than I felt her to be gone from me."

"But could you not have interposed?" began Player.

"I could not wish to do so; I was glad; right or wrong, *I was* glad; I felt that there was strength and safety *for her* in the step. My feelings are all selfish feelings. I grieve at the solitary sensation of things having passed away from me, till I am left alone. All this

you cannot understand, and I cannot explain all now, but it is so. Dear Anna!" exclaimed Kate again, "it is indeed a separation; I could not speak, but *they* knew what to say to her—and she was happy. And now that she is gone they have habited her in their own garb, and she will lie among them in death; and even now they are saying litanies over her, and she is theirs, and mine no longer; indeed the religions are two; indeed we are separated; but for ever? God grant it may not be for ever."

Player went away. "She is in a very strange state of mind," he said to himself as he walked along. "There is no arguing with her at present. She feels too much, and women always feel more than they reason." But he was not satisfied with himself; the point that struck him was, that Anna would not receive the consolations of religion from him, and that he himself thought Mr. Humlove—the only other Church of England clergyman that she knew—manifestly unfit for the office. The old arguments had lost a good deal of their composing effects upon him, and Kate had continued to return to the one conviction that the religions were not the same. And that unknown being in the Colosseum had said the same thing. Witnesses against his theory rising up from among those whom he respected, affected him. If the popular Humlove cry was not wrong; if he and others should be found to have used arguments only to build up their own predetermined-upon convictions; if they had said, "This is as we wish to have it," and then used the ingenuity of reason to make it so? He returned to his apartments sad and depressed.

Lady Harris mentioned the event in a letter to Reeves.

"Did she speak?" thought he on receiving the news. "Did she tell? Am I betrayed? No. When was it? a week? more—fifteen days ago. Had she spoken, they would have told Lady Harris. She is gone, and I am safe."

Is it too much to say that he was glad?

And thus it was with some; and the dead was laid among the graves of the house of Galviati.

Reviews.

MAITLAND ON THE REFORMATION: THE LAWFULNESS OF PERSECUTION.

Essays on Subjects connected with the Reformation in England. By the Rev. S. R. Maitland, D.D., F.R.S., F.S.A. London, Rivingtons.

"CLEAR your mind of cant, sir!" said the great philosopher of common sense one day to his *fidus Achates*, or to one of that listening crowd to whom the sage was wont to dis-

pense wisdom in sentences as blunt as pithy. We do not, indeed, remember whether this admirable advice was given by Johnson in reply to one of the ordinary Boswellian platitudes respecting liberty of conscience and religious persecution; but whether it was or not, Dr. Maitland might very appropriately have prefixed it as a motto to the very remarkable

volume whose title the reader has just perused. The late librarian of Lambeth is in truth one of the most pertinacious and most successful of the foes to theological *cant* whom our age has had the good fortune to produce. "Pamphlet Maitland," as he is sometimes termed, has written and published above a score of books, letters, and pamphlets, directed solely to the smashing of some of the vulgar fallacies which supply the Protestant world with that ample store of parrot-phrases with which it seeks to pacify the cravings of our time for accurate historical knowledge; and for some real, honest, consistent system of religious belief. And now he has added to our libraries a goodly volume, shewing up the deceits and trickeries of the standard authorities for Protestant historical belief, and winding up with an elaborate defence of the good nature, Christian sincerity, and piety of—"bloody" Bishop Bonner!

Dr. Maitland's *Dark Ages* is known to every well-informed student, and therefore we shall now say nothing of the good service he did to the cause of the Catholic religion by the publication of that curious and interesting book. Notwithstanding the eminently unpopular character of its sentiments, the *Dark Ages* has reached a second edition, and it has left no educated person the slightest pretence for repeating the commonplace cant respecting those times which have been truly said to be *dark*, inasmuch as people in general knew nothing whatsoever concerning them. The present volume of Essays on the Reformation will, we fear, hardly find an equal number of readers, partly because the subjects on which it treats are too uniform in character, partly because the book has necessarily a very large number of quotations, and partly because it strikes mercilessly on prejudices still dearer to the minds of Englishmen than even the long-cherished belief in the wickedness, ignorance, and superstition of the middle ages. Persons who are quite ready to be convinced that the mediæval period abounded in men of genius, piety, and learning, and who will revel in Dr. Maitland's stories of manuscripts, libraries, and studious monks, are not yet quite prepared to be told that the "martyrs" under Queen Mary very often richly deserved the fate they got, and that Bonner, Bishop of London, was a good, kind-hearted Christian, much more desirous of saving people's souls than of burning their bodies, and oftentimes an unwilling administrator of the cruel laws of the age in which he lived. Such, however, is the gist of these Essays, though their author is as stout a Protestant as ever, and as zealous a believer in the Church of England as by law established as when he first took orders within her communion. We shall now proceed to give our readers an account of the arguments by which our author establishes his views, and shall then offer a few

remarks on the general question of persecution for religious opinions, as applicable both to the age of the English Reformation and to our own and future periods.

It is an historical fact (tolerable or intolerable, according to a person's own ideas), that nearly 300 persons were put to death in England during the reign of Queen Mary, for some reason or other connected with their religious belief. Dr. Maitland puts the number at 277. Whatever the exact number, however, the fact is certain, that something approaching to 300 men and women—a few of the tender sex being included in the list—were either burned alive, or in some other way deprived of life, for some cause immediately consequent upon the propagation of Protestantism. The common English idea is, that all these persons were martyrs to the Gospel; that is, that they were pious and devoted Christians, whose sole crime it was that they would not worship images, believe in transubstantiation, or uphold the enormities and vices of the Roman Catholic priesthood. The sovereign of the realm is pictured by the imagination as a ravaging wolf among harmless lambs, accompanied and abetted in her murderous attacks by two other wolves—Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and Bonner, Bishop of London. The ferocious Queen is supposed to have been a singular example of blood-thirstiness and cruelty, in a country of piety, moderation, and enlightenment; and the two Bishops, her instruments in bloodshedding, to have been two devilish butchers, whose thirst for blood was equal to their devotion to the supremacy of the Pope of Rome, and to what the Anglican liturgy used to term "his detestable enormities."

When, however, we have succeeded in "clearing our minds of cant," we find that this *pictorial* history of the reign of Queen Mary is as nearly as possible a simple, unadulterated falsehood. We find, in the first place, that so far from its having been a result of the faith of the Queen and the Bishops, that many persons were put to death for their religion, this notion of the lawfulness and necessity of what is termed persecution was upheld and acted upon by every man who called himself a Christian, whether Catholic or Protestant, Calvinist or Arminian, Lutheran or Socinian. There was not perhaps a solitary individual in England who maintained that it was wrong that *he himself* should persecute, however clamorously he asserted that it was contrary to the spirit of the Gospel that he himself *should be persecuted*. The modern idea, now so generally maintained in word, though nowhere consistently acted upon in deed, that it is wrong to inflict any punishment upon a man because of his religious opinions, was no more known to our forefathers than it was known to them that a man might go from London to Bath in two hours and a half. Every civil

government regarded itself, if not exactly a judge in matters of religion, yet at least as authorised to imprison, scourge, banish, and kill any one or more of its subjects who professed a creed which found no favour in the eyes of the ruling power. The difference between one government and another was simply in the degree of the punishment inflicted, and between the nature of the authorities or tribunals whose decrees were accounted decisive as to what constituted the heresies to be chastised by the secular arm. Catholic governments looked to ecclesiastical judgment to decide what was or what was not heresy, and then took upon themselves to imprison, fine, torture, burn, or hang the convicted heretics according to their own good pleasure; while Protestant governments set up courts of inquisition of their own, with powers and objects precisely similar to the tribunals of the Catholic Church, except that they united in one depository of authority both the right to decide theologically and the power to imprison, fine, torture, burn, and hang their victims at discretion.

To talk, therefore, of its being a peculiar feature of the Catholic Church, that she persecutes those who will not obey, is an absurdity. Every body persecuted, even to blood, 300 years ago; and to this very day every body persecutes, even to disqualifications, fines, and imprisonments. If persecution is wrong and monstrous at all, a double share of the blame is to be charged to Protestants, for this reason, that they do not even profess that they have an infallible guide to direct them, and do not pretend to say that none can be saved but those who agree in their views. The Catholic has some reason on his side when he calls for the temporal punishment of heretics, for he claims the true title of Christian for himself exclusively, and professes to be taught by the never-failing presence of the Spirit of God. But however this be, it is certain that there is no more foundation for the vulgar belief, that persecution is the special characteristic of the Catholic Church, than for the old legend of the phoenix, or for believing, like Lord Monboddio, that the human race once had tails like monkeys.

Further than this, when we examine the real history of the times of the English Reformation, it appears that it is altogether a delusion to suppose that piety and devotion had any thing whatever to do with the "martyrdoms" of a vast number of the persons put to death under Queen Mary. It is mere twaddle and cant to call them "martyrs" at all. They were no more martyrs than Thistlewood was a martyr, or than the Red Republicans who were shot in the streets of Paris a year ago were martyrs. They were seditious scoundrels, who made the Gospel a cloak for treason—the legitimate progenitors of the republican revolutionists who would now set Europe in flames, and

overthrow the "monstrous regiment" of kings, nobles, and parliaments, that they themselves may fill the vacant thrones and share the plunder. The Scotch author of *The Monstrous Regiment of Women*, when he flung that precious medley of metaphysics, Bible-texts, blasphemy, vulgarity, and nonsense at the head of the lawful Queen of England, was an apostle of sedition and not of Christianity; he broached theories which upset the foundations of the social system itself; and if he had lived in France in these days of ours, would doubtless have taken his place by the side of Barbès, Raspail, and the other Red Republicans lately convicted by the tribunal of Bourges.

This is Dr. Maitland's deliberate opinion of the character of very many of the leading Protestants, and he considers that they impressed the very same character upon the movement generally. Whatever might have been the sincerity of many individuals among the Protestants, as a body they took the initiative in assaulting Queen Mary and her rights as a sovereign, in a manner which left her no alternative but to put them down by rigour and bloodshed. A large number of the influential writings of the time are classed by Dr. Maitland under the following heads:

"I. Those which have generally a revolutionary tendency—which discuss the subject of government in such a way as to inculcate, not only the doctrine that the people have a right to resist the ruler whenever in their opinion he commands what is wrong, but that they are the source of power, and are answerable to God, not only for their delegation of it to fit persons as rulers, but for the use which they allow to be made of it by those to whom they have delegated to it; and from whom upon the misuse of that power they are bound to resume it—these ideas being illustrated, enforced, and familiarised by perpetual repetitions of and allusions to histories respecting rulers deposed and killed by their subjects.

"II. Those which were specially directed against Queen Mary individually, and which were of two kinds. (1.) Those which denied her right to the throne on the general ground of her sex, or on the more particular ground of illegitimacy. (2.) Those which were directed against her personal character, and which, by charging her with cruelty, oppression, &c., were calculated to render her odious.

"III. Those which were directed against foreigners, and in particular against the Spaniards, and the Spanish match; and which, under a profession of patriotism, urged that the people and the country had been, or would be, betrayed and sold into the hands of strangers and foreigners of the basest description, by whom they would be enslaved and oppressed without mercy, unless they rose up and expelled them.

"IV. Those relating to the change in religion—representing it both as a judgment in itself, and as a sin which would bring down further judgments—and generally threatening judgments on the people of the country for rejecting the word of God, and embracing or tolerating idolatry and superstition."

In truth, it was utterly impossible for any government to stand which tolerated the attacks that were made upon Mary by the Puritan party: more especially was her government provoked by that band of cowardly hypocrites who fled the country and are termed the Frankfort exiles, and who from their place

of security launched fulminations against the English monarch as coarse and indecent as they were ferocious and profane. Never were writings put forth more utterly alien to the spirit of that Gospel which they professed to uphold. Nowhere in the annals of controversy and politics do we meet with more striking records of what would have been foolhardy madness if it had come from residents in the realm of England, but was mere reckless, braggart ferocity when its authors were safe from the arm they provoked to strike them. These tracts of the exiles were, however, brought over to this country and scattered far and wide among the people, and stimulated the ignorant multitude to excesses which it became impossible for the Government to pass by. Calmly and peaceably as the first months of Mary's reign went on, when once the first opposition to her was put down, the united efforts of the exiled ministers and of the designing courtiers and men in power at home speedily called for the severest measures on the part of the Queen's administration. Politics and religion became mixed up so inextricably that it was impossible to treat them any longer apart, or to view the unconvinced Protestant in any other light than that of a preacher of sedition and revolution. The land swarmed with publications which lashed the populace into frenzy; and though we cannot doubt that their authors generally took good care of themselves, and allowed the blows of the secular arm to fall upon the more unoffending and conscientious, still it must be borne in mind that the laws could make no distinctions between individuals, and that Mary's ministers were compelled to treat the whole Protestant party as one body of men—as bitterly hostile to her throne as to her religion.

Dr. Maitland thus describes the kind of publications from which he deduces a conclusion substantially the same as that we have expressed:

"It has been already stated, that a great object of the books which were written and sent over to this country by the Protestant exiles, was to promote a revolution in the English Government by the dethronement of Queen Mary. The only difficulty in proving this is that which arises from having to make a selection amidst a superabundance of evidence. It is true that much which would have increased that difficulty is lost. Many of the worst productions of that period—the worst, not only in a moral and religious point of view, but as being the most prejudicial, passing from hand to hand, or from mouth to mouth, amongst the worst people, and such as were most easily excited to the worst practices—the profane ballad, that regaled the devotees of the ale-house; the seditious broadside, scattered in the streets by unseen hands; the interlude, that amused a simple and untaught audience with blasphemous ribaldry concerning the holiest and most sacred mysteries of religion—these are now seldom to be met with. But for our purpose the loss is the less to be regretted, because they mostly lie open to the objection, that as there probably never was a time when their authorship could be certainly fixed, so it is altogether impossible at this distance of time to attempt any thing of the kind; and,

also, that for any thing we can prove, these very abominations may have been forged by the enemies of the Puritans for the express purpose of bringing them into trouble. I lay no stress, therefore, on works of this description, though it may, on some occasions, be worth while, for the sake of illustration, to refer to them. But I will beg the reader to bear in mind, that however obscure our intelligence respecting them may be, these things were in existence, and in active operation, while I quit them to speak, as Doctor (afterwards Archbishop) Parker did to the Lord Keeper Bacon, of certain books, 'that went then about London, being printed and spread abroad, and their authors *ministers of good estimation*. . . . At which, said Parker, *exhorui cum ista legerem*. Adding, 'if such principles be spread into men's heads, as now they be framed, and referred to the judgment of the subject to discuss *what is tyranny*, and to discern whether his prince, his landlord, his master, is a tyrant by his own fancy and collection supposed; what Lord of the Council shall ride quietly-minded in the streets among desperate beasts? what minister shall be sure in his bedchamber?' Important questions. I do not know what the Lord Keeper answered.'

Another feature in the controversial writings of the Reformation period, which Dr. Maitland brings prominently forward as illustrative of the real spirit of the opposing parties, is the disgusting coarseness, indecency, and violence of many of the Puritan authors. Not only was the style of the Protestant writers such as to provoke to the utmost the forbearance of the Queen and her advisers, but it is so intolerably vile that few readers of the present day have ever had an opportunity of fairly comparing the writings of the Catholics with those of the Protestants of that period. None but those who have gone to the original writers, and studied their productions in unmutated editions, can form any idea of the grossness of sentiment and language of many of these supposed martyrs to the truth and purity of the Gospel. The modern reader knows the writings of his Protestant ancestors only through expurgated and judiciously selected extracts. The skilful editor draws his pen through all that would shock the feelings of our own more decent time, leaving only a little hyperbolic statement and apparently honest vehemence, which charity readily puts down to a pardonable excess of zeal in men persecuted for the Gospel's sake.

But when the controversial books of the day are perused in their integrity, we are startled to find that we have been cheated into a species of pity or respect for a set of unprincipled men, whose thoughts and words could only now be paralleled in the haunts of the lowest and most shameless of our race. It is impossible to put down the excesses of the Puritan writers to the age in which they lived, and at the same time to give them credit for being themselves Christian men. Their excesses are of a character utterly inconsistent with the first elements of Christian morality; and stamp the whole religious portion of their writings with a mark either of delusion or of hypocrisy. It is miserable, indeed, to hear the nonsense which we often hear uttered in defence of the grossness and violence of other

days. Doubtless outward manners, and forms of speech, and rules of artificial decency, vary considerably in different stages of civilisation; but we must not forget that there is a limit to these variations; and that there are certain transgressions of the strict rules of morality, which it is preposterous to palliate on any ground of popular taste of the day, and which nothing on earth can ever justify. And just such are the extravagances and abominations of the English Puritan writers of Queen Mary's days. Their ideas and expressions are not only unpolished, but immoral; not only rude, coarse, and rough, but filthy, impure, and bloodthirsty. If they had been guided by the spirit of Christianity, they would have so far overcome the habits of the age as to have adopted at least a style of writing not flagrantly violating the fundamental laws of the Gospel. Perhaps no English writer ever equalled Luther himself in his horrible profanenesses and indecencies; but still Luther had many a worthy follower in this island; many a disciple who lacked rather the ability than the will to rival him in the wickedness of his expressions. Dr. Maitland's remarks on this subject are so much to the purpose, that we shall make no apology for quoting them at length.

"I cannot help thinking, that none but those who have paid some attention to the works which were written by the exiled party during the reign of Mary,—I mean the works themselves, in contradistinction to selections, extracts, modernisations, and generalising accounts,—can properly estimate the effect which they were calculated to produce on the measures of the English government in Church and State during that period. Before, however, I come to speak particularly of these works, as regards their design and effect, I would offer a few remarks of a more general nature on the style of some of the more popular Puritan writers. It is a matter which has certainly been misrepresented, principally, I believe, though not entirely, by ignorance; but it is one which, if we wish really to understand the history of the period, we must look fairly in the face.

"It must be considered that those parts of the works of writers of this class and period which are the most contrary to good taste and good manners, have been very seldom, very sparingly, and then commonly with some preface or apology, brought forward by their admirers;—and further, that through those admirers almost exclusively, these writers are known to Protestants of the present day; and further still, that when any such matter as admirers would not wish to find does come into notice, it is frequently purified from its grossness by the omission of words or sentences, with or without notice to the reader, who thus forms a very imperfect and erroneous opinion of the author whose work he is reading. Of course I do not mean to find fault with such omissions, as things wrong in themselves, or as less than absolutely necessary in some cases. Occasions may arise on which it may be very right to reprint a work, or extract a passage, of an old writer, containing words or phrases so obscene or profane that common decency requires them to be expunged. This, too, may probably be done without any injury to the purpose for which the reprint or extract is made; and if it be fully acknowledged, it is hardly likely to lead to any ill consequence. But when without notice, or with a notice that is false, and even with the very best intentions, that which would disgust is tacitly altered, or omitted, and a coarse, obscene, or scurrilous writer is weeded and cleared of his offences, and made to look quite

innocent, it is obvious that, whatever information or instruction we may gain from his writings thus garbled, we shall get a very wrong idea of himself, his style, and his admirers. But where this expurgation of a writer cannot be fully effected, there is one standing excuse for a favourite writer which may pass current for every thing that is offensive, whatever be its kind or degree—that is, the manners of the age. Only take that with you—take it, perhaps, from some writer who repeats the phrase like a parrot, without knowing any thing about the age or its manners or language—take it only on trust, as a phrase to which you do not, perhaps, yourself affix a very clear idea, and it is sufficient to cover any sin against propriety and decorum, and almost religion. With this salvo you may be expected to read with edification such things as if spoken or written in the present day would be considered absolutely ungodly and profane.

"If, however, we wish to form a true judgment, this point must be looked into and settled. It is quite clear that some words and phrases which were in common use three hundred years ago, and which had then no character of coarseness, would be considered intolerably gross in the present day; but this, really, has nothing to do with the matter now under consideration. No more has any notion that may have been set on foot respecting the free, blunt, plain speech of our forefathers. It is not with coarse words or plain speech as such that we are concerned; though, at the same time, the use of coarse language in particular circumstances and to particular persons must be taken into account. I suppose, for instance, that there never was a period in the history of the united Church of England and Ireland when it would have been thought quite common-place and Christian for the Bishop of Ossory deliberately, and in print, to address the Bishop of London as a 'beastly belly-god and damnable donge-hille.' But one of the most material, and in an historical point of view most injurious, effects of this sort of misrepresentation is, that it comes to be taken for granted that the fierce and virulent scurrility of some of the Puritan libels, which cannot be entirely concealed or defended, even by the most thorough-going partisans, was not characteristic of the writers, but of the times. Bishop Burnet is even kind enough to make a sort of an excuse for Sir Thomas More, by saying, 'he wrote, according to the way of the age, with much bitterness;' and so the bishop's readers may naturally infer that, whatever may be meant by 'much bitterness,' and whatever degree of it may be found in Sir Thomas More's works, it belonged not to the man, but was 'the way of the age'—that it was the way of people in those days; very wrong, no doubt, but at the same time as good for one as for another; the Puritans abused the Papists, and the Papists abused the Puritans, tit for tat. As if Sir Thomas More and John Bale were as like as two peas.

"Now, as far as I have yet been able to learn, this is really a false view of things. It is true enough that each party abused the other, and that many keen, severe, false, and malicious things were put forth by the Romish party; but for senseless cavilling, scurrilous railing and ribaldry, for the most offensive personalities, for the reckless imputation of the worst motives and most odious vices; in short, for all that was calculated to render an opponent hateful in the eyes of those who were no judges of the matter in dispute, some of the Puritan party went far beyond their adversaries. I do not want to defend the Romish writers, and I hope I have no partiality for them, or for the errors, heresies, and superstitions which they were concerned to maintain; but it really appears to me only simple truth to say that, whether from good or bad motives, they did in fact abstain from that fierce, truculent, and abusive language, and that loathsome ribaldry, which characterised the style of too many of the Puritan writers. Specimens will frequently appear as other occasions may require; but here, and merely for the sake of illustrating what I have already said on the subject of style, I will give a few extracts from the works of three eminent Puritan writers, who may fairly be classed among

the leaders of the party, not only on account of the eminent stations which they held, but for the talents and learning for which they have had credit, both among their own contemporaries, and from more modern writers. These extracts may probably suggest a good many things of various kinds to the reflecting reader, but it must be observed that they are here given only as specimens of *style*, denoting the character of certain writers; and those who are previously acquainted with the works of the writers in question, will be aware that, for obvious reasons, I do not quote passages which would but too broadly confirm what I have stated.

"As I have already alluded to John Bale, Bishop of Ossory, and as he may perhaps be on the whole the fittest person to take the lead on such an occasion, I will first give some passages from his pen. Let not the reader who knows him be startled. I am not going even to mention some of his filthiest productions, or to extract the worst parts of that one work from which I now take specimens of his style."

Here, then, we have the distinctly expressed testimony of one of the most learned men in the Anglican communion to the purity and Christian spirit of the Catholic writers, as compared with their Protestant opponents. Our readers will observe that Dr. Maitland positively denies that the rules of Christian morality and charity were, as a general rule, broken through by the Catholic controversialists; and that though instances of comparative impropriety may be named among them, yet their writings are faultless in comparison with the productions of the Reformers. And we have ourselves no hesitation in asserting that, in the whole range of Catholic literature, the same moral superiority is clearly and undeniably manifest. We do not pretend to claim for our writers, who have written controversially on any topic in theology, science, or literature, an absolutely immaculate purity. Far from it; the visible Catholic Church is composed of men of all varieties of character, from the saint to the sinner. Nevertheless, on the whole, we have conducted our disputes among ourselves, and those which we have maintained with non-Catholic writers, with a forbearance, a charity, and a decency of thought and language, which stand out in striking contrast with the reckless excesses which characterise almost every non-Catholic controversialist on any subject whatsoever.

A further subject, bearing upon our knowledge of the Reformation period, is the degree of credibility due to the authors on whose records the Protestant opinion of the times is based. "For the history of the Reformation in England," says the author before us, "we depend so much on the testimony of writers who may be considered as belonging, or more or less attached, to the Puritan party; or who obtained their information from persons of that sect; that it is of the utmost importance to inquire whether there was any thing in their notions respecting *truth* which ought to throw suspicion on any of their statements." In a word, were not many of these sources of history, liars by their own confession, and on principle? Accordingly, Dr. Maitland has

two chapters on "Puritan Veracity," in which he very satisfactorily shews that with these men the end constantly was held to sanctify the means; and that therefore we have little or no guarantee that many of their stories of Protestant piety and Catholic cruelty were not fictions of the imagination, invented by these new apostles for the propagation of their new Christianity, and to be ranked among the most impudent of pious frauds with which priestcraft has ever deluded a credulous generation. We cannot, however, linger on this part of our subject; and can only recommend Dr. Maitland's graphic stories and extracts to those who are not convinced that lying and perjury were accounted no sins by many of the founders of the Established Church of England, and by those writers on whose chronicles our knowledge of the period is for the most part based.

We now turn to the *ribaldry* of the Protestant party. This was a favourite weapon with the party, whose aim it was to bring the old religion into discredit with the people at large. Every one knows that though the multitude cannot reason, they can laugh. In our own days we have known a woman of notoriously infamous character in Paris, after braving successfully public opinion (such as it was) for years, finally driven from the field by falling into a scrape in which she became personally ridiculous. And if vice itself suffers from ridicule, still more fatally are its poisoned shafts made to tell upon that pure truth which, being bound to a more sparing and conscientious use of that cutting weapon, too often suffers bitterly in a contest of sarcasm. The Reformers, however, were bound by their notions to no such cautious and careful application of satire and scoffing. Insult and mockery were among their favourite instruments of warfare; and cleverly and systematically were they turned to account by the leaders in the movement, and by all that influential party of men in office whose interest it was to overthrow the Church, and seize upon its spoils.

First in this fierce onslaught against all that was holy was Thomas Lord Cromwell.

"He," says Dr. Maitland, "was the great patron of ribaldry, and the protector of the ribalds, of the low jester, the filthy ballad-monger, the alehouse singers, and 'hypocritical mockers in feasts,' in short, of all the blasphemous mocking and scoffing which disgraced the Protestant party at the time of the Reformation. It is of great consequence in our view of the times, to consider that the vile publications, of which too many remain, while most have rotted, and the profane pranks which were performed, were not the outbreaks of low, ignorant partisans, a rabble of hungry dogs such as is sure to run after a party, in spite even of sticks and stones bestowed by those whom they follow and disgrace. It was the result of design and policy, earnestly and elaborately pursued by the man possessing, for all such purposes, the highest place and power in the land."

Burnet, in his *History of the Reformation*, describes one species of ribaldry thus employed against the Catholic religion.

"These were the stage-plays and interludes which were then generally acted, and often in churches. They were representations of the corruptions of the monks, and some other feats of the Popish clergy. The poems were ill-contrived, and worse expressed: if there lies not some hidden wit in these ballads (for verses they were not) which at this distance is lost. But from the representing the immoralities and disorders of the clergy, they proceeded to act the pageantry of their worship. This took with the people much, who, being provoked by the miscarriages and cruelties of some of the clergy, were not ill-pleased to see them and their religion exposed to public scorn. The clergy complained much of this; and said it was an introduction to Atheism, and all sort of irreligion. For if once they began to mock sacred things, no stop could be put to that petulant humour. The grave and learned sort of Reformers disliked and condemned these courses, as not suitable to the genius of true religion; but the political men of that party made great use of them, encouraging them all they could; for they said, contempt being the most operative and lasting affection of the mind, nothing would more effectually drive out many of those abuses which yet remained, than to expose them to the contempt and scorn of the people."

The statement made in the last sentence, Dr. Maitland looks upon as a direct falsehood. His own researches have furnished him with no proofs that these insulting mockeries were generally disapproved by the Reformers; and he looks upon Burnet's interpretation of their motives as a piece of pure invention of his own.

"To say the truth," says he, "I cannot but think that any one who observes how Burnet himself, when not particularly engaged in performing the sincere historian, relates the profane and irrelevant pranks which some of 'the party' indulged, will doubt whether, if he had lived at the time, he would have been very forward or very fierce in trying to stop or to punish 'these courses.' For instance, he relates an incident which occurred shortly after the accession of Queen Mary, in a tone which reminds me very much of the 'mixture of glee and compunction' with which Edie Ochiltree dwelt on the exploits of his youth. The passage, not only for this, but for the historical fact itself, is much to our purpose, and quite worth quoting: 'There are many ludicrous things every where done in derision of the old forms and of the images: many poems were printed, with other ridiculous representations of the Latin service, and the pageantry of their worship. But none occasioned more laughter than what fell out at Paul's the Easter before; the custom being to lay the Sacrament into the sepulchre at even-song on Good Friday, and to take it out by break of day on Easter morning: at the time of the taking of it out, the quire sung these words, '*Surrexit, non est hic*, He is risen, he is not here;' but then the priest looking for the host, found it was not there indeed, for one had stolen it out; which put them all in no small disorder, but another was presently brought in its stead. Upon this a ballad followed, That their God was stolen and lost, but a new one was made in his room. This railery was so salt, that it provoked the clergy much. They offered large rewards to discover him that had stolen the host, or had made the ballad, but could not come to the knowledge of it.'—Vol. ii. p. 270.

"I do not know where Burnet got this story, because, as in too many other cases, he gives no authority. Fox relates the same thing as happening on the same day at St. Pancras in Cheap, and perhaps it is the same story; and in the next paragraph Fox tells us a story that should not be separated from the other, and which Bishop Burnet might have considered equally 'ludicrous': 'The 5th of April there was a cat hanged upon a gallows at the Cross in Cheap, apparelled like a priest ready to say mass, with a shaven crown. Her two fore

feet were tried over her head, with a round paper like a wafer-cake put between them: whereon arose great evil-will against the city of London; for the Queen and the Bishops were very angry withal. And therefore the same afternoon there was a proclamation, that whosoever could bring forth the party that did hang up the cat should have twenty nobles, which reward was afterwards increased to twenty marks; but none could or would earn it.'—Vol. vi. p. 548.

"It is needless to say that the story is told by Fox without any mark of dislike or condemnation, for he has given ample proof that he enjoyed such things amazingly. Indeed, it seems probable that his troubles first began, while he was yet at college, from the indulgence of that jeering, mocking spirit which so strongly characterises his martyrlogy. Take a specimen that occurs only ten pages after the story of the cat, and which he introduces by saying, 'But one thing, by the way, I cannot let pass, touching the young flourishing king newly set up against this present time to welcome King Philip into Paul's Church;' and having described the ceremony of its being set up, he proceeds: 'Not long after this, a merry fellow came into Paul's, and spied the rood with Mary and John new set up; whereto (among a great sort of people) he made a low courtesy, and said: Sir, your mastership is welcome to town. I had thought to have talked further with your mastership, but that ye be here clothed in the Queen's colours, I hope ye be but a summer's bird in that ye be dressed in white and green, &c.'

"Another brief specimen may be found in a story of a 'mayor of Lancaster, who was a very meet man for such a purpose, and an old favourer of the gospel,' who had to decide a dispute between the parishioners of Cockram and a workman whom they had employed to make a rood for their church. They refused to pay him, because, as they averred, he had made an ill-favoured figure, gaping and grinning in such a manner that their children were afraid to look at it. The 'old favourer of the gospel,' who seems to have been much amused by such a representation of his Saviour being set up in the church, recommended them to go and take another look at it, adding, 'And if it will not serve for a god, make no more ado, but clap a pair of horns on his head, and so he will make an excellent devil.' This the parishioners took well in worth; the poor man had his money; and divers laughed well therat—but so did not the Babylonish priests.' Strange that the priests did not join in the fun; and stranger still that those blind Papists did not seize on the skirts of the 'old favourer of the gospel,' and say, 'We will go with you, for we see that God is with you.'"

Ballad-singing against the Church was one of the favourite devices of the "Gospellers," as they were called. Dr. Maitland gives specimens of this and similar schemes for bringing Catholicism into disrepute.

"A more open and more flagrant manifestation of this spirit was given by Henry Patinson and Anthony Barber, of St. Giles's-without-Cripplegate, who were presented 'for maintaining their boys to sing a song against the sacrament of the altar,' and Thomas Granger and John Dictier, of the same parish, were 'noted for common singers against the sacraments and ceremonies.' Nicholas Newell, a Frenchman, of St. Mary Woolchurch, was 'presented to be a man far gone in the new religion, and that he was a great jester at the saints, and at our Lady.' Shermons, Keeper of the Carpenter's Hall, in Christ's parish, Shoreditch, 'was presented for procuring an interlude to be openly played, wherein priests were railed on and called knaves.' 'Giles Harrison, being in a place without Aldgate, merrily jesting in a certain company of neighbours, where some of them said, 'Let us go to mass:' 'I say, tarry,' said he; and so taking a piece of bread in his hands, lifted it up over his head: and likewise taking a cup of wine, and bowing down his head, made therewith a cross over

the cup, and so taking the said cup in both his hands, lifted it over his head, saying these words, 'Have ye not heard mass now?' for the which he was presented to Bonner, then Bishop of London.' I presume, however, that Giles Harrison was one of those who became bail for each other; and certainly there was a moral beauty and fitness in making that good office mutual—indeed, a sort of necessity; for if they had not done it for each other, how would they have got it done at all?"

Let us now proceed to Bishop Bonner, and commence with Dr. Maitland's view of his real character. The common idea which Englishmen entertain of this prelate is founded upon what they read in that book of legends, termed *Fox's Book of Martyrs*. In Fox's estimation, Bonner was a ravening wolf, only happy when gorging himself with victims, and frantic for blood. Yet see what even Fox's *facts* come to, when rigidly examined, apart from his own deductions and colourings. In Fox's book, says Dr. Maitland,

"The rage and fury of prelates and persecutors is of course a constant theme, and affords many ludicrous specimens of nonsense and falsehood; none perhaps more so than the following. If the reader turns to vol. v. p. 765, he will find that, at the 'third Session against Bonner,' after Cramer had been addressing 'the people,' and telling them how Bonner went about to deceive them, and had appealed to the said people, to judge of the denunciation against him, which he ordered to be read to them by Sir John Mason: 'This done, the Archbishop said again unto the audience, 'Lo! here you hear how the Bishop of London is called for no such matter as he would persuade you.' With this," continues the Martyrologist, 'the Bishop being in a raging heat, as one clean void of all humanity, turned himself about unto the people [whom the Archbishop had made his judges], saying:—Now, what does the reader suppose he said? of course, such a torrent of oaths, and brutal blasphemies, as no scribe, though 'clean void of all humanity,' unless he were also in a 'raging heat,' could set down in writing. Not at all—nothing of the kind—the story of the mountain in labour is clean outdone, unless we can imagine a volcano and a dormouse. Fox's own words are literally what follow: 'The Bishop being in a raging heat, as one void of all humanity, turned himself about unto the people, saying, 'Well, now hear what the Bishop of London saith for his part.' But the commissioners, seeing his *inordinate contumacy*, denied him to speak any more, saying that he used himself *very disobediently*; with more like words of reproach.' This is only given as one of many specimens continually recurring, and producing, often insensibly, by dropping on the minds of thoughtless readers, fixed and obstinate, though obscure and unfounded, ideas, that they have read dreadful things about shocking rage, and passion, and inordinate contumacy, and disobedience, and merited reproach, when in fact they have merely been duped by a tale 'full of sound and fury'—not indeed 'signifying nothing,' but signifying something very different from what they have understood, or were meant to understand by it."

What, then, is our author's own opinion of Bonner, as deduced from the writings of his bitter foe, the Martyrologist? The bloody wolf is transformed into something like a good-tempered mastiff, who might be safely played with, and who, though he might be teased into barking and growling, had no disposition to bite, and would not do it without orders. Bonner's character is throughout that of a man straightforward and hearty, familiar

and humorous; sometimes rough, perhaps coarse; naturally hot-tempered, but obviously (by the testimony of his enemies) placable and easily entreated, capable of bearing most patiently much intemperate and insolent language, much reviling and low abuse directed against himself personally, against his order, and against those peculiar doctrines and practices of his Church, for maintaining which he had himself suffered the loss of all things, and borne long imprisonment. At the same time he was not incapable of being provoked into saying harsh and passionate things, but generally meaning nothing by the threatenings and slaughter he breathed out, but to intimidate those on whose ignorance and simplicity argument seemed thrown away. In short, we can scarcely read with attention any one of the cases detailed by those who were no friends of Bonner, without seeing in him a judge who (even if we grant that he was dispensing bad laws badly) was obviously desirous to save the prisoner's life. The enemies of Bonner have very inconsiderately thrust forward and even exaggerated this part of his character, and represented him as a fawning, flattering, coaxing person, as one who was only anxious to get those submissions, abjurations, and recantations, which would have robbed the wild beast of his prey. That he did procure a great number of recantations there can be no doubt, and as little doubt can there be that "Puritan veracity" has by no means recorded all the effects of his persuasion. Such is the opinion of the late librarian of the Archbishop of Canterbury, respecting that Bonner who is held up to the infant Protestant mind as the incarnation of every thing that is murderous and diabolical. We cannot follow Dr. Maitland through the various passages he quotes from Fox and others in justification of his defence of the Bishop, but it is impossible to read them fairly and not be convinced that the estimate he has formed of Bonner's personal character is substantially correct, and that, as a true Christian Bishop, he was more anxious to save their souls than to burn their bodies. One specimen of the style in which he conducted the examination of the accused will shew the extraordinary impudence which he bore from them with all the good nature which Dr. Maitland attributes to him. It is a fragment of the examination of one Robert Smith.

"Bonner. 'By the mass this is the most unshamefaced heretic that ever I heard speak.'

"Smith. 'Well sworn, my lord; ye keep a good watch.'

"Bonner. 'Well, master comptroller, ye catch me at my words: but I will watch thee as well, I warrant thee.'

"'By my troth, my Lord,' quoth Master Mordaunt, 'I never heard the like in all my life.'—Fox, vii. 351.

"The argument went on, however, without much interruption or variation of style, until the Bishop, thinking enough had been said respecting the sacrament of baptism, went on,

"Bonner. 'Well, sir, what say you to the sacrament of orders?'

"Smith. 'Ye may call it the sacrament of mis-orders; for all orders are appointed of God. But as for your shaving, anointing, greasing, polling, and rounding, there are no such things appointed in God's book, and therefore I have nothing to do to believe your orders. And as for you, my lord, if ye had grace and intelligence, ye would not so disfigure yourself as ye do.'

"Bonner. 'Sayest thou so? Now, by my troth, I will go shave myself, to anger thee withal: and so sent for his barber, who immediately came. And before my face at the door of the next chamber he shaved himself, desiring me before he went to answer to these articles.

"With this came my lord from shaving, and asked me how I liked him?

"Smith. 'Forsooth, ye are even as wise as ye were before ye were shaven.'

"Bonner. 'How standeth it, master doctors, have ye done any good?'

"Doctor. 'No, by my troth, my lord, we can do no good.'

"Smith. 'Then it is fulfilled which is written, How can an evil tree bring forth good fruit?'

Another extract will serve as an example of our author's mode of dissection of the stories by which the deeds of Bonner have been distorted and misinterpreted. It is but a sample of many such. Fuller tells us that the bloody wolf Bonner scourged one John Fetty, a lad of eight years old, to death as a heretic. Let us now hear Dr. Maitland's examination of the fact.

"John Fetty, the father of the child in question, was a simple and godly poor man, 'dwelling in the parish of Clerkenwell, and was by vocation a taylor, of the age of twenty-four years or thereabout.' He seems to have married at an age when he could not be expected to shew much discretion in choosing a partner; for this (not his only, and perhaps not his eldest) child was 'of the age of eight or nine years.' He suffered for his youthful indiscretion; for his wife, disapproving his resolution 'not to come into the church, and be partaker of their idolatry and superstition,' was so cruel, or so zealous, as to denounce him to 'one Brokenbury, a priest and parson of the same parish.' Accordingly, 'through the said priest's procurement, he was apprehended by Richard Tanner, and his fellow-constables there, and one Martin the headborough.' Immediately after doing this the poor woman was seized with such remorse that she became 'distract of her wits.' Even the pitiless Papists were moved; the Balaamite priest and the constables, and headborough, all agreed, for the sake of her and her two children, that they would 'for that present let her husband alone, and would not carry him to prison, but yet suffered him to remain quietly in his own house; during which time, he, as it were forgetting the wicked and unkind fact of his wife, did yet so cherish and provide for her, that within the space of three weeks (through God's merciful providence) she was well amended, and had recovered again some stay of her wits and senses.' But strange to say, 'so soon as she had recovered some health,' her cruelty or zeal revived, and she 'did again accuse her husband.' The steps are not stated; but we may reasonably suppose them to have been the same as before. Now, however, as there was nothing to interrupt the common course of things, John Fetty was 'carried unto Sir John Mordaunt, Knight, one of the Queen's Commissioners, and he upon examination sent him by Cluny, the bishop's sumner, unto the Lollards' Tower.' On what charge (except so far as may be gathered from what has been already stated) Sir John sent him to prison we are not told; but there he lay

for fifteen days, and probably Bonner knew no more of his being there, than he knew of Thomas Green's being twice as long in his own coal-house.

"Perhaps while her husband lay in prison, the poor woman, who may so peculiarly be termed the wife of his youth, relented, and thought herself happy that, owing to their early marriage, they had already a child of an age to traverse the streets of London, of 'a bold and quick spirit,' who would make his way in search of his father; and at the same time, 'godly brought up,' and knowing how to behave himself before his elders and betters at the Bishop's palace. I own, however, that this is mere supposition, and that I find no particular ground for supposing that his mother knew that he was gone out upon what may have been only a spontaneous pilgrimage of filial piety; but, to come to facts, it is clearly stated that he 'came unto the Bishop's house to see if he could get leave to speak with his father. At his coming thither one of the Bishop's chaplains met with him, and asked him what he lacked, and what he would have. The child answered, that he came to see his father. The chaplain asked again who was his father. The boy then told him, and pointing towards Lollards' Tower, shewed him that his father was there in prison. 'Why,' quoth the priest, 'thy father is a heretic.' The child being of a bold quick spirit, and also godly brought up, and instructed by his father in the knowledge of God, answered and said, 'My father is no heretic; for you have BALAAM'S MARK.'

"By this notable speech the unhappy child has gained a place in the holy army of martyrs. At least (so far as Fox tells us) he said and did nothing else; though perhaps we may take it for granted that the precocious little polemic shewed his 'bold and quick spirit,' and his godly bringing up, in some other smart sayings, and gave some other 'privy nips' to the Balaamite priest, such as Bishop Christopherson and Miles Hoggard would not have approved, before he got the whipping, which he is said to have received ere he reached his father in the Lollards' Tower. For 'the priest took the child by the hand, and led him into the Bishop's house,' says Fox; and he adds, with the absurdity which so often and so happily neutralises his malice, 'whether to the Bishop or not I know not, but *like enough he did.*' 'Like enough'—is that all? and is there the least likelihood of such a thing? especially when Fox proceeds to state that the child as soon as he had been whipped was taken to his father in the tower, and fell on his knees and told him his pitiful story, how 'a priest with Balaam's mark took him into the Bishop's house, and there was he so handled; but not a word did the child say of ever seeing the Bishop. Fox himself dared not put more in his marginal note than 'The miserable tyranny of the Papists in scourging a child.'

"The historian, however, tells us that they detained the boy (whom they probably considered as a go-between) for three days; and at the end of that time Bonner makes his first appearance in the story. And then we are introduced to him, not burning heretics, but 'basting of himself against a great fire' in his bedroom. There is nothing to shew that he had ever before heard of either John Fetty or his child; but on that occasion the father (and as far as appears the father only) was brought before him. He quickly shewed by his conduct and discourse that he was either a sort of half-witted person, or else that finding himself in awkward circumstances he wished to pass for one. In that character, whether natural or artificial, he talked some sad nonsense and impertinence to the Bishop, who having, of course, gone through the necessary preliminaries of being in a '*marvellous rage*' and a '*great fury*,' and then again being in 'fear of the law for murdering a child,' (for all at once it has come to be quite certain that the child *was* killed, and by Bonner too, and therefore he) 'discharged him.' It is remarkable that on one point Fox says absolutely nothing,—there is not a word of the prisoner's being asked to abjure, or recant, or submit, or amend his evil ways—no hint of his being offered, or signing, any bill (as Fox calls it), or of any thing of the kind, so common on such occa-

sions. I think, however, that every well-informed reader will suspect that so far as prudential reasons and 'fear of the law' might weigh with a 'bloody wolf,' Bonner must have known that it would have been safer for him to whip two tailor-prentices to death, and hide them in his coal-house, than to discharge one prisoner committed under the warrant of Sir John Mordant without a recantation or submission, or some sort of voucher, to lay before the Council. But nothing, I repeat, is said about it.

"Our business, however, is rather with the story of the unfortunate little creature, whom, for his impertinence, Fox has made a martyr. Within fourteen days after he had been taken home by his father the child is said to have died; and Fox most characteristically adds, 'Whether through this cruel scourging, or any other infirmity, *I know not*; and therefore I refer the truth thereof unto the Lord who knoweth all secrets, and also to the discreet judgment of the wise reader;' discreet and wise historian—he gives no hint how he picked up the story, and does not venture to insinuate that the boy, or the father, or any body else ever said that the Bishop even knew of the whipping. Such is the authority for Fuller's bold, brief, and, I suppose I may add, false statement."

Bonner, then, and Gardiner (for the same conclusions apply to him as to Bonner) must, in all truth and fairness, be looked upon merely as representatives of the principle of their age. They were administrators of the laws of the land, which were not different from the laws of the rest of the world, and were based on the same ideas of justice and mercy as the laws of Protestant kingdoms. Whatever be our theory as to the lawfulness of persecution in itself, or as to the advisableness of carrying it to the severe extent to which it was carried under Queen Mary, it is preposterous to speak of Bonner as a monster who was a disgrace to our common humanity. The closer we look into facts, the clearer does it appear, that so far from desiring to push a cruel law to its utmost possible extent of harshness, he repeatedly strove to strip it of its terrors, and to administer it in the most lenient spirit that would be permitted by the secular power. Indeed, it is certain that so far was he from revelling in needless bloodshedding, that on one occasion he was reprovved by the court for his slowness in executing the laws, and stimulated to a more prompt and rigid adherence to the letter and spirit of the statutes against heresy. He shed blood because he was compelled to do it, partly by the commands of his own conscience, and partly by the urgency of the lay authorities of the time.

But now let us proceed a step further, and "clearing our minds of cant" a little more thoroughly, inquire dispassionately, how far the age in which Bonner lived was really to be blamed for burning heretics in Smithfield. If we are willing, indeed, to adopt the popular fancy on the question, as people now with parrot-tongues repeat the worn-out theme, religious persecution is monstrous, wicked, absurd, and anti-Christian in the utmost extreme. If we are to give credit to the prevailing sentiment,—the reader will mark well that we say

nothing of the prevailing *practice*,—it was a horrible act in Queen Mary and her advisers to put the "martyrs" to death, not merely because the punishment was excessive, but because one man has no right whatsoever to persecute another for the sake of his religious belief. Such is the general theory now upheld by the vast majority of the Protestant world, while the idea is countenanced, or at least timidly assented to, by many persons in the Catholic Church itself. From speeches in Parliament down to penny tracts, the whole voice of the nation joins in one loud cry against the lawfulness of religious persecution; orators, pulpit, parliamentary, forensic, and from the tub; fathers of families, smitten with horror at the very name of "bloody Mary;" school-teachers, lecturers, and governesses; the whole race of Englishmen and Englishwomen denounce all persecution as an infringement of the rights of man, and a violation of the first principles of the Gospel of mercy and peace. Far from contenting themselves with condemning the Smithfield burnings as needlessly and cruelly severe, they pretend that it is wrong *ever* to persecute, and that they themselves consistently repudiate all persecution in their own conduct towards others.

For ourselves, on the contrary, we are prepared to maintain, that it is no more morally *wrong* to put a man to death for heresy than for murder; that in many cases persecution for religious opinions is not only permissible, but highly advisable and necessary; and further, that no nation on earth, Catholic or Protestant, ever did, ever does, or ever will, consistently act upon the idea that such persecution is forbidden by the laws of God in the Gospel. Let not our readers be amazed; we are not about to propose the erection of a gibbet in Smithfield, so soon as the wisdom of the enlightened citizens of London shall banish the cattle from that notorious locality, or to bring forward a plan for burning the worthy aldermen who now regard cleanliness and Catholicism with equal horror. We abhor all such frightful exhibitions; and were it ever our duty to put an unbeliever to death, would take his life with the utmost possible gentleness. But at the same time we cannot re-echo the cant of the day, which condemns the Marian persecution as utterly vile and wrong, however cordially we may agree with those who think that it was most injudicious, most needlessly severe, and most unfortunate in its results. All we allege is, that a secular government is perfectly justified in inflicting penalties and punishments for religious opinions in *certain cases, and under certain circumstances*; and though in the present state of the world, and especially of the English world, persecution, even of the slightest description, is generally, if not always, undesirable and indefensible, yet that instances do incessantly occur in which persecution, in some form or

other, is both wise, merciful, necessary, and Christian.

There are two points of view from which the question may be considered. We may look at the secular power either as bound to promote the spiritual as well as the temporal welfare of its subjects, or as concerned merely with their present happiness and prosperity. We are not disposed, however, to enter at present upon any topic which would assume the former of these theories, as we wish to narrow the discussion as much as possible, and to shew that all men, *upon their own principles*, are bound to admit that persecution is not in itself and in all circumstances *wrong*. If it be granted, indeed, that a body of men forming a nation, or exercising the rights of a secular authority, are bound as a body to promote those religious interests which they hold sacred and uphold as individuals, then it is plain, without further argument, that if I, as a private person, am right in excluding blasphemers, adulterers, and infidels from the society of my children and servants, lest they corrupt them by their evil example, I am also bound, in any magisterial or legislative capacity which may belong to me, to use similar measures for banishing blasphemers, adulterers, and infidels from all communication with the people at large over whom I exercise authority. Whatever steps are lawful to the individual, are lawful to the society; and if I am justified in dismissing a nursery-maid because she would teach my child that the Christian religion is a falsehood, though the dismissal would plunge her into the deepest poverty, I am equally justified in inflicting fines and imprisonment upon any public teachers who insist upon promulgating similar doctrines, however solemn be their assertion that they are conscientious in the belief they would propagate. We shall, however, not press this view of the question, but confine ourselves to its necessary bearings, on the supposition that civil government is a purely secular institution, which is bound to protect and further the temporal happiness and enjoyment of mankind, and this alone.

No sensible person, then, can deny that a good secular government will apply itself to the correction of *every* evil which may work mischief to the people over whom it bears rule. It matters not what may be the theoretical *origin* of any social mischief, its existence will be sufficient to call for the exercise of the authority of the law for its extirpation. A scoundrel who robs or swindles his neighbour is not to be let off from the treadmill or the hulks, because he has a plausible metaphysical hypothesis to urge in favour of robbing and swindling. The state must not be scared from putting forth its strength to crush every species of enemy to its prosperity and comfort, by any real or imaginary difficulty in drawing the line between what is theological and what is secular, between what is temporal and what

is eternal. It must do its duty vigorously and consistently, though at the expense of trenching upon the domains of religious creeds, and of wounding the conscientious belief of some section of its subjects. This we may assume will be granted by every man of sober sense and real candour.

When, however, this principle is brought into action, at once it appears utterly impossible that the secular power should refuse to take cognisance of the differences in men's religious creeds *as such*. There is not a creed in existence which does not powerfully affect the *temporal* happiness of mankind. Which ever among the opposing divisions of Christianity be true, it is undeniable that a man is a better or a worse member of society according to the creed he professes and acts upon. We know that this is an unpalatable opinion in the present day, and that the popular voice proclaims that all creeds are equally advantageous to our social well-being, provided their followers do but conscientiously act up to their professions. Toleration is defended upon the ground that a pious Catholic, a pious Anglican, a pious Lutheran, a pious Socinian, and a pious Jew, will all be equally good citizens and members of the great brotherhood of humanity, notwithstanding the dissimilarities in their dogmatic belief and religious practices. But they who say this really know nothing whatever either of the actual differences which exist between various creeds, or of the extent of their influence upon their followers. Facts are so diametrically opposed to the theory, that the notion of the indiscriminate toleration of all sects vanishes before the first sight of their real character. A man of one creed is a better citizen than a man of another. There are religions which tend more powerfully to overthrow the foundations of civil society than the most inflammatory speeches of the most seditious of demagogues. There are interpretations of Scripture which call for the interference of the police as loudly as the wildest fanaticism of the Socialist, the Communist, or the Red Republican. Just now these things may be so far dormant as not to strike the public eye; but they may wake into life and activity in a moment, and demand a rigorous crushing from the might of soldiers, policemen, and acts of Parliament.

Short of these extreme excesses also, it is preposterous to deny, that the temporal well-being of a state is materially affected by the creed of its members. We know very well that the most elementary laws of social morality are better observed by persons of one religious faith than by those of another. We no more think of forgetting the differences in people's creeds in the business of private daily life, than of obliterating the distinctions between sex and age, between the governor and the governed. If I have any pecuniary dealings with a Catholic, I am more confident that

he will not try to cheat me than if he were a Protestant. I am much more afraid of being swindled or libelled by an "evangelical" than by a Puseyite. I would rather make a bargain with a Socinian than with a Baptist; and would let my furnished house to a Wesleyan rather than to an Independent. And why? Because I know well that the morality of all these sects does practically vary according to their theological belief; and that an Anglican, who believes that good works are necessary to salvation, is much less likely to be a rogue, than a Lutheran who thinks that he is justified by faith, without any good works at all. What is it to me, that the Lutheran is as sincerely convinced of his creed as the Anglican, and as conscientiously acts up to it? His very creed itself tempts him to sin, and makes him a worse subject and a worse citizen, a worse dealer and a worse servant, than if he looked forward to a judgment to come, when he will be tried according to his deeds.

How absurd, then, to suppose that the moment we are called to make laws and execute them we are to set aside these pregnant truths, and treat all creeds as if all were equally favourable to social happiness and civil government! It is mere cant to condemn Catholic sovereigns or Catholic parliaments for enacting decrees to stop the progress of opinions which they regard as hostile to all honesty, sobriety, and peaceableness. If the House of Commons conscientiously believed that the taxes would be better paid, and the gaols emptied, by inducing all Englishmen to go to confession to a Catholic priest three or four times a year, what conceivable reason is there to forbid their taking such steps for the promotion of the Catholic religion as might be in their power? If the nation could be set free from some millions of taxation now expended on prisons, courts of law, police, and military, by the propagation of the Catholic religion and the forcible silencing of the preachers of Protestantism, can any man be so simple as to believe that Parliament would hesitate to clap the Rev. Hugh M'Neile into gaol, and to bind over Sir Robert Inglis to keep the peace against the Pope? In very truth, we should be sorry to change places with these celebrated anti-Popish orators, were the Tories, Whigs, and Radicals of the House of Commons once convinced that Catholics are better subjects than Protestants, and that a man who goes to confession is less likely to be a swindler and a thief than one who boasts of being a Bible Christian and calls the Pope Antichrist. Whatever might be the private convictions of our lawgivers themselves, could they once see that the peace of society, the happiness of families, and the treasures of the national exchequer, would be materially benefited by the cessation of all the anti-Popish declamations now so rife amongst us, we should be sorry to expend a solitary sixpence in insuring the liberty

of speech which would be granted to Sir Peter Laurie and other notorious apostles of Protestantism from our very liberal and very tolerant Parliament. We do not think that the Government would proceed to burn Sir Peter, or to whip Sir Peter, or to hang Sir Peter; but we have no doubt that they would take as effective measures for making Sir Peter hold his tongue as they have taken for quieting the unfortunate Smith O'Brien, and for putting an end to the demonstrations of the belligerent Cuffey.

All this, however, it will be said, is very different from committing men and women to the flames for denying transubstantiation. Granted; it is different—but *only in degree*; the principle involved is one and the same. An Act of Parliament empowering magistrates to silence summarily all men who by word or writing maintain that civil authority has no claim upon our obedience, is founded on the very same principles of government as the Acts of Parliament under which Bishop Bonner burnt the "martyrs" in Smithfield. There is persecution for opinions involved in both alike—the dissimilarity is only in the measure of the punishment. Were some wild fanatics to follow about the judges, and at every assize town gather together a mob, and harangue them on the unlawfulness of all oaths and the sinfulness of hanging men for murder, of course the Home Secretary would ferret out some dormant law empowering him to transfer the offenders from the platform to the treadmill, or from the cart from which they preached to the bar of the court of justice whose authority they impugned. And just such were the measures of Queen Mary for the extirpation of Protestantism. They were *repressive* measures. There is not a particle of evidence to shew that if the Protestants had peaceably held their tongues they would have suffered the loss of a hair of their heads. They provoked the persecution they endured. They insulted and defied the civil government of the land. They preached sedition and treason as a part of their religious creed, and dared the Queen and her Ministers to their face. Of course they were punished, as they deserved. Mary would have been an idiot to endure their proceedings. She might as well have descended at once from her throne, and plunged the whole kingdom into anarchy and ruin.

As to the peculiar bloodiness of her punishments, she only acted upon the received notions of the time. In those days people thought no more of killing a man than we now think of killing a sheep. We are now tender-hearted, civilised, and refined. In those days the world was rough and rude, and the law slaughtered offenders for the slightest crimes. Such laws, we grant, were absurd, severe, and generally failed of their object. No man has a deeper horror than we have of the bloodthirsty Draconian spirit of the old English jurisprudence.

We look upon our grandfathers as little short of insane, when they hung people by hundreds for sheep-stealing and forgery. But still we cannot forget that this murderous spirit did actually animate the whole criminal law of this country. We cannot put down the burning of heretics under Mary, and the executions and torturings of Catholics under Elizabeth and James, and even down to the reign of George the Second, to any thing but the rude ferocious ideas of the times; or look upon Bonner as a whit more bloody-minded a persecutor than Sir Herbert Jenner Fust, when he enforces the laws of the Church of England upon refractory parsons, or the Right Rev. Dr. Philpotts, when he puts the Rev. James Shore into Exeter gaol. Now-a-days we are sensitive almost to effeminacy. Maudlin tears are shed over murderers' pangs, and the suffering housebreaker extorts the pity which our ancestors would have refused to a city given up to military plunder and outrage. Consequently we now persecute for religious opinions with a delicate forbearance, and even cloak our unwilling severities with the guise of toleration. And so long as modern civilisation wears its present aspect, so long will religious persecution be restrained to political disqualifications, moderate fines, dormant penalties, decrees of the Court of Arches, and the hospitalities and amenities of Exeter gaol. Should that very improbable state of things which we have supposed ever come to pass, and the British Parliament do homage to the social advantages to be derived from the practice of auricular confession, the Lauries, the Inglises, the Plumptres, and the Tyrells who may still survive, need fear no rack or torture, no floggings or faggots; they will be chastised and restrained with the same courteous moderation which we now shew in feeding the condemned felon with better food than the toiling peasant, and in contriving to make the penitentiary a place of recreation for our starving millions.

Apart, then, from all idea of the spiritual and religious duties of any secular government, we conclude that the time never will come when the civil power can for any length

of time treat all religions on an equal footing, because a man's conduct as a citizen is powerfully affected by the doctrines and customs of the creed he professes. The only state of things in which we can approximate to such an indifference to the character of different sects is such as that which now prevails in our own country, where the population is so equally divided between different religions that it becomes impossible for any one division to be alone favoured and supported. While Catholic and Protestant, Christian and unbeliever, Anglican and Dissenter, are on the whole so equally balanced as to numerical and personal preponderance, the councils of the nation will confine themselves to such petty and unfair artifices as the exclusion of Jews from Parliament, and the bullying of recalcitrant curates. But should any one creed again succeed in winning the affections of the great heart of the nation, we hold it ridiculous to suppose that Parliament would hesitate to discourage all opposition to that creed, though solely on secular grounds, by such penalties as it may then be the fashion to inflict for offences in general. If northern barbarism has by that time swept over the fair face of Europe, and brought back the untamed savage feelings of other days; if human life is again held cheap among us, and a pecuniary fine is thought ample compensation for the blood of a fellow-creature; then shall we see the ruling creed supported by severe, and it may be by bloody, laws. But if our present feelings on the nature of all punishment still have root amongst us, the refractory theologian will be merely visited with gentle fines and comfortable imprisonment; or perhaps will be sent across the seas to preach his heresies to the few aboriginal savages who shall still be found in the forests of America or the plains of Central Australia. Meanwhile, let us clear our minds of cant for ever, and cease, if we are Protestants, to revile, and if we are Catholics, to be ashamed of, Queen Mary and Bishop Bonner, as if they hardly deserved the name of Christians.

ALLIES' JOURNAL IN FRANCE.

Journal in France in 1845 and 1848, with Letters from Italy in 1847, of Things and Persons concerning the Church and Education. By Thomas William Allies, M.A., Rector of Launton, Oxon. Longmans.

[Second Notice.]

IN our former notice of this volume we laboured to disabuse our author's mind, and the minds of those whom we supposed him to represent, of two very serious errors. The whole work proceeds upon the assumption, that "be-

tween the two communions (of Rome and England) there has grown up a prodigious ignorance of each other's true state," and that nothing more is needed for the "reunion of the English Church with the Church of Rome" than the removal of this ignorance on either side. We therefore felt it our duty to deny, in the strongest terms, that such ignorance, taken at its utmost possible height, had any thing to do with the question really at issue; and to assert, on the contrary, that no amount of knowledge to which Catholics might attain

in this respect could by any possibility change their belief as to the ecclesiastical condition of the Anglican body, or the personal state of those who adhere to it, knowing what it is.

But this is not the only or the least error. Mr. Allies finds French Catholics differing in their opinions as to the amount of orthodoxy retained in the formularies of his Church, as well as in their expressions of sympathy with the (so-called) "Anglican movement," and their estimation of the sincerity of the leaders therein. He perceives their surprise at the extent and definiteness of his own theological opinions, and their want of familiarity with his line of defence; and hence he concludes, not only that they have never considered those opinions (which, in the great majority of cases, is doubtless true enough), and the peculiarity of the position as well of his own party as of the whole Anglican body, but that they have no settled belief on those fundamental principles with which that position (as he conceives) is identified, and on which its tenableness and its strength depends. This error we likewise strove to remove, by shewing him, on his own grounds, how impossible it was that such a view could be the true one; and, in conclusion, we urgently entreated him to look at facts as they are, and not, as he has been wont to regard them, for the sake of a theory. We tried to convince him that Catholics *cannot* regard the question of "reunion" as he would have them regard it; that were they to put themselves in the attitude of mind he would wish them to assume, they would be consenting to a doubt against *faith*, and so far ceasing to be Catholics; that "reunion" with them implies, not the mutual reconciliation between two estranged communities, but the conversion and submission, either collectively or individually, of the offending party to the yoke of Christ in his one holy Church; and we told him, as in all charity we were bound to tell him, that he, and all who think with him, cannot shut their eyes to this momentous truth without exceeding peril of forfeiting that light which has thus far been so wonderfully vouchsafed to them, and provoking God to forsake them altogether.

We shall now consider more in detail the contents of the book, and comment upon such passages as seem to require particular notice.

The object of the author is a most laudable one. It is, as he declares, to remove prejudice and clear away misconception from the minds of "English Churchmen" with regard to the Roman Church; to "provoke" them "to love and to good works" by the "holy examples" he has gathered from personal intercourse with foreign Churches, and especially that of France, and so to bring about reunion. This alone ought to excite, as, indeed, it has excited, our warmest interest and sympathy; but the candour, the boldness, and

the perseverance with which the task has been performed are such as to command the admiration of every generous mind. Mr. Allies evidently states facts exactly as they presented themselves to his observation, and records, without reserve, the impressions which they made upon him; and thus he has not only collected a fund of information respecting the religious and charitable institutions of the Church of France, hitherto but partially known in this country, but he has presented the members of his own communion with a picture of the Catholic Church more vivid and more complete than ever before, we should suppose, was executed by one who did not yield her the loving obedience of a son. Glowing descriptions have been often given of what the Church once was, and perchance might be again, and (especially of late) some rite or institution has been held up to commendation, though selected often rather as the exception to than as the specimen of her present practice; but this we believe to be the first hearty, enthusiastic exhibition, by one without the fold, of the actual living Church—the Roman Church of this nineteenth century—before the broad gaze of that matter-of-fact people, an enlightened British public. The work *ought* to command attention, for it is the result not only of close observation, but of a certain pains-taking, business-like research, which is calculated to win the confidence of the most prejudiced. Mr. Allies does not trust to hearsay, or to a slight casual survey; he is not content with deriving an idea or an impression from what he sees; he visits personally every establishment he describes, repeats his visits, inspects, investigates, enters largely into details, and draws up a report with almost official minuteness and circumstantiality.

We must refer our readers to the book itself for instances of this practical character, which are of frequent occurrence; we prefer, for quotation, the following description, which will serve to shew how skilfully the Church of France contrives to meet the infidel on his own grounds, and with that most formidable of his weapons, ridicule, and to inculcate a belief in supernatural things in a manner at once entertaining and striking, upon an active-minded and intellectual people.

"In the evening we went to the Ecole des Frères Chrétiens, 6 Rue du Fleurus, and were conducted by some of the brethren to the most extraordinary scene we have witnessed in France. It was a meeting held in the parish church of S. Marguerite, to give prizes to the assiduous members of the society of S. Francois Xavier, which is composed of artisans, who attend periodically to be instructed. After Vespers and Compline, Monseigneur the Archbishop of Chalcedoine was introduced, under whom the séance was held. The curé then briefly stated the course of proceedings, and presently commenced a dispute between M. l'Abbé Massard, prêtre directeur, and M. l'Abbé Croze, on the subject whether there were or were not miracles; the former maintaining the negative, the latter the affirmative. The usual philosophical objections were put by l'Abbé Mas-

sard very fairly and with great vivacity, and were answered by l'Abbé Croze with vivacity still greater and superior ingenuity. Constant approbation and laughter attended both question and answer, there being a large number of women outside the barrier in the aisles, the workmen members occupying the nave, and all seemed to relish to the utmost the nature of the colloquy. It was, indeed, extremely well imagined to convey to minds of that class a ready answer to specious philosophical objections against the truth of religion; and, though no doubt previously arranged by the two disputants, had all the air of being poured forth with extreme volubility on the spur of the moment. To give a notion of the thing: M. Massard proposed the subject of Miracles; and on being asked, What about miracles? said, he should dispute against them. L'Abbé Croze asked him what he meant by miracles. M. Massard began, personating an eager and hasty infidel, with a rough account of them. 'I don't mean to give a philosophical definition; I mean what every body means—an extraordinary thing, such as one never saw—in fact, an impossible thing.' L'Abbé Croze complained that this was too vague, and gave his own definition—'an act surpassing human power, and out of the ordinary course of nature, and which consequently must be referred to some supernatural power.' L'Abbé Massard then made a speech of some length about the impossibility of miracles, and the absurdity of some that were found in history, and concluded by denying all. M. Croze made him begin to repeat his arguments one by one, saying, he would then serve him as Horatius did the Curiatii. M. Massard said, in repetition, 'God cannot work a miracle, for it would be a disorder; it would be against his own laws,' &c. L'Abbé Croze said, 'he could not see why He, who makes the sun rise every day, might not stop it one day, as the maker of a watch can stop the watch. A miracle is no exertion of force in the Almighty, no more than for one who walks to stop walking an instant,' &c. M. Massard changed his ground, and urged Hume's argument, that even if a miracle were acted before our eyes, we could have no proofs that it was a miracle equal in force to the antecedent improbability that a miracle would be done. M. Croze pulled this to pieces, to the great amusement of the auditory. 'What!' said he, 'can any thing be more ridiculous than to tell me that proofs are wanted, when a miracle is done before my eyes? If I see a man whom I well know in the last stage of sickness, witness after his death and burial, and, a year or two after that, that man reappears before my eyes, do I want any proof of the miracle? If I meet an ass in the street, and say to him, Ass, speak, philosophise; and he forthwith opens his mouth and argues, do I want any proof that it is a miracle? If I meet an ox going along, and I say, Ox, fly; and he flies, do I want proof of the miracle? If one evening all the women in Paris were to become dumb, and could not speak'—here a burst of laughter broke from all parts of the church, and it was some time before the orator triumphant could proceed. M. Massard said, 'Well, but there have been sorcerers and magicians who performed miracles; Moses was met by sorcerers who did the same miracles that he did,' Croze—'Not the same: they imitated one or two, but then failed.' He went on with an eloquent apostrophe to Moses, ending with an allusion to the final plague; and then he went on further to illustrate the difference between divine and diabolical miracles, by the history of St. Peter and Simon Magus. M. Massard said, 'But if any one were to work as many miracles by the power of the devil as are recorded in Holy Scripture, must we then believe him?' M. Croze—'No; we have been told that Antichrist will work miracles at the end of the world; but we are assured that God has wrought them in proof of his religion, and He cannot have deceived us. Therefore we may safely reject any pretended revelation that is contrary to what we have received.'

"The last question was, 'You have well proved that there can be, and have been, miracles, but now I wish to put an objection to you, which I think you will find it very hard to answer. How is it that God works no

miracles now?' M. Croze rejoins, 'Is that your great difficulty? There are fifty answers I might give you. As, for instance, that God does not choose to work them now, and certainly we have no right to ask his reasons; or, that now his religion is established, it has no need of the confirmation of miracles. These and numberless other answers might be given, but I prefer shewing you, that it is not at all desirable miracles should be worked. Two medical charlatans once went into a town, and, in order to get themselves practice, instead of putting out that they had specific remedies for the gout, or the liver, or the digestion, or what not, they declared, on that day three weeks, they would go in broad daylight into the cemetery and raise to life any whom they were asked to raise, however long he had been dead. The bait took; their house in the mean time was besieged with patients, for it was naturally supposed that they, who could raise the dead, could cure the living. In the mean time, as the day approached, the more timid said to the other, 'What shall we do, for if we do not raise the dead man we shall certainly be stoned.' 'Don't be afraid,' said the other, 'I know mankind better than that;' and, indeed, the next day a middle-aged man came to them, and offered them a considerable sum if they would go away without raising the dead. 'Ah! Messieurs,' said he, 'j'avais une si méchante femme.' Another burst of laughter throughout the church. 'I had such a shrew of a wife. God in his goodness has been pleased to relieve me of her; if she should be the one you pitch upon, I should be a lost man.' Presently came two young men, and said, 'Ah! Messieurs, an old man died the other day and left us a great fortune: if you raise him up, I am afraid we shall be lost men, for he will certainly take it from us again.' Not long after came the magistrates, who had reason to fear lest a certain person, who was now quietly out of the way, should return to life and trouble them. And they besought and authorised our charlatans to leave the city before the appointed day. So you see it would be a very undesirable thing to have the power to work miracles. So I might answer you; but I, for my part believe there have been miracles in modern times.' Here he cited some, which I did not catch. Such was the nature of this conference between M. Massard and M. Croze, which latter had a countenance remarkable for finesse and subtlety and comic humour. Profaneness to the church was supposed to be guarded against by stretching a curtain before the altar at some little distance.

"This was followed by an energetic and rhetorical sermon from L'Abbé Frappaz, on the love of Christ, and on faith, hope, and charity, which was listened to with great attention, and applauded more than once."

Anglo-Catholicism* does not shew well in this strong light. The contrast is well hit off in the last paragraph but one of the first year's journal.

"Sunday, July 27.—Went to the British Chapel, in the Rue du Temple—a miserable meeting-house, begarleried all round, with one pulpit for the prayers and an-

* It has occurred to us, since we used the term, that it may be thought unfair in us to set down as Anglo-Catholicism what Mr. Allies would rather characterise as a piece of Protestantism. He would say that the preacher in question was not an Anglo-Catholic, but a Protestant. [So, in a passage which we quote hereafter in the text, when contrasting the Catholic and the Protestant's view of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, he says that the *Protestant* sees in the former but "a dead woman worshipped," and in the latter but "deified sinners:" yet, if we are not mistaken, these words were used by a dignitary of the Anglican Church.] But if so, how plain is it, that, to Anglican minds, to be a Catholic is not to be a member of the Catholic Church, but to hold Catholic views; and therefore, that the "Church of England" is to be considered a portion of the Catholic body, not because it *is* so, but because it allows its members to hold those views.

other for the sermon, flanking a table in the midst. The reading and the preaching quite in correspondence. Indeed, the sermon, which was without book, was one of the most extraordinary productions I ever heard: its tone may be imagined, from the speaker calling our Lord 'King of Kings, and Lord of Lords—and Emperor of Emperors.' 'What was half an hour to speak of immortal things to an immortal soul!' The chapel was very full of well-dressed people, whose demeanour was as little religious as can be conceived; but they were bidden to beware of the superstition of the Roman Church, and of the seductions to the animal nature which it afforded."

The "Letters from Italy" contain a most minute and graphic account of the two virgins of the Tyrol, the Addolorata and the Estatica (the former since deceased), both by Mr. Allies and by his fellow-travellers, Messrs. Pollen and Wynne. We can ourselves testify, from our own personal knowledge, to the accuracy of the description. All the circumstances of these wonderful cases are told with a touching beauty of language, and, we need not add, in a most religious and reverential spirit. Mr. Allies deserves all honour for the boldness with which he has published these details, in the face not only of a sceptical world, for whose yell of scorn he was no doubt prepared,—not only of a cold, negative Anglicanism, which has no sense for the supernatural,—but of his own immediate party, the policy of whose organs it seems to be to suppress all facts that might exhibit the divine character of the Catholic Church, and help to lift the veil from the eyes of those who are in darkness from no fault of their own.* We should only spoil

* "Readers of the book will perceive that there are certain portions of it, descriptive of events supposed to be miraculous, which we have passed over in silence. The Italian letters are chiefly on these subjects. We can see no good end likely to be attained by placing these narrations in the hands of miscellaneous readers. We do not wish to add to the evil by (?) any discussion of the subject to find its way into these columns."—*Guardian*, February 28th.

Equally, if not more reprehensible, is the conduct of those who use the influence their situation gives them to prevent others from following out inquiries into the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and the true nature of her claims upon them, at the very time when, so far from being able to refer to any authority as their warrant for such a course, they are sensible that their position is encompassed with difficulties and needs apology and defence, and cannot even venture to profess any assurance that circumstances might not arise which would oblige them to the very line of action which they will not allow others so much as to contemplate. How fearful is the responsibility which such persons take upon themselves! No little self-confidence, in our judgment, is implied in undertaking, not to say *seeking*, to guide souls, on the part of those who have never received similar guidance, who have never themselves been taught and trained in this most delicate and arduous science, and have no body of doctrine, no moral theology to fall back upon—no authority, nor even any settled rule to appeal to. But for a man to dare, upon his own individual fallible judgment, to bid another stifle the convictions of his conscience and risk his eternal salvation, when, even if he be himself free from misgivings, he cannot at any rate say that he is *sure* that the Church of Rome may not, after all, be the only Church of Christ upon earth, the only communion, therefore, in which salvation is (ordinarily) attainable,—this is a piece of assumption and spiritual tyranny which deserves the strongest reprobation. What aggravates the offence in many instances is, that the victims of this cruel despotism have had prin-

the narrative by any extract we have room to make; it must be read entire to be felt and appreciated. We take this opportunity, however, of saying, that we think we can solve the *vexata quæstio*, as to whether the Addolorata quoted her Catechism on Mr. Allies requesting her to pray for England. He had said, "Prega che l'Inghilterra sia tutta Cattolica, che non ci sia che una religione, perchè adesso ci sono molte." She replied, "Sì; non vi è che una sola religione Cattolica Romana; fuori di questa non si deve aver speranza." It so happens that we can refer to the Catechism of the diocese, the very one she would have learnt. The words there are, "Vi è solamente una vera Chiesa, fuori della quale non v'è da sperare salute;" so that her answer contains a significant addition, such as might well make an inquiring mind, lookingly anxiously for a solution to the most momentous of questions, meditate deeply on its import. It is true that a few paragraphs after occur the words, "La vera Chiesa si chiama ancora Romana; perchè la Chiesa Romana è capo di tutte le altre, e il centro dell'unità;" but this, of course, does not affect the pertinency or the singularity of the reply.

We hope Mr. Wynne will excuse us if we take exception at one observation in his otherwise most edifying contribution. In describing the impression produced upon him by the virgin of Capriana, he says:

"In former cases in which the stigmata have been granted, they have appeared (as in the cases of S. Francis of Assisi, S. Theresa, or S. Catherine) as the seal of consummate sanctity, or the reward of intense meditation on the subject of the Passion; whereas in the present instance there is nothing to lead one to suppose either one or the other, in any extraordinary degree. The impression conveyed to me by my visit was, I confess, very considerable, though it was more one of great suffering and resignation, than of any extraordinary tokens of grace, in the object of our visit. There is, I take it, no *necessary* connexion between the extraordinary phenomena which her body bears and extreme sanctity, though one might expect it. Her life has always been extremely virtuous and pious (the country people spoke of her as 'bonissima ragazza'), and her long and intense suffering appears to have chastened and subdued her spirit to a state one would consider well disciplined to meet death; but nothing that I saw led me to suppose the lofty religious abstraction, the spiritual fervour, or

ciples inculcated upon them by these very persons, which, pursued to their consequences, have brought the mind to that point where to pause is to resist the plain deductions of reason and the dictates of conscience. Let us be well understood. We do not mean that men can advise others to any course of conduct but such as they judge safe and prudent for themselves; but it is quite another thing to use authority, exact promises, lay a burden on the conscience, impose upon weaker minds by the show of sacerdotal power,—thus making obedience to *themselves* assume the shape of duty,—treat reasonable and conscientious doubts as moral faults, substitute their own personal confidence for the objective certainty of the point at issue, and make it a sin, or a token of a restless, unhumiliated, or impatient temper, not to accept this "vicarious confidence" as sufficient security where the soul's salvation is concerned. This, we have no hesitation in saying, is an assumption of power which is as contrary to natural justice as it is to the divine law.

superhuman yearning of the soul for God, which one looks for in the female saint."

We are not contending for the sanctity of Domenica Lazzari, seeing that the Church has not pronounced upon the case, and, so far from considering that there is any "necessary connexion between the extraordinary phenomena which her body bears and extreme sanctity," has by her prolonged and stringent tests always shewn herself most suspicious both of the reality and of the character of such phenomena. But we apprehend that Mr. Wynne's criteria are not the most practical and trustworthy, and that his pictorial idea of a "female saint" is drawn more from his own imagination of what she must *look like*, than from the Church's matter-of-fact account of what she *is*. We are the more anxious to notice his impressions, because they seem to us to imply an erroneous expectation, which is liable to be hurtful to the individual who entertains it, and to counteract the force of testimony which might otherwise perhaps have its due weight with him. He sees and confesses the presence of the stigmata, but he does not think that he sees any proofs of "consummate sanctity," or of "intense meditation on the subject of the Passion." He seems to think that extraordinary sanctity must necessarily display itself in extraordinary outward tokens, and this to the eye of a mere casual observer. Whereas, what is real sanctity but a perfect conformity of the will to that of God, which need not necessarily exhibit itself in any thing remarkable? He forgets, too, that "resignation" under "great suffering," and a "chastened and subdued spirit" in its endurance, would be the very forms which such sanctity would exhibit; and that, in a humble state of life, the perfection in which its lowly duties were performed would constitute the very perfection of that sanctity, and yet have nothing striking in it. Besides, the life of sanctity is mainly a hidden life; and though in certain cases it may please God, for his own glory and that of his saints, as well as for the comfort and edification of his Church, that part of this sanctity should pierce through the veil of mystery, and shine forth at times with supernatural brightness, yet we may be sure that this forms the exception of his dealings with his chosen ones, and not his general rule. The Lord himself, the King of Saints, lived for thirty years in an obscure and humble state, confounded with the meanest and most ordinary of mankind. Mr. Wynne seems to suppose that "lofty religious abstraction, spiritual fervour, and superhuman yearning of the soul for God"—by which he plainly means *sensible* fervour, and such abstraction of spirit and aspiring of the soul as shall prove itself in outward demonstration—are necessary to constitute the "saint;" we know not why he has said "the *female* saint." We need

scarcely remind him that it may please God to deprive his most favoured servants of all sensible tokens of his love and presence, so that they are hidden even from themselves; how much more, therefore, from those who, gazing from without, see indeed a suffering and patient, but what seems to them a mere ordinary creature. Though, therefore, God sees fit at times to make known his saints by their high gifts and tokens, yet have we no right to "*look for*" such things as the necessary characteristics and accompaniments of sanctity. If Mr. Wynne will recall to his mind Nos. lviii. and lix. of the *Lyra Apostolica*, which are among the compositions headed "*Hidden Saints*," he will know better what we mean.

While we are on the subject of extraordinary manifestations, we may mention that one of not the least interesting accounts contained in the book is that of two miraculous cures which took place in Paris during the last year, a report of which was widely circulated at the time among Catholics in this country, but which Mr. Allies is, we believe, the first to make public in an authenticated form. The accounts are well attested, and our author himself questioned the chief parties concerned, and investigated the circumstances with much care and industry. It is fearful to remark the manner in which these accounts have been received in England, not only by religious people generally, but by those who profess to believe in the presence of Christ in his Church, and the supernatural powers consequent thereupon.* It is fearful, not only as shewing how

* "What is the management and wise dealing which the mind of educated society, in this new stage of critical power and scientific taste, has met with at the hands of the continental Church? It is evident, at first sight, that to such minds the whole department of false miracles, and all that is unworthy, monstrous, and ridiculous in the received legends and documents of the Church, must be a scandal. . . . If that scandal has not been lessened, then, whatever may be the sin and folly of those minds who gave way to it, and refusing to make the distinction between what was vital and what was adventitious in the Church system of belief, threw over the whole, and rushed into infidelity, those minds have not received fair treatment at the hands of the Church. Something which ought to have been done to protect them has not been done. But has this been done? It is no desire to justify French or continental infidelity which leads us to say, that the Roman Church has most decidedly, in France and other countries, neglected this part of her duty."—*Christian Remembrancer*, April 1849, p. 480.

"The stories of miracles, with their testimonies, which Mr. Allies has collected, are strange tales, equalling, if not exceeding, the business of the holy coat of Treves. The mockery of Parisian scepticism can hardly be wondered at when stories like the following (the miraculous cure of a *Sœur de la Charité*) are put forth as occurring in Paris."—*Spectator*, March 17, 1849.

The parallelism of thought in these extracts is striking and significant. We remember the time when such a coincidence of opinion between the High Church organ and that of the party which the *Spectator* represents would hardly have occurred. What are we to understand by it? Are we to take the *Christian Remembrancer's* way of dealing with the miraculous note of the Church, as that to which the whole party would subscribe? If not, why is that party content to allow its organs to put forth such sentiments without a disclaimer? Is there

little such professed belief will stand the test of actual circumstantial facts, but as proving what a harvest is preparing for the deceiver of souls as soon as he sees that the time is ripe for the display of his "lying wonders," and that men have so utterly lost all belief in an invisible world, and in spiritual agencies, that once let something plainly supernatural, though it be infernal, be wrought before their eyes, they will fall down and worship the doer of it. Mr. Allies' remarks on the present power of the saints, and the unchristian nature of the prevalent unbelief in the matter of miracles, are as sensible as they are religious.

"If ever charity flowed in any human breast, it was in his (St. Vincent of Paul). When people scruple at admitting some material miracle, such, for instance, as that mentioned above, wrought before his shrine, they forget that the whole life of this saint was a spiritual miracle infinitely more astonishing. It is a simple exercise of God's *creative* power attending, it is true, on the virtue flowing over from our Saviour to his saints, that a malady is removed by the intercession of a saint, whose relics are approached in faith; but that man's naturally selfish and fallen spirit should become a shrine of self-denying, patient, suffering, and conquering love, from the baptismal font unto the grave, is a miracle of God's *redeeming* power, of his election working in union with his creature's will, which does, indeed, awaken the greatest astonishment. 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.' It is said not to the Apostles, nor to those on whom they laid their hands, nor to the first ages merely, but without limit of time."

Our readers are aware that Mr. Allies has spoken in most severe terms of the negligences, the unrealities, the deep practical corruptions of his Church, and has expressed with indignant earnestness the shame and alarm he feels at the degradation into which it has fallen. We are not Mr. Allies' apologists, but we cannot sufficiently admire the boldness, the audacity—for such it will appear to some—the honest audacity, with which, in the spirit of a true reformer, he has laid bare the evils of the communion in which he finds himself, and labours to arouse it, as believing it to be still a living member of Christ's body, from the death-like stupor in which it lies.

But this is not his sole or his chief merit in our eyes. He has not only openly protested against the evils in his own communion, but he has as openly acknowledged the good he has beheld in the actual state and system of

the Catholic Church, and this not cautiously and exceptionally, but generously and absolutely. There is an honesty in confronting the real testimony of facts; there is an honesty of a still higher kind in avowing the truth, not merely in private confidences, but before all the world, and at all risks of what such an avowal might entail. We cannot say that we are sanguine as to the results either of this bold avowal or of this strong appeal, even in the case of those who might be supposed most to sympathise with the object which Mr. Allies has at heart. We fear that the generality will content themselves with saying that his facts against the English Church tell them nothing but what they knew before, while they will simply ignore, or vaguely throw a doubt upon, the facts he has adduced in favour of the Church of Rome. There are many who will bear to have hard things said of their own church if only as hard things are said of the "sister churches." They love to look up at a grand idea, or abroad upon a vast abstraction; they will give that idea, that abstraction a local habitation in some bygone age, or they will incorporate it in some imaginary system as yet in the womb of time; but they would fain shut their ears and their eyes to the fact that all they descant upon and dream about are present, living, substantial realities in the Catholic Church. They will even take what they call the Church of Rome as their model, their authority, in such doctrines and practices as seem compatible with the opinions they have adopted, or the position they have assumed; but facts and statements which imply the clear, positive, total superiority of that Church over their own, they will not for a moment admit or listen to. To such Mr. Allies' conclusions will be far too absolute and decisive to be pleasing. He plainly declares that he would raise the Church of England to the standard, not ideal but actual, of the Church of Rome. The Church of Rome, he says in Mr. Marriott's words, is "all we are trying in vain" to be; "what exists with us in *theory* exists there in *practice*." "I do not wonder," he says himself, "at the Roman Catholic, who regards the English Church as a sheer apostacy, a recoil from all that is controlling, ennobling, and transcendental in faith, to a blank gulf of unbelief."

We shall now select one or two passages, which shew how thoroughly this conviction has taken possession of his mind, out of numerous others of the same kind, so striking as to remain on the reader's recollection as the characteristics of the book. How beautifully and how powerfully has he symbolised in the following eloquent description the deep and thrilling emotion with which one who has entered for the first time, not the material, but the living spiritual temple, beholds the glorious realities that surround him! Would that he too could

after all, any actual body of persons within the Anglican establishment who agree in principle, and in their grounds of defence for the position they occupy? or are they content to shelter themselves as a *party* by arguments which, as *individuals*, they disclaim, and to avail themselves of any variety of weapons against the Catholic Church, however mutually self-destructive? It is curious to see Mr. Allies (p. 325) insinuating in favour of his own communion the presence of the very same supernatural signs, the assertion of which on the part of the Catholic Church is brought against her by the *Christian Remembrancer* as a scandal of such magnitude as to make "educated" and "critical" minds fall headlong into infidelity.

behold with the eye of faith what in imagination he so well conceives, and in words so truthfully depicts. It is marvellous—it strikes us with a kind of terror—to see how the *mind* can be possessed and penetrated with the sense of a supernatural Presence, and yet the *man* refuse his homage and submission. It is St. Mark's at Venice that elicits this burst of religious feeling.

"Italian churches are as unlike ours as two things called by the same name can well be. They are full of marbles on floor and walls, paintings, gildings, shrines, images, tapers, perpetual services, and seldom wanting at least in some worshippers. St. Mark much exceeds my expectation. It has five domes covered with mosaic and figures in rich gilding, columns of finest marble, bronzes, multitudes of precious objects, but with a solemnity far beyond all these, which makes one feel that one is in a temple, a place of worship, of bowing down to the Infinite, not of addressing man himself through a part of him which has shared in his general fall—the understanding. This, I think, is the main difference between Catholic and uncatholic churches. Then, again, that vision of the Blessed Virgin and Child, so often repeated, and under so many different phases, is inexpressibly consoling. It really seems to me that the more men dwell upon the Incarnation, the more they will associate the Blessed Virgin with our Lord, and the saints with Him and with her; they will not analyse and divide, but rather always seem to be touching the skirts of his robe of glory, in every one of those who have suffered and conquered in his name; and most of all in the Mother, who was and is so unspeakably near to Him. Thus the Protestant sees in her 'a dead woman worshipped;' the Catholic, the mother of all Christians: the Protestant sees in the saints 'defiled sinners;' the Catholic, living members of his body, in whom his virtue now dwells without let of human corruption."

It is a great satisfaction to us to observe the evident progress which Mr. Allies has made in his perception and embrace of Catholic doctrine during the period comprised within the dates of his Journal. On no subject is this progress more conspicuous than on that of devotion to the Blessed Virgin. What in 1845 was a difficulty, if not an offence, becomes in 1848 a sweet and cherished sentiment. It is more than a cold, grudging acknowledgment that a certain amount of honour is due to the Mother of our Lord; it is more than an æsthetic view of the loveliness and attractiveness of so beautiful a devotion; it is more than a conviction of its lawfulness as *authorised* in the Roman Church; it is a strong perception and a hearty confession of its intimate and vital association with that mystery of mysteries, which is the soul and substance of the Christian's faith—the adorable Incarnation of the Son of God. This is to our minds by far the most hopeful change in Mr. Allies' feelings. We would fain take it as an indication of the drawing of the heart towards our Blessed Lord in his mystical body and in the sacrament of his love, and, as we trust, a harbinging of that grace divine which Mary obtains for those who really love and honour her for her Son's sake.

The idea contained in the preceding extract is further developed a few pages on.

"Certainly the key-note of all the Roman services is, 'The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.' The presence of the Incarnation broods like a spirit over all: gives meaning to every genuflection at the altar; life to every hymn; harmony to that wonderful array of saints, with the Virgin Mother at their head, who intercede with the most Holy Trinity, and join their praises with the angelic hosts, and the voices of feeble men suffering the conflict of the flesh. Around the Incarnation drawn out, applied to daily life, brought before the eye and the heart, enfolding the penitent at the confessional, exalting the priest at the altar, the whole worship revolves; children unconsciously live on it; mothers, through it, look on their children, till maternal love becomes itself deeper, warmer, and holier. Through it and by it the priest bears his life of toil and self-denial so easily, that charity seems like the breath by which he lives. What is the secret of this? It is that daily approach in the morning to the Most Holy One; that daily reception of Him, which defies flesh and blood.

"Such has been the impression of to-day's worship; it was *devotion* indeed; that is, the ascending of the heart to its own Lord: not a perpetual effort to work on the understanding, but the lifting of the higher power, the spirit in man, by which all are equal, to God. This begins with the holy Sacrifice in the morning, and ends with the exhibition of that same tremendous Sacrifice, the Incarnation of Love, in the evening. 'The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us,' is the first and last: He comes amid a cloud of his saints: they are powerful because they are his: their works are mighty because He works in them: their supplications prevail because they, being flesh and blood, have become partakers of the Word made flesh. She, most of all, whose most pure substance He took to make his own for ever: so that what came of her is joined in hypostatic union with God, and is God. Thus seen, the communion of saints is a real thing, embracing our daily life at a thousand points, the extension and drawing out of the Incarnation, understood by it, and in it. To those who do not realise that tremendous Presence at the altar, the saints are so many sinful men and women made gods and goddesses, and those who reverence them idolators. How much do people lose by such a misconception; how utterly do they fail to perceive the length and depth and breadth and height of the truth: they halve and quarter the Incarnation, and boast that they alone understand it. These multiplied prayers and hymns seem to them a form, the bowing of the body a mockery, for they discern not Him who walks amid the golden candlesticks—it is emptiness to them, for He is not there."

We annex the following as a suitable *pendant*. Mr. Allies is in conversation with Lady —, a Protestant, who had declared that, though "she could not refuse her belief to the efficacy" of "prayer addressed through the Blessed Virgin to God," "yet her whole mind revolted from addressing an invocation" to her.

"To Protestants," she observed, "the Blessed Virgin was a merely historical being, having no present existence; they did not mean to dishonour her, but they simply never thought about her. I said it appeared to me that the Intercession of the Saints for the Church on earth and its particular members could not but be an essential part of the Communion of Saints, and this being once granted, the pre-eminent position of the Blessed Virgin accounted for the effects wrought by her intercession; that those who had carried her power to the highest, yet made it a simply intercessory power. 'Monstra te esse matrem' was the highest exhibition of her authority. When the mind comes to reflect upon her, and the position she holds, so unapproachable by any other creature, it can hardly fail to come to these results. The greater tenderness and devotion of spirit discernible among Roman Catholics must be on account

of their so vividly realising the Communion of Saints, and this specially in the case of the Blessed Virgin."

How can one who really believes this remain a member and a minister of a Church that, to say the least, teaches its children "never to think about her," and ignores, and therefore practically denies, "an *essential* part of the Communion of Saints?"

The most remarkable as well as the most effective portion of the work is the "Conclusion," in which the author sums up with great power the impressions and convictions which the Catholic Church as a whole has wrought in his mind. The knowledge he has gained of the inward life of the Church is certainly not slight; and he writes with all the earnestness of one who feels the practical importance of what he has seen, and the duty incumbent upon him of communicating to others the results of his observation. Still we cannot say that we think he has gained any clear insight into what really constitutes the source and strength of that life. Strong as are his impressions, and forcibly as he expresses them, they are still impressions—a series of mental sensations and reflections upon them, rather than a perception of the truth itself, and the thoughts that naturally flow therefrom. But it is necessary we should explain more fully what we mean.

In our former article we entered at some length upon the error of supposing that the Catholicity of the Anglican Church is demonstrable from the fact of its having retained certain Catholic formularies, *e.g.* the authoritative form of absolution in the Service of the Sick; as though it mattered to the soul that departed last night to receive the reward of its deeds done in the body, that in the Anglican Book of Common Prayer there lay dormant a form of words, to which, as representing a sacramental rite, which (to use Mr. Allies' words) is "the great chain that holds together the whole Christian life," there was attached a power by which his sins *might have* been forgiven. This error is akin to that of supposing that the holding no other *idea* of the Church than was held by the Nicene Fathers—and what is thought to be also the present Roman idea—is sufficient to constitute an orthodox faith; while at the same time it is believed that that idea is not actually exhibited and realised in the Church of the present time. This is what we characterised as holding *doctrines* and letting go the *realities* represented by those doctrines; and a similar obscurity of vision and want of grasp we seem to see in Mr. Allies' view of all the great Christian mysteries, especially that which he justly styles "the centre and life of the whole." In our first perusal of the work, even while the charm and freshness of first impressions naturally precluded any thing of a critical spirit, we could not help observing, that in

his most explicitly Catholic passages, the most elaborate and the most strikingly beautiful of any in the book, he speaks rather of the doctrines which a Catholic holds than of the realities in which he believes. It may seem invidious in us to point attention to this defect, considering the testimony which Mr. Allies has so nobly volunteered to the Catholic system, both doctrinal and practical; but the part we have chosen is not that of ordinary reviewers; we have taken our stand on higher ground, and our aim extends beyond the merely literary and critical. We feel that we are holding an earnest conference with earnest men, who are willing both to speak and to hear the truth.

In the whole passage, then, to which we refer, we cannot help thinking that where Mr. Allies repeats the words "doctrine," "dogma," &c., the Catholic would have spoken of the mystery itself, or have used expressions which shewed that what he had before his mind was an objective reality, independent of individual belief or non-belief. We are not disposed to be hypercritical; but Mr. Allies writes as if he thought that what produced such supernatural moral effects upon the mind and life of a Catholic was not the Real Presence Itself, and his faith in Its reality, and his meditations upon and before It, but "the *dogma* of the Real Presence," and his thoughts and reflections upon that dogma. Of course, as Catholics, we believe that Mr. Allies, by the very fault of his position, cannot realise the great Christian mysteries as is the blessed privilege of those who are partakers therein; but our impression would be that he does not even intellectually discern, at least not habitually and distinctly, the difference between the one act of the mind and the other.

We think that we can trace this inadequacy of thought and expression, this constant recurrence to doctrines and dogmas, to their first cause. That cause we believe to be this: that Mr. Allies really, though unconsciously, considers that what constitutes the whole difference between Catholicism and Protestantism is the holding or not holding certain doctrines, which difference shews itself in certain mental and practical results. It never seems to be present to his mind, as the one abiding engrossing thought, that the real paramount difference consists in the possessing or not possessing certain ineffable mysteries. And this is why he does not see or feel what it is that makes his own Church so unlike the Catholic; this is why he is so unable to face the question really at issue. It is true he may say that while he holds his Church to be "a branch of the Church of Christ," he must, so to say, take for granted that it really possesses the same Adorable Presence and the same supernatural powers. Yet this would be to us by no means a satisfactory reply, as it does

not serve to explain either the language he uses, or the general current of his thoughts. For supposing his Church to be what he thinks it to be, and taking his own account of its practical belief and teaching on these subjects to be the true one, surely the natural feeling of a Catholic mind would be that of horror at the dreadful profanation of the tremendous Mystery at the hands of so faithless a body, and its blasphemous denial and disbelief of the powers committed to its trust. But this is not Mr. Allies' feeling, nor does any expression he uses evince its existence. What he does feel, and does express, is a reproachful regret that his Church neglects to teach certain doctrines contained in its formularies, the practical effects of which he witnesses in the Catholic Church.

We may instance the very first sentence of that part of the work on which we are commenting. After remarking that "there are certain doctrines in the Roman Catholic Church" (meaning thereby, among others, that of the Real Presence) "which are brought into such prominence in practice, and are in their own nature so very powerful, that they make that faith appear, *in its actual exercise*, quite another thing from the faith prevailing among ourselves" (English Churchmen), he adds—not that the "English Church" actually possesses the awful realities represented by these doctrines, a practical belief in which has such beneficial effects, but that there is "no essential difference between the *truemind** of the English and that of the Roman Church," which *true mind* he thinks "forms the basis of the Prayer Book," though he doubts "whether the true *ἡθος* of the English Church will ever prevail actually within her, cast out the Puritan virus, and collect and animate the whole body of Catholic truth which her formularies contain." And so throughout it is as if Catholic truths were only dogmas, and the great mysteries of the faith, even the greatest and the most sacred, had their residence in the letter of certain formularies, awaiting, as it were, a practical belief to call them into life and exercise. Instead of the Church, the mystical body of Christ, and his sacramental Presence therein, the prevailing, ever-recurring idea in Mr. Allies' mind is that of the "formularies" and the "dogma" representing and teaching that Presence.

"England has banished the dogma of the Real Presence, not indeed from her theory, but still from being that vital and pervading practical truth which should animate and reward the labours of every day, and turn into consolation all the sorrows of humanity. Oh, that the Spirit of God might breathe the life of every day's practical action into those ancient Catholic formularies which are at present a reproach to our degeneracy!"

This is not the language of one who be-

lieves that the sacred Presence of his God and Saviour is really possessed, but practically ignored and denied, by his Church. If Mr. Allies did indeed, as he thinks, share our faith, and believe his Church to possess this sacred Presence, would he not rather have exclaimed, "Oh, that the Spirit of God would breathe the life of faith and love into the hearts of our people, that they might acknowledge and adore that ineffable Presence, which, descending upon our altars, reproaches us for our sacrilege and unbelief!" Either, then, the mystery of which he speaks is to him a dogma, and nothing more, or he fails to protest against what he ought to feel to be the real, the appalling evil. He attaches himself to a mere collateral consequence, the loss of certain moral effects, while the Catholic would think first, and above all, of the dishonour done to his Sovereign Lord. How different is the language which the Church puts into the mouth of her children, whom she would have daily, if possible, prostrate themselves before their adorable Lord, and offer Him their whole hearts and souls, all they are and all they have, in union with his own beloved Mother and all the Saints, in an act of reparation for the neglects, and blasphemies, and outrages committed against Him in the Sacrament of his love! We do not expect to convince Mr. Allies of the justice of our strictures, though we would offer them, in all charity, to his serious consideration, in the hope that he may be led to test his belief in this matter. We are not finding fault with him for his want of faith in that great mystery to which we have especially alluded, knowing, as we do, that it is not possessed, as he would fain persuade himself it is possessed, by the communion to which he belongs, and in which he ministers. All that we would wish him at present to see is, that his belief, whatever it be, is something quite different in kind from the faith of a Catholic. Until he is himself a Catholic indeed, we are convinced he will be unable to *realise* the difference between holding a dogma and believing in a reality, however he may intellectually conceive the difference, and may in terms acknowledge and maintain it. But once let him stand at the high point of view at which, by God's mercy, it is our blessedness to stand, and he will wonder at his own former conceptions, and the words in which he expressed them, so weak and inadequate will they appear when his eyes behold the actual objects of divine faith, instead of the dim and confused shadows of them that now float before his mind.

If our account of the matter be the true one, it will explain why Mr. Allies does not "understand (p. 343) how in country parishes, where there is no music, interest can be kept up in the services," even in the very "Sacrifice of the Mass" itself, as "recited in a tongue"

* The italics are the author's.

which the people "understand not;" and why he thinks he "should feel more than" he "can express" the silence that reigns during "the whole canon of the Mass," and his inability to distinguish any words in a "*Missa cantata*." The holy Sacrifice of the Mass is to him more an *idea*—something that has a great meaning attached to it—than a great and awful reality. He desires that the outward effect should correspond with this great idea, and is disappointed when it fails of doing so. It is natural, therefore, that his mind thus having a tendency to consider the Mass more as the representation of a mystery than the mystery itself, more as an impressive narrative than a real transaction in progress before his eyes, should be disposed inordinately to regret the absence of such adventitious aids as music and audible words afford. The whole action of the Mass is not as objective to his mind as in imagination he conceives; it is objective rather in idea than in fact. He is not so much kneeling at the foot of Calvary as contemplating a picture of it.

Akin to this is his view (pp. 125, 6) of the comparative merits of "one daily celebration, at which all who are disposed, especially clergy, should assist," and "a succession" of Masses "from dawn till noon." If the former is pleasing to his imagination, of the latter he says that it "sets forth a continual worship." It never seems to occur to him that a far higher object than the mere "setting forth" of an idea is involved in this practice of the Church. It never seems to enter within the scope of his thoughts that this one imposing celebration could be accomplished only by precluding hundreds of souls from the inestimable benefit of assisting daily at the Adorable Sacrifice, and that the end the Church has in view is not to content the imagination by the symbolisation of an idea, but to honour her Lord, and to sanctify and save the great body of her children. These are the objects she is intent upon, but of these Mr. Allies appears entirely to lose sight. It never seems to occur to him that the holy Sacrifice of the Mass is the highest and most excellent homage that can possibly be offered to Almighty God, since it is nothing less than the offering of his beloved Son, and that its infinite merits extend to all the members of the Church, living and dead. Can he in any degree realise that *every* Mass that is offered is an actual source of untold blessings to the whole mystical body of Christ, knit together in the Communion of Saints? He cannot, or he would never "prefer," as he says he does, the single celebration. How striking it is to see him again stopping short of the *idea*, instead of going on to the *reality*! Why does he talk of the more frequent celebration "*setting forth* a continual worship?" Let him but substitute for this the true object of the Church, that of *offering*

a continual worship, and he will see no difficulty in determining which is the better "mode."

In the whole description in which the observations we have noticed are introduced, there is, to our minds, something too much of dressing up an idea, and blending and identifying the pictorial and the effective with the objects and realities of worship. There is a want of depth and solidity in it. We are most ready, however, to own that Mr. Allies constantly uses language—the very passages we have quoted furnish instances of it—which, taken by itself, would imply a far truer and deeper view; nor would we for a moment doubt that such view does frequently flash before his mind; and we may, therefore, seem to be unjust towards him. But this is the very point to which we wish to attract his attention—that nothing is really, deeply, and vitally held which is constantly sliding out of the mind, and giving place to another order of ideas; as if it had to constrain itself to the posture of acting upon a certain hypothetical belief, not as if that belief were habitually present to it, as a simple reality to be contemplated and acted upon naturally. The want of such simple realisation we do not mention (as we said before) in the way of reproach, but in the hopes of making it evident to him that, if he would truly hold, and have an actual belief in, what he intellectually conceives, and often vividly expresses, he must pass from the land of imagination and ideas to the region of faith and realities.* He cannot, while he remains where he is, do more than receive impressions and reason upon them.

The concluding sentences of the first passage on which we have been commenting are too curious to be passed by *sub silentio*. After declaring, with his usual candour and good faith, that to say "that the Roman Church aims at making her services a mere spectacle, or mainly a spectacle," because she retains the

* One obvious danger attendant upon such an artificial state of mind is, that words become divorced from their true meaning, and, no longer representing their corresponding realities, utterly fail of producing any effect upon the mind. The clearest reasonings and plainest statements fall powerless on the ear. The very avenue by which true ideas might find access to the mind is blocked up or intercepted. It seems to hear what it is already conversant with, and can accept without difficulty. Even when the intellect is aware that statements tell argumentatively against it, and can bring nothing in reply, yet being in the habit of practically emptying them of their meaning, they come upon it with the tedium of oft-repeated truisms. Having lost their novelty, they have lost their force. When a man is able to say that he has heard such an argument often before, it seems all one to him with the being in possession of some satisfactory reply. If you have nothing new and striking to urge, he puts your arguments aside, and asserts that they do not touch his position. Any one may remark a close analogy with this in morals. A man who is in the habit of violating the known laws of morality remains completely uninfluenced by motives, the cogency of which he does not attempt to contest, but which touch him not, because he has known them so long without acting upon them.

use of the Latin tongue, is "an infamous calumny," he says :

"Sure I am that if the Anglo-German race be ever restored to the communion of the Latin Church, as I fervently pray that mercy may be reserved for them by God, this custom as regards *them* must be changed. It is a matter of discipline, merely, of course ; or, whatever I might be tempted to think of it, I should not so speak."

These are strange words from one who can complacently criticise the whole authoritative practice of the Church, and calmly remain under her most awful anathemas against all who wilfully excommunicate themselves from her pale ! We confess we cannot understand the state of mind which such language indicates. It is an idiosyncrasy which baffles our powers of analysis.

We shall not be doing justice to Mr. Allies unless we make one extract from this portion of the volume. The following train of thought is as true as it is eloquently expressed :

"The English Prayer-book says of every individual priest, 'whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven ; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained.' Here is the whole Catholic doctrine stated. Now this the Roman Church not only says, but acts upon. And its strength lies, accordingly, not in any thing that meets the eye, gorgeous cope, or chasuble, or procession, or majestic ceremonies symbolising awful doctrines ; not in any thing that meets the ear, whether chanted psalm, or litany, or sermon touching the feelings or subduing the understanding ; though all these it has, its strength lies deeper in the hidden tribunal of conscience. The good Christian is not he who attends mass or sermon, but he who keeps his conscience clean from the attacks of sin, who, overtaken in a fault, has straightway indignation upon himself, and submits himself to the discipline which Christ has appointed for restoring him. The efficacy of the pastor must entirely depend on the knowledge of his people's state, and his power to correct their sins, and to guide them in their penitence. How he can possibly have this knowledge, or power, or guide them at all without special confession, I see not : nor how he can ever exercise the power conveyed to him at his ordination, and lodged by Christ in his Church for ever. This is the true bond between the pastor and his flock : the true maintainer of discipline, and instrument of restoration. Accordingly, in Catholic countries, we see the priest truly respected, cherished, and obeyed *by his flock*, however much he may earn the dislike and suspicion of the worldly and unconverted : in Protestant countries we see the pastoral office a nonentity ; the shepherd of his flock is virtually a preacher of sermons. He knows the plague is ravaging them, but they will not bear the touch of his hand : he must see them perish one by one, but they will not let him help them : when mortification has begun, then he is called in to witness a hopeless dissolution, or to speak peace, peace, where there is no peace.

"The dogma of the Incarnation and the Real Presence has again the closest affinity with that of the Priesthood. Christ is present in his Church, for the priest in the tribunal of penitence is as God himself. How vain, how worse than blasphemous, would be the attempt to absolve from sin,—surely the maddest infringement of Divine power which mortal ever imagined,—had not He, the partner of our flesh and blood, said, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost : whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them, and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained : ' and 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'"

"Thus the perpetual recurrence to the doctrine of the Real Presence, the prominence given to the interces-

sion of Saints, especially of the Blessed Virgin, and the real putting forth of apostolic power in the tribunal of penitence, are striking features in the Roman communion. By these she proves that she has living power as a portion of Christ's Church, by living upon and dealing with the most awful powers : as she holds the true doctrine, 'Believe that this is so, because I say it, and I say it because it has come to me from Christ through his Apostles,' so she exhibits the convincing proof of her mission : 'Believe that I am the Church, for behold me exercising the supernatural powers of the Church.' This is that inward proof which convinces, which is nothing technical, merely intellectual, or matter of argument, but like St. Augustine's '*Securè judicat orbis terrarum*,'—'A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.'"

Striking as this testimony is, we cannot let it pass without comment. The whole passage is a singular example of the vividness with which the writer perceives facts, and his inability to read their meaning. He sees that "the Roman Church not only says but acts ;" deals with what she holds as with a reality, and "exhibits the convincing proof of her mission" by openly "exercising" her "supernatural powers ;" that she demonstrates that Christ is with her by daring to do that which without his command and presence would be "worse than blasphemous." But seeing all this, how is it that he does not see the converse ? How is it that, beholding in such a course of action the most convincing proof of the presence of a power divine, from which it springs, he does not behold in the absence of such action an equally convincing proof of the absence of that power ? And again, what difficulty need he have in explaining the fact that while "in Catholic countries"—or rather as we should say, among Catholics every where—"the priest is truly respected, cherished, and obeyed, *by his flock*,"* in Protestant countries"—and, as all along he declares, in his own church—"the pastoral office" is "a non-entity," and "the shepherd of the flock virtually" but "a preacher of sermons ?" Why will they "not bear the touch of his hand ?"

Why must he "see them perish one by one ?" Why will they "not let him help them ?" The answer is found in our Lord's most solemn words : "Amen, Amen, I say to you : He that entereth not by the door into the sheep-fold, but climbeth up another way, the same is a thief and a robber. But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep : and the sheep follow him, because they know his voice. But a *stranger* they follow not, but fly from him, because they know not the voice of *strangers*."

Before we conclude our remarks we must take some further notice of a passage upon which we commented in our former number. It occurs in that account of a conversation with F. Lacordaire, which on several grounds is deserving of particular attention.

"The question was, whether I was *forced* to become a Roman Catholic ; to deny all my past life ; supposing

* The italics are the author's.

that we had the succession, and formularies which conveyed the episcopate and priesthood,—whether I should be forced to affirm that the grace of the Sacraments was intercepted by the sin of schism or heresy. We saw and deplored the division of the Church; but might not such a state of things be allowed, as in the great Western schism the Church was, as a fact, divided for forty years; might it not, then, be for 300 years?"

We have before remarked upon the extreme unsatisfactoriness of such a posture of mind as this language appears to evince; it is the theological sentiment which most perplexes us. Mr. Allies seems to be at variance with himself in his recorded opinions. In his former controversial work (second edition, p. 6) he expressed himself thus: "The question of *schism* is a question of salvation." Applying St. Cyprian's words, he said (p. 8): "Inexpiable and heavy is the sin of discord, and is purged by no suffering." And again he declared: "Could we prove that the Church of England is clear both of enunciating heresy in her formularies, and of allowing it within her pale, it would in no respect answer this charge of schism against her, except so far as the *a priori* presumption that she who is clear of the one would be clear of the other also." This solemn language, and especially the latter sentence, seem in direct contradiction with the extract we have given above. He now makes a question of that which before he unhesitatingly asserted. The passage may be faultily worded, but as it stands it certainly conveys a meaning the very contrary of that which he before expressed. For, it should be observed, it is not that he denies the fact of his Church being in schism, on the ground of its having "the succession and formularies which convey the episcopate and priesthood," and therefore also the "grace of the Sacraments," but he questions the doctrine, or principle, that the "sin of schism" intercepts the grace of the sacraments in cases where there are "the succession, and formularies which convey the episcopate and priesthood." We have laboured to extract another, and a more orthodox, meaning from his words, but in vain. Mr. Allies does seem to question what before he declared to be the "*fatal*" effects of schism.

It may be, however, nothing more than the usual confusion of thought into which Anglicans are always falling, and which has been often proved against them, especially of late, and against Mr. Allies among the rest. What is it they mean by schism? Is it *separation* from the Church, or *division* of the Church? Their usual way is to say, or seem to say, one thing and mean another, or to say one thing at the beginning of an argument and another at the end. Perhaps, therefore, Mr. Allies, though he thinks in one part of his mind that schism is an "inexpiable sin," both in individuals and in Churches, thinks also that schism is a disadvantage or a misfortune into which

the whole Catholic Church occasionally falls. There was a schism, he says, of forty years; why may there not be a schism of three hundred years? Does he mean that during these forty years the *sin* of schism was committed, or merely that the *misfortune* of schism was incurred? Does he mean that the Church of England is in schism; and if so, does he give up his former solemn words about the sin and peril of such a state? or does he mean that the whole Church is divided, *i.e.* is in that sort of schism which is a misfortune, not a sin?

Leaving these queries for his consideration, we will answer his question as he puts it. If in the great Western schism the Church was divided for forty years, may it not be for three hundred years? Most certainly;—for three thousand years—to the end of time—from the beginning to the end—from the moment that Christ said to Peter, "On this rock I will build my Church," to the moment when the angel shall declare, "Time is no longer;"—schism may be the normal state of the Church, and no sin, no disadvantage whatsoever. But what if the Church never was divided? What if the gates of hell have not prevailed against her, and the words of the Nicene faith are literally as true at this day as they were in the fourth century? What if for the said forty years of the great Western schism the Church was still one visible body? Mr. Allies does not see that Catholics do not grant him his major premise. The Church was not divided, and never can be divided. There never was and never can be but one visible Church. This is the simple Catholic doctrine. They who communicated with an anti-pope, knowing no better, were in *material* schism, they who did know better were in *formal* schism. The idea that the Church was divided or included *both* parties, is never so much as hinted at in the annals of those times, and has never been entertained by the favourers of either side, either then or since. On the effects, and what we may call the *phenomena* of schism, we must let Father Lacordaire speak for himself. We will not dilute into weaker language his forcible and pregnant words, so faithfully rendered by our author.

"Every branch that is severed from a tree does not immediately die, it may sometimes be planted afresh, and take root beside the parent trunk; it may even bear leaves and some fruit, but that will not be unity. The Greeks have a vast deal in common with us. Supposing that the question of the Procession could be resolved by explanations on their part, there would only remain the authority of the Roman See to be admitted by them. You, again, have retained much more than the Lutherans and Calvinists. What you have of good is ours, is Catholic. If persons among you believe in God, believe in the Redemption, lead a holy life, bring forth good works, I do not deny that all this is Catholic in them; if they are ignorant as to the sin of schism or heresy, this, which is good in them, may be sufficient for their salvation. When I hear persons saying there is this or that good in Protestants, I always admit it; I say this is a

portion of the truth they have carried away from us; they have a certain root, and yet they are not joined to the tree. Why, Mahomet himself carried away much truth from the Catholic faith; and though he mixed and adulterated this, Mahometanism lives still by those remains of truth. So it is with those who have separated from the Church; the full life remains in her; unity is in her alone: portions of the truth, portions of life, may exist in other bodies; may suffice for the salvation of those who, by no fault of their own, and with no consciousness of their own, are in those bodies; but she alone has the full truth, she alone is one. Whether you can exist with safety out of her depends on the degree of your personal knowledge."

It is marvellous to see how perfectly Mr. Allies understands these words, for he has evidently reported them with the greatest accuracy, yet fails to perceive or to feel their application to himself, or to his own position.

Another expression calls for remark. Mr. Allies speaks of being "forced to deny" his "past life," and that in a manner which seems as if he felt it was asking too much of him to take any step which involved such a consequence. Yet surely he cannot mean that *every thing* is not to be submitted to when God's truth is concerned. He cannot mean that salvation is not worth any self-renunciation, however revolting; any sacrifice, however humiliating. God's truth is absolute, and must be obeyed at all cost. If, therefore, it be that his life, such as he understands it, is opposed to that truth, it is to be denied, freely and without reserve. A soul that brought down the Only-begotten from heaven, and has been redeemed by his blood, is worth saving, and must be saved at any price. If he be indeed not within the fold of Christ's flock, truth demands that he should deny that he is. If he possess not the grace of the sacraments, truth demands that he should at once and for ever deny the possession. Mr. Allies, we are sure, will not dispute this position. In his former work he says that a consciousness of schism must "impel a man to the most painful sacrifices," even to that of "beginning life again in the middle of his days." Painful, therefore, as it must naturally be to contemplate such a case as his own, we cannot see how he can consider the demand, taken at its highest, to be any thing abhorrent to his religious feelings. How would he himself represent the claims of the Church to a Presbyterian or a Baptist, a Lutheran or an Irvingite? Would he not bid them cast to the winds their previous pretensions, how great soever they might have been? Would he not tell them they must humble themselves to the level of the lowliest, and stoop as little children to receive upon their necks the saving yoke of Christ, which exalts while it abases? He can have no sympathy, therefore, with a reluctance to embrace *all* the consequences of submission, supposing submission to be due. If the Church of Rome be indeed the Catholic Church—if

it be indeed that power of which the Lord of heaven and earth declared that whosoever resisteth it resisteth Him—what less can a man owe it than an unconditional surrender? The minutest portion of truth is absolute, rigid, immutable; it confronts him with its eternal requirements, quite irrespective of any renunciation, self-condemnation, or sacrifice which its admission involves. No parleying, no capitulating, no stickling for terms is admissible, when God calls for submission, or the Saviour of men invites to salvation.

The question, therefore, is not what he, Mr. Allies, or any one else, is forced to accept, or may be dispensed from acknowledging. The real and the only question is, Where is the truth? What is God's will? This question once solved, nought remains but to obey. Here at least we must have Mr. Allies on our side; but what, then, means the question he proposes, and the tone in which it is put? Perhaps, though he does not object to the principle of the demand, and is willing to admit it, granting the claim of the Church to be true, yet he feels that, as a matter of fact, he could not, whatever the amount of his convictions on the general question, deny the communion in which he has hitherto lived to be possessed of valid sacraments, or renounce his own ministerial character, even allowing it to have been schismatically bestowed. This we can understand. The feeling is only natural. But let him remember that the act of submitting to the Church does not necessarily involve any such denial or explicit renunciation. He would not be called upon to express any opinion on the degree or amount of sacramental grace residing in Anglican ordinances. To submit to the Church, and embrace her faith, are positive, rather than negative acts. Fixed and determined as is the mind of the Church with respect to the ecclesiastical state of the Anglican communion, and clearly as in practice she disowns all validity in Anglican orders—as clearly, indeed, as she admits it in the case of the schismatical Churches of the East—yet has she put forth no formal authoritative judgment; neither, therefore, is a convert called upon to subscribe any such abjuration, or indeed to declare any thing with respect to his "past life," except what passes in the secret tribunal of penance. He finds himself excommunicated—whether by his own fault or not is not the question, so far at least as the open formal act is concerned—from the pale of Christ's Church, and he abandons his schism, renounces his heresy, makes his confession of faith, and promises "true obedience to the Bishop of Rome, successor to St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, and Vicar of Jesus Christ."

We have spoken of what is actually required by the Church in the act of submission, and not of the convictions which, by a

moral necessity, accompany or follow that act. But we can most earnestly assure Mr. Allies, that once let him make that act of submission, in a spirit of faith and humble childlike obedience, and it will not be long ere his mind is relieved from all doubts as to the validity of Anglican orders and sacraments. A very slight knowledge of what the Church internally is, and above all, of what is involved in the stewardship of its mysteries, will convince him, with a conviction which wants not the aid of theological or historical proofs, that the system to which he has been hitherto attached is but a poor human counterfeit of Christ's heavenly kingdom. Once let him renounce his own will, taking henceforth the Church of Christ for his guide and authority, and accepting its teaching, not *because* it commends itself to his mind, or falls in with his notions, but simply as being the teaching of Christ, and he will be blessed with a most consoling experience that the new life he has commenced is not the denial, but the fulfilling and perfecting of the past—that which gives being, realisation, and power to all that was good and heavenward therein, and destroys, and makes as though it had not been, all that was evil, earthly, and sensual. He will feel that he is accomplishing the end for which he was created, and entering even here upon the life of "the living." And as he compares the two states of existence, and bethinks himself of that land of dimness and darkness in which he so long abode, his soul will be filled with gratitude and joy, and he will say with the Psalmist, "*Quoniam melior est misericordia tua super vitas: labia mea laudabunt te. Sic benedicam te in vita mea: et in Nomine tuo levabo manus meas.*" (Ps. lxii.)

We almost fear to dilate on the strength and vividness of the convictions which converts experience, and continue to experience, in the blessed communion of the Church, lest they who are without should mistake our description as a piece of laboured enthusiasm, or take offence at the unmeasured freedom of our words. But indeed it is not necessary, for the description has already been given with a depth of feeling and a warmth of expression to which nothing remains to be added. "It is not pleasure of which they speak, but 'peace and joy in believing;' they would tell you that they have found a priceless jewel, the thing that they longed for, their true health, their second youth, the reality of the happiness that comes in dreams. They speak of being landed in a 'new world,' and of feeling themselves 'new creatures.' They tell you that they have found the city of refuge, and reached the haven of rest."* And

* *Dublin Review*, March 1846, p. 100. We cannot refrain from quoting here a passage close upon that in the text, in illustration of what we have ourselves said a little above. "Perhaps, were we or you their confessors, they might explain themselves by referring to the con-

—shall we say it?—so far from looking back on the life that is past, or hankering, even in imagination, after its deceitful promises, there never creeps into their hearts one passing tender recollection of the Church they have left. Memory will linger mournfully over days and scenes gone by, even when those days and scenes were marked at the time with more dissatisfaction than pleasure, and when we would not, if we could, recall them; it is a natural weakness of the heart, and the feelings such recollections inspire belong, as it were, to the material of the mind, and arise involuntarily and unbidden. It is not so in the matter of the change in question. The grace of conversion seems to prevent the action of a natural law. The mind is never even taken by surprise; it never finds itself, even unconsciously, lingering with pleasure over its past religious existence. The very bonds of association are snapped asunder. Not a word, or a tone, or the thought of some old haunt, or the sudden sight or presence of an object that reminds them of the days of their schism, even for a moment brings a saddening, regretful feeling into the mind, or causes them, though against their will, to wish to recall what is gone and for ever. For their friends, who are still left behind, and for every thing as disconnected from the religious idea, their feelings and associations are as vivid as ever; but for that which they once thought the "Church of their baptism," its forms, its services, its many incidental relations, they retain not any the most transient, the most unreflecting attraction. At best it is to them as though it never existed; and so far from regarding their past life as a thing lost or renounced, they feel as if their life had never been other than it is. It is with a sort of effort that they recollect that they were not always Catholics, so completely has the present taken up into itself, absorbed, and fulfilled the life that preceded it; so naturally does the soul domesticate itself in its spiritual home.

Our task is now over. We have desired to deal fairly and sincerely with Mr. Allies, as with

sinciousness of a new power over sin, as though, like snow in spring, it refused to 'lie' where before it accumulated; of a more vivid and abiding perception of the Divine Presence, and of communion with their blessed Lord; of a personal interest, in short, and practical participation in that most wondrous and most consolatory truth which before was a mere abstract dogma to them—a doctrine which they had to fetch, by help of their intellects, from historical records and external sources, instead of living in it, a present, speaking reality; so wrought into the texture, so incorporated into the substance of their religious life, that to enquire in the one is to possess the other; a verity, not taught so much as depicted and enacted in the whole Church system, as in one arresting representation, one august drama; symbolised in rites, appropriated in gestures, forced on the eye, and worked into the heart with the whole concentrated power of that matchless instrument, that exquisite machinery of wisdom and love whereby and through which our Lord reveals Himself to men, not once for all, eighteen centuries ago, but 'yesterday, to-day, and for ever'—the mystery of the Real Presence in the Eucharist."

one who, true and candid himself, loves truth and candour in others. He has entitled himself to our respect and admiration by earnestly protesting against the evils of his own communion, and by acknowledging the good he has beheld in the Catholic Church, with a boldness and a generosity of spirit rarely to be witnessed, even in those who in theory identify themselves with her. This, to us, is Mr. Allies' merit in the work before us—the honesty and justice with which he relates facts. It is no merit in our eyes that he holds and avows so great an amount of Catholic doctrine, further than that not wilfully to reject any truth of which he has become intelligently conscious, and openly to avow what he believes, is creditable in any man. There is a *natural* sincerity and honesty in it, but it is no necessary proof of *religious* sincerity and earnestness. It may be but a piece of self-will after all. It may want that element which alone can entitle it to commendation in a religious point of view. The merit is in the intention, and that only the end can determine.

And as we can only hypothetically commend, from our inability to read a man's heart, so neither can we accord our sympathies, save in the measure of our hopes. Mr. Allies would claim our sympathies absolutely for what he now is, and for what he now holds, and thinks us unkind in withholding them. But what we would wish him to perceive, and have laboured to shew him, is, that no man becomes a Catholic by mere addition to his belief, or by the accumulative perception of separate truths. To become a Catholic is not a matter of intellectual gradation or advance. We cannot, therefore, consider him as really any nearer to us on account of the opinions he holds, though we may hope that, through those opinions, he may be drawn to see the necessity of that step which alone can unite him to us. To become a Catholic is an act of the will—an act proceeding upon a conviction—a conviction that has often sprung from a very partial and imperfect perception of what Mr. Allies would call Catholic truths. This is happening every day in the case of the poor and ignorant, and of those whose simplicity of mind classes them among the "babes" on whom our Lord pronounced a peculiar blessing. In such cases conversion literally precedes instruction. Although, therefore, minute intellectual knowledge of the doctrines of the Church, and acquiescence in them, may precede that act of the will by which a man submits to the Catholic Church, yet of themselves they do nothing towards constituting him a Catholic. And further: to hold all Catholic truth at the instance of one's own will and choice, or (to speak theologically) of one's own private judgment, and to be content so to hold it—to make oneself superior to all exist-

ing authority, not even to crave a teacher and guide, not even to wish to submit and obey,—is to revolt against that very principle which lies at the root of, and gives its value and character to, all Catholic belief. God's will is not merely that we should hold certain truths, but that we should believe his word, as signified to us by his Church, and believing, should obey it. To a Catholic, therefore, the nearer approach a man makes to the knowledge of the truth, and the more explicit his avowal of that knowledge, the greater the fear and anxiety lest the mind should rest in the mere intellectual assent, itself no slight satisfaction to the pride of man's reason, unaccompanied with any corresponding act of the will, which requires not merely acquiescence, but submission.

It is hardly possible to convey to Mr. Allies, and those who occupy a like position, any adequate conception of the feeling which such extreme concessions to truth inspire in the minds of thoughtful Catholics. It is an alternation, or rather a mixture, of hope and painful apprehension; it keeps the mind in that sort of trembling suspense with which one might contemplate a blind man treading on the brink of a precipice, of the presence of which he is unconscious. None but they who have the *faith* can know what it is to be without it. To them there is no sight of more fearful interest than that of a man endued with a strong sense and appreciation of the doctrines of the Church, yet devoid of that one ray of light, that one necessary grace, which alone can enable the soul to behold and embrace the truth and salvation offered to it. We hope that Mr. Allies, though he cannot as yet enter into this state of feeling, which requires experience to be understood, will yet give us credit for the spirit of charity which has prompted the remarks we have felt it our duty to make in the course of examining his work. If Anglicans knew how constantly present they are to the minds of Catholics in their prayers and remembrances before God, they would cease to impute to their words any bitter or hostile feeling, harshly as those words may sound in their ears. He who loves his neighbour that he may win him to God, loves him with the highest, because with a supernatural love,—with a love which is a pledge, at least, of the kindness of his intentions, even though his language be severe.

Since the above was in type we have heard with much regret and some surprise that Mr. Allies has consented to abstain from publishing a second edition of his *Journal*, and that on this understanding his "Bishop," Dr. Wilberforce, abandons proceedings against him in the ecclesiastical courts. We sincerely hope, for the credit of both parties, that this is not the case; such an arrangement would, in

our judgment, be but another of those miserable compromises which are so disgracefully frequent in the Established Church. We had hoped better things of Mr. Allies. We had believed him to be deeply convinced that the time for silence was past, and the time for resolute action was come; and persuaded ourselves that he had deliberately chosen his part, and was resolved to carry it out at all hazards. We should be sorry to think—as, on the supposition of the report we have stated being true, we should be reluctantly compelled to think—that after all he has evinced but the ordinary audacity of an ill-balanced mind, which has energy enough to put forth strong statements, but lacks the firmness necessary to maintain them in the face of opposition. Declarations so broad and protestations so vehement as abound in the volume now (on the hypothesis) virtually withdrawn, and might be cited from the closing pages of his former controversial work, sound simply ridiculous when unaccompanied by a course of action correspondingly courageous and determined.

One result would inevitably follow from such a concession—though we would fain still believe that report has wronged him—which is, not only that the merit of his book would be entirely destroyed and its object defeated, but that any sympathy he may have excited among Catholics as a writer, would be utterly lost to him from this moment, though personally he would remain an object of religious interest in their eyes, and the more so in consequence of so melancholy an ending to what seemed to augur such unspeakable good both to himself and to those who felt with him. Among his own party, judging from ordinary experience, we should imagine his influence, at least for good, would henceforth be annihilated. Any thing he might hereafter say, however sincerely meant, would be measured by the weakness of his

compliance in the present instance. While by the generality of “English Churchmen,” who would rejoice at his discomfiture, the whole performance would be regarded as a piece of mere empty bravado. For ourselves, the only excuse we could make for him would be to repeat what we have said in the present as well as in the former notice of his book, that ideas do not represent realities in his mind; his imagination outruns his convictions; his words are an exaggeration of his actual belief; he does not mean all that the language he uses would seem to imply; it is an artificial way of writing, incidental to his religious position. The system of opinions—or, to speak plainly, the form of heresy—to which he is attached, so sophisticates the mind that its unhappy subjects may in charity be judged by less severe rules than are applicable to ordinary cases. They are in the habit, unconsciously, of speaking in an unreal way. We think, however, under all circumstances, we might fairly call upon Mr. Allies to do one thing, which is—honestly to confess, not only that he was mistaken in his estimation of the feelings of “English Churchmen,” including the members of his own party, towards the Catholic body, seeing they will not bear a plain statement of facts which tells in its favour, but that in his communications with foreign Catholics, he—unintentionally of course, but—most completely misrepresented the sense and mind of his Church on those points which are generally understood to constitute the difference between Catholicism and Protestantism. It is worse than folly to go on pretending that Catholic doctrines are anything more than *private* opinions in the Anglican communion, when, as a matter of fact, they are only secretly held by individuals, and when avowed are discouraged and put down by authority without resistance and without protest.

SEYMOUR'S WEDDING-PILGRIMAGE TO ROME.

A Pilgrimage to Rome. By the Rev. M. Hobart Seymour, M.A. London, Seeleys.

WE cannot afford to notice every book which attacks the doctrines or the practice of the Catholic Church; occasionally, however, we hear of a volume so pre-eminently bad, that we feel bound, sorely against our inclination, and only as discharging our public duty, to look into it, and briefly to tell our readers what it is. Such a book is the Rev. Hobart Seymour's *Pilgrimage to Rome*. The author's name is not altogether new to us; we fancy we have seen it in the public papers in connexion with some very improbable statements about one of his brother clergymen, a Mr. Merewether, who, if we remember rightly,

first contradicted and then disproved them. Moreover, we had heard something of the circumstances under which this “pilgrimage” was made; that it was, in fact, neither more nor less than the reverend gentleman's wedding-tour. We believe that other wedding-tours may have given birth to volumes quite as superficial and silly as that which lies before us; but we certainly do not remember ever to have met with one equally ignorant, malicious, and offensive. Indeed, so completely is this the character of the book, that we should not have dreamed of noticing it more in detail, had we not heard of its having met with approbation in some quarters where we should have least expected it.

We are told at the beginning of the volume, that "the main idea which occupied the writer's mind, and formed his master motive, was religion" (p. 9); we should have expected, therefore, at least something of an intimate acquaintance with the rites and ceremonies of that religion which it was intended at such great length to examine; but instead of this we find an ignorance such as could hardly be surpassed by the most bigoted Protestant in the kingdom, who had never left his fire-side, and who made it a principle never to open a single Catholic work. Thus he spends a whole winter in Rome, professing to study its religion, yet is ignorant of the practice, universal throughout its churches, of representing the Infant Jesus in a cradle on one or other of the altars, from Christmas Eve to the Epiphany; so that when, in the month of January, he sees such an image on the high altar, in the church of some convent, "he could not imagine it designed for any thing but 'Young Love among the roses,' though that seemed a strange device on the altar of a nunnery" (p. 225). Again, he tells us with the utmost gravity, that the Mass which is celebrated on Good Friday in every Roman Catholic church or chapel throughout the world, the Mass of the Presanctified, as it is called, is "peculiar to the Sistine Chapel, and is not celebrated in any other part of the Roman Church" (p. 313); and he insinuates that it is quite contrary to the Council of Trent, and that many Roman divines hardly know what to make of such a singularity. Even in an ordinary High Mass, our author knows nothing of a priest, deacon, and sub-deacon; there are always three priests (p. 238); and indeed, he seems to have considered every body a priest whom he saw dressed in ecclesiastical costume (pp. 126, 52, &c.), just as he mistook for monks the members of those lay confraternities so common throughout Italy (p. 112).

Of course he is puzzled, like all other English Protestant travellers, by the absence of any one definite hour at which he might enter a church with the certainty of coming in for "the service" and a full congregation. He tells us that he attended the Cathedral of Lucca "at the hour of the morning when the Mass is celebrating;" and not even a nine months' residence in Italy sufficed to teach him that this "hour of the morning" lasts from daybreak to half an hour after mid-day. He "attended repeatedly from nine to twelve o'clock" (p. 380); but it never seems to have occurred to him, that the poor who work for their daily bread, men of business, and generally all persons of active and regular habits, would naturally hear Mass the first thing in the morning, long before even his earliest hour of attendance. In the same tone of confident ignorance, he assures his readers

that "for fully two-thirds of the year, for eight months of the twelve, there are few or no sermons preached in Rome, unless on special occasions" (p. 382); whereas the truth is, that a sermon is preached every Sunday morning in every parish church of the city, usually (indeed always, as far as *we* have heard them) explanatory of the Gospel for the day, besides sermons of a somewhat different kind every Friday and Sunday at the Gesù, at S. Luigi, &c.

Now Mr. Seymour is not to be blamed for the mere fact of his ignorance, profound as it is, on these and kindred subjects, any more than an Italian ecclesiastic would be blameworthy for his ignorance of the habits of Oxford or Cambridge: but when this ignorance is paraded before the world in a volume of considerable dimensions and "got up" with care; when the writer is continually boasting of his information, that he was an eye-witness, that "he only speaks that which he knows, and testifies that which he has seen," then we think it ceases to be innocent, and becomes a serious fault. We are quite willing, however, to allow, that ignorance is among the *least* of Mr. Seymour's crimes; a much more revolting feature, which characterises a considerable portion of his work, is a deliberate injustice in giving a false colouring and in conveying a false idea of what he is describing; and this, in spite of a most solemn protest, that "he has no desire to write one word of injustice, or to cherish one feeling of unkindness, against the members of the Church of Rome" (p. 620). We have made a grave accusation; let the reader judge of the sufficiency of our proofs.

He twice tells the story of his visit to the Cathedral at Milan, and of his having seen there the brazen serpent which Moses lifted up in the wilderness. The first version of the story occurs at p. 52, and is thus told: "When the Reverend (?) Sacristan called our attention to this relic, and *would persuade us it was the original serpent*, my wife reminded him that it had been broken in pieces by King Hezekiah, *when he smartly replied, Non è certo* (it is not certain)." We think every body who reads this passage for the first time would imagine the author's meaning to be this, that the sacristan (whom, as usual, he mistook for a priest) denied the certainty of the act attributed to King Hezekiah, and was ready at all hazards to defend the authenticity of the relic. This seemed to us the whole point of the story; and indeed, he had expressly said, that—whereas it is a perplexing inquiry to ascertain how, unbroken and entire, it was presented to this church seventeen centuries after it had been broken in pieces,—difficulties and perplexities of this kind are easily resolved under an Italian sky; and then he proceeds to tell the story exactly as we have just now

quoted it. But let us turn to another version of the same story in p. 467: "The sacristan called our attention very especially to it, speaking of it as the very serpent that Moses had made. . . . I could not refrain from asking him, whether indeed he thought it authentic, and whether it was the veritable serpent that Moses had made, or only a copy of it. *He replied with caution, Non è certo* (it is not certain). My wife was present, and said that it could not be the original serpent, inasmuch as it is expressly stated in the Scriptures that King Hezekiah had purposely broken it in pieces to prevent the people from worshipping it. He made some confused answer, and changed the subject." Is it possible that a man can *honestly* have written these two passages, believing each to be a true account of the same conversation? We think not; nevertheless, as this conversation must have been carried on in Italian—which, we gather from some stray specimens in the volume before us, was rather an unknown tongue to Mr. Seymour,—we will give him the benefit of any doubt there may be, acquit him of all malicious intentions, and only conclude that he has not a very clear head, or a not very accurate memory.

But what shall we say of the following instance, which is no report of a conversation, but a simple narrative of what he himself saw? "Once my wife and myself, in company with a married couple of Italians, were in consultation with two nuns related to our friends, one of whom was stating that no man except the Pope himself was ever permitted to enter that monastery. This she spoke of as a privilege of which they had some right to be proud; but while she was speaking, the confessor made his appearance. He was a good-natured merry-looking man of about thirty-five years of age" (p. 210). We have no doubt but that this is the same convent which he had spoken of just before (p. 204), as a "nunnery where we conversed with two nuns at a grating, having visited them in company with the relations of one of them; and we observed that the iron was double, the two gratings being some inches apart, so that even hand could not touch hand through them." Anyhow, whether it be the same or not, it is manifest that our author and his companions were separated from these nuns, at the time they were conversing with them, by an iron grating, either single or double; otherwise it could not have been said that "no man except the Pope himself was ever permitted to enter that monastery." And when this "merry-looking confessor made his appearance," on which side of the grating was *he* too? Mr. Seymour is silent; but we need not tell our Catholic readers that he was, where he always remains, *outside*; and that even when the nuns approach the tribunal of penance, there is still this im-

passable grating between the penitents and their confessor. At other times Mr. Seymour is most eloquent on the subject of this iron grating, as presenting an insuperable barrier to the escape of the unwilling prisoner (of course also it is no less a security against the intrusion of forbidden guests); but why has he omitted to mention it precisely where the omission creates a false and injurious impression? We think no one who has waded through the whole of his volume will doubt how this question ought to be answered.

Again, in p. 239, he is in a church belonging to a convent, where a nun is about to be professed; "the Mass is ended, priests retired, and the Cardinal arrived. The moment he was announced as at the doors of the chapel, the novice who was about to assume the black veil appeared as by a miracle over the altar. To understand this it is necessary to observe that the picture over the altar was removed, and there appeared a grating behind it; it proved an opening to an inner chapel within the interior of the monastery. This, I confess, did startle me a little; it shewed that these *sacred pictures* are sometimes *secret doors*—the very last things which should be desired in a nunnery; it suggested strange thoughts."

The italics are his own; yet, will it be believed, that within five pages he himself describes this "opening," this "secret door," as "a grating stronger than that of a felon's jail, a prison from which it was impossible to escape" (p. 244); in fact, *it was really no door or opening at all.*

Another instance of the same injustice may be seen in p. 132. "In the vicinity of Florence and of Rome the observant traveller will frequently observe altars to St. Romulus and St. Remus, or, as they call them, Romulo and Remigio, in accordance with the forms of the Italian. The priests have assured me that these were the names of some very ancient and holy Bishops who were venerated in the Churches for their piety; the impression, however, on our mind was, that they are only a Christianising the heathen traditions of the ancients, and that Romulus and Remus, once worshipped by the Heathens as the founders of empires, are now worshipped by Christians as the founders of bishoprics." He seems never to have made the least inquiry into the truth of this impression; nevertheless, this does not prevent him from repeating it (it is a peculiarity of this book that every thing is repeated *at least twice*) in a more positive and dogmatic form. In p. 610 we read, no longer as a mere "impression upon our mind," but as an ascertained and acknowledged fact, that "the old demigods of the Heathen were not unfrequently transformed into Christian saints, so that Romulus and Remus *are now* worshipped as St. Romulo and St. Remigio; *I have myself witnessed this*, and I was gravely

told that they were two holy Bishops and saints of the Church."

Had Mr. Hobart Seymour taken the trouble (as any honest man would have felt himself bound to do) to examine a little into the truth of what he had been so gravely told, he would have learnt that the Church commemorates no less than five martyrs of the name of Romulus; and in particular, that on the 6th of July she commemorates the martyrdom of St. Romulus, the first Bishop of Fiesole, in Tuscany, and of others his companions, who were put to death by order of the Emperor Domitian; he might have learnt also that the Cathedral of Fiesole, "in the neighbourhood of Florence," is, naturally enough, dedicated to St. Romulus, and that the decayed frescoes upon its walls still represent some of the principal incidents of his life. And as for St. Remigius, he might have learnt that he was the Apostle of the Franks, who filled the episcopal chair for threescore years and ten, from A.D. 470, and that his burial-place may still be seen in the abbey-church of St. Remi, in Rheims. It needed not much erudition or research to obtain this information; it is copied into the most ordinary handbooks of travellers; so that the rashness of Mr. Seymour's assertion is truly astonishing. He seems to have trusted to persuading his readers by the bold and dexterous reunion of names, notorious in Pagan history, with the altars of Christian Rome; but we do not believe that this reunion, that is, of SS. Romulo and Remigio together, exists any where out of Mr. Seymour's book. We have had much more abundant opportunity of observation, yet we have never met with a single instance; and until Mr. S. condescends to name the church in which it is to be found, we shall take the liberty of denying it altogether.

Almost in the same place he says that "the very images that once were adored as those of Heathen sages are now worshipped as those of Christian saints." We have searched through the whole volume for the proofs of this startling assertion, and here they are: in p. 131 we have a gratuitous assertion of his own concerning "a fine spirited figure" in the Cathedral at Lucca, which is called Christ rising from the dead, that "it *may have been* an Apollo or an Adonis, or any other god or man of the Heathen;" and in p. 587 he repeats the exploded fable about the famous bronze statue of St. Peter having been originally a Jupiter Tonans, though not without an express acknowledgment that "the truth of this opinion has been *justly* questioned." Inconsistency, however, and self-contradiction are no obstacles to Mr. Seymour; so inveterate is his hatred of the Catholic Church, and so fixed is his determination never to lose an opportunity of reviling or ridiculing her, that he cannot even abstain from repeating the most absurd

and vulgar inventions, although, according to his own confession, they are "probably, indeed more than probably, without any real foundation" (p. 320).

Yet all this, bad and disgraceful as it is, falls short of the real enormity of Mr. Seymour's book; it is when he speaks of the moral character of monasteries and convents that he pours forth all the venom of his spleen, and passes all bounds in the foulness of his abuse; and this is the last place into which we shall care to follow him. We remember a Protestant friend of ours, many years ago, the curate of a country parish, who found that the second lesson appointed to be read in the afternoon service on the very eve of his intended marriage was the seventh chapter of St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians. Our friend thought it somewhat *mal-à-propos* to his own circumstances, and therefore quietly substituted another chapter from the same Epistle. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Seymour would have done well to follow his example; we have already explained that this "pilgrimage" was, in fact, a "wedding-tour;" the author had just married a young and wealthy widow; and by going abroad he found himself all at once launched into a new state of society, in which marriage is held in honour indeed, even in the honour due to one of the seven sacraments of the Gospel, but in which virginity is held in still higher honour, the one being accounted "good," the other, according to the judgment of St. Paul, "better;" where, moreover, to the priests and dispensers of God's holy Word and Sacraments (and to this class our author supposed himself to belong) marriage is not permitted; because "he that is without a wife is solicitous for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please God, but he that is with a wife is solicitous for the things of the world, how he may please his wife, and he is divided." This state of things was, doubtless, out of harmony with his own peculiar feelings at such a time; we must make allowances therefore for some little irritation, or even bitterness of feeling: still there was a way of getting out of it which we are sure our friend the curate before mentioned would have hit upon, and which would have been far less liable to objection than that adopted by Mr. Seymour. We have seen Anglican clergymen, who found themselves in Rome under similar circumstances, simply change the *Rev.* upon the visiting-card into plain *Mr.*, drop the clerical white tie, and so put away all troublesome thoughts about the matter. This plan has seemed to answer very well: at any rate, the peace of mind of those who adopted it was not disturbed by the sight of priests, and monks, and nuns, and—which is the point we are specially concerned with at present—they did not feel called upon to slander and vilify

their unmarried neighbours; they were very well contented that matters should be as St. Paul had long since stated that they were, viz. that "every one hath his proper gift from God, one after this manner, and another after that." Would that Mr. Seymour had followed the same amiable course. So far from it, whilst professing an unwillingness "to give currency to the gossip and scandal of Rome" (p. 215), he has filled his pages with more, and more abominable, scandal than Rome itself can supply. Even at the present moment, when the licentious ribaldry of the Republican press in that city is directed with such unscrupulous and untiring energy against every thing that is most holy and sacred, we have not seen—and we speak advisedly, for we are writing at this moment with sheets of such villanous publications all around us, wet from the Roman press—we have not seen any thing that at all comes up to the foulness and falsehood of Mr. Seymour's accusations against "the religious," as they are called, of both sexes; yet Mr. S. was in Rome only during five months, and he acknowledges that this is "a delicate subject, on which it is impossible to obtain accurate information!" It is not our intention to defile our pages with the worst specimens of Mr. Seymour's sins under this head; but we commend the following to the special attention of any of our readers who may be interested in the state of the colleges in Oxford and Cambridge. Mr. Seymour does "not feel disposed to attribute to the monks and friars of Rome any *special* irregularity and impropriety of life. Every one knows, who has any knowledge of the world, that *when a number of unmarried men are living together in a barrack, or residing together in a college* (!), the atmosphere of such places is not usually more pure and moral than elsewhere. It is contrary to all experience of mankind, and all knowledge of the world, to suppose that in such large assemblages of young and unmarried men, there should not be a *certain amount* of irregularity and impropriety" (p. 178). We confess we were not a little surprised to hear from a gentleman, who seems himself to have been educated either at Oxford or Cambridge, that the moral atmosphere of the colleges in those venerable establishments is not superior to that of soldiers' barracks; but our surprise increased beyond all bounds, as we came to learn more definitely our author's opinion concerning these monks and friars, who may be compared to "a number of young men residing together in a college." "As far as the convents of monks and friars are concerned," says he, "every one who knows any thing of Italy, and especially of Rome, is aware that the most debauched and profligate characters in the land are among these in-

mates of the cloister" (p. 212). As to the establishments of Franciscans and Capuchins, "it needs not that any man should be informed that the inmates are often the most vicious and depraved even in Italy" (p. 181); and indeed, "of all the monkish orders of Rome," with the single exception of the Jesuits, we are told that "all men of that city hesitate not to denounce them as idle, debauched, and licentious." And does Mr. Seymour really consider that all this falls short of "any *special* irregularity and impropriety of life?" Does such language as this really describe that "*certain amount* of irregularity and impropriety" which "the experience of the world has long since settled" to be inseparable from "a number of young men residing together in a college?" We cannot believe it merely on this writer's authority, yet he speaks with a tone of confidence in this matter as though he were sure of his readers' assent.

We suppose, therefore, that we ought to attribute it rather to a corrupt education than to any peculiar fault in Mr. Seymour himself, that he is so utterly unable to take any but the coarsest and most sensual view of every thing which is presented to him. This tone of sensuality pervades the whole volume; it is the most prominent and offensive feature, "the damning spot," of the whole work. We really cannot bring ourselves to quote more than one of the passages which we had marked for animadversion on this head. He has just witnessed "the profession" of a nun, and when the ceremony was over, he saw her taking leave of her parents or other relatives. "This sight dissolved as by magic the charm of the previous scene; *she was very ugly, her eyes squinted, her lips were thick as a negro's*; her features were intensely coarse, and her whole voice and manner were low, vulgar, and characterised by the most unseemly merriment. . . . Her friends seemed to me perfectly satisfied at being well rid of so unmarketable a concern. I had been deeply interested in the ceremony, but was thoroughly disgusted with its victim" (p. 245).

We feel that we owe some apology to our readers for laying before them so much trash; and, as a slight compensation, we offer for their amusement the two following extracts of a very different character. Mr. Hobart Seymour had reason to suspect, in consequence of what he himself saw, that the late revered Pontiff, Gregory XVI., had, in some particulars, a decided inclination towards Protestantism! At the Adoration of the Cross in the Sistine Chapel on Good Friday, "I could not help thinking," says our author, "that the old man was in a great measure an unwilling actor in the scene; there was much uneasiness in his manner; there was dissatisfaction in his face; and his whole appearance was that of a man who was

obliged to act against his conscience in complying with a custom of the Church" (p. 372). And again, at the Exhibition of the Relics in St. Peter's: "I observed him narrowly, and I saw that he never looked at one of them; he did not even see them. His outward posture of reverence, worship, and adoration, with this exception, was the same as that of others; and it occurred to me at the time, that his conduct was that of a man who regarded the affair as one of state ceremony, of

which he did not approve, but which for reasons of state it was deemed wise and right to comply with. Such was my impression at the time, and as such I have no hesitation in stating it" (p. 485). After this magnanimous, self-sacrificing resolution on the part of Mr. Seymour, we hope that future biographers of his Holiness will not neglect such important information; it is just as trustworthy as any other fact or impression which can be found in this foolish and iniquitous production.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Teaching and Practice of the Catholic Church on the Subject of Frequent Communion, in a Letter to the Editor of the Christian Remembrancer. By the Rev. F. Oakeley. Burns.

MR. OAKELEY has taken the trouble to write a very good pamphlet in reply to a very ill-natured statement made in the last number of the *Christian Remembrancer*. The groundlessness of the charge made in that journal against the Church is well known to every Catholic, but Mr. Oakeley's letter is well worth reading, both for the detailed information it conveys and for its remarks on the general subject. The following letter from an Anglican friend to Mr. Oakeley, in reply to a note on the subject, is especially interesting:

"London, April 23, 1849.

"In reply to your note asking me for any facts I might be able to give you, with regard to the frequency of Communion in the churches of Italy, I can with great confidence say, that, so far as my own personal observation goes, and the information I have received from other English travellers who have allowed themselves proper opportunities of observing such matters, one of the most striking circumstances connected with the state of religion through all the middle and south of Italy is the number of communicants which one sees *every day in the week* in all the great churches, and also in many of the smaller ones. Many persons who may have spent a winter or two in Rome and Naples will be surprised at this assertion, and may tell you that *they* have often been to Mass, and never yet seen any one communicate. Nothing more probable; and if they stayed there for fifty winters they would never see any one communicate. They go only to the High Masses, and to the great Church ceremonials, when the Holy Communion is never administered; or perhaps they lounge into a church after breakfast to look at the pictures, see a few of the latest Low Masses of the day going on, with perhaps only a few persons assisting at each, or maybe not even one, and *probably* not one communicant, and so are satisfied that there are *never* any week-day congregations at the celebration of Mass, and *never* any communicants. These persons, and they form by far the greater number of English travellers, both lay and clerical, do not know that the Low Masses begin in summer at five, and in winter in many churches at six, and always at seven; that before they left their beds that morning, probably a dozen Masses had been said, with a goodly group of faithful worshippers at each, and at some of them at least, a few, perhaps many, devout communicants, in that very church where they were making their unwise and partial observations. But even these persons might have judged from the number of *penitents* they see kneeling in the confessionals all through the day how many communicants there must be; for I believe I am right in saying, that confession is always followed by Com-

munion the next day. However, to give you some examples, and they must be but a few, of what I have seen myself at the early Masses. In the Gesù, at Naples, I have seen on a *week-day* the whole rail of the high altar, and it is a very long one, twice filled with communicants at the same Mass. On Sundays there were *many* more; indeed, in that church, from five in the morning till nine or ten, you could never stay half an hour without seeing some receive the Blessed Sacrament at one or another of the many altars. I can say the same of the Santa Maria degli Angeli. I can say the same of the San Giuseppe on the Chiaja; in this latter church there was one old man, a poor beggar, whom I saw receive *every* morning for a long time, as often, indeed, as I was at the church at seven o'clock, which was frequently during an Advent and Lent three winters ago. This old beggar's countenance I have never forgotten, and hope I never may—it was perfectly heavenly. There were several others in that church whom I saw communicating very frequently; and the parish priest hardly left the confessional from six in the morning till twelve, and was there again in the evening.

"I could go through a long list of churches in Naples, and assert the same sort of facts with regard to each. Many an English traveller has heard a High Mass at San Ferdinando, the king's church, close to the palace, and never probably seen one person communicate; on the contrary, he will probably have been scandalised (perhaps secretly pleased) at the want of reverence exhibited there; but in that very church I have seen many communicants, and many devout congregations, it is true at a cold and inconvenient hour; but if people will be idle, they must be content to find themselves herding with idlers; and by such I avow the High Masses in Italy appear to me to be for the most part frequented, when indeed they are frequented at all, which is very often not the case. However, I may be wrong in this; I hope I am; but it has been my observation all through Europe, that the people go very little to the *High* Masses, and that little not out of devotion.

"Of Rome, what I have said of Naples might have been predicated with equal truth. I am afraid to say how many thousand communicated every year in the Gesù at Rome: I was told the number by a venerable Father last year, whom I visited in his place of concealment, but I am really afraid to trust my memory; I can only say that it was something *enormous*, and that in but one church in that city of churches.

"Of Florence I know but little personally, but yet even the few times that I have been to an early Mass there in the cathedral, I have seen communicants. In the country places about Lucca it is the custom for the peasantry, even the young men, to confess once a month, and communicate.

"But to return once more to Naples for a very striking example; there is a little chapel at the further end of the Chiaja—'*Santa Maria della Luce*'—frequented entirely by fishermen and their families, and served by two brothers, themselves the sons of a fisherman; there

are two Masses every morning, both well attended, and a sermon every night, except Saturday night, which is devoted to receiving confessions; and I have seen them still going on at near midnight. I know it well, for I had apartments in the house, the ground floor of which is occupied by this chapel. But it is what I have seen on a Sunday morning there that I wish especially to mention. While one brother has been celebrating Mass, I have seen the other brother in the pulpit exhorting and instructing the people upon the subject of the holy Eucharist up to the moment of consecration; then after the adoration* he began again exhorting them to come, one and all, and themselves receive the Blessed Sacrament. I can see him now, with his arms thrown open, and hear him now, that fisherman's son—' *Venite, venite, figli miei, venite e confortate corde mio* ' and well did those poor fishermen answer to the loving call, for out of that whole congregation, all but three (myself being, of course, one of the three), rose at once, at that most solemn moment of all Liturgies, pressing forward, with tears and audible sobs, the strong expression of contrite, thankful hearts, to receive the Bread of Life, first given to men of like occupation with themselves. May my soul be with theirs when sacraments shall be no more.—I am yours, &c."

The Mystery of Iniquity revealed; or a Contrast between the Lives of some anti-Christian Popes and the godly Reformers. With the Essence of Protestantism. By B. Whack, Esq. London, Brown, and Richardson.

WE presume that the title of this book is intended either for a joke or for a device to entrap the unwary Protestant into purchasing an anti-Protestant tirade, under the idea that he was possessing himself of an anti-Popish testimony. Whoever may be the individual who designates himself as *B. Whack*, we cannot congratulate him either on his wit or his wisdom. His book is a mere vulgarised Milner, or Cobbet made commonplace. The sooner English Catholics get rid of this species of controversy the better. They who throw mud, while they often

miss the mark at which they aim, invariably besmear themselves in the attempt.

The Life of St. Ignatius Loyola. Vol. II. (*Lives of the Modern Saints.*) Richardson.

THIS is the concluding volume of Mariani's *Life of St. Ignatius*, and is one of the most interesting and important in all Mr. Faber's series.

Schiller's Robbers, Dramas, and Ghost-Seer. Bohn.

MR. BOHN here publishes the first complete translation of Schiller's terrible and too-celebrated play which has ever appeared in English. The version is by his own hand, and speaks very favourably for his skill and energies. Nearly the whole volume, indeed, is the work of his leisure hours. The *Ghost-Seer* is given as Schiller left it, with a sort of unfinished catastrophe,—an appropriate termination to so strange and exciting a tale.

The Catholic School, No. 6, May 1849, is as useful as its predecessors.

Ways and Means for Ireland. Ridgway.

AN important contribution of facts and general information.

MR. HANFORD and Mr. Kershaw have brought out a translation of Balmez' valuable work on the *Effects of Catholicism and Protestantism on Civilisation*. We shall take an early opportunity of reviewing their labours at length; and content ourselves for the present with strongly recommending the book (which is very cheap) to the perusal of our readers.

MR. GRIMLEY's collection of *Devotions, Indulgences, &c. connected with the Use of the Scapular of the Passion* (Richardson) gives all needful directions for those who would practise this beautiful devotion. It is neatly printed in red ink.

Ecclesiastical Register.

PASTORAL OF THE VICAR APOSTOLIC OF THE LONDON DISTRICT ON THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL LETTER.

NICHOLAS, by the grace of God, and the favour of the Apostolic See, Bishop of Melipotamus, and Vicar Apostolic of the London District, to our dearly beloved in Christ, the clergy secular and regular, and the laity of the London district, health and benediction in the Lord.

If the banishment of our holy Father from Rome has been to us a cause of sorrow, God has in part also turned it into a source of consolation. For while, on the one hand, it has given occasion to the whole Catholic world to testify its love and reverence for the Supreme Pontiff in his afflictions, more almost than when he filled a temporal throne, it has no less shewn him to us calmly exercising, in his place of exile, those highest prerogatives of universal rule over the Church, whereof no temporal calamities can deprive the successor of St. Peter.

Not only, dearly beloved in Christ, has he carefully provided for the continuance of the ordinary functions of Church government, but his thoughts and his heart have been filled with those greater

duties which belong to his high office—the guardianship of the faith, and the promotion of piety and devotion.

With these great objects before him, his Holiness Pope Pius IX. has addressed to all the Patriarchs, Archbishops, and Bishops of the Catholic Church an Encyclical Letter or Circular, the purport of which we cannot better make known to you than by laying before you the principal part of the valuable document itself.

TO OUR VENERABLE BRETHREN, THE PATRIARCHS, PRIMATES, ARCHBISHOPS, AND BISHOPS OF THE WHOLE CATHOLIC WORLD.

PIUS PP. IX.

VENERABLE BRETHREN,—Health and Apostolical Benediction. As soon as, by the counsel of Divine Providence, and certainly for no merit of our own, we were raised to the lofty throne of the Prince of the Apostles, and undertook the government of the universal Church, it was our chiefest consolation, venerable brethren, to learn how, in the pontificate of our predecessor, Gregory XVI., of blessed memory, there had sprung up in a wonderful manner, throughout the Catholic world, a most ardent desire that the Apostolic See should at length, by some solemn judgment, define that the most holy Mother of God, the most loving Mother of us all, the Immaculate Virgin Mary, had been conceived with-

* i. e. of the most precious Blood.

out original sin. This most pious desire is clearly and openly testified and demonstrated by the continual petitions which have been addressed to our predecessor, and also to ourselves, by the most illustrious bishops, chapters, and religious orders. Among these, the renowned order of Friars Preachers was foremost in imploring permission, publicly and openly, to pronounce and add in the sacred Liturgy, and especially in the Preface of the Mass of the Conception of the most Blessed Virgin, the word *Immaculate*. These petitions were most willingly granted, as well by our predecessor as by ourselves. To all this, venerable brethren, have been added the letters of very many of your colleagues, incessantly addressed to our predecessor and ourselves, begging, with reiterated petitions and redoubled zeal, that we should define it as a doctrine of the Catholic Church that the Conception of the most Blessed Virgin Mary was altogether immaculate, and utterly free from all stain of original sin. Neither have there been wanting in this age of ours men of eminent abilities, virtue, piety, and learning, who in their erudite and laborious writings have thrown such light on this argument and most devout opinion, that not a few have wondered how the Church and Apostolic See should refrain from decreeing to the most holy Virgin this honour, which the common piety of the faithful eagerly desires should be paid to her by the authority and solemn judgment of that Church and See. These desires, indeed, have been most acceptable and delightful to us, who from our earliest years have had nothing dearer, nothing more at heart, than to revere the most Blessed Virgin Mary with an especial piety and homage, and the most intimate affections of our heart, and to do every thing which might seem likely to procure her greater glory and praise, and to amplify her worship. From the very beginning of our pontificate, therefore, we have, with the utmost alacrity and earnestness, turned our anxious thoughts towards a matter of such moment, and we have never omitted to pour out humble and fervent prayers to Almighty God that He might vouchsafe to illumine our mind with the light of his heavenly grace, that we might know what we were to do in this affair. Indeed, it is now our chief hope and confidence that the most Blessed Virgin, who "has raised the eminence of her merits above all the choirs of angels, even to the throne of the Deity,"* and has by the foot of her power crushed the head of the ancient serpent, and who "set up between Christ and the Church"† all sweetness and the plenitude of graces, has ever rescued the people of Christ from the direst calamities and the snares and violence of all enemies, and saved them from utter ruin, will now have pity on us with a mother's love; and by her most august, ready, and prevailing power with God, will, as she is ever wont, turn away the most sad and mournful reverses, the bitter distresses, labours, and necessities, and the scourges of the Divine wrath wherewith for our sins we are afflicted, and calm and dissipate those tumultuous storms of various ills wherewith, to our incredible grief, the Church is every where tossed to and fro, and finally turn our sorrow into joy. You know full well, venerable brethren, that the whole ground of our confidence is placed on the most holy Virgin, since God "has vested the plenitude of all good in Mary; so that henceforth, if there be in us any hope, if there be any grace, if there be any health, we know that it is from her that it redounds. . . for such hath been the will of Him who would have us possess all through Mary."‡

We have therefore selected certain ecclesiastics of known piety, and eminently versed in theological studies, together with some of our venerable brethren, the Cardinals of the holy Roman Church, illustrious for virtue, religion, counsel, prudence, and the knowledge of divine things, and to them we have committed the duty of examining with the minutest accuracy, and with all their prudence and erudition, this most momentous question; and they are to use all diligence in laying their opinions

before us. While the matter is in this state, we have determined to follow the footsteps of our illustrious predecessors, and to emulate their examples; and in pursuance of this determination, venerable brethren, we address these letters to you, in order that we may greatly rouse your well-known devotion and episcopal solicitude; and we charge you solemnly, each of you according to your own judgment and discretion, to command public prayers in your diocese, and to see to the fulfilment of your command, that the most merciful Father of lights may vouchsafe to shed upon us the heavenly brightness of his Divine Spirit, and to give us an inspiration from above, in order that in a matter of such moment we may be able to take that course which shall be to the greater glory of his holy name, to the greater praise of the most Blessed Virgin, and for the greater good of the Church on earth.

To no part of the Catholic Church can this announcement, and this call to prayer, be more welcome than to us, dearly beloved, whose fathers so particularly held and promoted belief in this mystery of Mary's Immaculate Conception, and gave to the Church the Feast in which it is commemorated. Who, then, shall feel more anxious than we to learn the decision of so great a point, the sure holding of which by the affections, as well as by the confident belief of the faithful, has been already a source of so many blessings to the Church? Who shall pray more fervently than we, that the Spirit of God will guide the counsels of the Holy Father to the right definition of so important a doctrine, which interests the dearest feelings of every breast alive to the prerogatives of Mary? It is, in truth, a solemn and most moving occurrence, when the Church of God, not aroused from without by the assaults of heresy, not alarmed within by the creeping spread of baneful error, but moved and almost uplifted by the heaving and swelling piety of her own best children, rises up to declare a dogma of faith; which needs not to be hedged with anathemas to guard it, but lodges at once safely in the glad embrace of every Catholic heart; which bears not with it one drop of bitter condemnation, but sheds forth on every side a new fragrance and a new sweetness, over the surface and within the soul of the entire Catholic world. And if the chief pastor of the Church has, in his humility, condescended to solicit your prayers, that he may be rightly guided in so important a matter, you will not certainly refuse to give them in all the simplicity of your faith, and the fervour of your filial love.

The month of May, sacred in the Church to the blessed Mother of God, comes most opportunely to favour the discharge of this pleasing duty. Gladly have we seen the devotion of this month spread rapidly through this country, and afford much joy and consolation to every class of the faithful. But we feel every confidence that, with the new impulse now given, it will become universal, and be observed with increased fervour. We trust that in every church or chapel in our district, where it is possible, some devotion will be performed, and instruction will be given, with reference to the peculiar dedication of the month to Mary the Immaculate Virgin-Mother of God. And where this cannot be done daily, nor even several times in the week, let it be on Sundays at least. Anxious, therefore, to unite the particular object of prayer enjoined by the holy Father with the annual and more general devotion of the season, the Bishops Vicars Apostolic of all England, assembled, according to

* S. Gregor. Pap. de Exposit. in libros Regum.

† S. Bernard. Serm. in cap. xii. Apocalyps.

‡ S. Bernard. in Nativit. S. Mariæ de Aquæductu.

their wont, in London, have unanimously resolved to address their flocks in the same words, through this, their and our pastoral, published by each in his own district; that so there may be a uniform and joint supplication sent up to the Throne of Grace, from the whole body of the faithful, priests and people. And all unite in ordering, and strongly recommending to the piety of all Catholics, the following mode of carrying out his Holiness's desire.

1st, This Pastoral shall be read in every church and chapel on Sunday the 29th instant.

2dly, The month of May shall be kept as sacred to the Blessed Virgin, in the best mode that this can be done, according to the circumstances of each mission.

3dly, Where there is a daily, or frequent special devotion, the Litany of Loretto shall be said or sung; where Benediction is given, in that office.

4thly, There shall also be sung or recited the hymn *Veni Creator*, with the usual versicle, response, and prayer; to which must be added the prayer *Mentes nostras*, from the Mass of Wednesday in Whitsun-week.

5thly, Where no special observance of the month can be kept, the Litany and Hymn as above shall be sung or recited every Sunday during the month.

6thly, The faithful are earnestly exhorted to offer up at least one communion during the month for the intention of the holy Father.

Nothing doubting, dearly beloved, that you will gladly embrace the opportunity thus afforded you of practising devotion towards the blessed Mother of God, and promoting her honour, and, through it, that of her thrice-blessed Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, we hereby impart and communicate to you that special apostolic benediction which the Father of the faithful, on this occasion, fervently bestows on all his spiritual children.

Given at London, this 23d day of April, being the Feast of St. George, Patron of England, in the year of our Lord 1849.

NICHOLAS, Bishop of Melipotamus.

THE CATHOLIC POOR SCHOOLS.

THE following passages are extracted from a letter addressed by the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman, on behalf of the assembled Bishops, to the Hon. Charles Langdale, Chairman of the Catholic Poor-School Committee:

"The Bishops have fixed for the general collection this year in favour of the Poor-School Committee, Sunday, the 24th of June.

"But their lordships have taken into their serious consideration the importance of giving the Association for Catholic Schools a religious character and organisation. For this purpose they propose the following plan:

"The subscribers to the Poor-School Committee will be encouraged by knowing that they secure to themselves and their families the prayers of the little ones benefited by their charity. To secure to them this advantage, a prayer will be drawn up for benefactors, and recited daily in public by the children of every school that receives aid from the Committee.

"It is proposed and determined that from this year exclusive, the Sunday after the Octave of Corpus Christi, being the Feast of the Sacred

Heart, shall be the Festival of the Association. On that Sunday the general collection shall be made in every church and chapel in England, for the education of the poor; and it shall be announced in the *Ordo and Directory* as the solemn day appointed for this purpose. The Holy See will be humbly solicited to grant a plenary indulgence to every subscriber receiving the holy Communion on that day. The children of the schools will receive Communion, or assist at the adorable mysteries for their benefactors.

"The Bishops, in conclusion, desire me to express to yourself and the entire Committee, their sincere thanks for your valuable and disinterested services in the great and holy cause of the education of the poor. They renew their expression of full and perfect confidence in that body, and feel that, judging from the past, they possess in it the most useful and trustworthy organisation ever yet possessed by the English Catholics for this truly Christian object; and they augur from past success still greater results. In return for the zeal and effective services of the Committee, they can only pray to God to reward each of its members in himself and those dear to him, and bestow on it in general, and on each individual composing it, their united and cordial blessing."

CONSECRATION OF THE BISHOP OF BRUGES.

THE following letter, the author of which will readily be identified, gives an excellent description of the consecration of the highly celebrated M. Malou to the bishopric of Bruges:—

My dear —, I have just returned from a most interesting visit to Belgium, and I will record my impressions of it, while yet fresh, in the shape of a letter to you. The object of my going was to attend the consecration of Mgr. Malou as Bishop of Bruges, to which see he has been designated since last autumn, but owing to the troubled state of things at Rome, it was only very lately that the Bulls for his consecration were received. M. Malou, I should tell you, was formerly the Professor of Dogmatic Theology at Louvain, and appears to have been raised to the Episcopate by acclamation. My own acquaintance with him began seven years ago, when I was a Protestant, and was revived in 1845, shortly before I became a Catholic, when, at the instance of a common acquaintance, M. Malou took the trouble of writing me a letter of four sheets of paper on Catholic Unity, a very interesting and able document, which had its weight, with other things, in helping me to my decision that memorable year. It is curious enough that the first consecration of a Catholic Bishop I have been present at should be that of M. Malou. However, he kindly asked me to go to it, and go I did, in company with a party of four, and as happy a party we were as you might wish to see. Travelling together, it is said, either makes friendships or breaks them, and ours was of the former sort. We had, moreover, the advantage of being, in a manner, under the wing of our Bishop; for at Bruges we fell in with Dr. Wiseman, who had arrived at the same point by a different route. I need hardly tell you what an advantage this was to us all, for Dr. Wiseman knows every body and every thing abroad, and his name was, of course, a passport for us

with all the distinguished and interesting ecclesiastics whom we met. Now, then, let me proceed with my story.

After a beautiful passage of six hours, we got to Ostend on Monday morning, the 30th ult., at eight, when, after hearing Mass and breakfasting, we started for Bruges. The church at Ostend presents nothing very remarkable; but there is always something unspeakably delightful in feeling oneself (as a Catholic) *at home* in the foreign churches, and hearing "*Per omnia secula seculorum*" on the other side the water. I think any one would have been struck by the reverent appearance of things at Mass. We got to Bruges in the afternoon, and found it full of bustle on account of the coming solemnities. They were beginning to decorate the streets for the procession, and every where are seen long programmes of the order of the day of consecration. We first paid our respects to our own Bishop, and then repaired to the "*Evechie*," where we found Mgr. Malou, full of courtesy and kindness, and were all appointed our several places in the cathedral for the next day. Mgr. Malou is a very pleasant, intelligent-looking man, about forty, and, in fact, something like Father Faber—a good omen, I hope. I observed that he wore a richer chain than our Bishops, and a very splendid pectoral cross; altogether, his appearance was very prepossessing. The next point of interest was the arrival of the assisting Bishops, who all, excepting Dr. Wiseman, came together in the evening. At the station where the train was expected crowds were assembled, as if to welcome some prince or conqueror; and the station was decorated with flags. This was the first sign we had of the light in which Bishops are regarded in a true Catholic country. The crowd was so great that we made a push to get through the station to the platform, a privilege which was yielded on payment of a franc, and receiving a railway-ticket as a passport. The train soon arrived, and was received with cheers. The venerable party passed through the station-house, and was received by many on bended knees, and by all with heads uncovered. It consisted of the Papal Nuncio (an Archbishop), the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, the Archbishop of Paris, all the Bishops of Belgium, the Bishop of Luxembourg, and the Archbishop of Tyre, *in partibus*. These, with Dr. Wiseman (whom they called *L'Evêque de Londres*), were, I think, all the Bishops present. The Cardinal Archbishop is quite a sight in himself. Such grace, sweetness, and majesty combined as realise one's very *beau idéal* of a prince of the Church. Mgr. Sibour, the Archbishop of Paris, is a sweet, placid, and not elderly man; a peculiar interest hangs over the successor of Affre. The Nuncio is a very striking person in appearance. What one remarks about all these Catholic dignitaries is the entire absence of pomposity. They never seem to you aware that any eyes are upon them. As to the Cardinal, I cannot get his figure out of my head.

I now come to the morning of May 1, the day of the consecration itself. The arrangements were so good that there was no occasion to go earlier than the time mentioned for the ceremonial. Accordingly, at half-past eight we were at the cathedral in our places. Precisely at that hour all the bells in the city began to ring, or rather toll, at a quick, joyful, summoning pace. The day was glorious. In the space before the

great door of the cathedral were drawn up the military with their band. The cathedral itself is a beautiful structure of great height, with a choir (which was quite concealed), and two fine transepts. It was arranged as follows:—In front of the screen was erected a spacious platform for the ceremonial, seven or eight steps above the area of the church, with a high altar, and a side altar for the Bishop elect. The transepts were filled with spectators. In the nave, on the right and left sides of the platform, were seats for the canons of the cathedral; below them were the civil and military authorities; on either side along the nave were the clergy of other dioceses; and the rest of the church was appropriated almost entirely to the people of the town, rich and poor without distinction. On the platform, right and left, were seats for the Bishops and for the chaplains; behind them, in the centre, was a footstool for the consecrator. Shortly after our arrival, the procession approached from the palace; the clergy, in surplices, preceding the Bishops. The Archbishop of Malines was habited in his Cardinal's robes, wearing on his head a small red cap, not large enough to conceal his silver hair. The Bishops wore copes of gold. As the procession entered the drums beat, and the musicians (who were concealed behind the screen) struck up a joyful movement. The orchestra consisted of an instrumental band, besides the organ, with a full chorus of voices, the trebles being sustained by boys, for women singers, I believe, are not allowed in Belgium—at least I heard none while there. When the Bishops and clergy were seated, and the Cardinal (the consecrator) had exchanged his scarlet robes for his cope of crimson and gold (it was St. Philip and St. James's day, and the colour was accordingly red), and the Bishop elect had vested in his sacerdotal habits (except the chasuble, instead of which he assumes the cope), and had been led, wearing his cap, between the two assisting Bishops (also in copes) to the centre, the ceremony began by the reading of the Papal Brief. This is followed by the "*Examen*," in which occurs a magnificent piece of dogmatic theology on the Blessed Trinity; read it, and then fancy the "*Archbishop*" of D., or the "*Bishop*" of H. undergoing it! I suppose you know the Office of the Consecration of a Bishop. You remember that the consecrator and the Bishop elect celebrate Mass together at different altars. It is after the alleluia, or the tract, that the consecration properly begins. Then the Bishop elect leaves his altar and comes in front of the consecrator, and while the consecrator and all the Bishops and clergy incline their heads, kneeling, he (the elect) prostrates himself on the ground while the Litanies of the Saints are sung, as at the ordination of the other clergy, as if to enlist all the court of Heaven in behalf of those who are about to receive the exalted commission. I should tell you that at Bruges all the people were let into the cathedral without distinction as soon as the Mass began. I can conceive nothing more impressive to them than the sight of their future Bishop in this posture of profound humiliation—annihilating himself, as it were, before the Presence at which even the angels shroud their faces. Certainly a Bishop should always be consecrated, if possible, in his own cathedral. Near me there were some who could hardly restrain themselves from crying out when they saw "*Monseigneur*" flat on his face. I should tell you, however, that

the glorious litanies were sadly *messed* at Bruges, owing to the great mistake of accompanying them with the organ, for the organ and the voices did not keep time, and thus the petitions and answers were frequently jumbled together. At the end of the litanies, as at the ordination, the consecrator rises and gives the Bishop elect the triple benediction. After the litanies, the consecrator places the Book of the Gospels on the shoulders of the elect, where it remains till that part of the ceremony when it is delivered into his hands. Then follows the consecration itself, in these simple words:—"Receive the Holy Ghost!" the consecrator and assistant Bishops imposing hands on the head of the Bishop elect. To this succeeds a grand preface, sung by the consecrator with hands extended, as supplementary to the consecration. This is followed by the most touching act in all ordinations, the solemn anointing during the singing of the "*Veni Creator*." But whereas the priest, you know, is anointed on the hands only with the oil of catechumens, the Bishop receives on his head (*i.e.* on the "*corona*" or tonsure) the anointing with the holy chrism. The preface is afterwards continued. As I have criticised the litanies at Bruges, I must in justice add that the "*Veni Creator*," in that majestic Gregorian tone, was exceedingly fine. At the end of the preface, the consecrator intones the beautiful antiphon from Psalm cxxxii, "*The ointment on the head*," &c., and it was sung through by the choir with the psalm to which it belongs, "*Behold how good and pleasant it is*," &c. How these psalms seem written for the occasion! The *hands* of the Bishop elect are now anointed with the holy chrism, as if to confer on him the plenitude of the priesthood. Remember that all this time he is still inclining under cover of the Book of the Gospels. The pastoral crozier is then given him, and the ring, which is first blessed, and at last the Book of the Gospels, with a commission to preach them, and the consecrator seals all by giving his new brother the kiss of peace, as the assisting Bishops also do—and a right good embrace it was.

The two Masses now proceed together, the consecrator's at the high altar, and the Bishop elect's at his side chapel. I should tell you that, ever since the anointing of the head and hands, the Bishop elect has worn a bandage round his forehead, and held his hands in a sling, out of reverence to the sacred substance of the chrism yet adhering to his person. It has a most curious effect, and wonderfully beautiful. But now that he is on the point of celebrating Mass, the bandages are removed, the head and hands washed, and the hair combed—fine fun for the Protestants!

After the Offertory, the consecrated Bishop comes from his altar, and presents his consecrator with two lighted torches, two loaves of bread, and two barrels of wine. I am not able to explain this ceremony; I do not know whether it bears on the Holy Eucharist, or is a mere symbol of episcopal hospitality. After the first prayer before Communion, the consecrated Bishop approaches to the right of the consecrator, and receives the Pax. And after the consecrator has received the Holy Communion, he communicates the consecrated Bishop under both species. The consecrator and consecrated then conclude the Mass at the same altar. After the consecrator has given the blessing to the people, he blesses

the mitre, and then imposes it with a prayer on the head of the new Bishop. (Read that wonderful prayer!) He finally blesses the episcopal gloves, and puts them on the hands of the Bishop. The consecrator then enthrones the new Bishop in his own seat, and places the crozier in his hand. His own mitre is removed, as if in token of resigning his honours, and he intones the "*Te Deum*." Whereupon the new Bishop is led through the church by the assistant Bishops, giving his benediction to the people as he passes. He returns to his seat, which he occupies while the hymn proceeds. The scene at this moment was indescribably grand and affecting. In the middle was the Bishop, now invested with all the insignia of office; his brethren, even of higher rank, withdrawing to do him honour; Bishops and clergy forming a semicircle, of which he was the central point, all eyes turned towards him, and hearts (I hope) uplifted in prayer that the blessings of Heaven might descend in profusion upon his anointed head.

When the new Bishop returned to the palace, he received the principal clergy with embraces, and I am told that he positively hugged his father and brother, who were in waiting to greet him.

In the evening we were at a dinner given by the Bishop in the Seminary; a very grand affair. Healths were proposed and drunk at its termination, with speeches in very good taste. First, of course, came "*The Pope*," which was responded to by the Nuncio, who gave "*The King and Queen*." Then followed, "*The Civil and Military Governors*," and "*The Bishops, national and foreign*," to which the Archbishops of Malines and Paris replied,—the latter with evident oratorical power. One thing I liked particularly, that, instead of the tiresome interchange of unmeaning compliments which characterises our English proceedings in that line, no one here returned thanks for himself, but simply proposed some other health. Thus, too, time was gained, which, as the process of dinner had lasted quite three hours and a half, was a point of some importance. After dinner we had a nice chat in the reception-room. Dr. Wiseman was so kind as to present us both to the Cardinal and to the Archbishop of Paris.

On the third day after the consecration, the new Bishop made his public entry into the city. He was met at the gate by the Bishops and clergy, with the civil and military authorities. It was arranged that all the Bishops should walk, but as a violent storm of thunder and rain came on (by the way we observed all the people crossing themselves at the lightning), this arrangement was ultimately confined to the new Bishop alone. We were, of course, at first very much tempted to grumble at the weather,—the single exception in our tour to the most glorious sunshine. But really I am not sure that it was not in some respects a gain, for it brought out the patience and devotion of the people in a beautiful light. This public entry was indeed "*a sight for sair een*" in these days of blasphemy and reproach. It was like the triumphal procession of a hero or popular favourite,—kings and queens rarely meet with the like. Imagine the whole population of a town turning out and patiently enduring a drenching rain for half an hour to do honour to their Bishop! As the procession passed the gate of the town, the clergy chanted the "*Veni Creator*." The Bishop in his vestments, and wearing his

mitre, walked under a canopy, supported by the oldest priest in the diocese,—a complete veteran. The streets were prettily planted with trees, and the houses decorated with festoons and flags. At all the religious houses, the holy inmates appeared at the windows to receive the Bishop's benediction; the children of the school were drawn up for a similar purpose. Thus did we tread the curious picturesque streets of that old city, till we reached the Cathedral, where we found a guard of honour drawn up, who saluted the Bishop, and cast at his feet their banners to receive his blessing. As he entered the Cathedral, the drums beat, and trumpets sounded, mingling with the notes of the "Te Deum" from within. The nave was lined with soldiers, as at royal receptions. Here one felt that the Church was in her proper place. In the Cathedral the Bishop was enthroned, and afterwards at the palace held a levee, at which Dr. Wiseman introduced us, and all the English residents, as his "flock."

In the evening the town was illuminated. All the Bishops were out in open carriages to see the rejoicings and give the delighted people the encouragement of their presence. It was a bright moonlight night, and those beautiful streets, with their tall houses and painted gables, were seen to peculiar advantage under the blended light of the moon and the illuminations, revealing at intervals the most picturesque masses of architecture, and throwing out the colours of the festoons between window and window, and the flags which pointed at one another from opposite sides. And in the distance was the stately tower of the "Halle," illuminated in parts, so as at once to break and define its enormous height. And gazing on this almost fairy scene, one could say, "All this is the world's homage to the Church."

I have left no room to tell you of our trip to Antwerp; this shall form the subject of another and much shorter letter.—Yours, &c. &c.

F. O.

PROGRESS OF THE ROMAN REVOLUTION.

THE events of the last few weeks in the Holy City have defeated all calculations. In the sitting of the 14th April of the Roman Constituent Assembly, Mazzini ascended the tribune, and announced to the Assembly the change of government that had taken place at Florence. He added, that as soon as the triumvirate could obtain further information the Assembly would be apprised of it. He then observed that this event did not materially change the position of Rome; it would only be necessary to act with redoubled energy; that the triumvirate consequently proposed to the Assembly to proclaim the levy *en masse*, to renew the oath they had taken at the beginning of the session, namely, to uphold the republican principle by every means, and to publish a proclamation approving beforehand all measures the triumvirs might deem it expedient to take, and declaring that two millions of free men are sufficiently strong to oppose resistance to internal action and external enemies. The whole Assembly at these words rose unanimously, and swore to maintain the Republic. Mazzini then, in the name of the triumvirs, proposed a law, declaring the price of salt to be reduced to a baiocco (four centimes) a pound. The triumvir

Armellini then proposed that all the landed property of the state should be immediately destined to be parcelled out into small portions for the advantage of the public and of agriculture. This measure, he said, would for ever attach the people to the Republic. That proposal was received with applause. A commission was then named to take into consideration the proclamation proposed by the Government. The commission soon returned, and read the following proclamation, which was adopted:

"In consequence of the late events which have taken place in Italy, the Roman Constituent Assembly declares as follows: The Roman Republic, the asylum and bulwark of Italian liberty, will neither give way nor consent to a compromise. The representatives and the triumvirs swear in the name of God and the people. The country shall be saved."

Another decree of the Assembly declares the Po to be a national river.

The troops forming the French expedition disembarked at Civita Vecchia on the 25th and 26th. They occupied the town without being compelled to have recourse to force. Immediately on his arrival General Oudinot addressed a note to the Governor, demanding admittance into the town. The latter consulted with the authorities, and after two hours' deliberation the gates were opened to the troops. The following is the proclamation addressed by General Oudinot immediately on his landing:

"Inhabitants of the Roman States.—In presence of the events which agitate Italy the French Republic resolved to send a *corps d'armée* on your territory, not to defend the present Government, which it has not recognised, but to avert great misfortunes from your country. France does not arrogate to herself the right to regulate interests which are, before all, those of the Roman people, and which extend themselves to the whole of Europe and to the Christian world; she has only considered that by her position she was particularly called on to interfere to facilitate the establishment of a *régime* equally removed from the abuses which have been for ever destroyed by the generosity of the illustrious Pius IX., and from the anarchy of late days. The flag which I have just hoisted on your shores is that of peace, of order, of conciliation, and of true liberty. Round it will rally all those who wish to co-operate in the accomplishment of this patriotic and sacred work.

(Signed)

UDINOT DE REGGIO."

When the French squadron hove in sight, the prefect sent a courier to Rome, and received orders from the triumvirs to repel force by force, and to prevent their landing. The prefect answered that he had no means of defence. He then received instructions to issue a protest, which he did. The President of the province of Civita Vecchia addressed a despatch to General Oudinot, in which he says: "As a representative of the Roman Republic, I must protest against the word 'anarchy,' which is not deserved by a people that has, conformably to its undoubted right, constituted itself under a Government of order and morality; and I must tell you that France is very badly informed of the events which have taken place here, and of our conduct. Force may do much in this world; still I am averse to believe that republican France will employ its force to overthrow the rights of a Republic born under the same auspices as hers and ours. Europe, who has her eyes upon us, will judge your acts and history—

will say if our political history could be accused of anarchy." A rumour was current that the French would march immediately upon Rome. Other letters state that one-half of the expedition was to proceed to Ancona.

The constitution of the Roman Republic has been published; it contains eighty-three articles. The principal features are: An Assembly of Representatives, elected for three years, by universal suffrage, in the proportion of 1 to 30,000 inhabitants; two Consuls, elected by the same process, charged with the executive power; and twelve Tribunes, similarly elected, for five years, to whom the Consuls give an account of their administration at its expiration. They are also specially intrusted with the mission of guarding against any violation of the Constitution.

The *Roman Monitor* of the 20th ult. announces that Sicily had formally recognised the Government of the Roman Republic, and chosen for its extraordinary representative in Rome Father Joachim Ventura. The Constituent Assembly voted, on the 18th, a manifesto, drawn up by M. Audinot, and addressed to the Governments and Parliaments of England and France. The Assembly contends, in that document, that the Roman Assembly has the right to give itself the form of government it pleases; and, it having sanctioned the independence and free exercise of the spiritual authority of the Pope, it trusted that England and France would not assist in restoring a Government irreconcilable by its nature with liberty and civilisation, morally destitute of authority for many years, and materially so for the last five months.

On the 24th of April, the anniversary of the foundation of the city was celebrated with great pomp. All the troops were assembled in the morning on the open space in front of the Vatican, where they were reviewed by General Avezzana. So many soldiers had not been collected at that place within the memory of man. In the afternoon the Coliseum was illuminated from its base to its summit. Ciceroacchio arrived there, followed by an immense multitude bearing torches, and shouting *Vivas* for the Republic. One of the mob presented a crucifix to the astonished spectators, and exclaimed, "Behold the symbol of the religion taught to the world by the first republican." This blasphemy was hailed with a yell of applause by the gazing ruffians.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says that upwards of forty boxes, containing sacred vases, marbles, statues, and pictures, have been sequestered by the French Custom-office. Those articles were purchased at Rome by an association of German Jews, formed at Frankfort, under the direction of M. Brucker. The advantageous terms on which Mr. Francis Warton had obtained the "Virgin and Angels" of Benvenuto Cellini had excited the cupidity of all the merchants of works of art. The catalogue of articles sold by the Revolutionary Government of Rome amounts to 2500; they only produced 3,000,000f., although worth 10,000,000f. at least. Their restitution, however, will be easily effected; the names and addresses of the buyers being inscribed on the margin of the catalogue.

On the 26th ult. the Roman Assembly resolved unanimously to repel force by force. "Death to the French!" was the cry. All the horses in

Rome were, by a decree of the triumvirate, put in requisition for the Government. Barricades were begun. Bridges were mined. An aqueduct from Castel St. Angelo to the Vatican was to be pulled down, in order to strengthen the barricades. A decree of the triumvirs prohibited the publication and propagation of news. The Assembly had invested the triumvirs with unlimited power, and commanded them to repel force by force. It was said that St. Peter's and the Vatican were undermined, and would be blown into the air, before the French could take possession. The triumvirs had addressed the following proclamation to the Romans:—

"Romans!—A foreign intervention threatens the territory of the Republic. A body of French soldiers has appeared at Civita Vecchia. Whatever its intention, the salvation of the principle which has been freely consented to by the people, the law of nations, the honour of the Roman nation, command the Republic to resist; and the Republic will resist. The people must prove to France, and to the world, that it is a people, not of children but of men, and men who have dictated laws and given civilisation to Europe. No one shall say that the Romans desired freedom, and knew not how to obtain it. The French people shall, from our resistance, our declarations, our attitude, learn our wish, our irrevocable decision, not to submit any more to the abhorred Government which we have overthrown. The people shall prove this. Whoever opposes this determination, dishonours the people and betrays the country. An Assembly sits in permanence. The triumvirate will accomplish its mandate, whatever be the consequences. Let there be order, calm solemnity, concentrated energy. The Government watches inexorably over whatever might attempt to throw the country into anarchy, or to rise against the Republic. Citizens! assemble, rally round us. God and the people, law and force, shall triumph.

"G. MAZZINI,
"C. ARMELLINI,
"A. SAFFI, } Triumvirs.

"Given from the residence of the Triumvirate, April 25."

A party in the Assembly had still confidence in the republican character of the French intervention. On the 26th, when the triumvirs were present, M. Filopanti asked if it was true that the French Government had authorised French volunteers, friends of the Italian cause, to arm themselves for its defence. M. Mazzini replied that 450 French volunteers were to have arrived at Marseilles on the 21st, and embarked for Civita Vecchia on the 24th. M. Pescantini observed, that each of those volunteers was provided with a passport, which ought to have cost ten francs a-piece; and that he knew that this fee was not exacted; a circumstance which denoted that the French Government was any thing but hostile to the Roman cause. On the 28th, the proper steps had been taken by the director of public safety to prevent persons leaving Rome or entering it without express license: the class permitted or interdicted are expressly indicated. Persons to head the resistance in the different quarters of the city were appointed. Signor Accuszi was sent to Paris. The nuns of St. Sylvestre had been ordered to give up their convent to the troops of Garibaldi, and all religious persons were invited to join in the defence of the city. In the mean while the French army without the wall had sent a flag of truce; but the officer who bore it, a relative of the General-in-Chief, was seized and detained. Lombard and

Italian troops had fired on the French. A skirmish, more or less serious, occurred; and the General, finding such great resistance, resolved to withdraw to Castel Gelido. A second attempt to enter Rome was repulsed with yet greater loss, and the French troops have again retired to St. Paolo, about a league and a half from Rome.

The following account is given of the actual attack on Rome: "General Oudinot at first sent two companies into the city of Rome through a postern, the key of which had been given up to him. Whether from treachery or from any other cause, this postern was closed as soon as the companies had passed it, and the General immediately after heard the firing begin. He resolved to go to their succour through breaches to be made in the wall; but when he had released the fragments of these companies, he was obliged to retire to San Paolo. The General narrowly escaped being taken prisoner in crossing a bridge, upon which he had to sustain a sharp attack. This retreat, imposed upon him by the situation in which he found himself, drew his troops out of the line of communication, and the inhabitants of the country, who up to that time had been very cordial with the soldiers, supplying them with provisions, suddenly withdrew, in an apprehension of a defeat. It was not till the next day that the General could regain Castel Gelido and reform his line. He then retired to within six leagues of Civita Vecchia, where he was to wait for reinforcements. The disaster is even greater than was first supposed. We have 300 men *hors de combat*, including forty-seven officers. Among the killed is an officer of great merit, M. de Jonquière."

Civita Vecchia was then declared by the French in a state of siege, and the National Guard disarmed, the posts being occupied by the French. The President of the Municipality, Manucci, strongly protested. He is threatened with impeachment at Rome for not using force against force on the approach of the French. In consequence of the state of anarchy which prevails at Ancona, the French were to take possession of that fortress.

The King of Naples entered the States of the Church on the 29th ult., at the head of 5000 men; he landed at Terracina some soldiers and sailors, who proceeded to Porto di Anco. Shouts of "Viva Pio Nono" greeted the king.

The *Contemporaneo* of Rome, of the 6th, announced the defeat of the king in these terms: "We learn by a telegraphic despatch, that the brave Garibaldi has beaten the vanguard of the Neapolitan army in the environs of Marino. Some prisoners were made and arms taken. The triumvirs call upon the citizens to respect the prisoners, who, although deluded, are our brothers."

The following is an extract of a private letter from Rome, dated the 5th ult.: "Rome may now be said to be a city of ruins. The Villa Borghese and Medicis has almost disappeared. The ruins still encumber the soil. These barbarians only wanted time for their work, and they have been interrupted by the arrival of the French. They are flocking to the barricades. It is awful to look at these barricades; each one of them is a regular fortress. Three priests, Jesuits, were discovered yesterday in a villa where they were in hiding. The mob dressed them up in rags, dragged them through the city,

and overwhelmed them with outrages of all kinds. They dragged them then to the bridge of the Castle of St. Angelo, where they cut them in pieces, and flung the palpitating remains into the Tiber. I have received these details from an eye-witness of this horrible scene. The convents are attacked night and day. The object is to find money, plate, and linen, and visits are hourly made in search of arms, even in the deepest caves and cellars. You may judge of the terror felt during these visits, which are accompanied with cries and the most terrible vociferations. Poor Rome! It is her beauty, her wealth, her ruins I deplore. The present war is a social one. It is no longer a question about the Pope; he is no longer thought of;—it is for the complete destruction of society, and for the triumph of Communism. In the streets of Rome, heaps of stones are piled up. Women keep the most dangerous positions, and carry muskets, knives, stilettos, &c. 50,000 men are armed in Rome."

The *Milan Gazette* gives the contents of a despatch of the 8th, from Lieutenant-Marshal Wimpffen, from Borgo Panigale, near Bologna, from which it appears that he invested Bologna with Austrian troops on that day, and, on being refused admittance, began cannonading the town from the adjoining hills, when a deputation from the municipality came to demand an armistice of twenty-four hours, which was granted. He openly declares his purpose to recall the Pope and re-establish his Government. The Papal Commissioner, Monsignor Gaetano Bedini, has also published a proclamation, addressed to the Bolognese, in which he recommends them to return to their allegiance. The triumvirate continues to publish the most violent proclamations against the Austrians and Neapolitans, but milder against the French. A letter from Rome of the 5th inst. states that the five preceding days, during which hostilities had ceased, had been employed in fortifying the weakest points in the city. Reinforcements of mobilised civic guards were arriving from all directions. The military authorities had declared that it would require 30,000 troops at least to capture Rome.

LAW OF MARRIAGE.

At a Conference of the Clergy of the Deanery of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, held on Wednesday, the 18th inst., the draught of a bill for providing for the complete legality of all marriages between Roman Catholics was approved of, and measures were directed to be taken for putting the matter in a state to become the law of the land. It is stated on good authority that our Bishops are likewise employed in the same work. The bill in question sets forth by reciting 6 and 7 W. IV. cc. 85 and 86, and 1 V. c. 22; states that the said Acts were found to be grievous in many of their provisions as regards such of her Majesty's faithful subjects as are Roman Catholics; and proposes that the said Acts, except so far as thereinafter re-enacted, should in no way apply to the marriages of any two of her Majesty's subjects as aforesaid. Clause 2 legalises all marriages contracted by two Roman Catholics according to the rules of the religion they profess. Clause 3 proposes that the certificate of the clergyman before whom such marriage shall be celebrated shall be legal evidence of the marriage. Clause 4 provides for keeping two Marriage Register Books, one in accordance with the requisites of the Roman Church, the other of the law of the land.

Clause 5 provides for the furnishing of the books necessary for the legal registry, by the Registrar-General to the clergyman of every Catholic church and chapel in England, who is duly to pay for the same. Clause 6, for the delivery four times a year to the Superintendent-Registrar of the district of a certified copy of all the entries in the Marriage Register Book since the previous certificate, and for the delivery of the legal Registry Book when filled; the Ecclesiastical Register to

remain in the sole keeping of the clergyman. Clause 7 provides for searching the Register in the hands of the clergyman. Clause 8 abolishes all penal enactments whatsoever, as against Roman Catholic clergymen unduly celebrating marriage contrary to the provisions of the Act 6 and 7 W. IV. c. 85. By which last clause provision is made for his safe assistance at Marriages of Conscience, but the clause does not thereby intend to legalise marriages so made.

Historic Chronicle.

THE Navigation Bill, having passed the Commons by a moderate majority, has been the means of strengthening the Ministry in the Lords. Lord Stanley led a vehement assault, in a not very hearty speech, on the second reading, and was beaten only by a majority of ten. The Lords, however, clearly do not intend to turn out Lord John Russell to let in the Protectionists, and the bill will doubtless pass. Different probably will be the dealing of the Peers with the Jew Bill, which has been the subject of interminable discussions in the Commons, where almost all parties still agree in hampering the Catholics with an oath which is to be exacted from nobody else, and which every body explains in a manner peculiar to himself. The debates on the bill for legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister have been brilliant specimens of politico-theological polemics. We suspect the Lords will throw out this bill, as well as the Jew Bill. The most offensive Parliamentary event of the month has been a speech of Lord Beaumont's against the Pope and Cardinals. The best thing that has been done in Parliament is the introduction by the Government of a measure for establishing a Commission for Ireland, to supersede the jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery for three years in the transfer of land, to give the purchaser a complete Parliamentary title and satisfy all claimants.

English people have become *almost* interested in Colonial affairs by some startling news from Canada, where a mob has burnt down the Parliament House, and enacted a caricature of Cromwell and the Long Parliament. Lord Elgin, the Governor, is so unpopular, that he has placed his resignation at the disposal of the Government at home. Letters from Montreal give the following details of the disturbances. It will be borne in mind that the "Rebellion Losses Indemnity Bill" is a measure for giving compensation to persons of the French Canadian party who suffered losses in the rebellion some years ago, they being on the same side in politics as the fomenters of the rebellion itself. Now the riots are all on the supposed *loyal* side.

Events of the 25th and 26th April.—From a Montreal Letter, dated the 26th.—"Yesterday afternoon it was known in all the places of resort that his Excellency would go down to Parliament and sanction numerous bills, particularly the one relating to the Customs. At four p.m., the hour appointed for the ceremony, a fair assemblage of people were collected in front of the Parliamentary buildings. It was not till five p.m. that the Governor entered the Council Chamber, and took his seat on the throne. In the mean time a rumour had got abroad that the 'Rebel Bill' was

indeed to be assented to. The report quickly spread, and before the conclusion of the ceremony a crowd numbering about 1500 persons was collected together to receive the representative of British sovereignty with the long-announced honours. The royal sanction was given to forty-eight bills; amongst which, the crowd were informed by those who had been in the interior of the buildings, was the obnoxious bill. About six o'clock his Excellency entered his carriage, and was driven off at a rapid rate, amidst curses, yells, hootings, and a shower of rotten eggs, dirt, and stones. Lord Elgin had to run the gauntlet of the various missiles for the distance of a hundred yards. The carriage-windows were down, and Colonel Bruce was inside with him. Three eggs entered the carriage, and some struck his Lordship in the face. Horses, equipage, footmen, &c. were all completely covered with the unsavoury missiles. The Staff fared very little better. The fact of the royal sanction having been given to the Rebellion Losses Bill now spread like wildfire. By seven o'clock alarm-bells were ringing all over the town, and cries went through the streets calling a mass meeting to be held on the Champ de Mars at eight o'clock. By the appointed time, upwards of 2000 people had assembled, and by nine o'clock it had swelled to 5000.

"One of the leaders of the mob got upon a chair, and addressed them in a violent and inflammatory manner, amidst continued and deafening cheers. At the close of his speech the mob proceeded to the Parliament House, where the Assembly was sitting at the time. A shower of stones was poured upon the windows; which, from the brilliant manner in which they were lighted, afforded a most tempting mark. When the stones came pouring into the windows, the members of the Assembly thought it time to beat a retreat, and retired into the lobby, there to await the issue of events. No sooner had the members left, than about one hundred of the mob, armed to the teeth, rushed into the Assembly Room; and their leader, swearing he would come Oliver Cromwell over them, placed himself in the Speaker's chair, assumed the hat, and announced, with stentorian lungs, 'Gentlemen, the French Parliament is dissolved!' adding, 'and we are all going to hell!' One brawny fellow then seized hold of the mace (which, from the House being in committee at the time, lay on the table), and, having shouldered it, marched off. The rest set to work, and the destruction commenced.

"Whilst this body of men were smashing every thing inside the Legislative Assembly Room, a cry of fire was suddenly raised. In the mean time, Colonel Guly heading the members, clerks, and ladies, rushed through the hall of the House,

and out at the principal door, agreeably surprised at not finding themselves stopped. The fury and rapidity with which the flames spread can hardly be imagined: in less than fifteen minutes the whole of the wing occupied by the House of Assembly was in flames; and, owing to the intimate communications between the two Houses, the Upper House was rapidly involved in the same destruction.

"The mob had now amounted to almost incredible numbers, and remained stoical spectators of the scene. The troops arrived shortly afterwards, and were received with loud cheers, which several companies of the Twenty-third Regiment returned. One soldier, a private, fired his musket in the air: he was immediately arrested, and sent to the guard-house.

"No one regrets the loss of the buildings; every one that of the splendid libraries, in which were the archives and records of Canada for hundreds of years; valuable works from every quarter of the globe were heaped in profusion within those walls; eleven hundred volumes of records of the British House of Commons, of which no other copy was extant, were destroyed. Not eighty dollars' worth of property was saved. The Queen's picture was saved from the burning buildings, but destroyed in the streets. The party in charge of the mace carried it to Donegana's Hotel, and there placed it in the hands of Sir Allan M'Nab. No lives were lost. T. B. Turner, Esq. of the *Montreal Courier*, Sir Allan M'Nab, and the Honourable W. Badgely, in attempting to save some books from the library, were nearly lost. They were obliged to drop the works, and rush for the Legislative Council Chamber door, which, to their horror, they found locked. Their cries were heard by a party in the library of the council, who had axes, and the panel was smashed in; they then escaped by a ladder from the balcony. It was rumoured amongst the mob that the French members were hid in the cellars, and would be destroyed by the fire. The announcement was received with the most brutal cheers. At twelve o'clock, satisfied with the work of the evening, the multitude dispersed.

"His Excellency the Governor-General, with his family, came in to town, and remained all night under the protection of a large guard at Government House. Early this morning, Messrs. Mack, Howard, Montgomerie, Esdaile, and Ferris (proprietor of the *Montreal Gazette*), were arrested on a charge of arson. They were taken before the police-magistrates, and, after an examination of a few hours, remanded to gaol till to-morrow.

"In the evening it was announced that a meeting would be held on the Champ de Mars to-morrow at two o'clock,—the Honourable George Moffatt to be in the chair—when the peace and safety of the country will be discussed. A French magistrate named Arriot, who went to the gaol with the prisoners, was nearly torn to pieces by the mob. About eight o'clock the mob was augmented to several thousands. Messrs. Lafontaine and Holmes determined to make an attempt to get out in a cab through the mob; which they succeeded in doing, after the cab had been turned round half-a-dozen times, the lives frightened out of them, and their clothes torn and bespotted with the yolk of eggs. The frontier of the mob then gave way, and one of the leaders

having given the word, 'To Mr. Hincks's house!' the multitude moved off in the direction of Beaver Hall. Three cheers were given for the military as they passed the guard-house. Having arrived at Mr. Hincks's residence, the work of destruction began; and all the windows and doors of Messrs. Hincks, Holmes, and Wilson's (a Radical) dwellings were smashed to pieces. At that moment a cry was made, 'To Mr. Lafontaine's!' which, together with the account that Mr. Hincks had moved during the day, completely drew off the mob. Immediately upon arriving, the house of Mr. Lafontaine, which was quite new and finished, was furiously attacked. The out-buildings were set on fire, and the house completely gutted, furniture smashed, magnificent pier-glasses broken to pieces, feather-beds ripped up, and every sort of destruction possible. Three times the house was on fire, but put out by the leaders. After the work was accomplished and the mob retiring, they suddenly found themselves in the presence of a regiment of troops, for whom they immediately gave three cheers, and passed by.

"Thus ended the second night."

It is said that the officers of Government made an attempt to stop the transmission of political news by the electric telegraph; but the telegraph people refused to comply.

At nine o'clock on the evening of the 26th, a great meeting was held in the Champ de Mars,—Mr. A. Heward in the chair; and resolutions were passed denouncing the Indemnity Bill, and demanding the recall of Lord Elgin. Their labours were soon disturbed by cheering in the streets; and on looking out a number of men were seen in advance of a calèche, in which two persons were seated, bearing the mace of the House of Assembly, the crowd singing the national anthem and cheering for the Queen.

The same night Lord Elgin was sent for to a meeting of the Executive Council, at the government office; a clerk made an affidavit accusing the five gentlemen who had been arrested, including Mr. Heward; and next morning they were conveyed to gaol under a strong military escort.

The Parliament met on the morning of the 27th, at the Bonsecours Market Hall, under the protection of a guard of soldiers. The debate was of a rather stormy character. The Ministers attempted to defend their conduct in not having taken precautions against the evident disturbance; but they made a very lame affair of it. Sir Allan M'Nab reproached them bitterly for the way in which they had degraded the Governor-General, in making him sneak down to the House to pass the bills without the usual notice; and told them plainly, that had the thing been done openly and properly there would have been no disturbance. After various amendments moved by the Opposition, an address in support of Government was carried by 36 to 16.

On Friday the 27th, a number of the leading merchants of the city held a meeting, at which resolutions were submitted of a nature to subdue the spirit of riotous excitement and turn the public mind into a constitutional channel, and to memorialise her Majesty to recall Lord Elgin.

"There was no subsidence of the excitement after the holding of the meeting. It was reported in the evening that the French party were being sworn in as special constables and armed. It proved correct. The British portion were per-

suaed by the leaders to wait till armed ; and an encounter took place between about twenty English gentlemen and these constables, who fired on them. Only a few of the small party had arms, which they discharged upon the mass, and slowly retreated, bearing off one of the party wounded in the leg by a pistol-ball. During the whole night these were drilled, armed with cutlasses and pistols, in the Bonsecours Market. The military were under arms all night, and the artillery were kept drawn up in the square. It is stated that Sir Benjamin D'Urban, Commander of the Forces, at a meeting of the Executive Council on the previous evening, made remarks to the following purport to Colonel Tache, one of the Ministry: He demanded to know by whose authority those men had been armed. He said he was there to protect her Majesty's dominions; and, by the aid of Heaven, he would do that. It was unconstitutional to arm one portion of the population against the other. Turning round to General Gore, he said, 'Go to his Excellency the Governor-General, and say, I send him a body of British troops to protect him, and that I will not consent to this clandestine arming of the French population. Disarm these men, and find by whose authority they were armed.' It was understood that Col. Bruce and Colonel Tache did it, on an order from the Government.

"There cannot be a question of doubt but that a bloody conflict would have taken place in the streets had not the Governor-General resolved to take away the arms from the French. We have news that the British population in Beauharnois and Mississquoi are in a state almost approaching to insurrection, and have declared their intention to march to the assistance of their countrymen in Montreal, if they are required. One shopkeeper in the townships sold 50 pounds of lead in two days, to be cast into bullets for the rifles of the stout fellows on the frontier."

Successive telegraphic despatches from Montreal contain these passages:—

April 28th.—"Upper Canada is in a fearful state of excitement. At Coburg, the Governor was burnt in effigy. The light could be seen at the lake, thirty miles off. The whole Upper Provinces are arming. In the Eastern townships immense quantities of lead have been sold, and large bodies of sturdy riflemen are expected to the assistance of the British. On the Ottawa, the lumbermen are also preparing to assist Montreal."

April 30th.—"It was reported in town yesterday afternoon, that the house of Mr. J. S. Macdonald, Member for Glengarry, at Cornwall, had been burnt by the populace on Saturday night, that Mr. Macdonald had fled for his life, and that the brave Highlanders of Glengarry are arming by thousands to come to the assistance of the British population of Lower Canada, if need be."

May 1st.—"At Quebec, the Governor has been burnt in effigy; but the authorities are using strenuous efforts to preserve the public peace. At Brockville also, the Governor has been burnt in effigy; and the authorities were compelled to assist in the ceremony."

May 2d.—"We continue in a most excited

state. All sorts of rumours are flying about. The Royalists from various districts are reported as marching on the town, and that, in their progress, conflicts are occurring with the French habitants. Mobs of people have been moving in the neighbourhood of the city during the past night, in expectation of arrivals of French habitants: if these should come in any armed body, we shall have sad work. It was reported yesterday that a deputation was coming from Quebec, to present an address to the Governor-General. This created a great deal of excitement; and a large mob, numbering some 6000 or 7000, assembled to prevent their landing; but, notwithstanding their efforts to prevent them, they succeeded in effecting a landing at the Cross, about three miles below Montreal. Large meetings are being held in Toronto and Kingston; and numerous petitions are getting up to her Majesty the Queen for a recall of Lord Elgin."

Lord Elgin had been dismissed from the patronship of the St. Andrew's Club, and the Thistle Curling Club.

The Indian news is very satisfactory. The expectation that General Gilbert would follow up the victory of Goojerat has been fulfilled: by an admirable scheme of forced marches, in which his slower troops were successively left behind as reinforcements, while his quickest pushed on at the crupper of his own horse, he pursued the flying Sikhs to the uttermost confines of their territory, took Shere Singh prisoner, and at the despatch of the last advices was in pursuit of Dost Mohammed and our old treacherous allies of Cabul. Preparations were in progress for some final arrangement of the Punjab.

Continental affairs are more complicated and disturbed than ever. The French intervention in Rome promises to do Pius IX. more mischief than benefit. The Government have shewn a want of straightforwardness in their dealings in the matter which has disgusted all parties. The details of their inglorious proceedings in Italy we have given elsewhere. In France itself the elections are proceeding with great advantage to the moderate party, even in Paris; but Louis Napoleon has sustained a loss in the resignation of Leon Faucher, the most energetic man in his ministry, through a flagrant breach of ministerial etiquette which made resignation absolutely necessary.

Germany is agitated in every direction. The friends and opponents of the Frankfort Constitution are gradually becoming two distinct and hostile parties. They have come to blows in Dresden, where nothing but the aid of a large body of Prussian troops has saved the Saxon Government from destruction. The King of Prussia has refused the Imperial Crown, and Austria seems to be definitely breaking with the Frankfort Parliament. In her Hungarian dominions, Austria makes no progress in quelling her dissatisfied subjects. The accounts of the battles, sieges, flights, and manœuvres of the Magyars are incomprehensible, through the contradictory nature of the reports that reach this part of Europe; but it is evident that, to a certain extent, the Hungarians are triumphant.

The Rambler,

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POLITICS, SCIENCE, MUSIC, AND THE FINE ARTS.

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PART XIX.

FOUR YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION :

WITH OBSERVATIONS ON ITS EFFECTS UPON THE CHARACTER, INTELLECTUAL, MORAL,
AND SPIRITUAL.

BY A LATE MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

It is not too much to suppose that there is a large class of persons in this country who feel a deep interest in the present mental condition of those numerous converts who, during the last few years, have submitted themselves to the faith of the Catholic Church. There are perhaps thousands who would rejoice to be able to see into the minds of those who know the Catholic Church by personal experience of its influence upon themselves. It cannot be doubted that the Church of Rome presents to those who are without her pale an aspect which is partly terrifying, partly confounding, and partly mysterious, even in those instances where it is admitted that she undoubtedly is a portion of the true Church of Christ, and even may after all be that spiritual home for which so many anxious souls are eagerly yearning. From the ferocious anti-Popish zealot, up to the ultra-Puseyite, or the observer of extreme candour, all agree in regarding her with a species of painful curiosity, as something awful, strange, incomprehensible, and self-contradictory; as uniting the noblest with the vilest qualities; as producing, apparently by the same means, heroes, villains, knaves, and dupes; as a strange compound, in short, of evangelical purity and worldly craft, of apostolic zeal and grasping ambition, of inspired truth and debasing delusion. Whether, therefore, as a mere psychological phenomenon, or as a branch, though corrupted, of the true Church of Christ, or as a body which has attracted to itself some of the most learned, able, and self-denying of English Protestants, the Catholic Church is at the present hour an object of deep interest to vast numbers of the best of our countrymen, and they long to comprehend the precise nature of the power she exercises over the minds which are subjected to her sway. I propose, then, as one who has thus made personal trial of her powers for some considerable period of time, to communicate the results of my experience to those who are interested in knowing what it is really to be a Catholic.

In so doing I must request pardon for the apparent egotism of the following pages. The very nature of the case will compel me to speak of myself in a manner, and with a frequency, which, unless absolutely necessary, would be absolutely intolerable. The statement I am about to make is so eminently a personal statement, and so essentially connected with the individual who puts it forward, that it will be impossible to avoid a repeated reference to myself and my ideas, opinions, and feelings, for which some little apology may perhaps seem due.

The first question that will naturally be asked of a person who professes to give a true picture of the influence of the Catholic religion, and of its features at the present time, refers to his own competency as a witness. "What are you?" it will very justly be said; "what opportunities have you had for forming a correct judgment? what are your personal qualifications for so delicate an office? what were you before you entered your new state, and what means did you then possess to enable you to institute a correct comparison between the influences and facts of Catholicism and Protestantism?"

In all these points, I believe that I may legitimately claim to be heard as a competent witness. Since I entered the Catholic Church, circumstances have made me acquainted with a very large number of English Catholics of various ranks and different ecclesiastical positions. I have known personally, with various degrees of intimacy, seven or eight Bishops, several presidents of colleges and superiors of religious houses, a large number of the clergy, both secular and regular, in different parts of England, and of the laity, of different professions, occupations, and rank, with a considerable proportion of those converts who, during the last five or six years, have left the ranks of Anglicanism and submitted themselves to the Catholic Church. With many of all these I am on terms of intimate friendship, while chance and the course of events have put me

into positions for seeing an unusual number of eminent and influential personages, in circumstances of trying character, and such as reveal not only a man's strength but his weakness, and test both himself and his religious faith and principles to the very foundation.

Before I was a Catholic, I had also as many opportunities of examining into the true character and genius of Protestantism as fall to the lot of most men; indeed, few Protestants have had such ample means for forming an unbiassed judgment as those which fell to my lot. From the time of my boyhood until I submitted to the Church of Rome, I had met with, and in many instances had entered into close bonds of friendship and affection with men of almost every class of opinion which is to be found in the Church of England, having also been acquainted with individual Dissenters, who were very trustworthy examples of the dissenting schools. I numbered among my near friends and relatives old-fashioned High Churchmen, cautious Tractarians, zealous Puseyites, unhesitating Romanisers, conscientious Latitudinarians, with Evangelicals, old and young, of every shade of Churchmanship; and persons of the untheoretical, amiable, do-their-duty Church of England school, who go on their way as their fathers taught them, and live and die seeking only peace and quietness, and sober yet sincere practical religion. From an early age, also, I had been accustomed to notice and reflect upon the various characters and principles of every one with whom I associated, to form opinions upon their conduct, and investigate the connexion between their religious views and their actual life and state of mind.

Nor could it be reasonably alleged against what I have to say, that I entered the Church of Rome under the influence of those ardent feelings and determined prepossessions, which might perhaps warp my judgment of the facts which I really encountered, and render the history of my experience a history of my personal emotions and fancies rather than a detail of unvarnished realities. So far was I from submitting to the Church under the power of an unreasoning enthusiasm, that it was in most respects with the greatest reluctance that I took the step. It was simply on a clear, well-argued conviction that it was absolutely necessary to my salvation, that I broke through every barrier which kept me back. I had none of that yearning for the advantages of confession, that feeling of utter intellectual helplessness, or that dependence upon the example and opinions of others, which in some cases predispose the mind to seek for rest in the bosom of Catholicism. Long before I had the faintest idea of ever actually becoming a Catholic, I had reasoned myself into a belief that all the doctrines of Rome were true, and that the Scripture, to those who will

really examine it, and who believe in its inspiration, is an incomprehensible book, except on the supposition that the decrees of the Council of Trent are to be received as infallible. Absurd as it may seem, and absurd as it certainly was, I was convinced that the Church of England was in no sense of the word a portion of the Church of Christ, long before I even thought of leaving her. I accounted my own an exceptional case, and rested on the belief that I could be saved, though I was out of the visible Church, and though I knew that I was out of it. Monstrous indeed was the belief, but still it was my belief; and it proves, that though at length the conviction of the hollowness of my theory came upon me with an irresistible force, which would brook no longer delay, yet I was, in fact, as well acquainted with every thing that could be said on both sides of the question, as if I had been four or five years considering whether I should myself personally obey the call of the Catholic Church to enter her fold. In truth, I was far better acquainted with the real bearings of the controversy than if I had weighed them under the influence of high-wrought excitement, and of that intense anxiety which presses upon the mind the moment the idea of *becoming* a Catholic takes a practical hold upon it. It was with all the coolness of a mere speculative reasoner that I examined into the truth of every single separate doctrine of the Roman Church, and into the tenableness of every ecclesiastical position which could possibly be taken up against her. Profoundly *interesting* as was the subject, I had become as clearly convinced, on undeniable grounds, that belief in any religious doctrine whatsoever is logically impossible without the existence of a living infallible guide, and that a visible Church without such a head as the Pope is, is a contradiction in terms, as that the earth is round, and that the moon shines by reflected light from the sun. I saw that, if Christianity is from God, Protestantism in every possible form is an intellectual absurdity, and a violation of the elementary laws of reasoning and common sense.

Lastly, since I have been a Catholic, I have repeatedly recurred both to the arguments which, in my judgment, establish the truth of Catholicism, and also to the reasonings by which religious belief, in its very essence, is recommended to the mind. Again and again, sometimes on various practical occasions more immediately bearing upon my own convictions, sometimes in the way of controversy with Protestantism or infidelity in their various modifications, sometimes in the way of calm meditation and reflection, I have gone over every thing that can be said on the general question involved, and on all the details of faith and practice which are found in the Catholic Church. I have endeavoured honestly and

courageously to look every difficulty in the face, to do justice to the facts of history, to avoid all undue palliation of the errors or sins of individual Catholics, and to separate my own private notions and likings from those objective truths which exist apart from my individual experience.

How far I may be *personally* fitted to bear trustworthy testimony on the subject, is a question on which I can offer no opinion. No man is a competent judge of his own merits or demerits, or a dispassionate observer of the features of his own character. Still, if I might venture upon any such statement, I should be disposed to say, that I am not naturally disposed to unreasoning credulity, to superstitious veneration, or to an undue dependence upon the authority of great names, or upon the views of those with whom I may associate. My errors would be rather on the side of a too great independence of judgment, of excessive dislike of assertions unsupported by clear proofs, and of general incredulity in every thing that appears marvellous or supernatural. But however this may be, I may fairly lay claim to those average powers of observation and criticism, that *mens sana in corpore sano*, which would entitle any person to be received as a competent witness in a court of justice, and commend his evidence to the respect, if not to the acquiescence, of every fair and candid mind. As to sincerity of intention and truthfulness of statement in what I have to say, of course, like other men, I believe myself upright and honourable. No man who invites the attention of the public on such a subject professes himself otherwise than sincere and religious, and few think themselves not to be really so. I can only say, that I *trust* I have been, and still am, guided by a single-minded desire both to learn what is strictly true and good in the sight of Almighty God, and to practise no imposition whatsoever upon the belief of others. Without further preface, then, I proceed to lay before the world the results of four years' experience of the Catholic religion.

The first question that would be asked of persons who have become Catholics, by those who are unconnected with any religious party in the country, would probably be directed to ascertain the effects of Catholicism upon the practical freedom of the intelligence. Various as are the views which English Protestants take of the creed of Rome, they all agree in looking upon it as a despotic sovereign, which holds the intellect and judgment of those who submit to its dictates in an iron grasp, and rigorously forbids that unbiassed liberty of following after *truth* at all costs, which is the inalienable privilege and the bounden duty of every creature endowed with the great gift of reason. There can be little doubt, that a man who has entered the

Catholic Church is popularly believed to have parted with all rights to think for himself, or to escape from a benumbing, destroying thralldom of the faculties, except by bursting the bonds in which he has unwittingly involved himself, and casting off the yoke of Rome in indignation. His friends pity him, his kindred weep for him, the man of shrewd sense laughs at him, and the vulgar crowd stares at him as a sort of wild beast. Whatever be the degree of *moral* enormity which is attributed to a convert, all agree in thinking him more or less a *fool*. He is regarded with much the same mingled wonder and sorrow with which we listen to the ravings of insanity, and see a poor creature in a lunatic asylum disbelieving the evidence of his senses, and imagining his wretched cell to be a royal palace. We are supposed to have fallen into a sort of second childhood, in which we voluntarily surrender our powers of reasoning, observing, and reflecting, and acquiesce in statements as absurd to the free intelligence of men of sense, as the notion that two and two make five, or that the whole is not greater than a part of it. Have I, then, found Catholicism an intellectual bondage to myself, and have I remarked a similar slavery in the case of others?

If I may state the truth, without fear of being counted guilty of ridiculous exaggeration, I should reply, that no man knows what perfect intellectual freedom is, until he becomes a member of the Church of Rome. I have passed my whole life in as bold and unhesitating an exercise of the privileges of thought as is ventured upon by most persons; but most conscientiously can I allege, that my previous independence in reasoning was like a toiling in fetters, compared with the unbounded liberty of which I have been conscious ever since I ceased to be a Protestant. I am unconscious of what intellectual fear is, except the fear of being *wrong*, and the fear that passion, pride, self-indulgence, prejudice, or ignorance, should warp my judgment, delude me into miscalculating probabilities, tempt me into mistaking my own wishes for logical proofs, or blind me to the real laws of reasoning which control all human knowledge whatsoever.

It is commonly supposed, indeed, that a man of sense and intellectual courage *cannot* believe the dogmas of Catholicism without violating the first principles of reasoning and enslaving his judgment at the beck of a designing priesthood. So far from this being the case, I find myself compelled to act in the very opposite direction. I cannot *help* believing the truth of Catholicism in general, nor can I perceive the slightest violation of the laws of reasoning in any one of its separate doctrines. Granting the truth of Christianity as a divine revelation, my reason forces

me to be convinced that no one form of Protestantism can *possibly* be true. So far as argument is concerned, I can see and feel the difficulties which exist in the way of the reception of the Christian religion as divine, and even of belief in any religion whatsoever, natural or revealed; but when once the question of the origin of Christianity is settled, though I can see and feel arguments against the Church of Rome, and admit that, so far as they go, they are difficulties which must be solved, yet I can see *nothing* in favour of any doctrinal Protestantism whatsoever; and I can no more avoid believing in the exclusive claims of the Church of Rome, than I can help believing in the deductions of physical astronomy or of electricity. The argument in favour of Rome is precisely similar to the reasonings which establish the great facts of any purely human science, which is based upon probabilities, and not on mathematical certainties. On such morally proved sciences, whether physical, domestic, social, or political, the whole course of our daily existence is conducted. We neither eat, drink, move, talk, read, buy, sell, grieve, rejoice, or, in a word, act for a moment as reasonable creatures, except on the supposition that certain general ideas are true, and must be acted upon, although not one of them can be *proved* with all the strictness of a mathematical proposition. Yet no man in his senses calls this an intellectual bondage, or wonders that people can devote their whole lives to a course of conduct against which *some* difficulties can be alleged, though the balance of probabilities is decidedly in its favour.

And just such is my experience of the effect of a belief in the infallibility of the Catholic Church on my daily moral and spiritual existence. I grant that there are some difficulties to be urged against Christianity, and that the proof of the infallibility of Rome is not a mathematical proof; but nevertheless, I cannot help perceiving that the balance of proof is undeniably in favour of Christianity and of the Catholic Church, and therefore I cannot help acting myself in accordance with that balance, and no more believe or feel that I am intellectually a slave, than when I believe that I am at this moment awake, though it is impossible to *prove* that I am not asleep and dreaming. Many people imagine that a Catholic lives and moves with a sort of sense of intellectual discomfort, with a half-admitted consciousness that he is the victim of a delusion; that he dreads the light of criticism and argument, and is afraid of having his opinions honestly and rigorously canvassed. For my own part, I can most solemnly assert, that from the moment I entered the Catholic Church, I felt like a man who has just shattered the fetters which have impeded his movements from his childhood. I experienced a sensa-

tion of intellectual *relief*, to which I believe every conscientious Protestant to be an utter stranger. So far from feeling as if I had renounced the great privileges of humanity, and subjugated myself to a debasing servitude, I was conscious that now, for the first time, my faculties had fair play, that I was no longer in bondage to shams, forms of speech, pious frauds, exploded fables, youthful prejudices, or the impudent fabrications of baseless authority. Reason, like a young eagle for the first time floating forth from its mountain nest, and trusting itself with no faltering wing to the boundless expanse of ether around, above, and below, rejoiced in her new-found powers, and looked abroad upon the mighty universe of material and immaterial being, with that unflinching gaze with which the soul dares to look, when conscious that the God who made her has at length set her free. To tell me, at such a time, that I was enslaving my reason by that very act which enabled her to assert her supremacy, or that I was violating truth and common sense by embracing the most *probable* of two momentous alternatives, I should have counted a folly not worthy to be refuted. And such have I felt it to this day. I am conscious that I have embraced one vast, harmonious system, which alone, of all the religions of mankind, is precisely what it pretends to be, and nothing less and nothing more. I behold before me a mighty body of doctrine and practice, self-consistent in all its parts, cohering by rigid logical deductions, and held together by certain moral laws which are as universally applied in every conceivable contingency as is the physical law of gravity throughout the visible universe. Complicated and varied as it is, and diverse in nature as are the many elements which go to make up its far-stretching whole, I can detect no flaw in the structure, no incompatibility of one feature with another, no tendency to decay, no token of failure in accomplishing all that it really professes to accomplish. I find every thing to charm and invigorate my intellect. If I am enthralled, it is in a bondage to truth; if I am fascinated, it is by the spell of faultless beauty.

It is the same, too, when I go on to view the separate doctrines which the Church of Rome teaches, one by one. I hear and read of persons saying that these dogmas, or some of them, are absurd, or impossible, or self-contradictory, or immoral; but no where in the whole range of Roman doctrine can I discern for myself any single statement which is opposed either to reason or morality. All that I marvel at, is the dense ignorance which possesses those who bring the accusation, and the astonishing stupidity which has enthralled mankind with respect to the very doctrines which they profess to disprove, and which they vehemently denounce. Profound as is

my conviction of the wickedness of man, still deeper is the conviction of his intense folly which the sight of the course of theological controversy induces. I hear myself charged with holding doctrines which were never heard of in the Catholic Church; I see her accused for not accomplishing results which she never pretends to accomplish, and which were never attempted by any religious body upon earth; I behold her charged with crimes and absurdities which by no possibility can exist together within her; while within her magic circle alone reason acts reasonably, ascertains her own powers, makes use of them to the fullest possible extent to which they can reach, and then pauses in conformity with her own irrefragable decisions.

I cannot help being aware that those who formerly knew me and others who, like myself, have entered the Catholic Church, are amazed that we should have been able to bring ourselves to accept what they regard as the most monstrous of absurdities, if not the most scandalous of enormities. Yet the only absurdity that I can perceive lies in the charge they bring, and in the enormity of that uncharitableness which condemns a man unheard. For instance, it is supposed that in the doctrine of transubstantiation, we run counter to the evidence of our senses, and believe that to be true which our sight, touch, and taste tell us *is not* true. Yet in the whole range of false accusations which history records, no where is there to be found a more gratuitous and disgraceful slander, or an assertion which more strikingly displays the ignorance of those who make it. The doctrine of the Catholic Church with respect to the change in the Eucharistic Elements is, that nothing belonging to the bread and wine of which the senses take cognisance is changed; and that what *is* changed is that with which the senses have no more to do than they have to do with the inhabitants of the antipodes. We are all agreed (except a few book-worms) that in every material object, besides its colour, its form, its taste, its smell, and so forth, there exists a certain *something*, of which colour, form, taste, and the like, are what is popularly called the qualities, or, in metaphysical language, the accidents. Now, it is manifest to every person who knows the meaning of words, that our senses of smelling, tasting, touching, &c. inform us of the nature of these qualities or accidents, and that they do nothing more. We see that a thing is black, white, or blue; we feel it to be rough or smooth, cold or hot; and so with the rest; but as to that mysterious *something*, that "substance," as it is termed in metaphysics, which lies at the bottom of these qualities, and to which they are all attached, our senses tell us nothing whatever about it. For aught that our senses can judge, the *substance* of bread is the same as the substance

of flesh, or the substance of lightning is the same as the substance of a piece of wood. Whether the substance in all the elements of the universe is essentially alike, or whether there are as many myriads of variations in substance as there are in outward appearances, our senses of touch, taste, smell, hearing, and seeing, leave us hopelessly in the dark.

When, then, I who believe that in the Eucharistic Elements this substance is changed — no matter on what grounds I believe it — am charged with asserting that which contradicts the evidence of the senses, I simply smile at my accuser's foolishness. I see that he might as reasonably pretend that it contradicts the evidence of the senses to believe that there is a God, because the Divinity cannot be touched, tasted, smelt, heard, or seen. I ask him if he ever saw his own soul; and why, if I may not believe *more* than my senses tell me respecting the presence of Jesus Christ in the consecrated species, he is justified in believing *more* than his senses tell him with respect to himself. So far from finding myself more in a state of bondage as a Catholic than I was as a Protestant, even in respect of this great doctrine, which is regarded as the crowning point of Catholic folly and imposture, I see that nearly all men and women, of every rank and grade, who attack the dogma of transubstantiation, are so extravagantly absurd as to conceive they overthrow its claims by assertions which have nothing on earth to do with the question really under discussion.

Such also have I found to be the result upon myself in all other separate Catholic doctrines. One and all commend themselves to the reasoning faculty with a clearness and force which I truly believe to exceed the clearness and force that are possessed by any branch of purely human knowledge, excepting always the deductions of pure mathematics. In almost every case I find them different from what they are popularly supposed to be; and the longer I continue to be a Catholic, the more extraordinary appears the contrast between that which the Church really believes and teaches, and that which the world imputes to her. The more I reflect upon it, the more mysterious is the phenomenon she presents, as the most misunderstood, the most misrepresented, the most maligned institution, which ever existed in the whole history of mankind. So far from feeling that my judgment is clouded, or that my faculties are prevented from having their full play, I perceive more and more clearly that the Catholic Church is the only body in which man's reason has tolerable liberty to follow out its conclusions with consistency, unbiassed by association, unwarping by prejudice, and unenslaved by passion. Admitting to the fullest extent the sins of many Catholics in all ages, their errors, their ignorance, their blindness, and their super-

stition, still I cannot possibly help seeing that in comparison with the intellectual servitude which holds the world without in bonds, *we* are faultless, enlightened, acute, and profound so the utmost *limits* of which humanity is capable.

On the other hand, how far the course of modern civilisation is impeded by the reception of Catholicism, is a question which is by no means easy of solution. From all that I can judge by experience of its effects on myself and on others, I should be disposed to say, that while it tends to the culture of the intelligence, and to the development of all the faculties of the mind to the highest possible extent, it would lead its disciples to march with a somewhat hesitating step in what is commonly termed the civilisation of the age. How far it would discourage purely intellectual cultivation *apart* from religion, is a question with which I have nothing to do, as I am speaking only of what are the effects of a sincere belief of Catholic doctrines, and an earnest practice of Catholic duties, upon the thoughts and life of man. While, then, I see every token that there is not a faculty in the soul, whether it be the pure reasoning faculty, the imagination, the taste, the love of extensive and accurate knowledge, or that which we term common sense, which Catholicism does not tend directly to stimulate in the healthiest and most effective possible manner;—while I see that its sons may be impelled by a burning enthusiasm to triumph throughout the whole domain of human studies, and to bend every acquisition of mental power to the service of God and the salvation of souls;—while the Catholic will labour with unwearying energies, and with the highest abilities, in the fields of mathematics, history, philosophy, science, poetry, or fiction, just as in former days the whole course of European civilisation was directed and impelled by the devoted sons of the Church;—at the same time it is impossible to overlook the fact, that so far as our civilisation depends upon the pursuit of gain, and the restless strivings of ambition, so far it would suffer in the hands of devout Catholics. There exists in the Catholic faith a power to detach the affections from *every thing* on this side of the grave, which necessarily makes men take matters somewhat more easily than exactly falls in with the notions of the present epoch. A pious Catholic, to a certain extent, sees no future, except that which commences after death. He lives for the present hour and for eternity. He has a greater tendency to take the affairs of life as they come, and to enjoy what he actually has in possession, without putting himself very much out of the way to add to his store, than is usually found among ardent and business-like Protestants. Taken *on the whole*, I do

not believe that Catholic merchants, Catholic tradesmen, Catholic travellers, or Catholic bankers, will ever so successfully compete with men of the world of similar occupations as to make as large fortunes as their Protestant competitors, or to exercise as powerful an influence upon the economic progress of the age. We never shall, taken as a body, be the first in the nation as men of business; and I question whether we could ever be *first* (though we might be *second*) in the study of those physical sciences with whose cultivation the characteristic movement of our time is so intimately bound up. It is undeniable that Catholics do not *care* so much as others for those objects which furrow the sober and laborious Englishman's brow, and bend him down with premature old age. Not only the general influence of their religion, as a spiritual system, but the nature of their belief in the excellence of poverty, and of the monastic and celibate life, and in the pernicious nature of excessive carefulness and of a melancholy, anxious spirit, tends to make them sit down contented amid reverses, and comparatively careless about worldly success, where other men would strain every nerve to struggle against the assaults of fortune, and to provide against every possible future contingency.

That such a diminution in the energies of our day would cause a diminution in the amount of human happiness, I am, indeed, prepared totally to deny. I should regard a colder devotion to the *business* of life, as one of the greatest blessings which could be granted to our care-stricken country. Next to a reception of the true religion, I can conceive nothing so beneficial to the Anglo-Saxon race as an infusion of a spirit of light-hearted cheerfulness, and a less keen susceptibility to the peculiar charms of our modern civilisation. Not only would such a change from our gloomy, toiling habits produce an instantaneous addition to the positive enjoyments of every hour in the day, but it would exert a controlling power over that awful movement towards universal pauperism, which is the great frightful fact of our times. Strange and paradoxical as it may seem, a comparative carelessness about wealth is the only practicable cure for the evils of excessive poverty. For some generations now past the whole course of the English social and economical system has been to multiply the *productions* of human labour with the least possible advantage to the producers. Though every human being brings into the world the same physical and mental powers of production as his forefathers of every past age, and though the marvellous instrumentality of machinery enables him to employ those powers with tenfold, twentyfold, or a hundredfold more successful results, so that the entire population of the empire at this moment calls into exist-

once far *more* in proportion of the necessities of life than did any past generation, yet such is the unhappy *distribution* of these increased products, that every day fewer and fewer is the comparative number of those who are benefited by them, and harder and harder does it become for the great mass of the people to live.

Now, political economy recognises no counteracting power in human nature to check this excessive operation of the principles on which civilised life is carried on. It has no safety-valve to prevent a frightful explosion in the machinery of society. The very law on which the riches, the luxuries, the comforts, and the refinements of civilisation are created, is the law of selfishness. These things *could* not exist without a distinction between rich and poor, without that command over the labour of others which wealth confers upon its possessor. Were all men equal in property, according to the dreams of Socialism and Communism, the utmost that humanity could reach would be a step or two above the nakedness and houselessness of savage life. Art, refinement, literature, comforts, delicacies, of every conceivable description, would be literally impossibilities. Without the *command* which the unequal distribution of wealth enables the few to exercise over the many, we must sink at once into a state resembling that of the settlers in a newly inhabited country, and be thankful if we could clothe our bodies and shelter them under a roof, and keep off actual starvation. Such a state of things is, of course, wholly hypothetical; for our inequalities in physical strength and in mental power would be sufficient to make some rich and powerful, and many poor and weak, in the course of four-and-twenty hours after the commencement of such a supposed universal equality. There are only three possible states in which man can exist: the paradisiacal state of innocence and bliss; the savage state, in which all things remain stationary; and the civilised state, in which all moves either in one uniform direction forwards, or backwards towards barbarism. Civilised society can never check at its will the operation of the principle which is the source of its very existence. The law of nature which makes one man rich and another poor, tends to make the first richer and the second poorer every day that passes by. The inevitable necessity which first transferred a portion of the natural property (so to call it) of the second to his more healthy, more powerful, or more skilful brother, goes on thus transferring fresh portions of the results of his labour to those who are above him in command, until, as ages run on, gigantic wealth swells up one extremity of the social scale, while the abyss of pauperism swallows all that are doomed to the other. The productions of civilised life are, in fact, the pro-

ductions of a bargain between two parties, which is *always* more favourable to one party than to the other. Nothing but some violent change can stay the inevitable termination. Civilisation cannot control itself, or hold back the motive power to which it owes its being. Hence the whole history of the human race is a record of the advances of civilisation, and of its ultimate issue in a wretched state of enfeeblement, wealth, and pauperism, which has invited conquest, revolution, or total decay and death.

The fanatics of Socialism and Communism, alive to these terrible facts, would fain remedy them by the substitution of some other social system, based on a radical misconception of human nature, and of the essence of civil society; but they can no more cure the deadly disease than they can restore paradisiacal innocence and health to man, or paradisiacal fruitfulness to the earth. Their schemes are more fatal than the mischief they would counteract. The power of religion alone can stay the speed of this mighty engine, whose ever-increasing velocity threatens to whelm us all in destruction. Nothing upon earth can save society which cannot control man's selfishness, and make him content to forego those powers over his fellow-creatures which circumstances, or his own talents, have placed in his hands. What the French call *l'exploitation de l'homme par l'homme* defies the skill and energies of all merely human motives to stop its headlong course. Man will *hire* man to do his bidding, till the employer and the employed perish together, unless a voice come down from heaven and proclaim that this life is nought, in accents which shall command the attention of the most worldly, and accompanied with a spiritual power which shall soften the most selfish and stony heart. Nothing less than a voluntary and continually practised renunciation of some portion of their legal rights over the poor on the part of the rich, can save the former from pauperism, and the latter from a simultaneous prostration into the abyss they have dug with their own hands.

Now, that Catholicism is the *only* religion which thus strikes at the heart of the excessive love of wealth, few candid observers will deny. It is indeed a common reproach against Catholic countries, that they do not foster that spirit of secular enterprise on which the existence of modern civilisation depends. The shrewd, sensible, prosperous Englishman despises Catholicism, because he thinks that its votaries, when they have their religious services, their churches, their priests, and their amusements, are content to remain in happy inactivity, careless about the future part of this earthly life, and shrugging their shoulders in amazement at the untiring toils of the careworn Briton. And exaggerated as is this popular notion of the effects of Catholicism, I am

prepared not only to admit that there is some measure of truth in it, but to maintain that in this very feature of its influence is to be found the only safeguard of modern Europe. It is the only engine which the statesman and law-giver can command, in order to control those suicidal tendencies of the social system, at which at present he stands aghast, hopeless, helpless, and trembling. It is the only moving power which can exercise an antagonistic influence upon that love of money, rank, and ease, which in its unrestrained operation is ultimately as great a curse to those who thrive upon its gifts, as to those who writhe under its torturing grasp. Politicians, political economists, and the sceptical worldly-minded Protestant member of Parliament, may smile in incredulous contempt, but the unprejudiced thinker may be assured that the Catholic religion alone can ensure to society that permanence in earthly peace and prosperity which of old was sought by the advocates of agrarian laws, confiscations of the property of the rich, and heavy taxation upon their incomes, and which in these days is the blessing at which the wild theories of Socialism and Communism aim with frantic passion. How it does this, I will now shew in detail.

In the first place, from my personal experience of Catholicism, and from what I have seen of its influence upon others, I find that, practically, it does detach the affections of man from his earthly possessions far more effectually than any one form of Protestant Christianity. Of course I am comparing its results upon persons who are conscientious and zealous in acting upon their own principles. I am not contrasting the mental condition of a careless Catholic, who, though he lives a not immoral life, is yet cold or lukewarm in his religious ways, who just fulfils the letter of his obligation as a Catholic, and nothing more, with a devoted, energetic Protestant, who is given to prayer, almsgiving, and works of mercy. I am taking two men or women, whether old or young, rich or poor, who are *apparently* (as men usually judge) equally sincere and zealous in acting fully up to the highest moral and devotional standard of their respective communions; and I have not a moment's hesitation in alleging, that what I may call the *unworldliness* of the Catholic is so different from the unworldliness of the Protestant, that the latter can scarcely comprehend what it is, both in its nature and in its effects. I do not say that Protestantism will not sometimes, during periods of great temporary excitement, as, for instance, during the better season of the Puseyite movement, impel its followers to very remarkable and almost heroic acts of pecuniary self-denial and munificence; but I do say, that of that practical, habitual, and irresistible sense of the transitory nature of all worldly goods, which forbids the

mind even to *care* much about possessing them, they have at the best a very faint conception; while there is not an age, not a year, not a day, in which there are not thousands and tens of thousands of Catholics, both lay and clerical, both in the cloister and in the world, to whom the loss of worldly possessions, and the self-sacrificing renunciation of them for the good of others, is comparatively an easy and trifling task, for no other reason than that the realities of the spiritual world are present to their consciences with a vividness and closeness of contact which is unknown to the conscientious Protestant mind.

So striking, indeed, is the influence of this keen perception of the realities of eternity, that the Catholic sometimes appears insensible and almost heartless to his Protestant friends and kindred. The tender-hearted, anxious-minded, or prudent Protestant is shocked at the seeming coolness and indifference with which the Catholic will often go through scenes, or carry out his principles into acts, which rend the souls of those who are strangers to that mysterious perception of the invisible which sustains him when other men sink prostrate or yield in helpless weakness to a cruel destiny. Two friends shall be knit together in the bonds of the closest Christian friendship, and pass their days together, labouring with apostolic zeal for the welfare of souls, and sharing all each other's hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows, with the openness of a most brotherly affection: in a week, or a day, sudden death shall carry one of them to his rest, and leave the other to toil alone for many a long year; yet is the survivor's heart still calm and peaceful; the tears that nature sheds are wiped away by the hand of faith; he goes on with his solitary labours, and men see scarce an additional furrow upon his brow, and marvel at his strange composure; and all because his eyes are opened to the invisible world,—because he has been ever accustomed to live with his dearest friend as men who walk together on a brief journey; and now that he whom he still loves so warmly is gone from his sight, he feels but as a traveller when his companion has parted with him just before the termination of his journey, only to hasten forward by a speedier road, and in a few days to welcome him with the embrace of love, when he too at length enters the portals of his true and only *home*.

Or a maiden in the first bloom of youth, when all seems bright and promising, and while she has every prospect of still gladdening the hearth of her parents for many a long year with her cheerful smile, and tending them in sorrow or sickness with sweet filial affection, all at once announces to them that she believes that God is calling her to the life of the cloister; that either for the sake of ministering to the sick and the poor, or of passing

her days in mortifications and prayers, she desires to leave them now in the season of their most cherished enjoyments, and to become in some sense a stranger to them until death. Yet so deep is their sense of the reality of eternal things, and of the vanity of this life, that when the first shock is past, and all have sought strength to bear the parting from Him whose will they trust they are performing, the father and the mother consign their child to her future life with scarcely more pain or anguish than many parents commit their daughters to the care and love of a husband, and sometimes with a joy and gratitude to Him who is calling her to Himself *alone*, of which no conception can be formed by those who know the practices and feelings of Catholicism only from without.

And so it is in the point to which I am more especially referring. Wheresoever the Catholic faith comes, with even an average amount of zeal and fervour, there will be found innumerable instances of a *facility* in renouncing wealth and station which is unknown except within the pale of the Church. When men and women have no family ties which make it a duty to them to preserve their property in their own hands, they will devote it all to the service of religion, whether for the poor, or for education, or for the maintenance of the clergy and ecclesiastical edifices, with a readiness which can only be produced by that sense of the worthlessness of secular pleasures which their religion infuses into them. I claim no great merit for them in so doing; I am only saying that it is comparatively *easy* for them to do it. The power of their faith upon their minds is such, that the sacrifice actually *is* less to them than it would be to the conscientious Protestant. During the hours of darkness we trim our candle or lamp with anxious gentleness, lest it be suddenly extinguished, and leave us in cold obscurity; but when the first rays of the morning sun shoot across the heavens, we care no more for our artificial light, and the sooner it disappears the better. Just so it is with the devout Catholic mind. It is not really insensible to the blessings of light and warmth. It *feels* as keenly as the most susceptible of mortal men; but in the midst of the blaze of noon it *cannot* be troubled at the loss of a flickering taper, or feel chilled when a few sticks upon the hearth cease to throw out their genial heat.

Still more powerfully do Catholic ideas on poverty and monasticism tend to counteract the selfishness which, as it is one of the chief sources of civilisation, so is it ultimately its relentless destroyer. As the special influences I have been describing make it *easy* to a pious Catholic to part with his wealth, so his principles on these other points make him esteem it a glorious *privilege* to be able to distribute his possessions among a large number of per-

sons, and to descend himself from the ranks of the wealthy to the ranks of the poor. A lukewarm, ill-instructed, or merely correct Catholic, may in truth pay the same offensive homage to wealth and greatness which we see in the separatist world around us; and wherever this miserable subservience to the anti-Christian feelings of that world which is the enemy of God is thus found in the children of the Church of the poor, it is doubly detestable in the eyes of those who treat the world's maxims with the contempt they deserve: but a *good* Catholic aims at esteeming poverty and wealth in precisely the same light as his Lord and Master esteemed them; and as he counts it an honour to be despised for Christ's sake, and a joy to suffer for Him, so he looks upon the renunciation of riches, when God calls him to it, as a gain, and not as a loss—as an increase of his real treasures—as a purchasing of gold and jewels in return for worthless stones, dust, and stubble.

Especially is this disregard of wealth fostered by the rules and spirit of the monastic life. Not only does the convent tend to the creation of a class of men and women in just that pecuniary condition which the politics and economics of nature cannot produce, though they imperiously demand it, namely, the condition in which we have just enough, and are neither very rich nor very poor; but it is notorious that, even where the covetousness of human nature has made the utmost inroads it has ever accomplished in the cloister, the consequent accumulation of property has been far less rapid than in the hands of individuals in the world. Every man who is in the least acquainted with the history of monastic institutions, however violent may be his prejudices against them, will admit that the products of industry, when controlled by their hands, are divided between landlord and tenant—between the party who has the capital, and the party who toils with his head or his hands—far less unequally than in any other class in the whole world. Granting that the abuses of the system are all they are said to be (which is, of course, very far from what truth obliges us to grant), still it is a palpable fact, that, however selfish, or covetous, or luxurious monks may in some instances have become, they *never* have sought money with that intensity of purpose which impels the man of the world to make the largest possible profit out of every article that passes through his hands, and to drive the hardest possible bargains with the poor labourer in purchasing the fruits of his toil. A person, like a monk, who has only a life-interest in the possessions his society may acquire, and who during his life only possesses property as a member of a corporation, with no individual right over a farthing, or over a foot of land, is, by the very laws of humanity, by the very nature of self-

ishness itself, less careful to store up boundless wealth, than those who, while they live, are absolute masters of every penny they possess, and who, when they die, can dispose of it to whomsoever they please. And thus it is that monks have ever been the best masters, the best employers, and the best landlords.

In connexion with this subject, the practice of celibacy by the Catholic clergy, as well as by the monks, must not be overlooked. There can be no doubt, in any reasonable person's mind, that a man who has no family to provide for is less inclined *to hoard* than a man who has a numerous offspring to place out in life, and to enrich by his savings after death. The contrast is seen, perhaps, in its most striking forms in the cases of the prelates of the English and Irish Protestant Churches, and in the wealthy Catholic Bishops and Archbishops of the middle ages. Immense as was the treasure of the Church before the Reformation, and immense as it has been in some parts of Europe and America even since that period, the Catholic prelates have rarely been found to leave much property of their own at their death. What they have received from the revenues of their sees they have spent as fast as they have obtained it. In innumerable instances they have employed their riches on every possible work which was most beneficial both to the spiritual and temporal prosperity of their fellow-creatures; and when this has not been the case, still they have not joined that most pernicious band of men who heap gold upon gold and silver upon silver, in order that they may create for themselves and their descendants a high place among the great ones of the earth, and ennoble a family that has sprung from the multitude.

Compare, on the other hand, the conduct of the Bishops and Archbishops of the Established Church in England and Ireland. Even the ingrained Protestantism of this country is disgusted when it learns the enormous fortunes which again and again are accumulated by these personages during the years they possess the revenues and patronage of their sees. A fortune of fifty thousand pounds is nothing for a Bishop to leave behind him. The episcopal savings must be reckoned by hundreds of thousands of pounds. Ministerial favour or chance raises the son of a shopkeeper or a country parson to the bench of Bishops, and straightway the whole energies of the new prelate are devoted to the storing up the fortune of a nobleman for his widow and children. Men whose fathers stood behind a counter leave their sons incomes of many thousands a year, and see them marrying among Lords, and associating with the highest in the land. And all this is accomplished by the cold, bitter practice of that parsimony which is destructive of all social prosperity and of the well-being of the poor. Thousands

and tens of thousands of pounds, the representatives of the labours of multitudes, are annually drawn out of circulation, instead of being honestly spent, even in luxuries, as fast as acquired, and all for the increase of the class of idle men of property. There is no more mischievous a being in the whole social scale, or one whose conduct tends more to the increase of pauperism and the widening the distance between rich and poor, than a Bishop who hoards the revenues of his see, in order to leave a nobleman's fortune to his sons and daughters.

Now, I would ask, what is it that our present social system demands, but the introduction of some device, among all classes of the community, which shall ensure a more equal distribution of the profits of labour between the employers and the employed? Can we, without audacious folly, deny that the evil against which Socialism and Communism direct their frenzied attacks is a real, and not an imaginary evil? Is it not true that capital has *more* power over labour than it ought to have, and that the tendency of our social life is ever to increase that unhealthy influence, and to make the rich richer and the poor poorer in every succeeding generation? Can it be doubted for a moment that any scheme, which, without violating the laws of property, or unduly checking the energies and enterprise of mankind, should increase the average income of the labouring poor to half as much again as it is now, while it diminished the number of those frightfully gigantic fortunes, which exist like mountains in the midst of the desert plains of our pauperism,—can it be doubted, I say, that such a scheme would be the most precious gift which Providence could bestow upon this toiling and struggling nation, and would do much to save us from the wreck of revolution which is now desolating so many kingdoms of the continent of Europe, and from that more silent but more fatal bankruptcy and decay to which we are now most manifestly hastening?

I do not hesitate to say, then, that such a remedy *can* be found in the propagation of those principles respecting poverty, celibacy, and monasticism which are bound up with the very life of the Catholic religion, and in the encouragement of that disregard of earthly wealth which the Catholic religion tends to nourish in the bosom of its faithful children. Without any agrarian law, without one item of unjust taxation of a particular class, without the shadow of countenance to the schemes of the Socialist and the Communist; here we have a system of faith and morals which stimulates the rich voluntarily to descend from their elevation, not to join the ranks of *pauperism*, but of those who, though poor, are no burdens to the community, and who produce more than they consume; and which would

erect in every city of the empire, and in every dozen or score of country parishes, an institution filled with men and women who would be the fairest of dealers, the most lenient of rulers, and the most liberal of landowners. Scattered thickly throughout the land, we should have one whole class of the population devoted to the counteraction of the ruinous tendencies of the general course of trade, commerce, agriculture, and money-lending; one whole class whose business it would be, as fast as the eager excitement of an ambitious race overloaded with weight the upper stories of the social edifice, to replace the stones of the building in a lower position, and daily to strengthen that solid and humble foundation which is daily robbed of its strength by the passionate love of show and splendour of its ordinary inhabitants. Catholicism, including the celibacy of the clergy and monasticism, is the only possible safety-valve for the superfluous steam of the vast engine of modern society; and they who, as I have done, have come to learn by their own experience what Catholicism really is, in its children and in its general workings, are filled with a conviction

which no sophistry can shake, that in its propagation in this land is to be found the only permanent security for England's prosperity and greatness, for her freedom and for her peace. I do not mean that Catholicism must again become the established religion of the country. Far from it: so far as human foresight can tell, this will never be; and so far as human wisdom can judge, it would be well that this should never be. But seeing as I do the course of modern society, and the utter impotence of all political schemes and of all forms of Protestantism to cope with that awful evil which the popular eye, in its miserable short-sighted folly, still fails to discern, but which is hurrying upon us with steps all the more fatally swift because they are noiseless; and knowing as I do by the most careful observation what Catholicism is, both in theory and in practice, I place my only hope for this still great, and, in many things, this noble nation, in the cordial reception of the Catholic religion by a very numerous portion of all ranks and classes in the community.

[To be continued.]

PROTESTANT PROPHECIES OF THE FALL OF THE PAPACY.

A CORRESPONDENT (W. R.), a member of the Anglican Church, calls our attention to the fact that the present period has been long ago laid down, by certain Protestant writers on prophecy, as the time when the temporal power of the Popes would either perish or receive a shock. He also speaks of those interpretations of the books of Daniel and of the Revelation which regard the Pope as Antichrist, as creating in his mind, and in the mind of many others, the great gulf between themselves and the Catholic Church; and requests us to throw what light we can upon the difficulties he feels, as he admits that he is not without certain leanings to the Church of Rome. We do not exactly see what the interpretations above alluded to respecting the temporal power of the Pope have to do with the question of his *spiritual* authority; but as there are other points mentioned in our correspondent's letter which are of a more practical character, we shall endeavour to reply to his queries in the same courteous spirit in which he puts them.

As to the first point which our correspondent urges, viz. the fact that Fleming and Irving said that the Pope's temporal power would be shattered about this time, we are confident that a little consideration will shew him that it has nothing whatever to do with the claims of the Pope of Rome to exercise supreme jurisdiction in the Catholic Church. This jurisdiction is purely a spiritual jurisdic-

tion. The temporal power is a mere adjunct,—a device adopted by the Popes for the purpose of enabling them to exercise their ecclesiastical functions with perfect liberty of action. It is no more a necessary part of their office, as Vicars of Christ on earth, than stone-buildings and silk vestments are necessary to the administration of the sacraments and the preaching of the word of God. Whether, therefore, the Pope retain or lose his sovereignty of Rome,—whether he preserve it intact, or consent to a limitation of his powers,—his claim upon the obedience of Christians remains the same. Pius the Ninth, like every one of the most enlightened of his children, conceives that the retention of the temporal power is in the highest degree important in the actual state of the world, in order to ensure to him a perfect freedom of action; but there is not a Catholic on earth who would think the *essence* of the Papacy even touched if republicanism were to reign at Rome till the day of judgment, and the present and all future Popes to be wanderers up and down on the face of the earth. Besides, our correspondent forgets that the temporal power is not yet gone. It is only suspended, as we believe, and perhaps will be restored before these words are in type. There is nothing new in a temporary exile of the Pope from Rome. Republicanism has shewn its front again and again in the Eternal City, with even more reckless audacity and more savage

bloodthirstiness than during the last twelve months. If our correspondent will look to the past as well as to the future,—if he will read books of history as well as speculations upon the Apocalypse,—if he will exchange guess-work for facts,—he will not be surprised either at the imperturbable calmness with which Pius the Ninth views his exile, as a temporary chastisement upon the Church, or at the confidence with which Catholics believe that, whether or not the temporal power is to last as long as the spiritual, at any rate the separation is not to be as yet.

Our correspondent expresses surprise, in which, we believe, many Protestants sympathise with him, at the apparent indifference with which Catholics treat the interpretations put upon the Bible prophecies by anti-Catholic interpreters, such as Newton, Clarke, Mede, Irving, &c. The explanation of this indifference is twofold. In the first place, Catholic theologians or controversialists cannot possibly busy themselves with the opinions held on any subject by persons whom they consider in error as to the very first principles of religious belief. It is no more to them what interpretation is put upon an obscure passage of Scripture by a Socinian, like Sir Isaac Newton, or an Arian, like Clarke, or a time-serving, backstairs-frequenting prelate, like Bishop Newton, than what speculations a Mahometan mufti may invent with respect to the Koran. If, by studying the writings of these anti-Catholic writers, we could do any good to persons in our own generation, and could gather arguments to convert them to the true religion, we should not hesitate to undertake the tedious task. But as we think these kinds of subjects have nothing whatever to do with the questions under discussion, we naturally prefer the study of truth to the study of error. We are not looking out for a Church, or a Saviour, or a Gospel. We have all three; we have all we desire for ourselves; and when we busy ourselves with the writings of those who are naturally on the look-out for all these, or one of these, it is for their sake, and not for our own.

That the study of unfulfilled prophecy is a proper guide to the knowledge of truth, the Catholic strenuously denies. The whole course of thought to which our correspondent alludes, and by which he seems disposed to search for the knowledge of salvation, is radically and irremediably false and deceptive. It is indeed wonderful how persons of ordinary sense should suppose that an acquaintance with *futurity* should lead a man to an acquaintance with the *past*! The notion that the question between Protestantism and Catholicism is to be settled by studying Daniel and the Apocalypse, is—we trust our correspondent will pardon our freedom—so ludicrous, when brought into the light of day,

that one is astonished that any one in his senses should really be content to risk his soul's salvation on such a mode of argument. The knowledge of the past may help us to some little knowledge of the future, though even this can be nothing more than conjecture; but how a knowledge of what is to happen at the end of the world is to help us to a knowledge of the meaning of words uttered by our Blessed Lord and the apostles and evangelists eighteen hundred years ago, it passes imagination to conceive.

Our correspondent needs not that we remind him that the question between Rome and Protestantism, between Evangelicalism and Puseyism, between Episcopacy and Calvinism, is nothing more or less than a question as to what was actually said and done by certain individuals eighteen centuries ago. The question is historical, critical, and metaphysical, and has no more to do with the nature of the events which were foreshadowed by the prophetic parts of the Bible, than with the invention of railways or the steampress. It is a question whether or not the Founder of the Christian religion commanded his followers to seek for a knowledge of his will at the lips of his authorised ministers, who expounded the creed of the universal Church, or whether He commanded each individual man, *whether he could read or not*, to examine into the contents of a certain book, to be afterwards written, and interpret its meaning by his own private abilities. Prophecy does not bear upon the question at all. Not the most fanatical of visionaries ever pretended that Jesus Christ desired his disciples *to find out how they were to be saved by the study of prophecy*. For whatever purpose He gave certain prophecies, they were not for *this* purpose. They were committed to the keeping of men who were already Christians, who had learnt the truth, and who were to be made perfect by meditating upon and practising what they had already learned, and not by attempting to penetrate into the dark mysteries of futurity.

This will serve to shew the true bearings of the texts in the Bible which describe the *waiting* of pious Jews for the coming of the Messiah, which they grounded upon the prophecies that God had vouchsafed them. A very slight consideration is sufficient to prove that there exists no parallel whatever between the circumstances of these ancient students of prophecy, and those of our modern interpreters. The devout Jew had *not* attained to a knowledge of the truth which God had long promised to mankind. The Saviour was not come. The universal Church was not founded. The Spirit was not yet given in its fullness. Therefore every pious heart longed and prayed for the advent of the day of mercy, and watched every sign which betokened its

advance. But the Protestant student of prophecy does directly the reverse. He professes to have found Jesus, to know the Gospel, to be within the Church; and yet he is so blind as to suppose that holy Simeon of old set him an example in the interpretation of prophecy. And when controversy arises, and doubts force themselves upon his mind, and he is compelled to admit that, after all, *he* may be in error and others in the right, instead of doing what the pious Jews did, and meditating on the prophecies which foretold the coming of Christ, the Saviour of men, he meditates on the prophecies which foretel the coming of Antichrist, the destroyer of souls! If the example of Simeon and others is to be followed, in all truth and consistency let their zeal and practice be imitated; and let them not be quoted as an authority for a system to which they gave not a moment's countenance.

At the same time we cannot but perceive that there *is* a strange significancy in this searching into the future which is characteristic of many religious Protestants. They do feel that they have *not* found Christ. In spite of all their assertions, they are conscious that their feet are not *on the rock*. They are "waiting for the consolation of Israel." Storms and tempests are round about them, and their souls are troubled. They cannot reconcile their creed with their common sense, and with the facts of history, past and present. Fanaticism may suggest what it will; *that* cannot be the divinely appointed way to learn the truth, which leads honest and sincere men to diametrically opposite conclusions. The astounding thought *will* cross their minds, that for many years the Christian Church existed *without a Bible*; that centuries passed before the present Bible was gathered into one volume and given to the whole Church; that if truth is to be discovered by reading the Bible, then the vast majority of men cannot learn it, because they cannot read at all. The Bible itself, with all the light which shines from its pages, is a strange, mysterious, enigmatical book to them after all. They see they have not the true key to its hidden treasures. They long for the morning star to arise. In a word, the promised Saviour is not come to them.

Therefore, seeing in the midst of the world a mighty, awful institution, dark, powerful, terrible, enduring; and reading in the Bible certain marvellous words of a great foe to God and man, to come in the latter days, and described by certain signs which they imagine they also see in this wonderful institution;—seeing thus the Church of Rome around them, and reading of Antichrist in the Scriptures, half in terror, half in hope, they identify the two at once, and fondly believe that by proving that Rome and Antichrist are one, they have found the redemption they wait for, and are

giving rest to their souls. The mysteriousness of prophecy is its attractive charm to their minds. They yearn for something sublime, something supernatural, something amazing and overpowering to the human intellect. They want to behold some fearful manifestation of divine power, if not in love, yet at least in wrath, going on in the midst of this sinful generation; the contemplation of a mystery of iniquity becomes a religion to them, because the mystery of love, as far as they know it, is neither a mystery, nor is it love. And so they fondly cling to these wild speculations; and in place of thinking upon God, and Christ, and eternal truths, they fix their trembling gaze upon Satan, and Antichrist, and ever-changing, ever-punished delusion and sin.

Of what use the prophecies of Scripture practically are, we are taught by our blessed Lord himself, in the Gospel of St. John. His words are these: "Now, I have told you before it come to pass; that when it shall come to pass you may believe." Prophecy is to be comprehended when the events foretold *are* fulfilled; but it is not given to man to interpret it before the day of fulfilment has arrived. Before the coming of Jesus Christ, the most learned and the most pious of Jews could frame but a very faint and inadequate conception of his nature, his power, and the circumstances of his life and passion. Eminently practical as was the question to the Jew, and momentarily important as it was that, when the Saviour came, every earnest soul should recognise Him, yet it is historically clear that until the actual events of his birth, his life, and his sufferings *explained* the signification of the Old Testament prophecies, the conceptions of the Jews respecting their Deliverer were singularly inadequate, defective, or erroneous. And so will it be with the prophecies of the end of the world. When the last days *are* come, and the heavens and the earth are passing away, they who wait, and love, and have already known and obeyed the truth, will recognise in them the fulfilment of their Master's words; they will remember that He told them of them. The moment it becomes *practically* important that the prophecies should be understood, the faithful soul will have sufficient tokens to guide it in holding fast to its Lord and Saviour, and in rejecting the delusions of Antichrist. But while the world goes on as now, for however short a period that may be, uncalled-for interpretations of these mysterious announcements will serve but as an *ignis fatuus* to mislead the unwary and ignorant, and to tempt them to their death in the deep slough of heresy and corruption, in the vain belief that they are following the rays of the Sun of righteousness.

We must also remind our correspondent of one very important feature in this whole con-

troversy as to the nature and identity of Antichrist. He does not seem to be aware that to be called Antichrist is a mark of the true Church. "If they have called the good man of the house Beelzebub," said our blessed Lord, "how much more them of his household." And this is precisely true of the Catholic Church. The Church of Rome *alone* is stigmatised as *the* Antichrist of prophecy. We do not call any separatist communion, or any man, or any civil society, the Antichrist foretold in Scripture. We see workings of the antichristian spirit in the world about us in all ages. St. Paul tells us that the mystery of iniquity already worked in his time. That same diabolical spirit which is hereafter to be embodied in some mysterious and portentous incarnation of evil, and to be *the* Antichrist, has never ceased to trouble the Church of God for a day or an hour. But the Catholic Church has never imputed to any one of her foes that in *him* these prophecies are completely fulfilled, as it is imputed by them to *her*. Julian, Mahomet, Luther, the modern infidels, and many another source of sin

and delusion, are antichristian, but not one of them is supposed by us to be *the man of sin* who is to scourge the world in the last days. Of us alone it is said that these awful prophecies *are* fulfilled in ourselves. Pius IX., and the Church which he represents, is the only being on earth of whom it is alleged that he is Beelzebub, as of Christ himself it was said that He was Beelzebub. So far as any thing at all is to be gathered from the prophecies of Scripture and their fulfilment during the past 1800 years, so far they shew that the Pope *alone* has shared the accusations which the Jews laid at the door of Jesus Christ himself. In communion with the Pope, therefore, *alone*, is salvation promised to man.

We trust that our correspondent will find satisfaction in what we have thus briefly stated. From the general terms in which he puts forward his views, we find it difficult to meet them in more precise terms. But if we understand him aright, we must confess that the points we have urged upon him in reply seem to us perfectly unanswerable.

THE NEW CROOK IN THE LOT.

A Tale of the Nineteenth Century.

[Continued from p. 117.]

CHAPTER XX.

Separations and engagements.

THE day of reality to Player was almost come. It was its eve. He sat thoughtful, determined, and alone. The month of preparation had been hard to endure, but, on the whole, it had been a wholesome discipline. He had conferred with himself as to what he was to say on the morrow, and already he seemed to himself to be an engaged man. It was the greatest circumstance of all his life. It was pure, unadulterated reality. The visionary Player was gone. Before the approaching meeting, all fancies had fled. He was going to be a married man—an excellent husband—romance was no more.

Hours of silence past. Then came a knock at the door, and the appearance of a servant with a note. The servant disappeared—the note was on the table unread—still Player sat thoughtful and determined; but not so much alone, for he kept glancing at the note, addressed in an unrecognised hand, which required no answer, and felt that it concerned his destiny.

At last he opened the note, and began to read.

"Dear Mr. Player,—I have been thinking for the whole month what I had better do—what I ought to do. It is no use apologising; and I comfort myself with thinking that you

brought this foolish affair upon yourself. I have often accompanied the Countess on her charitable excursions, or partly on them, as on the morning when I met you first, at the Colosseum. The second time I remained with the intention of making myself known to you; but your mistaking me for somebody else, and my becoming so unintentionally the depository of your secret, so agitated me, that I could not tell how to do otherwise than I did. If I have done any thing which requires your forgiveness, pray grant it to me. I have not mentioned the adventure to any one, and I never shall mention it. You will best gratify me, and shew your clemency, by never alluding to what has passed; and I hope that you will believe me

"Your very sincere friend,

"ELEANOR FREEMAN."

Human nature is a very strange thing. Player had made up his mind to be a married man; and though he felt extremely relieved in one way, he was actually disappointed in another. There had been a bubble—a mere empty bubble—nothing else; and now it had burst—that was all—and he was disappointed.

It is, however, a fact, that before a week had passed, he had proposed *once*; and though he had all his life declared that he never would ask a woman twice, he had proposed *twice* to

Eleanor Freeman, and had been each time refused. And it is equally certain, that he had a very honest admiration of Eleanor; and that a long discussion on the last occasion had brought him very much to his senses, and that he was very earnestly in love. Eleanor had said that he was very much to be admired; but that he was a visionary: and could a woman trust her happiness, or dare to bestow her heart, upon such an one? Suppose that his present affection should turn out to be only a thing of a season? No; she dared not marry him. But Player did not despair. There was no making out of views here—all was fact; a charming and accomplished woman, so very straight-seeing and sensible—uncommonly sensible, Player thought. And there was no doubt about his own feelings. He had the deepest respect for her. He even thought that she was quite right in refusing him; and he liked her all the better for it. Let us leave Player for a while to hope and perseverance.

At Major Carminow's there had been an arrival. Mr. Villars was there. Lady Emily was made very happy by his visit, but Katherine was awkward and constrained; she had lost "the mutual look,"

"When hearts are of each other sure."

But respect and affection triumphed at last; and the day after his arrival she met him with something of ancient warmth, and he returned her advances with even parental fondness. Katherine, immediately after, felt abashed to find that they were alone. She took her place at the breakfast-table, and half-a-dozen times changed the position of the cups and saucers, and then put them all back to their places. She longed to ask after Arthur Staurton, but could not; she longed to say something else, but could not command another idea. Mr. Villars walked from one window to the other. All at once he turned round and spoke.

"Katherine, I must speak to you. I am not to be refused. Where shall I see you?—in your own sitting-room, at eleven o'clock?"

Kate faintly uttered "Yes;" and Lady Emily and her husband came in.

Eleven o'clock, the hour of their appointed interview, came. Kate was sitting in her room; and Mr. Villars, with characteristic punctuality, was there at the striking of the clock. Their first topic was the death of Anna; and after that had been entered upon and discoursed of with genuine feeling and goodness, there came a long pause. Kate occupied a low seat; on the high back he rested his arm. She was occupied on some delicate description of knitting; and the old man stood over her, and watched her guiding the fine white thread before the long needles, and through a variety of intermediate intricacies.

"How incomprehensible it is!"

"What is?"

"That knitting."

"Oh! the knitting. I am glad—I was afraid!"

"That '*incomprehensible*' might be differently applied? Well—you were right, I think. Now, tell me, Kate, may I speak to you about Arthur?"

A thousand tender sensations rushed to Katherine's mind, and then a terrible dread. "Oh, Mr. Villars!" she cried, "do not tempt me; you know all; you know what I have done!"

"Think no more of it," he cried.

"I say, don't tempt me!" repeated Kate, with earnestness; "I have done something—I scarcely know what it is—but I feel that I have done something, and that I ought not, must not, and indeed, Mr. Villars, I do not wish—I *really* do not wish to make any change in my position."

But Kate was not insensible to the witness within, that such a husband as Arthur Staurton, so kindly chosen by her departed mother, so highly regarded by herself, was not a thing to be resigned as valueless or uninteresting; but then the dread of doing wrong, the fear of trifling with holy things, oppressed her, and the current of natural feeling was forced back,—she did not wish, she *would not* wish to alter her position.

Mr. Villars regarded her steadfastly. "I am to understand," he said, "that you could not love my nephew?"

"Could not love him?" murmured Kate, musingly.

"Yes, that you could not love Arthur Staurton." Mr. Villars spoke with the desperate vigour of one determined to arrive at truth.

"I wish you to understand that I cannot marry him," said Katherine.

"Then you do love him?"

Kate shook with emotion. After a strong effort, she was calm enough to speak; but her voice was thick, and her utterance slow. "Mr. Villars, whenever it may please God to grant me the power to perform the promise I have made to the Church, it will not be without self-denial."

"May God forgive us!" exclaimed Mr. Villars; and was leaving the room.

Kate called him back. "I hear, my dear sir, that my cousins wish you to travel towards England with us; may I depend on your not again mentioning the subject?"

"You may, Katherine—you may." And he went away.

We left Player to hope and perseverance. In a short time he was successful. He had made a full confession to the Duchess, and she had pleaded with Eleanor; and somehow, when Katherine received a note from Player, to tell her that he was a happy and an accepted lover, it made her feel very strange and isolated. She had not expected it—he going to be married, and yet *she* could not marry—it was an uncomfortable announcement. Mr. Villars, Major Carminow, and Lady Emily, were animated

in their satisfaction and congratulations; the dear, excellent Duchess, it was whispered, had, in some unexplained manner, helped to bring it about. Was every one to find social happiness except herself? Sorrow about Anna, disappointment about Arthur, surprise about Player, and shame over herself, made a very heavy burden for Kate; and a burden she was obliged to bear alone—who could sympathise with her?

But now another scene passed before Katherine, and withdrew her meditations from herself. Adolph's sweet spirit found its eternal home. The child was dead.

And again another event. Young Jonathan had been with him in his last days of gentle fading from life: he had witnessed the consolations of religion; he had sympathised in the strong faith of the departing soul; he had seen him go. And then, before the crucifix that stood on the temporary altar erected in the chamber of death, he had prostrated, and called himself a Catholic.

"So soon," said the Duchess, "is the vacancy filled up in the number of the Church's children! I will take you, in place of my lost one," she said to Jonathan. And when the youth returned to his father, he was a member of the one true Church, and the adopted child of the Duchess.

Of Jonathan Humlove, *verbi Dei ministri*, how can we write? Argument was no use with his son, the pleadings of affection were in vain; the boy heard, and felt, but he was a Catholic; with all his heart, and in deep thankfulness of soul he was a Catholic; not any thing that could be said or done could avail, the boy was a Catholic; and—oh, additional distress, and aggravation of misery—already he was praying that he might one day be a priest.

Mrs. Bellomi was full of tenderness both to father and son. Her heart was merry over both, but in very different ways; and she had sympathy for both, but of very different kinds. She was more than commonly contradictory, and more than commonly kind-hearted. She smiled her compassion on the minister, and wept her joy over the convert; and Mr. Humlove determined to leave Rome, and immediately execute the plan for joining Reeves at Naples.

His farewells were made to the Duchess, and his acknowledgments also; for she had made, and he had accepted, her offer, of educating his son. But Mr. Humlove's chief consolations were derived from the satisfying assurances of his excellence, wisdom, and prudence, which he had received from the elder Miss Freeman, whom he had chosen to receive his confession of feared short-comings in parental duties towards Jonathan. The lady's assiduities were opportune and grateful. So much so, that in a favourable moment, before his departure for Naples, Mr. Humlove expressed

his sense of them in a manner fatal to all the hopes of the spinsters of Simplebury, and, we are afraid, of Miss Susan Spooner in particular. This was a circumstance of great moment to Player—it involved a sort of relationship to Humlove, for his wife would call him uncle; and, further, Mr. Freeman, who had always been a bore to Player, would now wish to live with his daughter. It was a severe trial to put to Player's sincerity, and to the steadfastness of his feelings. He stood it bravely. He was not sorry to be tried, and to shew Eleanor that in her cause he was no longer the fanciful, fastidious being of a few months before. He congratulated Mr. Humlove, and wished Miss Freeman happiness, and desired Mr. Freeman to make any arrangements with his daughter that he pleased. The marriages were to take place at Florence, where Mr. Humlove was to join them, and where Player was to accompany them. Eleanor and Player soon paid their parting visit to the Duchess.

"Farewell!" she said; "we have not been thrown together without a purpose, as witness my adopted Jonathan. You will one day know better than you now know," she said to Player, impressively; "and when that day comes, Eleanor will be no difficulty to you; and *do you remember Katherine*. In the mean time I commend you to Her whose powerful intercession destroys all heresies, and to St. Raphael, faithful guide of those who have lost their way."

CHAPTER XXI.

The return home.

THE journey to England was made, not with any harassing speed, but so as to afford time for the relaxation of mind and body; and after such a time as had been found agreeable, a travelling carriage, in which Mr. Villars occupied a seat, was welcomed with noisy acclamations in the village of Westerton, and passed through it, and on to the Hall. To all hearts the old house was dear, and to all eyes beautiful. And now they were at home again; and tears of sorrow mingled with tears of joy, as old Michael, in mourning for his grandchild, was spoken with, and loving words of welcome and congratulation were blended.

And after a few days many of the first pleasantries of a return had been enjoyed. And how many there were! So many loved old pensioners—so many young smiling creatures, on whom a few months of absence had wrought a greater change than years could work on others. And favourite horses and dogs; favourite trees and flowers; favourite haunts, without doors and within; and to Katherine, chief of all loved places within, was a room in one of the old towers, once her father's and mother's, then her mother's only, and now, at her own desire, her own. It had been their private sitting-room; and a gun and belt, some strangely-fashioned sticks, a riding-whip, a pair

of spurs, and other things of such-like character, still hung about; and a harp of comparatively ancient date, a spinning-wheel, and other utensils suited to woman's work and accomplishments, told its history. Dear Westerton! she was there again; and she clung more to such inanimate sources of pleasure, because the creatures of real life had become divested, in a great measure, of the romance that hope and enthusiasm had flung around them.

There had also been other arrivals. Mr. Newcome and Jane had arrived, and with them Rachel Meadows. Lady Harris, on meeting her niece at Florence, had performed one of those feats of dexterous manœuvring in which she was unquestionably unrivalled. She had effected an exchange between William and Rachel, and then started off with her son, leaving Rachel to travel with the bride and bridegroom. Sir James, Lady Harris, and William, were still loitering on the Continent; and Lady Harris had written to England, to the elder Reeves, to prepare a home for Miss Meadows. Rachel was living at the park-keeper's lodge, in rooms expressly prepared for her, and waited upon by the good woman and her daughter, who kept the house. Lady Harris had told Rachel at parting with her, that, in consideration of past events, it would be best for her *not* to look forward to a return to their roof, at least under present circumstances; that the woman at the Lodge would be handsomely remunerated for her being there; and that, for her food and clothing, Sir James begged her acceptance of eighty pounds a year. A note, assuring her of this, was in Sir James's handwriting, and to it was added from him an entreaty, that if she found this too little for her requirements, she would apply to him for more. The annuity was to be paid quarterly, through Mr. Reeves the bailiff.

Rachel had been occupied while at Florence in making arrangements for travelling with Mrs. Newcome; and Lady Harris, with very little contriving, so managed matters, that she and William never met during a three days' stay there; and neither of them wished to meet. The leave-taking was affecting. Lady Harris expressed an unwavering affection for Rachel, and thanked her for the happiness she had given her; and Sir James, thrusting ten pounds into her hand for present necessities, which he would not allow her to refuse, begged her to write often, and said that he should long to see her again.

On arriving in England, Rachel first spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Newcome at Westerton, and then was brought by them to her new abode. All was really made as nice as the circumstances permitted. Her sitting-room was furnished very prettily; her little library had been brought from the house; her bed-room was a specimen of elegant neatness; and the good old woman and her homely

daughter received her with every mark of pleasure and respect.

"Oh, Jane, this must be your doing," cried Rachel.

"Only in a very secondary way," said Jane. "My aunt particularly begged that I would see that all things were as nicely arranged as possible. Is there any thing else that you would like, Rachel?"

There was a good deal of embarrassment in Jane's manner, and Rachel felt it. "Oh, nothing more, Jane—thank you for all I see. I shall be happy—yes, I dare say I shall be quite happy." But Rachel would not have thus tried to assure herself of happiness, if she had not felt prophetically doubtful.

At first, the retired tranquillity of this abode was grateful to Rachel; but before many days had elapsed a sense of desolation came, which a less strong-minded person would have made a source of abiding misery. She was cut off from all the sympathies of life. She, who had so lately been a first object of consideration, for whom the rules of society had been changed, and a variety of unaccustomed habits introduced into a luxurious house;—she, on whose lips so many had waited, and whose opinion had been looked upon as something only less than inspiration;—she was put aside as useless—she was banished, and deserted. Rachel knew that she was, as far as possible, deserted—that she was friendless; and after a short time her spirit grew sadly desolate. Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, and Ellen Jarvis, had been to see her, and it was a pleasure, but a transitory one; Lady Emily and Katherine had also called upon her; but still she wanted position and friends—she was desolate and unprotected, and terribly alone. Some weeks passed on in this state, and Rachel grew so nervous, that when, one day, she heard Newcome's cheerful voice and Jane's merry laugh, as they stopped to chat with the old woman below, she felt agitated and alarmed, and could scarcely return Jane's warm embrace without tears or excitement. Mr. Newcome said that he should leave his wife with Rachel while he walked on to Westerton; and as soon as he was gone, Jane clasped Rachel in her arms affectionately, and said: "I have something to tell you. I am going to tell you, because my husband desires that I should tell you; and I wish I had talked to you before, only my aunt, on our leaving Florence, said that I had better not talk to you; and, you know, we generally obeyed her."

"What is it?" asked Rachel.

"Oh, dear Rachel, it is only what you know already," replied Jane; "only you do not perhaps know that we were told all about William, by himself, and that Lady Harris also mentioned it. Now, Stephen says that you will be happier when we have talked of it; and he wishes us to continue dear friends, as we have ever been."

"Thank you for telling me that you are in your aunt's confidence," said Rachel gently. "And you know, my dear Jane, that I could not have done other than I have done."

"Indeed, Rachel," replied Jane, "I am not going to blame you, but I do not understand you, as I once thought that I did; and you make me unhappy. Poor William, I love him sincerely; and he would not have felt your refusal so much if it had not been mixed up with that odious Reeves."

"Jane!" exclaimed Rachel.

"I cannot help your being angry," returned Jane, quite mistaking her friend's feelings; "and I will never say so again if you dislike it; but we should be happier if we were sure that you would never, *never* marry him."

Rachel had allowed Jane to proceed in an explanation which ill-repressed agitation had made rather obscure, from entire inability to interrupt her; and now she said, with all the composure she could assume, "Dear Jane, where did you learn this about Reeves?"

"From uncle and aunt, and from William himself, when he first came to us. Oh, how miserable he was! And, forgive me, Rachel, but you had not been candid with him about Reeves."

Rachel would not alarm Jane's kind-heartedness by betraying the anguish that this communication excited, and she was afraid to awaken Jane's indignation while there remained any thing for her to know. She therefore still struggled to preserve her exterior composure, and now quietly asked, "How did William know any thing about Reeves?"

"He was in the room when Reeves had the interview with Lady Harris about being a missionary, and about you. William thought he must have died when Reeves said that he loved you, and that you knew it. And William was so anxious for your letter. He wished to marry you in spite of every thing, if you loved him. But when the answer did come, then he knew that what my aunt had said was true."

"And what had Lady Harris said?"

"Why do you ask me, when you know?" said Jane, a little impatiently. "She said that you would never love any man properly, and that you had involved yourself with Reeves."

"Where is Reeves, and where is Lady Harris?" asked Rachel.

"I don't know where my aunt is: we direct our letters to their banker in Paris. But Reeves is in London with Mr. Ridley Spouter."

For a few moments indignation got the better of Rachel's habitual patience. "Vile, false woman!" she exclaimed. "Why did you not tell me yourself of that man's designs, and protect me from him? Why did you not give your son the satisfaction of knowing that no such unworthy being was ranked against him? Why did you not give me an opportunity of saying that such reports were false? Why? because"—and herself answered herself—"be-

cause she desired to deceive—because she was bent on compassing his disappointment, and tried only to *shield herself*!"

In mute surprise Jane now heard Rachel's story—and she heard all. Newcome was also told the truth, and he too saw that Lady Harris had preserved her own position with her son by sacrificing Rachel, and that she had positively leagued with Joseph Reeves against her. The friends were obliged to part, but they did not do so till they had expressed their unanimous wish to separate Rachel from Lady Harris's influence.

"I will use the gift her kind husband bestowed on me—I have a right to do that," said Rachel, "and I will try to earn my bread. She has cancelled every tie that bound me to her. I will never trust her any more."

"May I write to William?" asked Newcome.

"Tell William as much as you please," replied Rachel. "But this thing remember—I cannot marry him: he has passed through the trial from which I thought I could have saved him. If any affection remains for me, bid him conquer it: believe me, I shall never marry."

"I *do* believe you," said Newcome. And he and his wife returned to Westerton.

During the time that had thus passed with Rachel, Lady Emily and Major Carminowe had been making those changes in the beloved old Hall which were necessary to their feelings of home and comfort. Yet such was their veneration for the past, and those connected with it, that they made no merely fanciful alterations, but preserved things, as far as possible, in their accustomed places, and rejoiced to live among the associations of their childhood. And this pleased Katherine particularly, and she felt to love them all the better for it.

The greatest and most entire change was the fitting up of a room on the ground-floor for a temporary chapel, till a church adjoining the house could be erected. With much zeal and love this had now been accomplished; and a day had arrived when Mass, for the first time since the evil days, had been said at the Hall.

The Catholic master and mistress, and their personal servants who were of the true faith, had all assisted at Mass, and communicated. The priest was Father Dennis, from the convent at Westerton. The day passed on, and a holy calm seemed to dwell upon it. The evening came: it was a still summer's evening, and a white mist was curling up from the river, and filling the valley that extended from the house to the village. This mist was not an unfrequent incident, and very beautiful in its appearance, as it rolled its flimsy-looking clouds over the low land, and rose against the abrupt hill-side, spotted with stunted trees and rugged granite, that bounded the prospect from the Hall on the left, and was called 'the Scaur.' Lady Emily sought her husband; he was gazing from a window in the hall.

"That sort of thing seems to me always to belong to Westerton," he said; "one never sees any thing quite like it elsewhere."

"Very true, dear Alfred;" and she put one hand within her husband's arm, and with the other opened the leaves of a book that Major Carminowe held, and which he had lately been using. "What is this?" she asked.

"You know—at least you have seen it before," he answered.

It was a book of devotion,—a form of prayer, as a preparation for sudden death.

"It is a soldier's book, my Emily," he said, smiling. "Sudden death in a peculiar manner belongs to our profession; but it need, thank God, never be an unprepared death."

"I know the book," replied she; "but I did not know that you used it *now*, dear Alfred," she added tenderly.

"I use it daily, my dear Emily; and I hope never to relinquish the habit."

The husband and wife spoke a while longer on holy habits and desires.

Before they parted, they had discussed other matters also.

Lady Emily was going to the village with Kate and Mr. Villars. They should call at the Vicarage,—would Major Carminowe accompany them? He said that he could not, that he had some letters to write; but that if they would go, he would come later in the evening, and walk home with them.

Very soon the party were going.

"Which way will you walk?" asked Lady Emily of her cousin; "by the carriage-drive, or will you take the foot-way by the Scaur?"

"The mist hangs that side," answered Katherine; "I should recommend our going by the drive."

Katherine was very glad to get her cousin to accompany her. She had got quite to dread the discussion of parish matters by Mrs. Jarvis, and the spreading out of the plan for the school-house by Mr. Jarvis; and the interest she felt obliged to assume, when, in fact, she was sick at heart with despair, tried her very much.

"Dear mamma!" exclaimed Ellen Jarvis, as she stood at the window, accomplishing some last stitches on a poor child's frock by the expiring light,—*"dear mamma, do come here, and see who this is. Yes—I am quite sure—indeed, indeed it is Joseph Reeves!"*

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Jarvis, but she really looked ready to faint. "What is he doing, Ellen?"

"Oh, poor mamma! that man was certainly born to be your evil genius. You look actually ill."

"Don't mind my looks, Ellen. What is he doing?" repeated Mrs. Jarvis, with no little impetuosity.

"Talking to Charlotte, mamma, over the garden rails."

"Good gracious, how improper! That child

must not be allowed to talk to every body who passes up and down the road, in that manner."

Then Mrs. Jarvis jumped up; but as if she really did not know what to do, she asked, "Ellen, where's your father?"

"Gone out for a little fresh air," said Ellen. "You recollect, he has been all the afternoon closeted with poor Rachel Meadows. He has really had a busy day."

"It's always the same, I think. But do, Ellen, call in Charlotte."

"She is coming, mamma, and Mr. Reeves is gone." Ellen turned from the window; her mother sunk into her chair; and Charlotte came bounding into the room, delighted to see Lady Emily, Mr. Villars, and Katherine.

"Charlotte, was that Joseph Reeves?"

"Yes, mamma."

"What did he want?"

"He asked if papa was at home."

"He has been trouble enough to poor papa already," exclaimed the lady. "He has been at the bottom of more than half the mischief in the parish. I hope he has brought no further troubles to us. What did you say, Charlotte?"

"I said that papa was not at home; and then he asked if Miss Meadows was here: he said he had been to the Lodge, and had been told that she was at the Vicarage."

"Well?"

"I said that Rachel had been here, but was gone again now. And he said, 'She is really gone, miss, is she?' 'Oh, yes,' said I, 'she is gone to the Hall. I heard her say she was going there.'"

"How impertinently inquisitive!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarvis.

"I thought that the man was in London," said Mr. Villars.

"Oh, he said that he arrived here yesterday," cried Charlotte, "and that he was going back again very soon; that Mr. Ridley Spouter expected him this week. And he said that he had heard from Lady Harris, and that they were all quite well; and he will call again, and see papa; and he said, 'Please to give my compliments, miss.' And here, as Charlotte had imitated Mr. Reeves's manner more closely than she thought would be approved, she sprung from the open window to the garden, and crying out, "Oh, here's papa!" she skipped to the little gate to let him in.

Tea came, and was partaken of; and as Major Carminowe did not arrive—detained, as they thought, most probably by the arrival of Rachel at the Hall, and as the increasing mist made the night chilly, the ladies took Mr. Villars's advice, and waited for no other escort, but set out on their return.

"I wonder Alfred did not come," said Lady Emily, as they proceeded through the village to return again by the carriage-drive. "Really we might almost pass him in this mist; but stay—there he is—no—yet surely some one moved!"

And some one did move rapidly, as if to conceal himself from their view.

"Here, friend!" cried Mr. Villars; "have you seen Major Carminowe?"

The figure emerged from its concealed position, and darted rapidly away from them; but not so rapidly as to prevent being recognised.

"It is Joseph Reeves," said Mr. Villars. "How strange that he should be lurking about in this manner! He was surely standing by that poor girl's former home. It looks desolate enough, shut up as it is. Poor Anna!—a day may come when his soul may be moved to do her justice: even now, perhaps, he may need our pity."

It was a sad subject. Silently and quickly the party returned to the Hall.

It was true that Reeves had been inquiring for Rachel at her new abode. He was disappointed at not finding her, for he had come armed with a letter from Lady Harris, in which his cause was ably pleaded; and though he did not dare expect immediate success, he certainly did believe that, when Rachel should be left to meditate on the scarcely concealed fact, of her maintenance depending on her acceptance of him, she would, however unwillingly, yield at last.

Rachel did not return to the Lodge till a far later than her usual hour, and then her agitation was such as to affect both her appearance and manner to such a degree, that the good woman of the house—to use her own expression—scarcely knew her, when she opened the door for her admittance. Inquiries about her health were met with short contradictory assurances of her being perfectly well; but when, after midnight, it was discovered that she had not retired to rest; when her quick, uncertain footsteps were heard pacing her small apartment, and her agonised groans were distinctly audible, then the good woman again sought her, and found her kind words and entreaties that she might be allowed to send for some friend, met by such an exhibition of mental torture as she had never before witnessed, and now could not understand. In great alarm, the woman fetched her daughter, and then both agreed that some great trouble was reducing the dear lady to insanity. Theirs was an honest interest, and it was evidenced by many tears. They consulted together on the conduct proper to be pursued, and finally determined on going at daybreak in the morning to Mrs. Newcome, to whom, as being the near relation of Lady Harris, they thought it best to impart their suspicions. This was done, and Newcome himself accompanied the messenger on her return, intending immediately to convey Rachel to their residence at Waterton.

On his arrival at the Lodge, he found Rachel far worse than he had anticipated. He did not question her being on the verge of a delirious fever; and immediately he assumed that

quiet tone of command so constantly beneficial in such cases.

"You are very ill, Miss Meadows," he said; "Jane and I are going to take you under our care. You must prepare to return with me immediately. I have duties which prevent my waiting long; you must therefore forgive my hurrying you."

Rachel gazed at him for an instant, as if she did not rightly comprehend his meaning; but when he again expressed his intention of taking her away with him, she threw herself on the ground, embraced his feet, and invoked a thousand blessings on him. Newcome never ventured to inquire into the cause of her distress. He directed the necessary preparations to be made with the utmost celerity, and then obliged Rachel to partake, though slightly, of some breakfast, which he pretended to have ordered for his own necessities. Rachel submitted to every thing in silence, though with occasional gushings of tears; and this alarming state of excitement continued till they had progressed some way towards Waterton, when, in an interval of calmness, Newcome ventured to address her, but with much fear, for he was under the strongest impression of her being almost insane.

"Miss Meadows, will you tell me if you are in pain? do you suffer any thing? what do you think is the matter?"

"Suffer!" she repeated; "yes, I suffer torture, but of mind, not body. I am well in health—would that I were not—would that I might die!"

"Will you treat me with confidence?" said Newcome. "Is there any thing in particular that you would like to have done for you?"

"Treat you with confidence!" she shuddered; "I cannot—I must not. But what a comfort if I could. Oh, if there were any one to whom I might speak—who would never betray me—to whom I might reveal all—on whose judgment I might rely—who could advise, console, relieve me!"

"Alas, my dear friend, this is indeed distressing to me," said Newcome. "You know that you are speaking to a Catholic, to one who has all these comforts and blessings, and who yet knows that he cannot offer them to you, for you would spurn them on the terms—the only terms—on which they could benefit you."

"Do you indeed enjoy such consolations? If you were in my wretched circumstances, could you prove them for yourself?"

"Yes, I could be advised and consoled; I could relieve my mind of all its woes, and never be betrayed." Newcome remained in thought a few moments, and then added: "Perhaps, in your circumstances, I ought to advise you to go to Mr. Jarvis. If you wish to see him I will go back with you immediately."

"No, no!" exclaimed Rachel, vehemently; "may I never see Westerton again! Besides,

he would betray me; he would think it his duty to do so. No such confession as I should make would be safe with any one."

"Except with a Catholic priest," said Newcome, gently.

"But I am not a Catholic!" returned Rachel, with an angry vehemence, which was most unnatural to her. "I am not a Catholic!" she repeated; and then bursting into a paroxysm of emotion, exclaimed, "Alas, alas, I can never be comforted; now, Lord, let me die, for I can never know happiness again."

"You are not a Catholic," said Newcome, in a steady and impressive tone, which had at once a quieting effect upon Rachel; "you are not a Catholic, but *I am*; and if you will sometimes make inquiries about us, you will soon learn enough to relieve your mind of prejudice. You are very ill." Rachel drew her hand across her forehead, and by a gesture acquiesced. "You want medical aid."

"No!" exclaimed Rachel, loudly.

"You want kind nursing, and perfect tranquillity, and the comfort of your own sex about you."

"Yes, yes," sighed Rachel; "mercy and peace."

"Well," continued Newcome, "if I can prevail with the religious sisters at Waterton to take you into their infirmary for a short time, will you go?"

To Newcome's surprise, the answer was, "Shall I be safe? will any one find me out, and take me away?"

To this, the answers, "Perfectly safe,—no one can take you away against your own consent," appeared to be satisfactory; and Rachel spoke of the convent with comfort, and reached Newcome's house in a somewhat pacified state of mind.

Jane was exceedingly shocked to see her friend in so deplorable a state, and listened to the convent plan with thankfulness; for to keep Rachel in her house, and not send for medical advice, to which there were such strong objections, was evidently impossible. Newcome obtained permission to bring Rachel to the convent for at least a week, and she was to be conveyed there the following day. In the

mean time, every hour increased the distress of her friends. She was perpetually asking if any one had come for her, and if she was safe; and beseeching them, in the most touching terms, to preserve her from misery, never to give her up, and never to reveal her hiding-place to any one. But when they spoke of the convent she always listened calmly.

"It is a place," said Jane, "of silence and sacred rest, peace and pure joys."

"Ah, yes, dear Jane, take me there—that is what I want—take me there, good friends."

To their inexpressible relief, Rachel was admitted into the infirmary the next day; and though when Jane visited the convent in the evening, she found Rachel talking wildly, and bewailing some secret distress, she yet saw that two of the sisters seemed already to have interested her; and so she left the convent in comfort and hope.

Jane and Newcome went again to the convent the following morning. Rachel had been extremely ill, and decidedly delirious. Sufficient measures had been taken, and she was now in a dark room, and asleep. Jane was taken to see the suffering slumberer; and, having looked at her for a moment, turned noiselessly away, and rejoined her husband. He was standing in the court; and one of the lay-sisters was listening to some sad tale from a poor person before them. Distress and agitation were on their countenances, and, before Jane could make any inquiries, the truth was told.

"There has been a dreadful accident at Waterton, dear Jane. Major Carminowe has had an accident. He fell down the Scaur—missed his footing in the mist, it is supposed. He was on his way to the village, to meet Lady Emily and Katherine."

"Fallen down the Scaur!" exclaimed Jane. "It was enough to kill him."

"It was," replied her husband gravely. And, drawing her arm within his, he led her aside. Tears were in his eyes.

"Oh! what is it? tell me, I beseech you!" cried Jane.

"It is very terrible," said Newcome;—"dear Jane, he is dead!"

Reviews.

LOYOLA AND JESUITISM.

Loyola: and Jesuitism in its Rudiments. By Isaac Taylor. Longmans.

AN intelligent and tolerably candid Protestant writer upon the affairs of the Catholic Church is a phenomenon too rare to be lightly passed over. The ordinary run of our assailants are either so thoroughly ignorant of the very elements of Christian doctrine and morals, and of

the real facts of the case which they pretend to investigate, or so hopelessly possessed with the spirit of wrongheadedness and stupidity, that it would be simply a waste of words to reply to their assertions. One might as well fight a wasp with a drawn sword, as enter into a serious discussion with these buzzing, stinging insects. Useless themselves, and gathering no

honey from the fair garden of humanity, they serve only to cause a temporary annoyance to nobler natures, and are most harmless when least noticed. If we now and then catch one of them as it flies along, squeeze it between our fingers, throw it away and forget it, it is the utmost that our leisure and inclination permit.

Mr. Isaac Taylor is a critic and an opponent of a different stamp. He is not stark mad or stone blind on the subject of Popery. He does not devoutly believe that every Jesuit carries about with him materials for poisoning, stabbing, or shooting heretics, and that it is a part of the Catholic faith to worship the Virgin Mary as God; or compose himself to rest at night with the comfortable assurance that the Pope is Antichrist, and all the scores of millions of Catholics who own his rule are on the high road to eternal perdition. On the contrary, he looks at the Catholic Church as a great and solemn fact, to be contemplated and comprehended on the common principles of reason and criticism, and eschews that popular round of argument by which most people dispose of its astonishing claims, after the model of the old fallacy,—“Epimenides says that the Cretans are always liars, but Epimenides is himself a Cretan, therefore he is a liar, therefore the Cretans are not liars, therefore Epimenides tells the truth, therefore they are liars;” and so forth, *ad infinitum*. We have been therefore agreeably disappointed in Mr. Taylor's book. Judging from his *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, his other earlier works, and from his anti-Tractarian *Ancient Christianity*, we had expected a composition as violent as it was clever, and as bitterly hostile to every thing that bore the name of Jesuit as it was ingenious and coarsely original. Notwithstanding very grave faults, both critical and religious, *Loyola and Jesuitism* is yet an interesting essay, as an example of the light in which the great founder of the Society of Jesus, and the Society itself, appear to acute men of the world without, whose knowledge of Christianity is not very profound or spiritual, and who bring to the investigation of the subject some little degree of sound sense and philosophic fairness. The study of such books will often be of material benefit to the thoughtful Catholic, and almost necessary to those whose duty or inclination calls them to cope with the intellectual unbelief of their contemporaries.

Mr. Taylor, it should be premised, is not a votary of the Oxford school. He has not the faintest sympathy with those speculative individuals who dabble in Romanism, like little children on the sea shore, without courage to plunge like men into the vast ocean before them, and trust themselves to its depths. He is thoroughly and ineradicably a Protestant, of the Lutherophilosophical cast, combining with a general regard for the truth and inspiration

of Scripture, a boldness of speculation and an audacity of candour which must often sorely have puzzled his less enlightened “evangelical” admirers. His great aim is to be shrewd, manly, and sensible. He looks upon the Christian's state of mind as eminently subject to all kinds of diseases,—ascetical, enthusiastic, fanatical, and mystical,—which, while they do not necessarily destroy the essence of the Christianity of the diseased individual, are yet in most cases not merely morbid or violent excesses, but positive excrescences growing upon the Christian character, and to be cut off by the surgeon's knife. Bodily mortifications, voluntary poverty, ecstatic raptures, unquestioning obedience,—all these things are in his judgment violations of the simplicity and manliness of the Gospel, unworthy of a person of discrimination and sound Scriptural knowledge, though not necessarily indicative of utter doctrinal delusion, or inconsistent with a pure and devoted love of God.

The work is divided into two parts. The first sketches the biography of St. Ignatius, and the first formation of the Society of Jesus; the second examines what the author calls the *canonical* writings of the Society, and Pascal's *Provincial Letters*, with a view—a very fair one—of searching into the nature of Jesuitism in its very heart. Our remarks on this second part we must postpone to our next Number, want of space precluding us from saying all that may be necessary in exposure of the fallacious principles on which Mr. Taylor has conducted his inquiry.

Mr. Taylor's preface,—or rather its concluding sentence,—did not, we confess, prepossess us in favour of his competency to the labour he had undertaken. It ends with a profession so pre-eminently silly, that we were prepared for something little better than an Exeter Hall tirade. What could induce a man of sense like Mr. Taylor to pass himself off as qualified to attempt the task before him, by informing us that he possessed “a thorough freedom of mind” in relation to “forms of Christianity” which are not of divine origin? Who does not make the same boast? Did our author ever hear of a human being so idiotic as to think that the “form of Christianity” which he himself believed was of human origin? Why does he thus stand forth, and trumpet himself as neither liar nor scoundrel, with a mixture of blundering and braggadocio which makes us smile at his simplicity, while we are disgusted with his conceit?

That the great Ignatius is, on the whole, an enigma to Mr. Taylor, is but too evident from every page in his book. This, however, does not result from any deep-seated bigotry or gross uncharitableness, but from his inability to master the elementary features of the exalted Christian character in its most spiritual developments. Extensive as is his information, and correct as are his ideas, in compari-

son with those of the vulgar anti-Romish controversialist, he is yet enthralled in the meshes of that half-carnal religion which is the characteristic of almost all the very best of Protestants. Being acquainted only with that species of devotion which he finds among his Protestant friends and companions, and having no personal familiarity with any feelings which aspire not only to *resist* the world and the flesh, but to *conquer* them, the mind of Loyola is in his eyes a heterogeneous compound of what is great and what is trivial, of the earthly and the spiritual, of the single-eyed and the crafty, united together by a sort of welding process, which he almost confesses not to comprehend, but which in fact, so far from producing the real Ignatius, such as Mr. Taylor admits him to have been, would have issued in a wretched, impotent mediocrity of mind and action. Such a being as Mr. Taylor's Loyola never existed. St. Ignatius was either far better or far worse than he is here drawn. If his mind had been actually subjected to processes of a tendency such as Mr. Taylor attributes to the devotional and ascetic system of Rome, the Ignatius of history would have been an impossibility. Mr. Taylor never saw such a result in his own experience. No one of his friends ever saw such a result. If we are to judge by analogy from cases in which similar influences are brought to bear upon human nature, such a result never was known. We might as reasonably think to construct a steam-engine with materials consisting partly of iron, partly of wood, and partly of rags and paper, as to fashion the extraordinary, self-devoted, and never-failing energies of St. Ignatius with the hodge-podge of motives and discipline by which we are here told that they were formed and supported. People who know nothing whatsoever of his character, his acts, and his writings, and who have imbibed as a first axiom in historical philosophy the idea that all Jesuits are scoundrels, are at least consistent with themselves in regarding the founder of Jesuitism as a monster of unmitigated iniquity. They may be densely ignorant, as they are, like a child who believes the earth to be flat or square; but at least they do not believe that the earth is at the same time both square and round. If Mr. Taylor's view of St. Ignatius be correct, then is there no such thing as any uniform operation in the laws by which human nature is moulded and governed; and metaphysics, moral philosophy, experience, history, and the precepts of Christianity itself, may be cast aside as utterly worthless and untrustworthy guides to a man who would aim at real greatness or piety. The only way to be good will be to institute a new set of moral experiments for oneself, to try all round every possible mode of spiritual, intellectual, and physical action, in the belief that the experience of all the past ages of

men is calculated only to mislead and corrupt us.

Loyola and Jesuitism thus abounds with passages in which we know not whether most to praise the honesty of the writer who admits so much, or to blame his inconsistency in not admitting more. The following is in instance:—

“As to Luther, his personal character is all of a piece, whether we take up his private history, or his public conduct as leader of the great movement of his times. The regenerator of northern Europe is one man, whether he be seen confronting princes and diets, or recreating his spirit at home. It is otherwise with Loyola, who, although not to be accused of acting a part, either as a ‘saint’ or as a chief, nevertheless, when he shifts himself from the one character to the other, seems almost to have laid aside his identity. What are the facts, summarily stated?—A Spanish gentleman, of bold bearing, and who courts every chivalrous distinction, and breathes at once a nice honour and a gallantry less nice, is grievously wounded and thrown upon his bed, where he endures weeks of anguish, and months of languor. Spoiled for war and pleasure by the hurt he has received, and fired, in a moment, by a new ambition, he breaks from his home, and sets forward as a Christian fakir, to amaze the world by feats of wild humility. He undergoes mental paroxysms, he sees visions, and exists thenceforward in a condition of intense emotion, resembling, in turns, the ecstasies of the upper, and the agonies of the nether world. He dedicates himself, body and soul, to the service of the blessed Virgin—the queen of angels:—he sets out on a preaching pilgrimage to convert the Mahometan world, and he contemns all prudence and common sense in applying himself to an enterprise so immensely disproportioned to his abilities. In the course of a year or two he has merited canonisation—if frenzied pietism can ever merit it.

“But now this same devotee—this unmanageable enthusiast as he seems, and whose cheeks are furrowed with perpetual streams of penitence and rapture—suddenly conceives and quickly digests (at a very early period after his conversion), and puts forward, and brings into operation, a scheme of life and a polity of which nothing more need be said than that it has proved itself to be the most firmly compacted, and the most efficient, of any which the world has seen. A scheme so bold, as to the means of which it avails itself, and so refined in its modes of dealing with human nature, and so elaborate in its frame-work, and so far-reaching in its views and purposes, could not have sprung from any but a mind of extraordinary compass;—a mind self-possessed and tranquil, delicate in its perceptions, sure in its intuitions, and capable of a wide comprehension of various objects. The framer of this spiritual polity, if he was not moved by, must have mastered, a boundless ambition, and must have known how to beseech himself as a lamb, while planning nothing less than the subjugation of the world. The personal history of Don Inigo Lopez de Recalde is in itself perfectly intelligible, and it has many counterparts: and so, although it has scarcely a counterpart, is the history of the Founder of Jesuitism, *if considered by itself*; but how shall we weld the two together, as the history of one person—the Ignatius Loyola?

“In order to remove, or in some degree to lessen, the difficulty that here presents itself, two suppositions have been advanced;—the one is this:—That Loyola's contemporary biographers have materially falsified the portrait of their master, attributing to him those virtues and that phase of piety which they thought becoming to him when he was to be held forth as the founder of a religious order; at the same time throwing into the shade those true and prominent features of his intellectual character, which, if they had been brought into notice, might have bred suspicion as to his heavenly-

mindfulness, and the simplicity of his intentions. The other of these explanatory suppositions is this:—That Loyola, being truly represented by his biographers, and having been indeed an ecstatic devotee, was, in fact, thrust forward in front of the Jesuit Institute by its real authors, as a means of covering their actual intentions with a disguise of impassioned and seraphic piety. Either of these suppositions might seem probable; but neither of them will bear a strict examination; for, in the first place, a comparison of the two or three contemporaneous memoirs of Loyola's personal history, while they exhibit indications of their having been derived from independent sources, present too many marks of genuineness and of verisimilitude to allow of their being rejected as fabrications. The exaggerations that attach to them may easily be set off; and as to that intermixture of the supernatural which they contain, those who are familiar with the legends of the 'canonised,' will have learned how to disengage a true story from this sort of decoration. The 'Life of St. Ignatius' we must, then, receive as substantially true, although it may be circumstantially spurious.

"As to the second supposition, even if it might be partially admitted as probable, it cannot so be entertained as would serve to remove the difficulty in question. It is certain that two veins of thought are discernible in the original documents of the Jesuit Institute, the one exhibiting far more of astute ingenuity than does the other; and hence it may be inferred, that, while the simpler elements are attributable to the real Loyola, the authorship of the less simple should be assigned to his colleagues. It is in fact known that one or two of those who constituted the 'Society,' in its infant period, were men superior to himself in acquirements, and of a keener intellectual type. Easily, therefore, may it be supposed that these more skilful hands took part in laying the foundations and in rearing the superstructure of the Jesuit polity. But the supposition that Loyola was the mere screen of the machinations of his colleagues, and that he was innocent of all but a cognisance of what they were doing, cannot be admitted, inasmuch as those portions of the canonical writings of the Society which, on the best grounds, are attributed to his own hand, exhibit so much refinement, and so much skill, and so much of mathematical steadiness in pursuing a desired conclusion, and so thorough an intuition of human nature, that they might be held to vouch for his competency to have been the author of the whole.

"The fact, then, little relieved of difficulty, presents itself—that the ever-weeping, the ecstatic, the vision-seeking 'St. Ignatius' was indeed the originator of the Society of Jesus, and therefore could have been no enthusiast, no dreamer, no fanatic; but one who might have been matched with Macchiavelli in subtle command of the springs of human action—with Richelieu in the practice and art of governing mankind—with Hobbes in daring paradoxical consistency—with Mahomet in that fascination which links together stronger minds for the achievement of an arduous enterprise—with Hildebrand in boundless and well-digested purpose; and, in a word, with any among the few whose single energies have turned the current of human affairs into a new channel."

To work out, in a rapid biographical sketch, this idea and its interpretation, is Mr. Taylor's object in the earlier half of his work. He starts with an entire unbelief in the reality of any supernatural interferences in the present course of the world in modern times; with a conviction that the angelic virtues of the monastic, ascetic, or Jesuit life are *fictitious*; that is, that they are not inconsistent with the *existence* of genuine Christian feeling and action, but that they are simply unreal, fantastic, the results of fancy and metaphysical error,

fastening themselves upon the actual Christian character, as the mistletoe upon the oak, and so far injurious to its vitality and growth, as they draw up into themselves the healthful energies of the intellect and the heart. He also entirely mistakes what is meant by *obedience*, as practised in the Church generally, and especially in religious orders, and most emphatically of all by the Society of Jesus. He knows it only by the description of Protestants, or by what he has read of it in Catholic books. He never saw it in action. He never inquired of any intelligent Catholic for an account of what is really understood by it in the Catholic system as a living power and institution. So, too, he is in error as to the idea with which a Catholic *believes* on the authority of the Church, and as to the relationship which Jesuitism has ever held, and necessarily holds, towards the Pope and the Catholic Church in general. These, and other mistakes, we shall touch upon as we notice some of the more prominently erroneous passages in the essay.

Let us first note Mr. Taylor's description of the personal appearance of Loyola.

"Inigo, high-born, slenderly educated, or, as it seems, wholly untaught in letters, yet accomplished in all graceful and chivalrous arts, wanted no advantage that might secure to him, in ample measure, the smiles and favours which are to be won and enjoyed in courts, palaces, pavilions, and camps. He is described by his contemporaries as of middle stature, with an aspect full of grace and dignity; a complexion between the fair and swarthy; an ample and prominent forehead; an eye sparkling, and full of life; the nose somewhat long and curved. He limped slightly, but not awkwardly, in consequence of the injury his leg had sustained in the hands of the surgeons. It is affirmed that he would never grant permission to painters or sculptors to exercise their art upon him; and that the extant portraits and medallions were all derived from a cast taken after death. If authenticity could be attributed to a medallion, the execution of which might seem to vouch for its genuineness, and which accords well with the description given of their friend and master by his followers, we may assume him to have been handsome, after the Spanish type, and decisively of military mould and aspect. The air is that of the ecclesiastic, induced upon a form and temperament which was thoroughly that of a soldier. The contour, symmetrical and rotund, is expressive of a hopeful, enterprising, and chivalrous, rather than of a reflective turn. One would say that the outward life is more to this man than the inward life. The *intense* attitude is that of one whose own emotions and impressions rule his animal system, leaving him little under the control of persons or things around him. He is self-prompted, self-possessed, sure, determined, unhesitating, firm; but not remorseless or inexorable. He is fertile in resources; nor ever desponds because he has no means of help left him. He is nice in his perceptions, has a keen relish of enjoyment; and—must it not be said? is of a pleasure-loving constitution? One would not think him the ascetic, or the self-tormentor. He is well fleshed, and sanguineous, and is accustomed—so one might surmise—to adjust all differences between flesh and spirit in a reasonable manner. If imaginative, it is only within the narrowest limits: his imagination lights up at a spark, but as it has little oil of its own, it does not burn with any rich, copious, or continuous splendour. Yet assuredly there is nothing malignant in this physiognomy: it indicates no acerbity, no sullen pride, no retention of anger.

This man is too happy in himself to harbour a resentment. Thus far, then, the medallion consists with the history of 'Saint Ignatius;' but it must be confessed, that if any score of portraits, unnamed, were spread on the table, and it were demanded that the founder of the order of Jesuits should be singled out from among them, several probably of that number would be selected sooner than this. If, indeed, *this* be the image of the author of that Institute, how shrouded was that intelligence;—how many fathoms deep was that mind seated, which conceived a scheme for ruling the world, and which went far toward actually ruling it!"

Mr. Taylor's second chapter relates the early history of Loyola's life, both before and after he left the army, until the time when he wrote the "Spiritual Exercises." It is a strange medley of the candid and the sneering, of the honest truthfulness of the Christian with the unbelieving spirit of sarcasm of the man of the world. We have not much to remark in it, except one of those excessively shallow statements which astonish us in the writings of an author of so much ability and straightforwardness. In a contrast between the works of Loyola and Luther, we read:

"Certain it is, then, that at the same moment, two men, whose influence has been co-extensive and permanent, present themselves on the stage of European affairs, and each of them formally or virtually professes to be 'sent of God' for the restoration or the maintenance of the most momentous truths. There is, however, a circumstance attaching to the ministry of each which cannot be regarded as of no significance, bearing, as it does, upon their several pretensions. It is this, that while one of these professed 'servants of Christ' declares his willingness to stand or fall by Christ's own word, the other makes no such appeal to the authority of Scripture; but, instead of doing so, sets forward on his course as the champion of Mary, placing himself under her guardianship, and looking to her for grace and help. Presenting themselves, therefore, under these conditions, undoubtedly Luther must be condemned if the rule to which he himself appeals condemn him; but Loyola's divine legation falls if Mary be not in truth the arbitress of human destinies, and the source of grace to the world."

Thus it is that a sort of infatuation of ignorance and blundering seems to possess the shrewdest intellects, when they undertake to describe the doctrines and principles of Catholicism. Here we have the Catholic and the Protestant theories said to be contrasted, in that the latter declares its willingness to stand or fall by Christ's own word, while the former makes no such appeal to the authority of Scripture; as if it were a characteristic of the Catholic that *he* did *not* declare himself willing to stand or fall by the word of Christ! Are these the words of an accomplished scholar and a man who is capable of understanding the meaning of a proposition, or of a boy in the nursery, or an old woman in her second childhood? Does not Mr. Taylor really see that the contrast between the two parties lies solely in their difference as to *what* is the word of Christ? Are we to assume that the foolish paragraph we noted in his preface is really an indication of his notions as to what the Catholic Church professes to hold? Is he serious in assuring us that Loyola set forth as

"the champion of Mary," in the same sense as Luther professed himself "the champion of the word of God?" If two persons discuss the genuineness of a certain text in the Bible, one of them maintaining that it is an interpolation, and the other that it is a part of the original revelation, are we to be told that the former is fighting under the banner of God's Word, against an adversary who would force us to substitute traditional folly for the sacred Scriptures? How strikingly does this shew us the utter unreality and hollowness of all these Protestant views, even when pretending to be most Catholic and philosophical! Here we have a writer repeatedly speaking of Loyola as undoubtedly a *Christian*, though in partial error, as a man whom it would be monstrous to suppose the child of hell, and yet describing Loyola's elementary principles of belief and action as damnable and horrible in the last degree. If there is any sense in thus contrasting St. Ignatius, as Mary's champion, with Luther, as the champion of God, it must mean that Mary was to Loyola, not only an object of misplaced veneration, but really his *God*. If such were his feelings and faith towards her, then, indeed, words are not strong enough to do justice to his guilt, as words cannot describe the punishment he must endure for ever.

Again, with a similar misconception of Catholic doctrine, Mr. Taylor tells us that Loyola regarded Mary as the "source of grace to the world." May we ask where Mr. Taylor found his authority for any such statement, in the sense in which he intends it to be understood? He is clearly little more aware of the meaning of Catholic expressions than a fifth-rate Baptist minister, or the red-hot Protestant champions of the House of Commons. He ought to have known that we regard Mary as the *channel* of grace, not the *source* of grace. Jesus Christ alone is the source of grace, both to us, and to his own blessed Mother; He made her what she was, and she adores Him eternally as her Creator and Redeemer. She is, in a pre-eminent degree, indeed, a *channel* of grace to the world, as every pious soul, whether in heaven or on earth, that prays for others, is a channel of grace. Her intercession is of so exalted and pure a character, and her relationship is so essentially a maternal relationship to her Son, that (as is generally believed by Catholics) there is no grace given to man, in the obtaining of which her prayers have not had some share. But St. Ignatius no more regarded her as the source of grace in any other sense than this, than he looked upon himself as the meritorious author of the salvation of mankind. How miserable it is to be obliged thus to refute follies, from which the slightest exertion of common sense, or an inquiry at the hand of any Catholic apple-woman, would have saved its propagator!

Early in the next chapter we meet with a

sentiment, which occurs repeatedly afterwards, and is one of the most painful proofs of Mr. Taylor's superficial insight into the narratives and principles which are recorded in Holy Scripture.

"It was in the spring of the year 1523 that Loyola, to the unspeakable grief of all, left Manresa, on his way to Barcelona, intending there to take ship for Italy. In a saint-story of the vulgar stamp we take no notice of the folly (or worse) of the man who, after flinging away from him a well-furnished purse, and which was his own absolutely, goes a-begging for what, the next hour, he finds he cannot dispense with—a morsel of bread! This species of absurdity runs through such memoirs of sanctity. But how are we to deal with the same folly when it meets us in the life of a man like Loyola? Absurdity does not characterise his writings;—is it, then, chargeable entire upon the writers of his life? We might think so as to some of these instances, but not as to all."

Again:

"How worthy of notice in the history of such a man is this curious process of alms-giving blended with mendicancy! One mile on this side a village, perhaps, Ignatius finds a tattered wretch, who can scarcely believe his eyes in receiving from one habited like himself, and emaciate with want, a gold coin! The donor rejects the overflowing gratitude of his poor brother, then limps on—exhausted; enters the village, and there, and while other gold pieces are still weighing heavy in his purse, he humbly craves a morsel of bread from door to door! Whether Ignatius Loyola actually perpetrated any such folly cannot be certainly known, nor should it be supposed, did not the most authentic of his biographers seem to imply it as a fact; but even if it be so, no judicious writer would now make a boast of instances of infatuation such as these."

Further on, in a like spirit, we are told:

"If the facts were indeed just what they seem to be as related by the Jesuit writers, how miserable a farce was it for a man when within a half hour's walk of his paternal castle, which he is implored to enter and to call his own—for a man, who at the very moment is followed by admiring crowds, and has been met by a procession of dignitaries and magistrates—for a man just in this position of honour and of superfluity, to go hobbling through a village, begging a morsel of bread at each cottage door! What can we say to instances of gigantic nonsense such as this; or to whom is it to be attributed? not, we are fain to believe, not to Ignatius Loyola. We must not think it possible that the factitious religious system which had given him his training, could so far have debauched the reason of a man like the founder of the order of Jesuits, as that he should make himself the hero of a performance combining so much of folly, of jugglery, and of something akin to plunder."

"Mounted on a serviceable pony, which had been purchased for him by his friends, Loyola had set forward on his journey toward the Pyrenean boundary. As he crossed the range, and began to descend toward the valleys of Guipuscoa, he breathed health again. He turned, however, from the high road which led directly toward the castle and domains of his brother, and betook himself to a less frequented mountain path. But on this road—his coming having been noised about—he was met by messengers, sent forward by his brother, to conduct him to the family home. This invitation he sternly declined; and instead, sought shelter in an hospital near at hand, whence, we are assured, he issued daily to beg alms in the town. It is affirmed that he held to this course for three months, occupying a pauper's berth at the hospital of St. Magdalen, distributing among its inmates the sumptuous fare sent him daily from the castle, and sustaining himself wholly by the contributions of the 'charitable'—that is to say, of

his brother's poor tenants and dependants, who, not ignorant of this mendicant's quality and position, duly played their part—crust in hand—in this burlesque of 'holy poverty.'"

This is the language of an individual whose boast it is that he reverences the Bible as the word of God. Has Mr. Taylor never read these words? "Do not possess gold, nor silver, nor money in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, nor two coats, nor shoes, nor a staff." Nor the following? "When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, did you want any thing? And they said, Nothing." (Matt. x. 9, 10; Luke xxii. 35, 36.) Why, then, was that which was not merely lawful, but obligatory, in the case of the Apostles, absurd and preposterous in Ignatius Loyola? Which are we to trust, in our efforts to stem the torrent of corruption among men, the maxims of political economy, or the maxims of Jesus Christ? We do not, of course, pretend that in every case it is a man's duty to follow *literally* in the steps of the Apostles. This would be a ridiculous formalism, and a slavery to the letter, rather than an obedience to the spirit. The Apostles themselves adopted different courses at different times; now acting upon the common rules of worldly prudence, now treating them with undisguised contempt; now conciliating their enemies, now defying them to their face; now working miracles, now laying plans and carrying out methods as if there were no such thing as supernatural interference recognised in the faith they preached. And as they acted, so do we their children in Jesus Christ. We are not slaves, or formalists, or pedantic devotees to rigid rules. But we maintain that whatever was at any time lawful and wise in an Apostle, may be lawful and wise again, in similar circumstances, in every age of the Church. If there was no folly in our blessed Lord's injunction to the missionaries He sent to preach among the Jews, then is there not necessarily any folly in the conduct of a modern missionary, who, in faith upon the promise of his Divine Master, commences his work by giving away all he has to the poor, and trusts for future supplies to the piety and charity of the faithful.

And if ever there was a parallel case to that of the mission of the first preachers of the Gospel, it was to be found in the case of St. Ignatius Loyola and his companions; and whether they were in error or not as to all the details of doctrine which they preached, Mr. Taylor himself must admit that the two cases are precisely similar. In an age of general corruption and backsliding, when worldly riches and honours were eating into the very life of the Christian Church; when the successors of the Apostles were too often men of luxuriousness and polished ease and splendour; when even in St. Peter's chair the world had lately seen the frightful spectacle of debauchery, and almost every other hateful crime;

then, indeed, was it the time for some new apostles to go forth, trampling under foot the calculating spirit of worldly prudence, strong in faith alone, distinguished above all others by the simplicity and poverty of their lives, that thus mankind might once more be brought to do homage to the claims of Christianity, as a mighty power from God, resting upon his favour and grace alone, and eternally independent alike of the wisdom, the riches, and the power of man. Loyola looked upon himself as called by God—and we believe, what Mr. Taylor scarcely denies, that he really *was* so called—to arouse his contemporaries to a sense of the overwhelming greatness of religion, and of the vanity of all earthly goods. In an age when a new heresy was laying waste the fairest territories of Christendom, he saw, with keen eye, that sin and lukewarmness were the fruitful source of unbelief; and that the Church herself, by her laxity, had prepared her way for the schism that was rending and tearing her almost to the heart. Therefore he did not undertake only to reclaim the lapsed from their heresy, as if speculative difficulties or intellectual perversion were alone the mischiefs of the day; he took the whole as one gigantic evil, as one state of corruption, in which the spirit of earthliness was bound up with the spirit of heresy, and in which no benefit could result to men, unless the practical truths of religion were forced upon their consciences with a resistless strength. And thus he proceeded upon his mission, awakening men to a sense of their immortality, of their sins, of death, of judgment, of heaven and hell. And as a token of his own unbounded confidence in the power of Him whose messenger he was, and on whose aid he depended, he cast away from him, again and again, all those supports from earthly helps which in ordinary cases are both desirable and necessary: he would be strong in God, and in God alone.

And did he fail in this enterprise, because he thus disregarded the precepts of calculating prudence? Was any discomfiture in the struggle on which he entered, a sign that he was tempting God's Providence, and disregarding the rules which our Lord has laid down for our guidance? In all worldly speculation and business, we know that such an enterprise as Ignatius undertook, when supported by such means as he relied on, must have been stamped with all the marks of unsuccessful folly, and come to a shameful end. But let us ask whether the result proved him to have miscalculated the powers on which he depended. Did this defiance of common prudence meet the usual doom of rashness and error; or was his triumph as signal as his enterprise was difficult? Mr. Taylor himself furnishes the reply to his own sarcastic, anti-Scriptural maxims, and shews his readers that if ever any man literally depended upon a promise made by Jesus Christ, and found that promise fulfilled

to the very letter, Ignatius Loyola is to be numbered among the foremost ranks of the believing and successful.

It is, indeed, most curious to mark how singularly every contradictory charge is brought against the founder of the Society of Jesus. At one moment he is an idiot, or a half-crazy fanatic; at another, perhaps the most accomplished master of the science of statesmanship that the world ever saw. At one moment he is so absurd, as to disregard the plainest precepts of human prudence; at another, he is the most crafty designer whom Satan ever inspired with his own diabolical wisdom. Now he is a weeping, drivelling devotee, a worshipper of dolls and ecclesiastical trumpery; now he displays an acuteness in practical religion, and a shrewdness in dealing with his own conscience and the consciences of others, which prove him to have possessed faculties of the rarest order. Now he is nothing but a severe ascetic, given to fasting, scourgings, and vigils; and now he surveys the whole system of the religious life from an eminence of the loftiest wisdom, and arranges every detail of his order with a mingled independence of judgment and far-seeing spirituality of idea, which result in a complete accomplishment of the purposes at which he aims. The man who is to-day laughed at for beggaring himself of his last sixpence, is discovered to-morrow to have that power of ruling men's hearts and minds, which other people seek in vain through the influence of riches and splendour. And why is this, but because the same hand which sustained Peter, and Paul, and John, in ancient days, was with Ignatius in later times? To him, in the strictest sense, was applicable the question which his Master put to the first preachers of his word: "When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, did you want any thing? And they said, Nothing."

We next quote Mr. Taylor's narrative of one of those incidents in Loyola's career, which is highly significant of the kind of spirit with which his labours were regarded by too many of the ecclesiastical authorities of the time. Mr. Taylor, not being an Anglican High Churchman, is not scandalised at the sight of *laymen* preaching in the streets, and assuming a portion of the apostolic functions, simply on the call of God, manifested in their own consciences. The conduct of Loyola in thus setting himself up as a reformer, in forming a sort of congregation of his associates, and going about the country to arouse a licentious age to a sense of the judgments and goodness of God, is, indeed, one of those strange puzzles to English Churchmen, of which they never can attain the solution so long as they criticise the Church Catholic from without. They, in whose ideas the elementary *sacerdotal* idea of the Christian priesthood has no place, who look upon public preaching and teaching as that office which distinguishes the clergyman from the layman,

are naturally confounded when they hear of such proceedings as the following, on the part of a great canonised saint of that Church of Rome who is so unbendingly rigid in the enforcement of much which they hold so laxly, and who, in the eyes of the world, has set up her clergy as a sort of demi-gods between the laity and their Saviour. After relating a certain troublesome affair which Ignatius had with some lady-penitents, to whom he had been most unwillingly administering spiritual advice, and whose imprudent conduct had got him into prison, Mr. Taylor proceeds :

"Six weeks had elapsed since his commitment to prison, when the ladies-errant returned to their home, and, as their testimony accorded with Loyola's affirmations, he was set at liberty ; yet subject to a condition with which he could not comply—namely, that he should abstain from all endeavours to instruct others, until he should himself have become qualified to do so with good effect, by completing his four years of study. How could he consent to postpone so long all endeavours to reclaim souls, and on the sole ground of his unfinished education ? He left the prison in perplexity, resolving to depart from Alcala, and to submit himself to the advice (or at least to *ask* the advice) of some dignitary more indulgent than the vicar-general Figueroa. 'We should not,' said this ecclesiastic, 'have made so much of what you do, if your discourses with the people had savoured rather less of novelty.' 'Novelty !' exclaimed Ignatius, gravely ; 'I did not understand that for Christians to speak one to another concerning Jesus Christ was a new thing.'

"Don Alphonso de Fonseca, Archbishop of Toledo, received Loyola courteously, and finding that he wished to proceed to Salamanca, favoured this intention, gave him introductions, and replenished his purse with four gold pieces. He therefore set forward, with his companions, on his way thither. Yet neither at this place did repose await him. The same course of conduct—the same boldness and assiduity in addressing persons of every rank, and exhorting them to repentance and piety, drew upon him again the eyes of the profane and the envious, and rendered him the object of curiosity throughout the city. A strange sight indeed it was to see a band of laymen, in the garb of poor students of Alcala—for thus they had been compelled to attire themselves by their friends there—discharging openly and boldly a sort of apostolic and pastoral function, and drawing even priests within their influence ! Admired, followed, suspected, inveighed against, this band of itinerants became the subject of secret and anxious consultations within ecclesiastical precincts. The Dominicans especially, who had a noted establishment at Salamanca—the monastery of St. Stephen—thought themselves called upon, although without any authority, to search this novelty to its rudiments. Ignatius, unapprised of this intention, had, in all simplicity, chosen a confessor from this very house. This circumstance having been made known to the principals, Ignatius was perfidiously invited to dine at the convent the next Sunday, with his friend Calistus. Advertised that he was likely to undergo a rigorous examination, he nevertheless fearlessly kept the appointment, and went, he and his companion. Dinner ended, the vicar—in the absence of the prior—courteously leads both his guests, with the confessor and another brother, to a cell, apart. Each takes his seat, and a colloquy passes within the walls of this cell which is curiously analogous to those that, so often since, have had place in Protestant countries, when lay street-preachers have been called before 'the bench.' If in this instance we may rely upon our reporters, the substance of the interrogations, and of the answers, was as follows :

"The vicar, looking at Ignatius with a bland smile, expressed the pleasure he felt in thinking of the course

of those who, after the manner of the Apostles, went about among the people, inciting them to the worship of God and the practice of piety ; nevertheless, he earnestly wished to know with what preparation of learning they had attempted so serious a task. Ignatius ingeniously acknowledged the simple fact—that he and his companions were very slenderly furnished in this way. 'How is it, then,' said the vicar, 'that you, destitute as you are of learning, should go about, holding discourse with the people upon things divine ?' 'Nay,' replied Ignatius, 'we do not *preach* ; but only as occasion offers, and on the ground of equality with those who are willing to listen to us, and in colloquial style, we speak of the beauty of virtue, and of the deformity of vice, and exhort men to hate the one and to love the other.' 'But apart from a due amount of human learning, which must be either acquired in the ordinary mode from tutors and from books, or must be divinely conveyed to the mind by the Holy Spirit—apart from this preparation, no man can properly handle subjects of this sort ; and yet you, as you openly acknowledge, have not given yourselves, with any sufficient assiduity, either to books or to teachers ; it follows, then, necessarily, that this species of learning must have been immediately conveyed to you by the Holy Spirit. Give us, therefore, if you please, some information on this point.' Ignatius, perceiving the intention of the vicar to hold him to a dilemma, hesitated a while ; but the vicar persisting in pressing for a reply to a question so plain, he at length openly said that he had nothing further to state, unless it were to those who might be duly authorised so to interrogate him. 'Oh ! is it come to that ?' exclaimed the vicar ; 'is it so that, at a time when new sects of impostors are every day making their appearance, and are leading multitudes astray, and when the errors of Erasmus and others are spreading on every side, that you, when questioned concerning your doctrine, equivocate and evade a direct reply ? But I will see to it that you shall give us an answer.' Three days they were detained within the walls of the monastery, yet not unkindly treated by the brethren, with whom they held free intercourse, and among whom a division took place in their favour. On the fourth day they were visited by the notary, who led them away, and lodged them, not in a dungeon, under ground, but in a sort of out-house, where they fared even worse : it was a decayed structure, with heaps of rubbish, the smells from which were pestilential. The two friends were fastened, leg by leg, with an iron chain—nor was it possible for them to take rest. They spent the night in singing psalms.

"But the imprisonment of Ignatius and his companion quickly became noised through the city, and the next day not a few of the most considerable persons of Salamanca visited them, bringing for their relief coverlets, mattresses, and provisions. The severity of their treatment, too, was somewhat relaxed ; and as at Alcala, so now at Salamanca, Ignatius was resorted to by multitudes, to whom, with wonderful calmness, he discoursed on such topics as the contempt of things earthly, the last judgment, and the eternal rewards and punishments that were to follow. 'Is not this imprisonment grievous to you ?' said a compassionate visitant—Francis Mendoza, 'and these chains, too ?' 'There are not in Salamanca,' replied Ignatius, 'stocks or handcuffs so many, as that I would not gladly endure them all, and more, for Christ's sake.'

"At length he and his companion underwent strict, varied, and separate examinations by the ecclesiastical authorities of Salamanca. One of them had heard of the Book of Spiritual Exercises, and asked that it should be produced : it was at once surrendered, and the names of his other associates, and the places of their abode, were given in. These were arrested, and confined separately. The book was submitted to the examination of three doctors in theology. At this point of time an incident occurred (so say our authorities, but not the most trustworthy of them) which tended greatly to set the characters of Loyola and his comrades in an advan-

tageous light. By some strange negligence of the keepers, all the prisoners save these, breaking from their confinements, effected their escape. He and his friend—although they were free to depart with the others—were found in their cells the following morning, scorning to elude the authorities. Much admiration, and a more lenient treatment, were the consequence of this event. In the end, the result of often-repeated interrogations, and of a careful perusal of the Exercises, was a feeling of amazement on the part of the examiners, and which was increased vastly when, certain questions among the most abstruse and perplexing in theology being propounded to Ignatius, he answered each with admirable address; and moreover solved a knotty point in the canon law precisely in accordance with the decision of the doctors, of which he had known nothing.

“At length, and after more than three weeks’ imprisonment, Ignatius and his friends are brought into court to hear their sentence. This was, that they were declared innocent of heretical pravity, and that they should be left at liberty to instruct the common people, as before; but, nevertheless, that they should not presume, until after four years’ attendance upon the theological class, to advance any opinion upon that most difficult of all questions which serves to distinguish between mortal and venial offences—questions to which an approach seemed to be made in a certain part of the Spiritual Exercises. This sentence, in the opinion of the judges, was nothing less than an honourable acquittal. Ignatius, however, sustained as he was by his firm consciousness of being altogether in the right, vehemently resented the restraint thus laid upon him, and complained that, after by these doctors and rulers he had been pronounced free, in speech and writing, from all taint and suspicion of false doctrine, silence should nevertheless be enjoined him upon a point so prominent and so essential; and that thus his labours, for the conversion and instruction of men, should in a manner be prohibited.”

As we have been quoting one of Mr. Taylor’s most agreeable passages, we may, before proceeding further with our strictures, extract another brief paragraph or two, to shew how, at times, he breaks out into a species of unwilling eulogy upon the virtues and merits of the Saint who is the hero of his tale. Such is the following:

“Loyola had, as we have said, given evidence of the strength of his will in carrying forward, through a period of six years, the plan he had formed for his personal improvement; and the necessities he had submitted to during these years of study, severe as they were, had probably tried his constancy not nearly so much as did the repugnance of his own mind to occupations that were purely intellectual. A conquest of the animal nature is what many have been equal to; but to contravene the mental bias, and to control the tastes, is a victory which very few ever achieve. In this instance it appeared that the man who was born to govern others established his title to do so by first shewing that he could absolutely govern himself, and that he could do so on ground the most difficult. This faculty of governing others, and this fascination, which gave him the ascendancy over minds much superior in intelligence and in accomplishments to his own, undoubtedly belonged to him in an eminent degree. It is certain that he knew how to draw around himself persons of rank and education, as well as the vulgar. There was a charm in his personal appearance and demeanour; there was an animation and a fire, subdued by humility and suavity; and, more than all, there was an undeviating intensity of movement, directed towards a high-raised object, which drew all sensitive minds into his wake. Perhaps the secret of that influence which is acquired here and there by a gifted mind over multitudes, results chiefly from the very power of a steady and rapid movement to impart movement to others. In the company

of persons of rank (we are told) Loyola had an insinuating manner, which won and which secured to him their favour and friendship. His equals he led forward in his own track by a graceful facility and an avoidance of all assumption of superiority; while the ignorant and the needy he commanded by a native air of authority, by his unwearied labours for their good, by his patience towards them in their perversities, and by a species of benevolent dissimulation, of which he was master, and which he could practise whenever necessary. How far this skill in the management of human nature approached the limits of guilefulness, or how far it outstepped the boundaries which a high integrity and a Christian simplicity must observe, cannot be known.”

And such, also, his sketch of the habits of three of the Fathers at Venice:

“Loyola, Lainez, and Faber, quitting Venice, betook themselves to the neighbouring town, Vicenza. In a neglected and miserable suburb of this place they found a deserted building—open to the blasts of heaven—open to any rude intruder; for it had neither door nor window! This was the place of their conclave, and their only home; in the most sheltered corner of it they slept upon a bundle of straw or stubble, collected by themselves. But here the hubbub of the town was not heard; and here—or at least during the hours of darkness—the solace of prayer and meditation might be enjoyed without disturbance; and here, at midnight, none making them afraid, the soul-kindling psalm might be recited, and the hymn, lifting the thoughts toward the world of triumphant harmony, might loudly be sung! Happy inmates of this hovel—happy, we say again, and say it with emphasis, after looking into the glittering palaces of Venice: happy its inmates; and wise too—if man be immortal!”

Well would Mr. Taylor unfold the true spirit and strength of the Society of Jesus were he a Catholic himself, and not what he is,—a man standing alone in the midst of a sect, subject to that most enthralling of all servitudes,—a servitude to himself and his own experimentalising understanding! It is only, in truth, by remembering how pernicious is the influence of the various separatist systems, that we can be prepared for those gross cases of unfairness and confusion of thought, of which we resume the exposure. Take, for instance, Mr. Taylor’s colouring of the fact, which he admits, respecting Loyola’s power in delivering his friend Faber from the vehement temptations of the flesh. Loyola’s advice was unquestionably the means of enabling Faber to master the foe within him; our author also allows that they were both of them pious Christians, and men of fervent prayer and heroic self-denial. Yet he tells the tale with an under-current of sneering against the “curative devices” employed; and suggests that the whole result was one of mere nature, and not at all of Divine grace, on the preposterous supposition, that the unfolding of the great scheme which Loyola entertained gave a noble passion the mastery over an ignoble one in his disciple’s breast. Perhaps it did; probably it did; but how does this shew that it was not the grace of God which really wrought the cure, employing the energies of the mind to counteract the animal vigour of the body? Does not the Holy Ghost constantly work in us by such means? And is every moral con-

quest which we win through the advice of a friend, who places before us the loftiest ends for our labours, to be set down at once as in no way the result of the fastings and mortifications by which we attempt to beat down our passions, as a mere natural process, and not a victory won through the aid of the grace of God?

Thus, again, at page 114, we have a repetition of that piece of sham philosophy, which attributes the infidelity and atheism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to the stories of visions and miracles current in the Catholic Church, and often upheld by her authorities. "What must have been the effect," says our author, "produced upon frivolous and sceptical tempers, when, with sedulous art, such things were put forward as solemn verities, not to be distinguished from the primary truths of religion, and entitled to the same reverential regard in our minds!" A more unwarrantable accusation than this was never made. Why does not Mr. Taylor give us his authority for asserting that this monstrous absurdity was habitually perpetrated by the Catholic Church and her individual clergy at the time he speaks of, or at any time whatsoever? The charge is an unmixed fabrication, unsupported by a shadow of evidence. Mr. Taylor doubtless *thinks* the fact was as he describes it; but he only thinks so because he has less knowledge of the faith and practices of Catholics than a poor child in any school in Rome. If he would take the trouble to read, or to inquire in proper quarters, he would learn that no Catholic ever dreams of placing any vision or miraculous event, however well proved, on a level with the truths of religion. He would have seen the most eminent doctors of the Church, including those who were most given to the relating of miraculous stories, and most inclined to believe in them, repeatedly and solemnly protesting that all such things are matters of private opinion, in which every man has a right to believe or disbelieve, according to his own judgment. Had he ever associated with Catholics, and heard their conversation, whether in England or abroad, he could not have closed his eyes to the striking contrast which exists between their faith in "the primary truths of religion," and the perfect freedom, and even license, with which they canvass every story that professes to be supernatural in its origin or details.

With a similar (apparently) wilfully perverted mind, he represents Loyola as "bearding the Pope and Cardinals, and glaringly contravening his own vow of unconditional obedience to the Vicar of Christ, rather than give way to the solicitations of fair and noble penitents;" and the same calumny is repeated again in other places. Yet when did ever Loyola refuse to obey the Pope, when his Holiness gave him a final order to act or abstain from acting? and when did he promise

not to *remonstrate* with the Pope, when his Holiness proposed to him what he considered an injudicious step? When did he forswear for himself and all Jesuits the privilege of what Mr. Taylor calls "bearding" Cardinals and other dignitaries who had no special authority over himself personally? Mr. Taylor insinuates more than once that Loyola never *would* have obeyed the Pope, if the Pontiff had persevered in any great point against his judgment; and he would have it believed that his conduct towards the Pope was radically inconsistent with that which he exacted from the members of the Society of Jesus towards himself, admitting, at the same time, that the very same power of *remonstrating* with a superior is permitted in the Society, and actually narrating instances in which it was exercised.

Another scandalous misrepresentation of Loyola's motives occurs in the account of his election to be the first General of the new order. We entreat our readers' attention to this precious specimen of reasoning and Christian charity. In introducing the story, Mr. Taylor moralises as follows:

"Those of the fathers who could leave their functions at foreign courts—and these were three only—were summoned to Rome; those who could not attend there, sent forward their votes. But in what manner are we to deal with the account that is presented to us of that which took place on this occasion? How is it to be made to consist either with the straightforwardness and simplicity of intention that are the characteristics of great and noble natures; or how with those maxims of guilelessness which Christianity so much approves? The problem admits of only a partial and unsatisfactory solution; nor can we advance even so far as this, unless we make a very large allowance in favour of Loyola, personally, on the ground of the ill-influence of the system within which he had received his moral and religious training. A principle of factitiousness is deep-seated in the Romish scheme of sanctity. It is a *falsehood* which it inherited from the Church-asceticism of an earlier age. Whenever extravagance and exaggeration come to be generally practised, and to be universally admired, pretension and spuriousness are sure to follow, and to become a plague-spot upon the garment of sanctity. Under such a system, when time has fixed upon it its characteristics, while there will always be many truly sincere and honest men, yet nothing will exist that is in itself thoroughly sincere and honest. Loyola, in the instance before us, conducted himself after the fashion of his Church: this must be his apology."

Such is the philosophical view with which we are to start, in reflecting on the undeniable fact, that Loyola, on being elected General, positively refused the office. The fact itself, and its subsequent issue, is then told in the following strain:

"It was he, unquestionably, who had conceived the primary idea of the society. He was the author of the book which constitutes its germ and law—the *Spiritual Exercises*: he had been principal in digesting the constitutions, or actual code, of the Society. It was he, individually, whom the others had always regarded as their leader and teacher. His influence, personally, was the cement which held the parts in union. It was Loyola who, while his colleagues dispersed themselves throughout Europe, remained at Rome, there to manage the common interests of all, and to carry forward those

negotiations with the papal court which were of vital importance, and of the highest difficulty. In a word, it was he who had convoked this meeting to elect a chief, and who asked the proxies of the absent. Are we, then, to believe that this bold spirit, this far-seeing mind, this astute, inventive, and politic Ignatius, born to rule other minds, and able always to subjugate his own will—that this contriver of a despotism, after having carried the principle of unconditional obedience—after having won the consent of his companions to the proposal that their master should be their master for life—are we to believe that he had never imagined it as probable, much less wished, that the choice of his compeers should fall upon himself, or that he had peremptorily resolved, in such a case, to reject the proffered sovereignty? Surely those writers, the champions of the Society, use us cruelly who demand that we should believe so much as this.

“Le Jay, Brouet, Lainez, and Loyola were those who personally appeared on this occasion. The absent members sent their votes in sealed letters. Three days having been passed in prayer and silence, the four assembled on the fourth day, when the votes were ascertained. All but Loyola’s own were in his favour; he voted for the one who should carry the majority of votes. Loyola, we are told, was in an equal degree distressed and amazed in discovering what was the mind of his colleagues. *He*, indeed, to be General of the Society of Jesus!—how strange and preposterous a supposition! Positively he could think of no such thing. What a life had he led before his conversion! How abounding in weaknesses had been his course since! How could he aspire to rule others, who so poorly could rule himself! Days of prayer must yet be devoted to the purpose of imploring the Divine aid, in directing the minds of all toward one who should indeed be qualified for so arduous an office. At the end of this term Loyola was a second time elected, and again refused to comply with the wishes of his friends. He would barely admit their importunities; they could scarcely bring themselves to listen to his contrary reasons. Time passed on, and there seemed a danger lest the Society should go adrift upon the rocks, even in its first attempt to reach deep water. At length Loyola agreed to submit himself to the direction of his confessor. He might thus, perhaps, find it possible to thrust himself through his scruples by the loophole of passive obedience, for he already held himself bound to comply with the injunctions of his spiritual guide, be they what they might. This good man, therefore,—a Father Theodosius of the communion of Minor Brethren—is constituted arbiter of the destinies of the Society of Jesus. To his ear Loyola confides all the reasons, irresistible as they were, which forbade his compliance with the will of his friends. The confessor listens patiently to the long argument, but sets the whole of it at naught. In a word, he declares that Loyola, in declining the proffered generalship, is fighting against God. Further resistance would have been a flagrant impiety, and he, in making himself master of the bodies and souls—the mind and conscience—of all who should yield themselves to his hand, contrives, by an easy artifice, to preserve a spurious modesty from violation.”

Observe, now, how Jesuit characters are demolished. First comes this splendid example of profound sense: under the Roman system, “while there will always be many truly sincere and honest men, yet nothing will exist that is in itself thoroughly sincere and honest.” That is, Saints are sometimes rogues, and a “truly sincere and honest man” *never* does that which is in itself thoroughly sincere and honest. Secondly, because this is an undeniable axiom, therefore Loyola, in refusing the generalship, played the hypocrite, and expected and intended to be made General while

he professed to be distressed and amazed at being chosen. The scene with his confessor was a pretty little incident, arranged to carry on the drama to a pleasing *dénouement*. This is, in fact, an example of the whole course of Protestant dealings with the Catholics. They have only one argument, which is this: All Catholics are rogues, therefore these apparently heroic Christian virtues are trickery. This is the sum of the whole. Truly might we retort as follows: All Protestants are fools, therefore it is not worth while to reply to their absurdities.

The real source of Mr. Taylor’s imputations upon St. Ignatius is the circumstance that he never knew such an instance of genuine humility among his own friends and acquaintances, and that had *he* been in Loyola’s place, such high-wrought virtue would have been far beyond his attainment. He judges him by the standard of English Protestantism; by the measure of the graces of Anglican Archbishops and Bishops, of Deans and Chapters, of Members of Parliament and noble Lords, of Dissenting ministers and Chairmen of Railway boards. *Self*, doubtless, is ever present to all these worthy individuals, and the reported conduct of Loyola appears to them simply incredible; they laugh at the idea, as the naked African laughs at the idea of water made solid with cold. And so long as Mr. Taylor is content to believe that the promises of our blessed Lord are not really fulfilled to the letter, and that the gifts of the Holy Spirit suffice to raise a man only to the respectable mediocrity of common English piety, so long will he be obliged to resort to some nonsensical, inconsistent theory or other, in order to account for, and explain away, the historical facts which the Catholic Church presents to his study, and whose actual existence he is too candid to deny. It is only fair, however, to say, that he does not always have recourse to these unworthy subterfuges, but now and then *almost* does justice to the great man whose conduct he is surveying. Thus, in the subjoined paragraph, he remarks upon the error of supposing that it was mere ambition which prompted Loyola to employ all his energies to prevent Jesuits from being made Bishops.

“To affirm that this abnegation of ambition, in its more ordinary forms, was regarded by Loyola and his colleagues as the means necessary for giving scope to an ambition—extraordinary and unbounded, would be an easy mode of laying open the motives of his earnestness on this occasion. It may be thought that he might cheaply spurn bishoprics for himself, and for his followers, while contriving, for their benefit, and for his own, a despotism that should grasp the world! Such an explication of the facts may seem obvious and natural, and it would readily be accepted by those, on the one hand, who wish by all means to disparage Jesuitism and its author; and, on the other, by persons of sardonic temperament, whose pleasure it is to mock at human nature. Meantime those who examine Loyola’s character more calmly and attentively will be slow to accept any such supposition. His master-motive was not of the kind to which the epithet *ambition* can with

propriety be applied. A great idea had possessed itself of his mind: he pursued it with a consistent and vehement intensity;—he rejected whatever he felt to be of incongruous quality; he discerned, at a glance, every adverse influence, and turned it aside:—all was harmony and unison in his conception of the Jesuit Institute; how, then, could he tolerate or accept what he felt to be dissonant, or knew to be destructive? It was not therefore a cloaked ambition, if the word is to carry its ordinary meaning, that impelled Loyola to refuse ecclesiastical dignities. He did so that he might hold his principle intact."

We conclude for the present with Mr. Taylor's remarks on the character of St. Ignatius, which are among the most *curious* passages in the whole work.

"It can scarcely be affirmed that Loyola found ready to his hand, within the Romish Church, elements, intellectual or religious, that needed only to be moulded anew to suit his purpose. These elements existed, indeed, in human nature, and it is true also that the jarring movements of the sixteenth century tended to bring them more within his reach than otherwise they might have been. But it is certain that the modes of thinking, and the habits that had so long been cherished within the Church, especially within the circle of its monastic enclosures, were far from being what can be regarded as constituting a fit preparation for the Jesuit Institute. Jesuitism, while taking to itself the concentration and the intenceness that had belonged (at their best) to the monastic bodies, ran counter to them all in its main principle, as well as in the practical application of that principle. Monasticism had subsisted, or it was intended to subsist, as a sort of moral anomaly in the midst of a sensual world; but Jesuitism planted itself as an anomaly in the bosom of the Church. The monk vows to deny himself as to his earthly appetites; the Jesuit as to his spiritual tastes. The men of the monastery are, or they should be, aspirant followers in that right-hand angelic stream that is ever ascending Jacob's ladder, from earth to heaven; but the company of Jesuits offers itself to the eye on the sinister side of the same colossal scale, and its members are perpetually descending from heaven to busy themselves with the things of earth. It was no easy task to turn a stream that had flowed so long in one direction; and merely to imagine such an enterprise as that of turning it, was the effort of a powerful and self-prompting intellect, confident in its own wrought-out conclusions, and immovably fixed in its grasp of what it had thus created for itself.

"And as the scheme was vast, the execution of it, and the perpetual administration of a system so novel in its intentions, and so wide in its actual extent, demanded the rarest talents. Loyola's power over other minds was such as belongs to those men of genius—a few in any age—or rather, a few in the lapse of ages, who had first acquired a sovereign power over themselves, before they asserted their right to rule the world. He was master of other men, and even of some superior to himself in mind and accomplishments, because he had become more master of himself than were they of themselves. It does not appear that he ever failed to carry his purposes within the Society, or even within the circle of the Church, so far as any of its measures or movements might affect the interests of the order. In each instance in which he undertook to wrestle with authorities he finally prevailed, as by a sort of molluscous pertinacity: he wound himself around his antagonist, nor could there be any release from the boneless gripe—except by the spell of that consenting word, 'Be it, then, as you will!' In those encounters of this sort that are recorded, what Loyola had to do was, not simply to obtain the consent of authorities to particular measures which he wished to carry, and which they

might think adverse to their interests, as to convince them of the soundness of a principle wholly new to their minds. And thus also towards recusant members of the Society, the question between the General and the insubordinate Jesuit was often a question of principle, which the subaltern had not, as yet, comprehended. It was the task of Loyola to forge upon many hundred minds the *IDEA* of the Society; and in the execution of this task, far more than in the compilation of its code, he displayed a power and a unity of purpose, surpassed by few of the achievements of either philosophers or legislators. No instance is mentioned of his having lost sight of his master principle, or of his giving way, except for a moment, to any infringement of it. In matters not touching this principle he was easily compliant, and seemingly open to the impulse of circumstances. Even in things that did affect the working of the institute, he was far from shewing himself to be opinionative, or unduly prepossessed in favour of his first determinations. Consistency, not pertinacity, was Loyola's characteristic.

"Much was always left to the discretion of the several Provincials in the government of the Society. The General, vigilant and cognisant of all details, was yet quite superior to the folly of attempting to do and to rule every thing. His colleagues felt that they were trusted by their master, and they were ordinarily well pleased when they could justify the confidence thus reposed in them. By most of them he was well and affectionately served. As to the constitutions of the Society, it was by slow degrees only that they came to be defined and fixed. Their sagacious author, exempt as he was from the legislator's fond conceit that his theoretic code could admit of no improvement, wished rather that time and experience should teach him what in it was practically good, and enable him to abrogate or to modify whatever had appeared to have been ill devised. Rigid in the enforcement of each actual rule, so long as it stood upon the statute book, he lent an ear at all times to reasons which might induce him to remove it thence. Loyola understood too the respective offices of faith, or religious motive, and of reason. He was wary of *emotion*, when it might influence those determinations over which it was the province of *reason* to preside. It was his professed practice, on all occasions of moment, to implore the Divine guidance, with a simple-hearted fervour, as if Heaven was to do all: and having done this—then to apply himself, with all his might, to every natural means of success, by aid of energy, sagacity, and the calculation of causes, as if the event were wholly dependent upon human forethought and assiduity. 'Let us pray as if we had no help in ourselves: let us labour as if there were no help for us in Heaven.'

"What is said of him by all his biographers, as to the impassioned style of his devotions—and as to the copiousness of that torrent of tears which seemed, at length, to have quite exhausted his natural moisture, and to have brought him almost to the physical condition of a mummy—must be admitted as authentic in the main, and therefore as proving that his temperament was far from cold, or purely intellectual. But he had learned a secret which, perhaps, very few passionate spirits ever learn, or ever attempt to put in practice—namely, during the paroxysms of emotion to *unharness reason*, and to let her stand by in her place. Loyola's emotions, how impetuous soever they might be, never ran away with his mind. At whatever time his bark was driven before the hurricane of religious fervour, reason was found to be safe on shore, and ready to resume her place at the helm when the winds were hushed. He did nothing *without* emotion; but he did nothing at its bidding. 'Impulse and feeling,' he would say, 'man shares with the inferior orders around him; but reason is his distinction, and with him, therefore, it should be supreme.'"

RUSKIN'S SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE.

The Seven Lamps of Architecture. By John Ruskin, author of "Modern Painters:" with Illustrations, drawn and etched by the Author. Smith and Elder.

MR. RUSKIN will, we trust, require no apology for the tone of the following remarks. So plain-spoken a person will not, we are assured, take it ill if he meets with some few of those controversial blows which he bestows with such hearty goodwill whenever and wherever he pleases. Nor will he, or any of our readers, conclude, from the character of our strictures upon his recent performance, that we account it otherwise than a book of great ability and interest, and well worth the study of every man who views art as something more than a mere fashionable amusement. If we dwell more upon its errors than its merits, it is because the latter will commend themselves to every thoughtful mind, while the former are often enforced with a plausibility and an energy which will take many persons by surprise, and captivate the fancy, while they fail to commend themselves to the calmer and more critical judgment.

We rise, then, from the perusal of this book at a loss whether most to admire the genius of its author or to wonder at his folly. It has evidently been Mr. Ruskin's misfortune to have associated with few persons who were at all able to enter into his views, to discuss them with him on grounds which he himself would respect, and to give him the advice which the constitution of his mind and the defects of his information demand. Possessing critical talents of a very high order, a diligent observer and investigator, and with a soul far above the trashy impostures which in the present day usurp the title of works of art and essays on its cultivation, he yet labours under two or three disadvantages which operate seriously to the deterioration of his otherwise most valuable books. He has unhappily an overweening confidence in his own theories and feelings, and a proportionate contempt for all who disagree with him; his studies have been a good deal limited to works of art, books on art, and English poetry, to the exclusion of other and more severe means for disciplining the mind and forming the taste, while on certain topics his ignorance is as egregious as his dogmatism is offensive; and he has adopted a peculiar style of writing, which frequently verges on the unintelligible, through the excessive awkwardness of its construction, and his utter want of perception of the true genius of the English language.

Mr. Ruskin's headlong onslaughts upon all whom he counts his opponents are well known to those who have read his former work on *Modern Painters*. He is possessed with the error that vehemence is force, and violence

strength. He thinks that people will tolerate virulence, under the idea that it is earnestness. He writes on matters of art as if they were questions of morals, and as if a breach of the laws of good taste or artistic expression were a breach of the Ten Commandments. We smile as we read his declamations, clever and brilliant as they are, and are surprised that any man of sense can make use of a species of phraseology, when criticising buildings, statues, and paintings, which would better describe the enormities of pickpockets and housebreakers.

Mr. Ruskin's egotism is indeed a serious drawback to the influence which his works ought to exercise on the art of his contemporaries. We can endure the egotism of enthusiasm, but not the egotism of criticism; and Mr. Ruskin's egotism is of the latter kind. The spirit of criticism and philosophical investigation haunts him like a nightmare. He is ever judicial, ever professional, ever legislative. He is not absorbed in his subject; he absorbs his subject into himself. We never forget him for an instant. Criticising is his nature, his element, his manifest delight. And therefore his egotism is singularly disagreeable and out of place. It wearies and teases us, instead of communicating to us that sort of energy and movement of thought which a less self-conscious egotism can sometimes infuse into a reader's mind.

Much of this intolerance and overbearing spirit doubtless arises from Mr. Ruskin's limited range of studies. He is a man who is ever busied in working out his own ideas by his own unaided powers, in the way of solitary reflection, rather than in contest with other minds of equal calibre with his own. He is not well read in philosophy, classical literature, history, or science. In theological matters his ignorance is literally astonishing; and, like all ignorant men, he writes with an assumption of infallibility which is simply absurd. He knows something of the imaginative, metaphorical, and pictorial aspect of the Bible; and he has a great idea that certain elements of morality are to be carried out with the utmost rigour and consistency. But of religious doctrine he apparently knows no more than the commonplace Protestants of the day, and devoutly believes only the gospel according to Dr. Croly. It is indeed a not slightly significant token of the shallowness of the popular religionism of our time, that a man of Mr. Ruskin's acuteness should write a book exalting the religious architecture of the 13th century almost to the level of a work of inspiration, and term it pre-eminently *Christian* architecture, and at the same time believe the Pope to be Antichrist, and gravely propose the repeal of the Catholic Emancipation Act as necessary to the well-being of England. There is something so

transcendently ludicrous in the notion that the Church of Rome is *idoltrous*, and yet that the early mediæval architecture was the result of the purest Christian faith and feeling, that we can only suppose that Mr. Ruskin believes that Cranmer, Luther, and Henry VIII. flourished some 700 years ago, and that Salisbury Cathedral was built in the reign of Elizabeth. The simplicity which can identify the creed and practices of the 13th century with those of "English Protestantism" is so delicious, that whatever else be Mr. Ruskin's deserts, he may at least lay claim to the invention of something unquestionably *new*.

We are sorry to say also, that this lively, trenchant, and brilliant writer is positively becoming tedious. Mr. Ruskin has taken to a sort of moralising strain, and a quaint, sermonising species of phraseology, which makes his book sometimes read like a country parson's discourse or a penny tract. We do not say that this is the pervading style of his work. On the contrary, it abounds with noble passages, forcible imagery, and a certain rude eloquence which is highly captivating. But he is too fond of getting up into the professorial chair, and announcing moral truths with a grave solemnity and in professional forms of speech, which are very far from attractive, and prejudice us against the unquestionable originality and profoundness of thought which he frequently displays. Now and then, too, he seems to have caught the peculiar canting style of the Cambridge Camden (or Ecclesiological) Society; and elevates minute trivialities to the rank of moral enormities, talking of what is right, and wrong, and lawful, and horrible, and immoral, and un-Christian, in a spirit of unreality and fictitious indignation which is wholly unworthy of a man who denounces the follies and impositions of his fellow-creatures with such unsparing severity. Add to this, that he is far more careless than ever in the construction of his sentences and the arrangement of his words. He writes as most fluent people talk, with that slovenly, disjointed, and awkward disposition of his thoughts and expressions, which is scarcely noticed in speaking, but on paper becomes barely intelligible. Never was there a book which more needed pruning and polishing than this *Seven Lamps of Architecture*; never was there a book which with so much that is great contained more that is little. We pass from a superb passage of glowing eloquence to an uncouth commonplace; from a sentiment marked by the deepest philosophy to a piece of nonsensical declamation or abuse which a child can see through.

The "Seven Lamps of Architecture"—(why there are just seven, and no more, we are not informed)—are, the Lamp of *Sacrifice*, the Lamp of *Truth*, the Lamp of *Power*, the Lamp of *Beauty*, the Lamp of *Life*, the Lamp of *Memory*, and the Lamp of *Obedience*. On the embossed cover, however, we find seven me-

dallions, on which are imprinted the seven Latin words, *Religio*, *Observantia*, *Auctoritas*, *Fides*, *Obedientia*, *Memoria*, *Spiritus*. Whether these latter are to be considered the same as the former seven, we are not told; nor whether those of the Latin words which do not respond to any of the English words are to be considered as so many additional lamps. We incline to the former supposition, thinking it more than probable that as Mr. Ruskin has given us a new ecclesiastical history, so he is about to favour the republic of letters with a new Latin language. Be this as it may, the book itself is concerned with those seven elements in architectural excellence, which are implied in the seven English words.

At the first glance it will be seen that Mr. Ruskin has not undertaken to expound the *principles* of architectural science, in the truest sense of the word. He has not ventured upon the discussion of the ideas which lie deep at the heart of all artistic expression, or sought to define what can be accomplished by architecture as a means of expression. His essay may, however, fairly claim to be called a treatise on the principles of the *rules* of architectural art. He unfolds the spirit in which, rather than the ideas on which, the true artist will design and complete his edifice. To use terms properly applicable to a religious system, his "lamps" are as it were the *morals* of art, and in no sense the *doctrines* of art. He thus will never succeed in making men artists, because he does not go to the root of the mischief which ruins the art of the age, and we suspect that he himself is quite unconscious that any thing more than a good *spirit* of design and workmanship is necessary to the reality of any art whatsoever. If the whole race of English artists were as enthusiastic as Mr. Ruskin himself in the adoption of his views, we should see no result beyond a splendid mediocrity; a cold, meaningless, or convulsive effort to communicate to a dead body the aspect of a living being.

What we have already said, indeed, of the extraordinary delusion under which Mr. Ruskin labours with respect to the creed of the mediæval architects, is sufficient to account for his avoidance of any thing that might betray his own inability to probe the wounds of art to the bottom. His notions as to the real ideas and sentiments which the ancient architects embodied in their wonderful creations, are so vague, misty, and contradictory, that he very naturally shuns any attempt to shew his contemporaries where they ought to *begin*, if they would rival the works of their forefathers. Had he tried any thing of this kind, the inevitable result would have been that he would have discovered that neither he nor they were agreed even in the few positive ideas, religious, political, and domestic, which they do possess; and that, on the whole, their creed is a mere mass of negations, a literal *protesting*

against the intellectual, spiritual, and moral nature of other times, with no definite faith or feeling of their own.

Mr. Ruskin's first "Lamp" is that of *Sacrifice*. He does not, however, very clearly define what he means by sacrifice, and a degree of confusion of thought in his illustrations and deductions is the consequence. He seems hardly to know whether he means the principle that in raising edifices of a religious character we should *offer* to God whatever is best of its kind, or whether he thinks that sacrifice means labour. Much that he says on this branch of his subject is good, but he falls into the commonplace error of exaggerating the universal excellence of the works of other times, and seems to suppose that in the 13th century every one employed "the Flaxman of his time," and no one else. He tells us that "all old work nearly has been hard work." This is the stale mistake of fancying that all the buildings of antiquity were great, strong, and enduring, because those which remain to us are so. When will antiquarians remember that the best works alone remain, because the inferior works have necessarily perished? Does Mr. Ruskin suppose that London and Waterloo Bridges, and the Nelson column, and half the deformities of the metropolis and the provinces, will not last as long as York Minster or Cologne Cathedral, and that Sir Christopher Wren's churches are not destined to see many a Gothic spire and tower laid low in the dust?

The chapter on the Lamp of *Truth* contains many admirable criticisms and suggestions, with some exaggerations and absurdities. For instance, Mr. Ruskin says that the English nation is "distinguished for its general uprightness and faith," in the same sentence in which he avows that modern English architecture has "more of pretence, concealment, and deceit than any other of this or of past time." Thus it is that Mr. Ruskin contrives to make his views ridiculous in men's eyes. At the very moment that he is dilating with all the vehemence of a Savonarola against the dissociation of earnestness and truthfulness from art, and maintaining that the hollowness of modern "Romanist" art is a proof of the wickedness and idolatry of Rome, he would coolly have us believe that there is *no* connexion between the hollowness of English Protestant art and the hollowness of the Protestant creed. On Mr. Ruskin's own admissions, either art has nothing to do with morals, faith, and earnestness (in which case the present book is the assertion of an impudent fallacy), or the wretchedness of our modern art is the result of some deep-seated disease in the whole mind of the nation. Perhaps, by the way, as our author's chronology and history is not of the most exact sort, he considers that the Emancipation Act was the cause of the architectural abominations of Regent Street, and

the Maynooth Grant the originator of Mr. Wilkins's design for the National Gallery.

We are sorry also to find Mr. Ruskin echoing the vulgar cry against *cast* or *machine-cut* ornaments in iron, or any other material. We confess that the objection so often made to such works savours to us of the shallowest bigotry. Mr. Ruskin, and those whom he imitates, seem to imagine that there is a sort of magic charm in beating iron with a hammer, and that a machine which gives to the workman's chisel the force of a steam-engine, is something contrary to the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." Now, we are ready to allow that cast-iron ornaments, or cast-brass, or any thing else that is formed in a mould, which *pretends not* to be so moulded, but to be constructed with the hammer, or in some other old-fashioned way, is an absurdity and an imposture; and further, we are convinced that, like other hypocrisies, it never thoroughly succeeds, but betrays itself by a manifest inferiority and awkwardness. But why there is an eternal impropriety in making a fender, or a door-handle, or an iron gate for a church, by means of a mould, or why we should regard a cast glass salt-cellar or tumbler with a sort of moral horror, we never could conceive. Objections to cast and machine-made ornaments on such grounds as these are a mere ridiculous prudery and affectation, and serve only to prejudice men of shrewd sense against any thing like a philosophy in art, as the fantastic dream of half-insane fanatics. Let us have cast-iron ornaments to look like what they are, designed solely with a view to please, and not to deceive, and no earthly reason exists why they should not have a beauty peculiarly their own, even though their beauty be of a different type from that which is characteristic of iron wrought by the hand alone. There is as much genius and truth of utterance in a bird, or a flower, or a bust, carved in oak by Jordan's patent, as if the same result had been produced by an unaided mallet and chisel. The only difference is that one is produced more *easily* than the other; and if greater facility in accomplishment is to be accounted an evil, then the sooner we relapse at once into barbarism the better.

In the same fantastic spirit of arbitrary selection, Mr. Ruskin considers it "*unlawful*" to use metals as a *support* in building. He will tolerate them as a *cement*, but as a cement alone. Really we hardly know how to reply to such quibbling, and such childish slavery to a cut-and-dried set of rules. The notion that some few of the material products of the universe are to enjoy a sort of act-of-Parliament monopoly, and that any thing else which answers the same purpose equally well, or even far better, is to be for ever excluded from employment, is quite inimitable in its way. If Mr. Ruskin had been born a savage, dwelling in huts made of branches of trees, we can con-

ceive his orthodox horror at the discovery of the possibility of making bricks, or of building houses with stone.

This theory he further enforces by one of those artificial reasonings into which men fall who dwell too much in an intellectual solitude, and mistake their private fancies for necessary deductions from unquestionable premises. He says that man ought to *limit himself*, and confine his resources within certain arbitrary bounds, because Divine Omnipotence has restrained itself in the construction of the physical universe, such as it is! How like the reasoning of a publication of the Religious Tract Society! Because Almighty God vouchsafes to employ means to the performance of certain ends, and because those means are not precisely those which we or Mr. Ruskin would have chosen for the purpose, *therefore* a poor, miserable atom like man, whose utmost efforts to accomplish his ends are but as the devices of an infant, is to ape the system of creative Omnipotence, and conceitedly thrust away the materials which the Divine Author of nature has placed within his reach!

On the "Lamp of Power" Mr. Ruskin has many excellent reflections, with many that savour somewhat of wire-drawing and straw-splitting, and some in which praise or blame is awarded far more in accordance with the dictates of arbitrary custom and chance association than on any stable principles of art. For instance, our author will have marble and limestone in general to be chiselled smooth, because (as he tells us) it is easy to produce a flat surface in marble! The following extracts, on the other hand, strike us as containing much admirable criticism:

"Let us, then, see what is this power and majesty, which Nature herself does not disdain to accept from the works of man; and what that sublimity in the masses built up by his coralline-like energy, which is honourable, even when transferred by association to the dateless hills, which it needed earthquakes to lift, and deluges to mould.

"And first, of mere size: it might not be thought possible to emulate the sublimity of natural objects in this respect; nor would it be, if the architect contended with them in pitched battle. It would not be well to build pyramids in the valley of Chamouni; and St. Peter's, among its many other errors, counts for not the least injurious its position on the slope of an inconsiderable hill. But imagine it placed on the plain of Marengo, or, like the Superga of Turin, or like La Salute at Venice! The fact is, that the apprehension of the size of natural objects, as well as of architecture, depends more on fortunate excitement of the imagination than on measurements by the eye; and the architect has a peculiar advantage in being able to press close upon the sight such magnitude as he can command. There are few rocks, even among the Alps, that have a clear vertical fall as high as the choir of Beauvais; and if we secure a good precipice of wall, or a sheer and unbroken flank of tower, and place them where there are no enormous natural features to oppose them, we shall feel in them no want of sublimity of size. And it may be matter of encouragement in this respect, though one also of regret, to observe how much oftener man destroys natural sublimity, than nature crushes human power. It does not need much to humiliate a mountain. A hut

will sometimes do it; I never look up to the Col de Balme from Chamouni, without a violent feeling of provocation against its hospitable little cabin, whose bright white walls form a visibly four-square spot on the green ridge, and entirely destroy all idea of its elevation. A single villa will often mar a whole landscape, and dethrone a dynasty of hills; and the acropolis of Athens, Parthenon and all, has, I believe, been dwarfed into a model by the palace lately built beneath it. The fact is, that hills are not so high as we fancy them; and when to the actual impression of no mean comparative size is added the sense of the toil of manly hand and thought, a sublimity is reached, which nothing but gross error in arrangement of its parts can destroy."

The subjoined is an example of Mr. Ruskin's strength as a writer on mere art, and of his miserably perverted notions on the ideas which art has to embody.

"Positive shade is a more necessary and more sublime thing in an architect's hands than in a painter's. For the latter being able to temper his light with an under tone throughout, and to make it delightful with sweet colour, or awful with lurid colour, and to represent distance, and air, and sun, by the depth of it, and fill its whole space with expression, can deal with an enormous, nay, almost with an universal, extent of it, and the best painters most delight in such extent; but as light, with the architect, is nearly always liable to become full and untempered sunshine seen upon solid surface, his only rests, and his chief means of sublimity, are definite shades. So that, after size and weight, the power of architecture may be said to depend on the quantity (whether measured in space or intenseness) of its shadow; and it seems to me, that the reality of its works, and the use and influence they have in the daily life of men (as opposed to those works of art with which we have nothing to do but in times of rest or of pleasure), require of it that it should express a kind of human sympathy, by a measure of darkness as great as there is in human life: and that as the great poem and great fiction generally affect us most by the majesty of their masses of shade, and cannot take hold upon us if they affect a continuance of lyric sprightliness, but must be serious often, and sometimes melancholy, else they do not express the truth of this wild world of ours; so there must be, in this magnificently human art of architecture, some equivalent expression for the trouble and wrath of life, for its sorrow and its mystery: and this it can only give by depth or diffusion of gloom, by the frown upon its front, and the shadow of its recess. So that Rembrandtism is a noble manner in architecture, though a false one in painting; and I do not believe that ever any building was truly great, unless it had mighty masses, vigorous and deep, of shadow mingled with its surface. And among the first habits that a young architect should learn, is that of thinking in shadow, not looking at a design in its miserable liny skeleton, but conceiving it as it will be when the dawn lights it, and the dusk leaves it; when its stones will be hot, and its crannies cool; when the lizards will bask on the one, and the birds build in the other. Let him design with the sense of cold and heat upon him; let him cut out the shadows, as men dig wells in unwatered plains; and lead along the lights, as a founder does his hot metal; let him keep the full command of both, and see that he knows how they fall, and where they fade. His paper lines and proportions are of no value; all that he has to do must be done by spaces of light and darkness; and his business is to see that the one is broad and bold enough not to be swallowed up by twilight, and the other deep enough not to be dried like a shallow pool by a noonday sun."

Not to dwell on the palpable one-sidedness of all this as respects the power of *shadow* in painting, and its forgetfulness of the fact that, in almost every great historical picture of the

greatest masters, about *two-thirds* of the whole painting is in shade, we cannot pass by Mr. Ruskin's Pagan theory on the sentiment which ought to pervade the architecture of man. Is he serious in telling us that not only domestic, social, and political architecture, but even *religious* architecture, ought to be especially impressed with the trouble and wrath of life, its sorrow and its mystery? Why, even Heathenism would often fill its temples with symbols of joy and gladness, and types of the reconciliation which it supposed to be wrought between its divinities and mankind. Is the frame of mind at which the devout Christian ought to aim, and which faith in the gospel of mercy tends to work within him, gloomy, cavern-like, and awestruck? Is a church constructed in the manner of Rembrandt's pictures a fitting habitation for a Christian soul? Truly, it speaks ill for Mr. Ruskin's theology, if this is any thing more than unmeaning flourish. He must be falling in love with dark, self-torturing Puritanism, or be oppressed with a frightful sense of the unpardonableness of human guilt, and the powerlessness of all Christian doctrine to console, which makes him thus love that which speaks only of sin, and suffering, and despair, rather than of that peace and joy, that calm repose and buoyant hope, which the religion of Jesus Christ confers on those who receive it in its true strength and purity.

In the same passion for wretchedness, Mr. Ruskin denounces every thing like an attempt to please the taste and gratify the feelings in any matter connected with railways. He hugs misery to himself with a self-sacrificing heroism of patience. Railroad travelling is with him all misery and discomfort. He says it deprives people—judging, of course, from his own experience—of that temper and discretion which are necessary to the enjoyment of beauty. He purchases his ticket with the feelings of a man who sends a prescription to the druggist's to be made up; he gets into the carriage (even a first-class one) with the wry face with which we swallow a nauseous medicine, and resigns himself to a martyrdom of anguish, until the horrible operation of locomotion is past, and he is once more sent forth to his ordinary state of being. He says that a man on a railway has "parted with the nobler characteristics of humanity." Henceforth we shall never see a person on the Great Western, or Birmingham, or any other line, huddled up in a corner of a carriage, dark, sour, and misanthropic in visage, and resenting the suggestion of any agreeable thoughts as a cruel mockery of an inward and unknown sorrow, without thinking that we see the author of the *Seven Lamps* rejoicing in his woes, and oppressed with the mingled consciousness that he is moving at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and that that wicked Papist, the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, is a member of the Commons House of Parliament. In common compassion to a suffering fellow-

creature, we would suggest to Mr. Ruskin, that if he were to try the effects of "idoltrous Romanism" upon his own mind, he would find it quite possible to be happy even in a second or third class railway-carriage, and to go from London to Edinburgh with an unruffled soul.

With the chapter on the "Lamp of Beauty" we have serious fault to find. Professing at the outset to assert that those things alone are beautiful in which all will agree with him, Mr. Ruskin proceeds to announce a theory which is asgratuitous and unsupported as his illustrations of his truth are inconsistent with the facts to which he declares that he appeals. His theory is, that the forms of all architectural beauty are to be found in nature; and thus, with his usual reiteration of "I believe," "I say," "I know," "I would," "I am justified," "I doubt not," "I have no hesitation," &c. &c., he expands his fancy:

"Now, I would insist especially on the fact, of which I doubt not that farther illustrations will occur to the mind of every reader, that all most lovely forms and thoughts are directly taken from natural objects; because I would fain be allowed to assume also the converse of this, namely, that forms which are *not* taken from natural objects *must* be ugly. I know this is a bold assumption; but as I have not space to reason out the points wherein essential beauty of form consists, that being far too serious a work to be undertaken in a bye way, I have no other resource than to use this accidental mark or test of beauty, of whose truth the considerations which I hope hereafter to lay before the reader may assure him. I say an accidental mark, since forms are not beautiful *because* they are copied from nature; only it is out of the power of man to conceive beauty without her aid. I believe the reader will grant me this, even from the examples above advanced; the degree of confidence with which it is granted must attach also to his acceptance of the conclusions which will follow from it; but if it be granted frankly, it will enable me to determine a matter of very essential importance, namely, what *is* or is *not* ornament. For there are many forms of so-called decoration in architecture, habitual, and received therefore with approval, or at all events without any venture at expression of dislike, which I have no hesitation in asserting to be not ornament at all, but to be ugly things, the expense of which ought in truth to be set down in the architect's contract, as 'For Monstrification.' I believe that we regard these customary deformities with a savage complacency, as an Indian does his flesh patterns and paint (all nations being in certain degrees and senses savage). I believe that I can prove them to be monstrous, and I hope hereafter to do so conclusively; but, meantime, I can allege in defence of my persuasion nothing but this fact of their being unnatural, to which the reader must attach such weight as he thinks it deserves. There is, however, a peculiar difficulty in using this proof; it requires the writer to assume, very impertinently, that nothing is natural but what he has seen or supposes to exist. I would not do this; for I suppose there is no conceivable form or grouping of forms but in some part of the universe an example of it may be found. But I think I am justified in considering those forms to be *most* natural which are most frequent; or rather, that on the shapes which in the every-day world are familiar to the eyes of men, God has stamped those characters of beauty which He has made it man's nature to love; while in certain exceptional forms He has shewn that the adoption of the others was not a matter of necessity, but part of the adjusted harmony of creation. I believe that thus we may reason from frequency to beauty, and *vice versa*; that knowing a thing to be frequent, we

may assume it to be beautiful; and assume that which is most frequent to be most beautiful: I mean, of course, *visibly* frequent; for the forms of things which are hidden in caverns of the earth, or in the anatomy of animal frames, are evidently not intended by their Maker to bear the habitual gaze of man. And again, by frequency I mean that limited and isolated frequency which is characteristic of all perfection; not mere multitude: as a rose is a common flower, but yet there are not so many roses on the tree as there are leaves. In this respect Nature is sparing of her highest, and lavish of her less, beauty; but I call the flower as frequent as the leaf, because, each in its allotted quantity, where the one is, there will ordinarily be the other."

Accordingly, Mr. Ruskin accounts it impossible to produce beauty with straight lines, which, as every body knows, are very rare in natural objects. This consequence, indeed, of his theory, is its true touchstone. Let us see, then, wherein its fallacy consists. That it is fallacious, a little ordinary recollection of the objects men do call beautiful will shew. It condemns, for example, the Parthenon to the sentence of ugliness! In the Greek temple there is scarcely a line to be found which is not straight, scarcely a form which is borrowed from nature; yet who is insensible to the exquisite *beauty* of its design, and to the intense depth of sentiment and repose which it conveys to the mind? In like manner, Mr. Ruskin must deny the existence of beauty in the vast majority of Italian domestic and palatial buildings, where for every curved line there are ten straight lines. Does he see no beauty in the tower of Magdalen College, Oxford, where nearly every line is straight; no beauty in Salisbury spire, in the west front of Cologne Cathedral, or in the whole class of Gothic exteriors, where the flowing curve is as rare, and the straight line as general, as the curve is general and the straight line rare in a landscape, and in all the works of visible nature? The hollowness of this dogma, indeed, appears in Mr. Ruskin's own illustrations of its truth. For example, we find him uttering the following glaring piece of misrepresentation of facts:

"The next ornament whose cause I would try is that of our Tudor work, the portcullis. Reticulation is common enough in natural form, and very beautiful; but it is either of the most delicate and gauzy texture, or of variously sized meshes and undulating lines. There is no family relation between portcullis and cobwebs or beetles' wings; something like it, perhaps, may be found in some kinds of crocodile armour and on the backs of the Northern divers, but always beautifully varied in size of mesh. There is a dignity in the thing itself, if its size were exhibited, and the shade given through its bars; but even these merits are taken away in the Tudor diminution of it, set on a solid surface. It has not a single syllable, I believe, to say in its defence. It is another monster, absolutely and unmitigatedly frightful. All that carving on Henry the Seventh's Chapel simply deforms the stones of it."

Now, we are not concerned to defend the beauty of the Tudor portcullis, which is ugly and absurd enough; but, in the name of common sense, let it be condemned with something like an adherence to truth of reasoning, and not on the extraordinary assumption that natural reticulation is "either of most delicate and gauzy

texture, or of variously sized meshes and undulating lines." One would think Mr. Ruskin had passed his whole life among spiders, and such-like unpleasant insects. Has he never seen a piece of honeycomb?

The faultiness of his theory is this, that he entirely overlooks the difference between the *materials* with which the great Author of Nature works, in the production of her myriad forms, and those with which man is compelled to work. He has forgotten that the animal, the vegetable, and, in a certain sense, the mineral world also, is one boundless and infinitely diversified manifestation of life, while we form and fashion objects from dead and utterly inanimate matter. Hence it is, that, while the laws of *tenacity* are the governing principles of natural forms, the law of *gravity* is that which rules over the works of human art with irresistible sway. The whole world of nature, from the countenance and figure of man himself, down to the humblest and least developed crystalline surface, are the results of life, strength, movement, and change. They are delightful to the soul, not alone because they often commend themselves to our natural *sense* of the beautiful, but because of what they utter and what they suggest, and because they are the consequences of a spiritual and indwelling energy, which has made them what they are.

And being thus instinct with life, whether animal, vegetable, or chemical, they possess certain physical attributes which permit them to multiply their forms in so vast a multitude of variations, that the imagination is appalled at the thought of numbering them, and feels almost as if it were vainly seeking to grasp the infinite. A handful of garden-flowers, or the boughs and leaves of a single forest-tree, present combinations of curved and straight lines which almost defy our calculation to reckon. And why? Because the materials of which they are formed possess the tenacity of vitality, and are capable of being moulded into varieties and combinations which are simply *impossible* in the works of man. The moment we take the products of creation, and employ them as materials of art, their whole nature is radically altered. Death comes in place of life, decay in place of change, stillness in place of movement. We have an obstacle to overcome in their employment, which—so to say—was comparatively unknown to the Author of nature when they yielded themselves to his plastic hand. We cannot consult our imagination alone in devising new shapes of grace and beauty into which to cast them. We must call in the aid of mathematical construction, and the law of gravity so as to counteract itself. We must draw lines, and smoothen surfaces, and balance parts, and compensate for deficiency of strength, not according to the suggestions of poetry alone, but in subservience to the dictates of geometry. Hence arise a thousand combinations in art which are not found in nature,

simply because they are needless. A straight line actually becomes stronger than a curved. The eye rests with delight on stones piled together in forms which would be utterly detestable in a natural cave, or on a mountain height. Proportion itself assumes a totally new aspect, and whereas it rarely exists with any rigid exactness in natural creations, is essential to the perfection of every work which man's ingenuity can devise. Yet the sense of *beauty* remains. Whatever be its elements, it unquestionably is there. We gaze upon the works we have wrought, from the magnificent temples of Cologne or Milan, down to the puny flower-glass upon a drawing-room table, and the very same emotions are summoned into life in our breasts of which we are conscious when we contemplate an Alpine range, or an Italian vale, or an English garden. All are beautiful, because all are expressive of truth; all express the same ideas, suggest the same associations, strike upon the same inward mysterious sense, and are typical of the same invisible spiritual powers and joys. Their difference lies in the difference between the materials of which they are fashioned, and between the wisdom and omnipotence of God and the ingenuity and humble aspirations of man.

As an example of what we must call the *narrowness* of Mr. Ruskin's ideas, we give another section on this same Lamp of Beauty, in which, as usual, he seems to mistake his own personal feelings for those of humanity in general, and with natural exaggeration lays down minute rules which make the unenthusiastic man of common sense smile.

"Must not beauty, then, it will be asked, be sought for in the forms which we associate with our every-day life? Yes, if you do it consistently, and in places where it can be calmly seen; but not if you use the beautiful form only as a mask and covering of the proper conditions and uses of things, nor if you thrust it into the places set apart for toil. Put it in the drawing-room, not into the workshop; put it upon domestic furniture, not upon tools of handicraft. All men have sense of what is right in this matter, if they would only use and apply that sense; every man knows where and how beauty gives him pleasure, if he would only ask for it when it does so, and not allow it to be forced upon him when he does not want it. Ask any one of the passengers over London Bridge at this instant whether he cares about the forms of the bronze leaves on its lamps, and he will tell you, No. Modify these forms of leaves to a less scale, and put them on his milk-jug at breakfast, and ask him whether he likes them, and he will tell you, Yes. People have no need of teaching if they could only think and speak truth, and ask for what they like and want, and for nothing else; nor can a right disposition of beauty be ever arrived at except by this common sense, and allowance for the circumstances of the time and place. It does not follow, because bronze leafage is in bad taste on the lamps of London Bridge, that it would be so on those of the Ponte della Trinità; nor, because it would be a folly to decorate the house-fronts of Gracechurch Street, that it would be equally so to adorn those of some quiet provincial town. The question of greatest external or internal decoration depends entirely on the conditions of probable repose. It was a wise feeling which made the streets of Venice so rich in external ornament, for there is no couch of rest like the gondola. So, again, there is no subject of street orna-

ment so wisely chosen as the fountain, where it is a fountain of use; for it is just there that perhaps the happiest pause takes place in the labour of the day, when the pitcher is rested on the edge of it, and the breath of the bearer is drawn deeply, and the hair swept from the forehead, and the uprightness of the form declined against the marble ledge, and the sound of the kind word or light laugh mixes with the trickle of the falling water, heard shriller and shriller as the pitcher fills. What pause is so sweet as that—so full of the depth of ancient days, so softened with the calm of pastoral solitude?"

The whole spirit of this criticism we think false and morbid. All the world are not like Mr. Ruskin, though he fancies so. We do not know in what sort of a room he loves to sit, and study, and write, and draw; but we dare say he thinks that every other studious and reflecting man upon earth has precisely the same feelings with himself with respect to slovenliness, or neatness, or bareness, or luxury of details. Why is he blind to the fact, that while many persons are insensible to every emotion of pure enjoyment while occupied in labour, with others it is a joy to mingle sensations of beauty, sweetness, and repose with the sternest and dullest toils to which man is doomed? We do not like this passionate fondness for the thorns and thistles with which life was cursed for the sin of Adam. We love the spirit of Christian peace and hope to be a ruling principle in our minds, even when busied with the most oppressive of the labours of this life of trial. If we have to do penance, or to mortify our senses, and deprive ourselves of innocent enjoyments for some definite spiritual purpose, well and good; so let it be. But when no such objects as these are in view, we would introduce the spirit of repose and pleasure at all times and in every occupation, so that whatsoever be the work of our hands, there shall be some charm for the eye ever to rest upon, and refresh us in the midst of our toils. Thousands and thousands of men and women are soothed and strengthened in the most repulsive of labours by the sight of a solitary flower smiling by their side in a humble vessel of water. Mr. Ruskin laughs at the bronze leaves on the lamps of London Bridge, and asks who cares for them. Let them be taken away, then, and let the old, cold, unornamented bars of wood and iron, which were our grandfather's *beau idéal* of a lamp-post, be substituted. In such a case there is scarcely a passenger who would not be indignant at the change, be offended with the hideous intruders, and clamour for the restoration of those decorations which woo Mr. Ruskin's regards in vain.

As we have dwelt so long on the defects of his chapter on beauty, we cannot forbear quoting its concluding paragraphs, which charmingly describe that exquisite tower in Florence, which we altogether agree with Mr. Ruskin in regarding as one of the most perfect productions of genius to which architecture has given birth.

"These characteristics [of power and beauty] occur more or less in different buildings, some in one and some in an-

other. But all together, and all in their highest possible relative degrees, they exist, as far as I know, only in one building in the world, the Campanile of Giotto at Florence. The drawing of the tracery of its upper story, which heads this chapter, rude as it is, will nevertheless give the reader some better conception of that tower's magnificence than the thin outlines in which it is usually portrayed. In its first appeal to the stranger's eye there is something displeasing; a mingling, as it seems to him, of over-severity with over-minuteness. But let him give it time, as he should to all other consummate art. I remember well how, when a boy, I used to despise that Campanile, and think it meanly smooth and finished. But I have since lived beside it many a day, and looked out upon it from my windows by sunlight and moonlight, and I shall not soon forget how profound and gloomy appeared to me the savageness of the Northern Gothic, when I afterwards stood, for the first time, beneath the front of Salisbury. The contrast is indeed strange, if it could be quickly felt, between the rising of those grey walls out of their quiet swarded space, like dark and barren rocks out of a green lake, with their rude mouldering rough-grained shafts, and triple lights, without tracery or other ornament than the martins' nests in the height of them, and that bright, smooth, sunny surface of glowing jasper, those spiral shafts and fairy traceries, so white, so faint, so crystalline, that their slight shapes are hardly traced in darkness on the pallor of the eastern sky, that serene height of mountain alabaster, coloured like a morning cloud, and chased like a sea shell. And if this be, as I believe it, the model and mirror of perfect architecture, is there not something to be learned by looking back to the early life of him who raised it? I said that the Power of human mind had its growth in the wilderness; much more must the love and the conception of that beauty, whose every line and hue we have seen to be, at the best, a faded image of God's daily work, and an arrested ray of some star of creation, be given chiefly in the places which He has gladdened by planting there the fir-tree and the pine. Not within the walls of Florence, but among the far-away fields of her lilies, was the child trained who was to raise that headstone of Beauty above her towers of watch and war. Remember all that he became; count the sacred thoughts with which he filled the heart of Italy; ask those who followed him what they learned at his feet; and when you have numbered his labours, and received their testimony, if it seem to you that God had verily poured out upon his servant no common nor restrained portion of his Spirit, and that he was indeed a king among the children of men, remember also that the legend upon his crown was that of David's: 'I took thee from the sheepcote, and from following the sheep.'

The ideas of the two concluding chapters, on the Lamps of Memory and Obedience, are the most artificial in Mr. Ruskin's whole volume, though they contain some of his most agreeable passages and most touching thoughts. The opening of the chapter on the Lamp of Memory is especially beautiful. We cannot, however, linger upon them, except to point out the unsatisfactory nature of Mr. Ruskin's reflections on the creation of a new style in architecture. He proposes the rigid enforcement of the rules of one definite epoch of the past, which he would have studied with all the diligence and "obedience" with which we study the rules of a dead language; and these rules he would have us follow in our buildings with the same strictness with which we strive to write Latin like Cicero, or Greek like Xenophon. Out of this absolute obedience to one good and practically serviceable style, he thinks that a new style *might* naturally arise, under

the pressure of certain possible combinations of circumstances, or through the efforts of the inward powers of genius. Whether, however, such should be the result or no, it is his conviction that by no other means can the production of a new species of true architectural construction be even a possibility.

Now, with all our knowledge of Mr. Ruskin's ignorance of history, we marvel at the obliviousness of the past which this speculation betrays. Never yet, during the whole progress of mankind, was a new art produced by such a system. Never yet did any thing better result from the method here recommended than a frigid, soulless revivalism. Mr. Ruskin's comparison of architectural study with the study of a foreign language ought, indeed, to have suggested facts to him which would have betrayed the faultiness of his theory. No new language was ever invented by the diligent study and practice of another perfect dead or strange tongue. New forms of architecture, and new forms of speech, are alike the result of a *tentative* process, and not of calm and reverent study of the past alone. In every single instance in which the history of the creation of an architectural style is known, we find precisely the same laws prevailing. We see a generation of men, energetic, laborious, and full of deep emotions and ardent aspirations, unaffectedly taking up the language or the architectural forms and fragments which actually exist in living operation around them, employing them boldly and imaginatively for the accomplishment of their own purposes, combining them, modifying them, adding to them, and developing their capacities, until at last a noble creation is called into existence, in which the past appears merged in the present, and the old seems to have vanished before the new.

Such is the history of the Romanesque styles of Europe previous to the 13th century. They sprung into life at the bidding of the same voice of energy and life which fashioned the languages of Italy, France, and Spain from out of the *débris* of the ruined classical Latin. By a similar process Gothic architecture was summoned into being, and by a similar process every subsequent variation of its rules was introduced. Thus, too, was modern Italian architecture created. It was the creature of a series of *tentative* efforts to devise *something* that should be more true, more chaste, more sensible than the monstrosities of decayed Gothic, when Gothic had corrupted itself and become a caricature. Its progress was gradual, commencing with an almost total ignorance of the laws of classical architecture, and never rigidly adopting them. The stages of its growth are similar to the periods of advance in the creation of the Italian tongue; and when it had reached maturity, it was as dissimilar to the architecture of Augustus, Diocletian, or Constantine, as the language of Tasso and

Boccaccio was unlike the language of Virgil or Pliny. The true parallel to Mr. Ruskin's scheme is to be found in the study of the ancient Latin by the classical zealots of Italy. They actually adopted the method here recommended. They studied and wrote with an idolatrous veneration for the rules of bygone days. But they created nothing. They amused themselves; they wrote letters and verses of faultless purity; they fancied they were speaking the voice of humanity; but their revived Latin was a mere scholar's bubble the moment it ceased to be regarded as a means for forming the taste and disciplining the mind. Their works have gone the way of all revivals; they are known to the studious; they exist in histories; but living man has cast them off, as he casts off the fantastic forms of a coat or a doublet when fashion calls for something new.

For ourselves, we believe that a new species of architectural art, in our present state of civilisation and knowledge, is impossible. We know the past too well to escape from thralldom to its rules. Moderate success is so easily attained, that mediocrity is our inevitable lot. We can no more create a new style of building than we can create a new language. Those who essay such a task are laughed at for their pains, and their productions are fit only to be classed with the spelling reform of the *Phonetic News*. A man who *thinks* architecturally, thinks in the language of the old Greek, or Gothic, or Italian architects. Whatever he wants to utter, a form of architectural speech, based on well-known rules, presents itself to his thoughts, and in it he must give expression to his ideas. New rules of art, and new rules of grammar, can only spring from out of the confusion of barbarism. The very world itself was formed by its divine Creator out of a chaos. First He created a formless void, and thence educes the glorious order of the visible universe. Such, too, is the history of all human arts. A high state of civilisation and information can produce nothing that is essentially new. The old mythologists peopled the firmament of stars, and the very woods and fields, with a world of imaginative beings, not only because they possessed no pure revelation

from Heaven, but because they were ignorant of the laws of astronomy and physical science. Modern unbelievers are aware that the sun is a ball of fire, at a certain measured distance from the earth, and that the planets move at so many miles per hour on their orbits; and thus they are no more inclined to invest them with the attributes of Divinity, than to see something more than human in a locomotive engine or a steam press. The inventions of imaginative genius are impossible beneath the sway of science. In the rules of the architects of the days of Pericles and of the middle ages, we see the same kind of fixed laws which we have detected in the motions of the heavenly bodies and the chemical processes of vegetation. All is open, clear, fixed, and unchangeable. The ardent fire of life which moulded the piles of the Gothic cathedrals from out of the wrecks of an elder antiquity, is as impossible amongst us, as the enthusiasm of Columbus when he sought and found an unknown world. Every child now can tell its grandmother that the earth is shaped like an orange; and so too every architect's clerk knows the rules on which were built the Parthenon and the Coliseum, the abbey of the English monk and the palace of the Italian noble. We cannot be young again; with the experience of old age we become subject to its coldness and its helplessness of imagination.

We must, however, part with our author without further delay, and trust that he will not take it ill if we counsel him for the future to bestow more care on testing his theories by a larger application of them to facts, to pay more attention to history and less to his own personal feelings; and above all, to write nothing on any theological or controversial point, until he has paid some little attention to theology and controversy. He may yet become not only a very ingenious and brilliant theoriser, but a most useful writer on questions of art of every description; but if he continues much longer his present habits of thought and composition, he will end, we are convinced, in becoming simply prosy, parsonic, and dormiferous.

Clough's Poems.

Ambarvalia. Poems by Thomas Burbidge and Arthur H. Clough. London, Chapman and Hall.

MR. CLOUGH's poems, which it is our intention principally to notice, and which occupy the first half of this volume, belong to that description of poetry which to ourselves is perhaps more interesting than any other. It is an every-day observation, that in all persons, more or less, but more especially in all persons of lively and keen sensibilities, there is an inward life, in which they far more truly *live*,

than in the external and visible one. The customs of society, the necessities of every-day duties, the hopelessness of meeting with sympathy, these and other causes conspire in giving a certain external sameness to all educated men. The devout religionist, the man of the world, and the debauchee, may unite for political or other purposes, or may meet together, if they so please, and sustain conversation on no very unequal terms. Nay, even in his domestic circle, where the Englishman especially loves to unbend, his deep-

est thoughts, those which are most of all the centre round which his whole life turns, are often still secrets; he cannot disclose them even if he would. But if he have the divine gift and publish poetry,—poetry, we mean, of that particular kind which is here in question,—then we begin to see his real self, stripped of disguises and conventionalities; then we learn what are those cherished and deeply enshrined objects, on which his heart and his imagination rest and are supported.

It is impossible that poetry of this nature shall be written at all, without thus unveiling the innermost thoughts. Many a man, indeed, will write a cut and dry *imitation* of this style, and unveil nothing except the profound unreality and sophistication of his own mind; but it requires no very deep or discerning criticism to discover such pitiful imposture, and estimate it at its proper value. We are speaking of *genuine* poetry, belonging to (what may be called) the autobiographical kind: and we say that it is of especial interest, because it discloses in a way peculiar to itself the inward belief and principles of a man; it shews us what he really feels as his *summum bonum*; it makes clear what is that standard whereby he measures himself and the world around him. In one such poet you will see, as the prevailing principle, a yearning for human sympathy; in another a thirst for keen and ecstatic enjoyments of a lower and more sensual kind; in a third, the burning ardour for intellectual attainments, for clearer knowledge as to our position in this life and our prospects in another; in a fourth, the longing for power and influence over the minds of others stands confessed; in a fifth, the benevolent love of his fellow-men; in a sixth, these several desires mixed in various proportions; and so on *ad infinitum*. And, in like manner, the devout Catholic, if he write such poetry, will expend himself in musings on the wonderful grace of God, which has followed after him for so many years of careless wandering, and has found him at last; or on the treasures of love stored in the Sacred Heart of his Saviour; or on the glories of the Queen of his affections; or on the bitter root of sin ever springing up within the soul; or on the happy prospect of future rest both from sin and suffering; or again, in lamentations on the miserable appearance presented by the sinful world, and hopes and prayers that souls may be gathered in to Christ.

All impartial persons, we are confident, will at once admit that Mr. Clough's poetry is of the real genuine kind described above, and in no way of the artificial or sophisticated sort. On the other hand, his general principle and view of things differs essentially from any one of those we have enumerated. It differs no less from those ordinarily called worldly than from the Catholic; it differs no less from the

Catholic than from those ordinarily called worldly. We think, then, it may interest our readers if we endeavour to set before them this his general view of things, and as nearly as possible in his own words. We shall make no attempt to appreciate and describe his poetical excellences, though we are inclined to place them in a very high rank; but merely to draw out what may be called the *doctrine* of these poems. Such an effort may make not an uninteresting chapter in the history of the contemporary English religious mind in general, and in particular of one school which appears at present to have considerable influence, the school founded by the late Dr. Arnold; for Mr. Clough, as is well known, was one of Dr. Arnold's ablest and most cherished pupils. It may be added, that Mr. Clough has been for some years a Fellow of Oriel College; that during his residence at Oxford he has published one or two pamphlets of a practical tendency (one on the importance and the best method of diminishing undergraduate expenditure, another on the duty of subscribing largely for the relief of Irish distress), which are most highly spoken of; that he has ceased from residence (we believe) without taking orders; and is now the Principal of an Unitarian establishment in connexion with University College, London—a position, however, we imagine, which does not necessarily imply that he has himself adopted Unitarian opinions.

We cannot make an in every way fairer beginning of our extracts, than the first poem in the volume; of its great beauty we suppose there can be no second opinion.

The human spirits saw I on a day,
Sitting and looking each a different way;
And, hardly tasking, subtly questioning,
Another spirit went around the ring
To each and each: and as he ceased his say,
Each after each, I heard them singly sing—
Some querulously high, some softly, sadly low—
We know not,—what avails to know?
We know not,—wherefore need we know?—
This answer gave they still unto his suing:
We know not, let us do as we are doing.

Dost thou not know that these things only seem?—
I know not, let me dream my dream.
Are dust and ashes fit to make a treasure?—
I know not, let me take my pleasure.
What shall avail the knowledge thou hast sought?—
I know not, let me think my thought.
What is the end of strife?—
I know not, let me live my life.
How many days or e'er thou mean'st to move?—
I know not, let me love my love.
Were not things old once new?—
I know not, let me do as others do.
And when the rest were overpast,
I know not, I will do my duty, said the last.

Thy duty do? rejoined the voice,
Ah, do it, do it, and rejoice!
But shalt thou then, when all is done,
Enjoy a love, embrace a beauty
Like these, that may be seen and won
In life, whose course will then be run;
Or wilt thou be where there is none?—
I know not, I will do my duty.

And taking up the word, around, above, below—
 Some querulously high, some softly, sadly low—
 We know not, sang they all, nor ever need we know!
 We know not, sang they, what avails to know?—
 Whereat the questioning spirit, some short space,
 Though unabashed, stood quiet in his place.
 But as the echoing chorus died away,
 And to their dreams the rest returned apace,
 By the one spirit I saw him kneeling low,
 And in a silvery whisper heard him say:
Truly, thou knowest not, and thou needst not know;
 Hope only, hope thou, and believe again;
I also know not, and I need not know:
 Only with questionings pass I to and fro,
 Perplexing these that sleep, and in their folly
 Imbreeding doubt and sceptic melancholy;
 Till that their dreams deserting, they with me
Come all to this true ignorance and thee.

This principle, viz. of doing our duty for duty's sake, may almost be called the key-note of the whole series, and has evidently complete possession of the author's mind. It is not necessary to say how far higher and nobler a principle this is than any merely worldly or merely interested standard of action; and yet, as held by Mr. Clough at least, it does not contain all that might be desired. Of course, one who has unhappily not been educated in any creed in which he can have *faith*, must begin by taking his conscience for his one authority; but ought he to expect that he shall end there? He knows that there are various voices in the world purporting to be immediate revelations from God; is he justified in *taking for granted* that none of them are really so? This is one element which we greatly desiderate in Mr. Clough:—a strong sense of the *a priori* probability that among these alleged revelations some one is true, and of the fearful irreverence towards God which is implied in passing over their claims without examination;—an anxious desire thence resulting to discover if possible that one truth;—and a pious purpose to submit his mind to it when found. He seems quite contented, as the passages we have put into italics especially shew, to remain in darkness all his life.

Mr. Clough, however, is very far from implying by the term "duty" merely that particular code of morality which one happens to have been taught; for he has written a spirited poem (pp. 39, 40) against so miserable a notion, and in favour of giving full heed to "the questioning and the guessing of the soul's own soul within." That the conscience can by degrees clear itself more and more of error, and find for itself more and more of moral truth, he admits; that there may possibly be a divine fabric of both moral and supernatural truth, requiring the implicit submission of intellect and will, and that, if there be such, it probably admits of being recognised—this he does not so much *deny*, as ignore the very question.

But, returning to this principle of the authority of conscience, is not this beautiful?

Are there not, then, two musics unto men?—
 One loud and bold and coarse,
 And overpowering still perforce

All tone and tune beside;
 Yet, in despite its pride,
 Only of fumes of foolish fancy bred,
 And sounding solely in the sounding head:
 The other, soft and low,
 Stealing whence we not know,
 Painfully heard, and easily forgot,
 With pauses oft and many a silence strange,
 (And silent oft it seems, when silent it is not)—
 Revivals too of unexpected change:
 Haply thou think'st 'twill never be begun;
 Or that 't has come, and been, and past away;
 Yet turn to other none,—
 Turn not, oh, turn not thou!
 But listen, listen, listen,—if haply be heard it may;
 Listen, listen, listen,—is it not sounding now?
 Yea, and as thought of some beloved friend,
 By death or distance parted, will descend,
 Severing, in crowded rooms ablaze with light,
 As by a magic screen, the seer from the sight,
 (Palsying the nerves that intervene
 The eye and central sense between;)
 So may the ear,
 Hearing, not hear,
 Though drums do roll, and pipes and cymbals ring;
 So the bare conscience of the better thing—
 Unfelt, unseen, unimaged, all unknown—
 May fix the entranced soul mid multitudes alone.

And this?

And can it be, you ask me, that a man,
 With the strong arm, the cunning faculties,
 And keenest forethought gifted, and, within,
 Longings unspeakable, the lingering echoes
 Responsive to the still-still-calling voice
 Of God Most High,—should disregard all these,
 And half-employ all those, for such an aim
 As the light sympathy of successful wit,
 Vain titillation of a moment's praise?
 Why, so is good no longer good, but *crime*
Our truest, best advantage, since it lifts us
Out of the stifling gas of men's opinion
Into the vital atmosphere of Truth,
Where He again is visible, though in anger.

Nor can we bring ourselves to omit the following (though it bears less directly on matters of controversy), as being about the most beautiful specimen of blank verse we have happened to see in any modern writer:

Light words they were, and lightly, falsely said;
 She heard them, and she started,—and she rose,
 As in the act to speak; the sudden thought
 And unconsidered impulse led her on.
 In act to speak she rose: but with the sense
 Of all the eyes of that mixed company
 Now suddenly turned upon her, some with age
 Hardened and dulled, some cold and critical,
 Some in whom vapours of their own conceit—
 As moist malarious mists the heavenly stars—
 Still blotted out their good, the best at best
 By frivolous laugh and prate conventional
 All too untuned for all she thought to say—
 With such a thought the mantling blood to her cheek
 Flushed up, and o'er-flushed itself, blank night her soul
 Made dark, and in her all her purpose swooned.
 She stood as if for sinking. Yet anon,
 With recollections clear, august, sublime,
 Of God's great truth, and right immutable,
 Which, as obedient vassals, to her mind
 Came summoned of her will, in self-negation
 Quelling her troublous earthy consciousness,
 She queened it o'er her weakness. At the spell
 Back rolled the ruddy tide, and leaves her cheek
 Paler than erst, and yet not ebbs so far
 But that one pulse of one indignant thought
 Might hurry it hither in flood. So as she stood
 She spoke. God in her spoke, and made her heard.

We wish we had room to quote part of a very interesting series from p. 41 to p. 49, called by the author somewhat unintelligibly,

"Blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realised;" which present in fact the utterance, in various shapes, of the most touching repentance and self-abasement for past faults and unrealities: but it is difficult to make a selection, and the whole is too long for our pages.

There are two poems in which the author expresses an earnest conviction, that minds which honestly act under a sense of duty are really holding the same course, even when they appear to differ most widely. There is a sense in which, and qualifications under which, this is true; but in our humble judgment, there is a more obvious and more ordinary sense in which it is most false. The first of these poems occurs at p. 9; the second at p. 50 is of such great poetical merit, that we shall quote it.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay,
With canvass drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce, long leagues apart, descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged.

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there!

The most singular poem of the whole, theologically speaking, is that from p. 23 to p. 28. In this he is speaking of the *atheistical* tendency of speculation at the present day, the tendency to represent that

Earth goes by chemic forces; Heaven's
A Mécanique Celeste,
And heart and mind of human kind
A watch-work like the rest;

and compares this state of speculation to the cloud of darkness on Mount Sinai, while Moses was within, communing with God. He bids us to be quite confident that some Moses will come from behind the cloud in due time, if we will only be content to wait, and will "bring some worthy thing for waiting souls to see; some sacred word that he hath heard." In the mean time the great evil he fears is, lest humble souls, seeing the evil tendency of this free speculation, should fall back on some one of the old forms of religion; forms which he re-

spectfully parallels to the *Golden Calf* worshipped by the Israelites during Moses' absence. As yet, up to the nineteenth century, we know nothing of real religion: existing creeds are but golden calves, and all true reasoning seems to lead towards atheism: only let us have patience, however, he says, and something better will at last come. It quite baffles comprehension how a thinker, in many respects so humble and so profound as Mr. Clough, can be blind to the strange, the absolutely incredible audacity, of such a mode of thinking. What does *he* know of all existing creeds, what pains has he taken to acquaint himself with their claims and their nature, what amount of confidence does he claim for his own judgment, that he thus quietly and self-complacently sneers at them as golden calves? What hope can there be of his arriving at religious truth, while such is his demeanour?

But the most painful criticism we have to make is yet to come. We have always had deep misgivings as to the ultimate result of the principles held by Dr. Arnold and the Protestant world generally in regard to marriage; of the blasphemies they utter against the beauty and the merit of virginity; of the allegations they make as to what they are pleased to call the unnaturalness of Catholic morality. These principles of theirs, even as they hold them, in regard to the sacredness of *nature*, are indeed hateful and anti-Christian enough; but we have always feared, that when heartily embraced and fairly carried out to consequences by ardent and consistent thinkers, they would assume a shape from which such men as Dr. Arnold would recoil in dismay. It is with deep regret that we cite these poems in corroboration of this misgiving. In the mere matter of language, and as judged only by the conventionalities of society, there are passages bordering most closely (to say the least) on the indelicate: but as to the matter itself, we will only say, that thoughts and feelings, to which, were a good Catholic so unhappy as to give consent, he would be off at once to his confessor in anguish of soul, are here recorded as mere phenomena, with no hint of regret or shame. We allude especially to the poem in p. 52, called "*Natura naturans*;" but the following poem also is not free from blame on the same score. And this fact is the more significant, from the company in which Mr. Clough's poems appear; for as to Mr. Burbridge's,—it will be enough to say, that the latter gentleman uses the phrase, "*the sacred fire of youth*" (p. 94), openly and undisguisedly, to express the feeling of sensual passion in a married man.

And now our readers have some general idea of the ethical tone of Mr. Clough's poems. To examine into this ethical tone, to endeavour, *e.g.* to decide how far on the whole it is

hopeful or the reverse in regard to his chance of ultimately reaching to the truth; or how much is praiseworthy and how much reprehensible;—this would lead us to far too great a length, even if the task were within the compass of our ability. On their *poetical* merit, again, it is needless to speak; for the quotations we have given will enable our readers

to judge for themselves. So much only we may say, that, to judge from our own experience, these poems possess one characteristic of high excellence, viz. that they grow greatly on the mind by repeated perusal, and that a first reading does them no sort of justice.

THE WATER-CURE AT HOME.

The Domestic Practice of Hydropathy. By Edward Johnson, M.D. London, Simpkin and Marshall.

To the uninitiated there is something awful in the thought of hydropathy in one's own house. One trembles at the idea of the washing, drinking, and packing mania—such as it is vulgarly supposed to be—seizing upon fathers and mothers, and converting every other bed-room and sitting-room into a vast bathing machine for the alternate torment and gratification of the sufferers and the amateur practitioners. A score of bottles and pill-boxes, together with an ounce-measuring glass, a set of weights and scales, and a hip-bath, has hitherto been supposed to constitute the whole *battery* of the household doctor. But if the entire apparatus of shallow bath, sitz bath, plunging-bath, vapour-bath, head-bath, foot-bath, blanket-packing, wet-sheet-packing, compress, and *douche*, is to be introduced among our Lares and Penates, imagination stands aghast at the prospect; and we feel much the same as the unfortunate mortal in the play, when he heard the apothecary thus instruct the nurse in the treatment to which she was to subject him,—“Nurse, make the patient take all the pills, and swallow all the draughts; bleed him freely in both arms and both legs; apply cataplasms to the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet, and blisters *indiscriminately* all over the person.”

We have been greatly relieved by Dr. E. Johnson's book, on finding that he is very far from meditating any such onslaught upon our firesides; that a very moderate addition to our stock of washing utensils is all that is needed for a rational domestic hydropathy; and that it would be wholly superfluous for the inhabitants of towns to agree with a water company for a larger supply of the pure (or impure) element than they now receive. In fact, Dr. Johnson recommends people to practise the water-cure with great caution upon themselves; that is, without previous medical advice; while there are some features in its system which are wholly impracticable under one's own roof. He is, as it appears to us, extremely rational and fair in his application

of the remedy; being as far removed from the practitioners who denounce all drugs, and who would turn a man's inside into a sort of reservoir for water, as he is from those who laugh at hydropathy as a mere quack device, unworthy the attention of a well-educated physician. An extract will shew the caution with which he applies the system; and we quote it the more readily, because it bears upon an opinion on which he urgently insists in many parts of his book, and of the truth of which we entertain a very strong conviction.

“In the practical division of this work I have endeavoured to point out, and to put the public on their guard against, excess of treatment—that is, treatment disproportioned to the capabilities of the constitution and the requirements and nature of the disease. I only mention the subject now, because I have received this morning (February 15th, 1849), a letter from a young patient of mine, who left me because I would not give him treatment *enough*. To use his own expression, I did not ‘*knock him about half enough*.’ So he went where he got ‘knocked about’ sufficiently. An extract or two from his melancholy letter will shew what have been the results of the ‘knocking about’ which he so much desired, and which, at last, he obtained. The words put in italics are those which are underscored in the letter. When he left me, he was a fine, tall, strong young man, with nothing the matter with him, beyond a somewhat weakened condition of the brain, arising from close and continued mathematical study at Cambridge. He writes to me thus: ‘I beg to thank you for the prospectus: I regard myself as partially a martyr to hydropathy. I derived great benefit from *your* treatment, and this induced me to try * * * * * and, after *nine months* of the most patient and *scrupulous* adoption of hydropathy, I left the place *very* much worse than when I first came to you. To give you an idea of what I *was*’ (when he left that place) ‘I will, in a word or two, tell you what I am after more than six months of slow improvement’ (that is, *since* he left it). ‘I cannot sit upright for half an hour *quietly*, without great discomfort. I have *heat, fulness, and pain* throughout the whole length of my spine at intervals. My eyes are *still* somewhat blood-shot after sleeping or reading; my bladder is irritable; I have occasional tightness and *hot flashings* across the forehead; and, added to all these, the *former* fulness and weight in the cerebellum’ (back part of the brain). ‘I think, candidly, that *you* partially mistook my case, but nevertheless I left you, I believe, fast progressing towards health. The fons mali’ (the seat of the disease) ‘was the stomach, and brain *slightly*—then the spinal cord—then the brain. This, however, is merely *my* opinion. At * * * * * I was *almost* literally walked and soaked into my grave, or into organic disease, if that is not already the case.’

“The most curious part of this letter is the pertinacity with which the writer still clings to the notion

that the seat of his malady is in his *stomach*. There seems to be some witchcraft in this word *stomach*. He has never in the whole course of his life indulged in stomach intemperance, but has always lived plainly and most temperately as it regards eating and drinking. But, for fully one *half of his entire life*, he has indulged in brain intemperance—he has been an industrious student. While with me I treated him, too, for brain disorder; and he acknowledges that under that treatment he was '*fast progressing towards health*.' After he left me he was treated otherwise, and the result was (according to his own account), that he narrowly escaped with his life, and is now a mere wreck of his former self. Besides all this, it will be observed that, in his letter, all the symptoms he enumerates, except one, are actually seated in the head or spine—'heat, fulness, and pain throughout the whole length of my spine; eyes somewhat blood-shot after sleeping or reading; tightness and hot flashings across my forehead; fulness and weight in the cerebellum' (back part of the brain). Throughout the whole of his letter there is not one word about his stomach. And yet, by some strange fatality, some extraordinary crookedness of reasoning, the circumstantial evidence which he himself details—and which is strong enough, in a court of law, to condemn a criminal to death—seems insufficient to disabuse his mind of the deep-rooted absurdity that the head and front of the offence is, or was, all in his stomach. One would think his brains had escaped out of his skull, and were now lodged in his stomach.

"And this leads me to introduce and reiterate here a caution which I have also urged in the body of the book: against the lavish and continued application of cold water to the *spine*. The spinal cord is a small and delicate organ, and infinitely more easily and injuriously chilled than the brain; while the office which it serves in the vital economy is of equal importance. I have seen already much mischief done by chilling the spinal cord too much."

The reader will have observed that Dr. Johnson here strenuously opposes the common idea that disorder of the brain is more usually caused by the disorder of the stomach than the reverse. In other places, also, he combats the same idea with considerable force and skill; and, we must confess, with what seem unanswerable arguments. As his view is one of considerable importance to all persons engaged in *head-work* of all kinds, and therefore concerns a large number of the readers of the *Rambler*, we shall make no apology for quoting what he says at length.

"All modern writers agree that indigestion is a disorder especially belonging to an advanced state of civilised life. It must depend, therefore, upon that peculiarity, whatever it be, which distinguishes advanced civilisation from a more primitive condition.

"This peculiarity undoubtedly consists in the greater amount of brain-work and brain-excitement which results from a highly artificial state of society. The employment of mankind is more intellectual—there is more study, more head-work of every sort; more anxiety; a keener sense of the moral responsibilities of all kinds; the sensibilities have a keener edge, and the moral emotions are, therefore, more easily and more frequently excited, and are more intensely felt; there is more pride; more envy, hatred, and malice; more ambition; more competition; more every thing in the world to harass, worry, distress, excite, and depress the brain and nervous system.

"All these are causes which are well known, and universally acknowledged to be capable of producing diseased conditions of the brain. They are acknowledged to be causes which sometimes produce insanity, and other well-defined brain-diseases. It must be re-

membered also, that the same advanced state of civilisation which gives rise to these causes of brain and nervous disease, also gives rise to a luxurious, sedentary, in-door, and enfeebling manner of life, which makes the brain and nervous system more tender, and therefore more easily affected by these injurious influences.

"Now, these moral causes are causes which act immediately upon the brain and nerves—they cannot possibly act immediately upon the stomach. The brain and nerves are the only organs which are capable of being influenced, in the first instance, by moral impressions. They are the only organs capable of perceiving moral causes.

"But it is admitted on all hands that indigestion is chiefly produced by causes which are entirely moral, such as anxiety of mind, protracted grief, intense study, moral excitement, exhausting pleasures, &c.

"Now, since it is acknowledged that these causes can and do act upon the brain injuriously, and cannot act upon the stomach at all, otherwise than through the brain and nerves—since it is admitted that these are among the most frequent causes of indigestion—since it is avowed that indigestion may be produced by disease in any remote organ, between which and the stomach there exists any sympathy—and since none will deny that there is a very striking sympathy between the stomach and brain—it seems to me that those who admit all this cannot do otherwise than admit also that indigestion, whenever it does depend upon moral causes (as all allow that it most commonly does), must necessarily depend upon disease of the brain—since the brain is the only organ upon which these causes can exert any immediate influence.

"Here, then, we recognise a set of influences which we know to be in constant operation upon the brain and nerves of those particular classes of persons who are most subject to dyspepsia; we know that these influences can, because we are constantly seeing that they do, produce diseases of the brain, as, for instance, insanity; we know also that the brain cannot be diseased without producing more or less of disturbance in the stomach, because we see that the functions of the stomach are disturbed whenever the brain suffers under any of those diseases peculiar to that organ; and that the same symptoms of indigestion, as they are called, are then manifested as in instances of pure dyspepsia, although in conjunction with others of a more decisive character.

"On the other hand, if it be presumed that the diseased state of parts which produces functional disorders of the stomach is situated in that organ itself, then we find ourselves in this difficulty, viz. that we are unacquainted with any causes (where the stomach has never been abused by intemperate eating or drinking) which are capable of influencing that organ in such an especial manner as to set up disease within it, which, after enduring for years, yet leaves no trace behind it after death.

"This last observation will not apply to the brain. For, since the healthful impressions made on the brain by moral causes are totally inappreciable by our senses, it is nothing wonderful that their morbid impressions should also be inappreciable.

"Since moral causes can only influence the stomach, in any manner, by first influencing the brain, how can they influence the stomach in that one particular manner called a morbid manner, but by first influencing the brain in a morbid manner? But to 'influence the brain in a morbid manner' is only another form of words signifying to establish a 'morbid state of the brain,' and a 'morbid state of the brain' is only another phrase for 'disease of the brain.'

"Besides all this, we observe, that indigestion is a disease not only peculiar to an artificial state of society, but more especially, almost exclusively, peculiar to those classes of persons whose lives, where all are artificial, are the most artificial—the middle and upper classes.

"Another fact, which cannot fail to strike the think-

ing reader of medical works, is this, viz. that all those symptoms which are enumerated as indicative of indigestion or disordered function of stomach, by all writers on the subject, will be found stated by the same writers as being, amongst others, the symptoms of well-ascertained and recognised diseases of the brain; and the same causes mentioned as causes of indigestion, he will also find mentioned as causes of some one or other of the ordinary brain diseases. Let him consult the best authorities under the several heads of apoplexy, epilepsy, palsy, St. Vitus's dance, insanity, and other brain affections, and there is scarcely a single symptom of indigestion which he will not find mentioned as also indicative of one or more of the brain diseases. * * *

"Excessive eating and drinking are mentioned as amongst the causes of indigestion. Undoubtedly, these are capable of producing it. But excessive eating and drinking, drunkenness and gluttony, are amongst the vices of a bygone age, whereas indigestion is more prevalent than ever. We are perpetually meeting with cases of indigestion, moreover, in persons who we know have, all their lives, lived in the most temperate and wholesome manner, so far as regards eating and drinking.

"There is, indeed, very often, but little distinction or difference between that sort of disease called indigestion, and that popularly termed nervousness. Every dyspeptic is more or less nervous, and every nervous person is more less dyspeptic.

"The truth is, that what are called dyspepsia, nervousness, and determination of blood to the head, are little more than different phases of the same diseased condition. And one or other of the more important brain-affections is the natural goal towards which they all have a less or greater tendency.

"It is extremely difficult, however, to convince patients themselves that the true seat of disease is not in

the stomach. They very naturally imagine, not being conversant with such matters, that the disease must be in that organ in which the symptoms are felt."

From Dr. Johnson's preliminary remarks, we gather that the efficacy of the water treatment, as a powerful means of cure for a large number of diseases, is gradually forcing itself upon the conviction of many medical men of the highest attainments. In truth, considering that it is a fact, now ascertained by microscopic examination, that the little tubes called the pores of a man's skin, if laid end to end, would make one tube *twenty-eight miles* in length, so multitudinous is their number; and further, that through these tubes, three quarters, or more, of the whole of what we eat and drink passes out into the air, there needs little proof to shew that no medical treatment can really strike at the *seat* of disease which does not preserve these myriads of ducts in a state of healthy purity and energetic action. We cannot, however, afford more remarks upon Dr. Johnson's volume; but may safely recommend it as a judicious exposition of the effects of hydropathy, so far as they are known, and of directions for its application, so far as it has yet been made a matter of scientific experiment and observation.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Vesper Psalter: containing the Eight Psalm Tones, with their several Endings; the Vesper Psalms for Sundays and Festivals, and the Magnificat, pointed for Chanting to each of the above Tones; followed by the Order for the Vespers of Sunday and the Office of Compline, with the Musical Notation. The whole accompanied with an English Translation. London, Burns.

Vesper Psalter: Organ Accompaniments: containing the Eight Psalm Tones, with their Festal and Ferial Mediations, their various Endings, &c. By John Lambert. Burns.

As we are not at all times entirely agreed with Mr. Lambert on the subject of Plain Chant, we have the more gratification in being able to express our cordial thanks for the zeal which has induced him to bring out these two publications, and for the judgment and skill they throughout display. We truly sympathise with him in his detestation of half-modernised Gregorian music, which we ever desire to hear either wholly unchanged in its melody, or else thoroughly modernised by being merely taken as a *subject* for contrapuntal treatment, as we find it in the works of Palestrina and the old Italian masters, and of the great Protestant musicians, Handel, Bach, and Samuel Wesley. The wretched, drawing, and effeminate strains which have unfortunately become so nearly universal in English Catholic churches and chapels, and which usurp the name of chants, are as unsatisfactory to the most highly cultivated musical ear as to the most untaught and simple. They are to be classed with what we call *twaddle* in writing, and with the "*washy*

virtues" of Sir Joshua Reynolds in New College Chapel, Oxford. The old melodies—we speak especially of the tones for the Psalms—are full of a rugged, solemn, and majestic grandeur, which admirably symbolises the Christian spirit of self-denial, mortification, and heroic energy, as the masterpieces of more modern harmony express the love, the magnificence, and the profound thought which are even more characteristic of the Catholic religion. And any alteration in their notes, or any harmonising in the organ accompaniment, which deprives them of their peculiar sentiment, in order to adapt them to the current of sound to which modern science has accustomed our ears, is so far a destruction of their life and meaning, and is, we are persuaded, one of the chief hindrances which has hitherto prevented the advance of congregational chanting in this country.

In the Accompaniments before us, Mr. Lambert has retained the melodies in all their purity, while the harmonies are constructed upon the ancient system, or rather, we should say, upon that system which the ancients would have followed, had they possessed the science and experience of later ages. In other words, the progressions of the chords are as nearly as possible what modern cultivation requires, without the sacrifice of the laws of the ancient scale of single sounds. We trust that every Catholic organist will avail himself of Mr. Lambert's labours, and while he employs his harmonies, will at the same time lay to heart what Mr. Lambert has said in his preface respecting the spirit which ought to animate those who, by their command of the organ,

have the power either to assist in no slight degree the devotions of the people, or to an equal extent to secularise and torment them. The preface throughout, though we differ from some of its views, is well worth a careful perusal.

The *Vesper Psalter*, as its title states, contains *all* the Vesper Psalms, marked for chanting to *all* the tones; and though they are thus repeated several times, the price of the book is so low that few choirs will be unable to purchase it. It includes, also, every thing necessary for singing both Vespers and Compline in the Plain Chant. Both works are eminently useful ones.

Motetts, Hymns, &c. for Church Choirs.

Part II. Burns.

THIS Second Part contains compositions by Baini, Palestrina, Felice Anerio, Handel, and Casali. They are of the same excellent character as the motetts in the first Part, which we noticed on its appearance, though with a fresh variety in styles; and are precisely such compositions as please the general ear, while they are sufficiently ecclesiastical in character to satisfy those more severe critics, who, like the editor of the Plain-Chant books just noticed, are willing to employ modern music in addition to the old Gregorian. They are simple and easy of execution, requiring no extraordinary compass of voice or professional skill; and, like all works which unite pleasing melodies to rich and varied harmonies, can be sung with effect both by a choir of half-a-dozen singers, or by a chorus of eighty or a hundred.

The Holy Way of the Cross, in XIV. Stations; engraved from the Frescoes of Führrich in the new Church of St. John at Vienna, by A. Petrak; with Descriptions by M. Terklau. Regensburg, Manz. London, Hering and Remington.

WE know of no series of engravings of the "Sta-

tions of the Cross" to be compared with Führrich's masterly frescoes. The engravings from them are now complete, and take their place among the best works of the modern German school. There is a vigour and reality in Führrich's conceptions which confer on them that dramatic truth and power which we sometimes miss in the pictures of the ablest of the artists of Düsseldorf and Munich. Aiming, too consciously perhaps, at the production of a positive devotional impression, and cultivating to the highest the symbolical and mystic spirit even in their representations of the actual events of Scripture, they not unfrequently fall into tameness and stiffness, and scarcely escape the reproach of occasionally prudery and posture-drawing. Führrich himself unites a thorough perception of the objective reality of the incidents he portrays to a deep sense of its spiritual character, and knows how to embody in his compositions those subordinate accessories which quicken the emotions of the spectator in an extraordinary degree. Thus, where our blessed Lord falls prostrate beneath the weight of the cross, he paints a savage dog howling at Him, as a symbol of the *dogs* in human form who were his deadliest foes. In the "deposition," one arm of the body of the Lord is stretched around St. John, while the head rests upon the shoulder of the Blessed Virgin, in a posture which, though it seems the result of chance, beautifully expresses the relationship of the mother and the beloved disciple to Him whose lifeless form they are tending.

There is naturally some little inequality in so complete a series; the figure of Pilate washing his hands, for instance, is singularly poor. But for the most part they are admirable and powerful works, and, we should suppose, very faithfully rendered by the engraver.

Correspondence.

THE OFFERTORY.

To the Editor of the *Rambler*.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have read with much interest a paper in the *Rambler* for June, on the subject of the Offertory. In its general scope, and in the principles on which its remarks are based, I cordially agree; and in venturing to dissent from one or two of its practical suggestions, I have no other pretension to place myself on a level with the writer than such as is derived from some of that clerical experience which he, with so much candour and straightforwardness, altogether disclaims.

But as I must plead experience in one or two points against the views of the writer, it is but fair that I should also plead it, where I can, in his support. Let me say, then, that in no respect do I more entirely follow him than in the opinion that a *partial* or a *brief* trial of the offertory plan is pretty sure, as a general rule, to prove a complete failure. It is certain, as a matter of fact on which you may rely, that a church or chapel must start, *from the first*, with a profession of generosity and disinterestedness towards the poor, and frame all its arrangements in such a spirit as that the sincerity of their profession shall

never be justly called in question. Once let a church get a bad name, and years perhaps may not be sufficient to place it on the footing on which it might have started, in the first instance, and proceeded with success. Even a total change in the right direction, which should have to encounter the prejudice of a previous course of opposite policy, would, I believe, be attended with no very apparent, certainly with no very speedy, benefits; and this proves, on the one hand, how slow we clergy should be to build any conclusions upon the failure of such abrupt or fitful efforts; on the other, how slow our friends outside should be in imputing cowardice or want of zeal to our dread of venturing on rash experiments. But so it is. The great objects of the offertory certainly cannot be effected by *halves*; and I believe that in every case the attempt will be found a complete failure, where *any* money, for *any* occasion, or under *any* pretext, is exacted at the door as a condition of entrance into the church. The system of barter is one, and the system of generosity is another; either I believe will bring money to a chapel, though (in the end) the latter by far the most; but the union of both, like most half measures, proves a certain disappointment,

because people who have been already taxed at the door will either refuse at the offertory, or, if compelled out of shame to give their trifling contribution, will be apt next time to go either to a chapel where they are generously dealt with, or to one where, having given the price of admission once for all at the door, they are afterwards permitted to rest without the inconvenient interruption of a bag or a plate thrust in their face.

Again : where freedom of admission is but the exception to a general rule, it is not found favourable, as might at first be expected, to the offertory ; because it is looked upon, not so much as the result of a generous impulse on the part of the governing body, which should be met by a corresponding liberality, but rather as an opportunity of saving the shilling for the next demand.

It must be acknowledged, then, that the sudden and entire adoption of the offertory system in any of our existing churches or chapels, would involve an amount of faith in a great principle so nearly akin to imprudence as to forbid the expectation that it will generally be attempted. I do not hesitate to avow my own conviction, that without some sufficient guarantee against loss, or some extraordinary conjuncture of favourable circumstances, it would be even wrong to attempt it.

Here, then, is the difficulty. A complete though abrupt change might involve a church or chapel in bankruptcy ; yet, as we have seen, a change which is not thorough will be of no use.

It is therefore, as I think, in *new* establishments that the experiment must be tried. I deeply and bitterly lament that in any recent instance, where a church has been opened, the opportunity of making this fresh start has been lost, so that it cannot easily or speedily be recovered. But, at any rate, I do hope that we have now seen, or shall soon see, the last of these most odious exactions for performing acts of duty or devotion ; and that whatever may be decided with respect to the "letting of seats" (about which I have, I confess, a less strong opinion), no restriction whatever may in future cases be placed upon the *admission* (to any Mass, High or Low, or to any other religious function or act of devotion whatever) of any decently conducted person, who chooses to demand that admission, to the House of God, which is just as much his *right* as the air he breathes.

But on one or two points of detail I feel differently from the writer in the *Rambler*, and these differences I wish to state with the same openness which I have already used. When our system is contrasted with that which prevails abroad, it ought to be remembered that, on the Continent, the payment for *seats* is, as far as I know, universal. Every one who has been in France or Belgium remembers how punctually the *sous* is exacted for the chair. The points in which the churches abroad may be favourably contrasted with ours, are, first, as to the freedom of *admission* into them ; secondly, as to the absence of all distinction between the different classes of worshippers. But every one who requires the convenience of a seat, or kneeling place, is, as far as I know, expected to pay. And I confess that my own views of ecclesiastical propriety would be satisfied far beyond my expectations, and (under actual circumstances) to the extent

of my wishes, could I see the foreign method strictly carried out in our own country. Personally I feel a great preference for *chairs* over benches. They are movable, and they give to a church that air of freedom and openness which appears to me so precisely to symbolise the character of the Catholic religion. But I know that practical men amongst us have a strong feeling against chairs, as "unsuitable to England ;" and as they are persons who would not use that ambiguous phrase in its offensive sense, I should be disposed to listen to their objections, though still not without a suspicion that the objection proceeds upon a mistaken view of the character and intention of a place of Catholic worship.

But now as to the mixing up of rich and poor. Here I think that, for want of experience, your writer has understated real difficulties. The difficulties to which I allude are such as the introduction of chairs (if that be really feasible) would obviate, and this is one of my reasons for wishing to see them introduced. But the Catholic poor of England are, according to my observation, so far less cleanly than the poor abroad, that I cannot put the cases parallel. The dirt which our poor contract is from the nature of the habitations they occupy, many of them teeming with vermin. Now, looking to the delicate habits and feelings in which our upper classes are educated, I for one would be no party to exposing them in church to any danger of *contact* with our poor under such circumstances. We have no right to look among ordinary Catholics for the virtue of the Saints,—at any rate, if we do, we shall not find it,—and I protest that nothing less than the virtue of Saints will enable a person of over-refined and sensitive feelings, not habituated, as priests are, to such trials, to conquer the repugnance which cannot fail to be created by the proximity of our squalid poor.

Supposing, then, that *chairs* are really out of the question, I see no alternative, under existing circumstances, but in a separation of classes. The real point to be gained is merely this : not that the rich and *very* poor (or squalid) should sit together, but that they should sit in parts of the church *equally* advantageous towards seeing, hearing, praying, &c. Thus, if your well-dressed classes were to occupy one aisle, why not fill the corresponding one with poor ? or if there be but one, why not let your different classes occupy different sides of it ? Again, no church ought to be *blocked up* with seats, in such a way as not to leave ample space for *kneeling on the floor*. The very poor do not care for seats or cushions at all ; they are never happier than when, apart from all these appliances of comfort (which the circumstances of the rich really make almost necessities to them), they can go down on their knees on the hard pavement before the Blessed Sacrament, or the Crucifix, or an image of our Lady. What the poor want (as far as my experience goes) is not a seat, or a kneeling-place, but a *good sight of the priest at the altar*. Nowhere, even on the Continent, have I seen any thing more thoroughly Catholic than some of our *week-day* evening services at St. George's, such as the "Stations" during Lent, or the Litanies and Benediction in the Month of Mary. The poor (admitted without any payment whatever) have free access to every part of the church ; and beautiful and refreshing it is to see them kneeling on the pavement close to the steps of the side chapels, first saying the

Rosary, or responding to the Litanies at the chapel of our Blessed Lady; then, as the priest with his attendants moves to the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, following in his train, and crowding at the gates of that most beautiful of sanctuaries, to drink in the abundance of the Benediction which awaits them. The same sight is often to be witnessed here in a morning at the Masses of our Confraternities, and on other popular occasions; you may see the aged "Anna," the widow of fourscore, who departs not from the temple so long as it is open to receive her, with her crutches lying at her side, bending low to catch the priest's blessing, as he passes to and from the altar; and the Irish labourer, in his dirty working-jacket, enjoying his devotions to the full, without prejudice to those of the well-dressed multitude, who, in their bad taste, prefer the benches and kneeling-boards. Nothing can be less stiff and formal, less commercial, less Protestant. "*O si sic omnia*," in this our Catholic London, on Sundays as on week-days, at "grand functions" as at humbler devotions! But let us be of good cheer; every thing is on the mend among us; old ways are going out, and older ones are coming in; and it may confidently be anticipated that neither sheep-pens for the poor, nor barricades, nor wickets, nor reserved seats, nor doorkeepers, nor any other vestige of our degenerate age will long find favour among us. And as we become more Catholic, our congregations will become more generous, and the haughty will be taught humility, and the purse-proud will learn that it is not the Church who needs him, but he who lives by the Church. And it may even be hoped that, in the course of time, the feeling (which is evidently on the rise and shared by many of the older Catholics) against charity dinners, bazaars, raffles, and other such low and uncatholic expedients for dispensing with the duty of almsgiving, will grow into something practical, and thus our doings will be no longer the occasion of scandal to the more enlightened and right-

minded Protestants (see sundry articles in the *British Magazine*), as well as a serious prejudice to the conversion of many whose munificence in their own communion is a continual reproach to the wealthier among ourselves.

You see, then, my dear sir, that while I cannot go along with all your proposals, in the point of no distinction between rich and poor I should even leave you behind me; for I own that I can neither understand nor quite enter into your idea (thrown out in a note) of reserving places for the "personal friends of the clergy;" an arrangement which, if general, would, I am pretty sure, speedily degenerate into abuse.

As to the offertory, I can never be otherwise than sanguine about it, when I remember what was done in that way at Margaret Chapel. There, in a "place of worship" not holding more than 200 persons, and as destitute of architectural attractions as the most ascetic could desire, we used, by means of the offertory, to get enough to maintain an expensive choir, and to defray all the current expenses, which were very considerable, besides the curate's salary of 100*l.* a year, and a payment exceeding that sum to the mother establishment of All Souls; and besides, also, quarterly collections for a new church, which in four years left me a sum of 2500*l.*, which, on becoming a Catholic, I had to resign. Yet, as you know, we had no "charity sermons," no fuss, no parade, no excitement, no "popular preachers" (an evil from which I wish I could agree with you in thinking that we are free at present), no speechifying at public dinners, no bazaars, no raffles, nor any other elements of the commercial and sectarian machinery. Shall that be found impracticable in the Church which was found possible in the midst of heresy?

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

FREDERICK OAKELEY.

St. George's,
Octave of Corpus Christi, 1849.

Ecclesiastical Register.

ALLOCUTION OF POPE PIUS IX.

Pronounced in the Secret Consistory at Gaeta on
April 20, 1849.

VENERABLE BROTHERS,—No one assuredly is ignorant with what terrible storms our Pontifical States and almost the whole of Italy are, to the extreme grief of our soul, after a miserable manner tossed and agitated. And would that men, taught by these most lamentable revolutions, may at last understand that nothing can be more pernicious to themselves than to diverge from the paths of truth, justice, virtue, and religion, and to acquiesce in the detestable counsels of the impious, and to be deceived and entangled by their machinations, frauds, and errors! Indeed, the whole world well knows and testifies how great was the solicitude which was felt by our paternal and most loving heart, in providing for the true and solid profit, tranquillity, and prosperity of our Pontifical States, and what was the fruit reaped by that our great indulgence and love. Yet by these words we only condemn the crafty workmen of such great evils, without desiring to attribute any blame to the greatest

part of the people. Nevertheless, we are obliged to lament that many, even of the people, have been so miserably deceived, that, turning away their ears from our words and admonitions, they yield them to the fallacious doctrines of certain teachers, who, leaving "the right way and walking by dark ways" (Prov. ii. 13), minded this only, that by magnificent and false promises they might lead onwards and drive headlong the minds and hearts especially of inexperienced men, into fraud and error. All assuredly know with what transports of applause was every where celebrated that memorable and ample amnesty, granted by us in order to secure the peace, tranquillity, and happiness of families. Nor is any one ignorant that several of those who were favoured by that amnesty, not only did not fulfil our expectations, by making the least change in their minds, but that, applying even yet more vehemently every day to their designs and machinations, there was nothing they did not dare, nothing they did not attempt, in order (as they had long plotted) to undermine and utterly to overthrow the civil sovereignty of the Roman Pontiff and his govern-

ment, and at the same time to carry on a most bitter warfare against our most holy religion. But that they might the easier achieve this, they took especial care in the first place to call together the multitudes, to influence and agitate them by great and incessant movements, which, even taking advantage of our concessions as a pretext, they studied with their utmost power constantly to foment, and day by day to increase. Hence, the concessions freely and willingly granted by us in the very beginning of our Pontificate, not only were never able to yield the wished-for fruits, but not even to take root, because those crafty architects of deceit abused the same to the exciting of new agitations. And these facts, Venerable Brothers, have we deemed it fit briefly to touch upon, and rapidly to review with this intention, that all men of good-will may clearly and openly know what the enemies of God and of the human race intend and desire, and what is by them always fixed and determined in their minds.

Our singular affection towards our subjects, Venerable Brothers, made us feel vehement grief and distress, when we perceived that those constant popular movements were so adverse both to public tranquillity and order, and also to the private quietness and peace of families; nor were we able to endure those frequent pecuniary collections, which were demanded on various pretexts, not without great inconvenience and expense to the citizens. Therefore, in the month of April 1847, by a public edict of our Cardinal-Secretary of State, we admonished all to abstain from such popular assemblages and subscriptions, and again direct their minds to attend to their own affairs, to repose all confidence in us, and to feel assured that our paternal cares and anxieties were alone directed to provide for the public good, as we had already shewn by many most evident proofs. But these salutary admonitions of ours, whereby we endeavoured to calm these great popular movements, and to recall the people themselves to pursuits of peace and tranquillity, were exceedingly opposed to the bad desires and machinations of certain men. Accordingly, those unwearied authors of agitation, who had already resisted another edict, issued by our order by the same Cardinal, for promoting the good and useful education of the people, scarcely knew of our admonition, before they began every where to exclaim against it, and with a more embittered zeal to agitate the incautious multitudes, and most craftily to insinuate and to persuade them never to yield themselves to that tranquillity which we so much desired, as there lay hid under it an insidious design of as it were lulling the people to sleep, so that hereafter they might the easier be oppressed by the hard yoke of slavery. And from that time numerous writings, even in print, filled with all sorts of most bitter contumelies, reproaches, and threats, were sent to us, which we have buried in eternal oblivion and committed to the flames. But that our enemies might procure some belief in those false dangers which they clamoured were impending on the people, they ventured to scatter abroad a rumour and fear of a certain pretended conspiracy forged and got up by themselves, and to vociferate, by a detestable falsehood, that such conspiracy was entered upon with the object of devastating the city of Rome with civil war, assassinations, and carnage, that, the new institutions being altogether taken away and destroyed, the old form

of government might again be revived. But by the false pretext of this conspiracy, our enemies had the intention wickedly to excite and provoke the contempt, jealousy, and fury of the people against certain most illustrious men, eminent for their virtue and religion, and also of exalted ecclesiastical dignity. You are aware, that in the midst of this tumult of affairs the Civic Guard was proposed, and assembled with such celerity, that provision could by no means be made for its proper institution and discipline.

When first, for the greater furtherance of the prosperity of the public administration, we deemed it convenient to institute a Council of State, our adversaries immediately seized on the opportunity of inflicting new wounds on the Government, and at the same time of contriving that such institution, which might have been of great utility to the public interests, should turn out to their loss and detriment; and since the notion had now prevailed with impunity, that by that institution both the character and nature of the Pontifical Government was changed, and our authority subjected to the judgment of the Consultors, we, therefore, on the very day that the Council of State was inaugurated, did not neglect seriously to admonish, with grave and severe words, certain turbulent men, who accompanied the Consultors, and clearly and openly to manifest to them the true end of this institution. But the factious never desisted with yet greater impetuosity to agitate the deceived part of the people; and in order that they might the easier gather together and increase the number of their followers, they did, with signal shamelessness and audacity, spread abroad, both in our own Pontifical States and also in foreign nations, the assertion that we entirely assented to their opinions and designs. You remember, Venerable Brothers, with what language, in our Consistorial Allocution pronounced before you on October 4th, 1847, we seriously admonished and exhorted the people most vigilantly to be on their guard against the perfidy of these traitors. Meanwhile, however, the obstinate authors of plots and agitations, in order that they might continually feed and excite fears and disturbances, did, in the January of last year, alarm the minds of the incautious by an idle rumour of a foreign war, and spread it abroad among the people, that the same war would be fomented and sustained by domestic machinations and the malevolent inertness of the rulers. In order to tranquillise the public mind and repel the insidious schemes of the traitors, we, without any delay, did on the 10th of February in the same year, declare that those rumours were altogether false and absurd, in terms which every one knows. And at that time we warned our most dear subjects of what will, by God's help, now take place, namely, that it would come to pass that innumerable sons would fly to defend the house of the common Father of all the Faithful, that is to say, the States of the Church, if those most strait bonds of gratitude, whereby the princes and people of Italy ought to be intimately bound to each other, should come to be dissolved, and the people themselves forget to reverence the wisdom of their princes, and the sanctity of their rights, and to maintain and defend the same with all their force.

Although, however, those words of ours just alluded to brought tranquillity for a short space of time to all those whose wills were opposed to

continual disturbance, still they prevailed nothing with the irreconcilable enemies of the Church and of human society, who had already excited new agitations and new tumults. Forasmuch as, insisting on the calumnies which by them and by those like them had been disseminated against religious men devoted to the divine ministry, and deserving well of the Church, they excited and inflamed the popular fury, with all its violence, against them. Nor are you ignorant, Venerable Brothers, that those words were of no avail which we addressed to the people on the 10th of March last year, wherein, with great efforts, we endeavoured to rescue that religious family from exile and dispersion.

And as, while all this was going on, the revolutions so well known to all broke out in Italy and throughout Europe, we again, lifting up our Apostolic voice on the 30th March of the same year, did not neglect again and again to admonish and exhort all nations, that they should both study to respect the liberty of the Catholic Church, and to protect the order of civil society, and to follow up the precepts of our most holy religion, and above all to exercise Christian charity to all men, since, if they neglected to do this, they might hold it for certain that God would shew that He was the Ruler of the people.

To proceed: every one of you knows well how the form of Constitutional Government was brought into Italy; and how a statute granted by us to our subjects was published on the 14th of March last year. But as the implacable enemies of public tranquillity and order had nothing so much at heart as to attempt every thing against the Pontifical Government, and to agitate the people by constant movements and suspicions, they never ceased, whether by published writings, or *circles*, or associations, or other arts of whatever kind, atrociously to calumniate the Government, and to fix on it the mark of inertness, of deceit, and fraud; although the Government itself was applying with all care and diligence to this object, that the statute, so much longed for, might be put into operation with as much celerity as possible. And here we desire to publish to the whole world, that at that very time those men, persevering in their design of subverting the Pontifical dominion and the whole of Italy, proposed to us the proclamation, no longer of a Constitution, but of a Republic, as the only refuge and defence both of our own safety and of the Ecclesiastical State. That nocturnal hour is still present to our mind, and we have before our eyes certain men who, miserably deluded and deceived by the architects of deceit, did not hesitate to take their part in that affair, and to propose to us the proclamation of a Republic. Which, indeed, in addition to numberless other most weighty arguments, demonstrates that the petitions for new institutions, and the projects so loudly vaunted by men of such sort, have this alone in view,—that incessant agitation may be fomented; that all the principles of justice, virtue, honour, and religion, may be every where totally swept away, and the horrible and most lamentable system, which they style Socialism or Communism, entirely adverse as it is even to reason and the law of nature, may, to the greatest detriment and ruin of the whole of human society, in all directions be spread and propagated, and far and wide exercise dominion.

But although this most abominable conspiracy, or rather this daily series of conspiracies, was

clear and manifest, still, by the permission of God, it was unknown to many of those who ought, indeed, for so many causes, to have had the common tranquillity at heart. And although the unwearied managers of the disturbances gave reason for the greatest suspicion about themselves, still there were not wanting certain well-meaning men who held out a friendly hand to them, resting probably on the hope that they might be able to bring them back to the path of moderation and justice.

Meanwhile a cry of war suddenly pervaded the whole of Italy, by which a part of the subjects of our Pontifical dominions being excited and carried away, flew to arms, and resisting our will, desired to cross the frontiers of the same Pontifical States. You know, Venerable Brothers, how, fulfilling the duties both of a Sovereign Pontiff and Prince, we resisted the unjust desires of those men who sought to drag us on to wage that war, and who demanded that an inexperienced band of youths, recruited in a hasty manner, devoid of all practice in the military art, undisciplined, and destitute of capable leaders and munitions of war, should be driven forth by us to the combat, that is, to certain slaughter. And this was demanded of us, who, having been raised, although unworthy, by the inscrutable counsels of Divine Providence to the height of Apostolical dignity, and who, exercising here on earth the Vicariate of Jesus Christ, who is the author of peace and lover of charity, have received the mission to embrace all peoples, nations, and tribes with the equal zeal of paternal love, and to consult with all our might for the salvation of all, and not to drive men to carnage and death. But if no princes whatsoever can undertake a war, except for just reasons, who can there be ever so devoid of judgment and reason as not clearly to perceive that the Catholic world would have the amplest right to demand on the part of the Roman Pontiff a much higher justice, and more weighty reasons, if it saw the Pontiff himself declare or wage war against any one? Wherefore, in our Allocution delivered to you on April 29th last year, we openly and publicly declared, that we had nothing whatsoever to do with that war. And at the same time we repudiated and rejected a most deeply insidious proffer which was made to us, both in writing and by word of mouth, a proffer not only most injurious to our person, but also most pernicious to Italy,—namely, that we should consent to preside over the government of a certain “Republic of Italy.” Thus, by the singular compassion of God, we indeed sought to fulfil that most weighty office laid before us by God himself, of speaking, of admonishing, and of exhorting; and we accordingly trust that that reproach of Isaiah cannot be brought against us: “Woe is me, because I have held my peace” (Is. vi. 5). But would that all our children had lent an ear to our paternal words, admonitions, and exhortations!

You remember, Venerable Brothers, what clamours and tumults were excited by most turbulent and factious men, after the Allocution we have just mentioned, and how a civil ministry was imposed upon us, utterly adverse both to our views and principles, and also to the rights of the Apostolic See. We, indeed, foresaw in our mind that the issue of the Italian war would be unhappy, when one of those Ministers did not hesitate to declare that the same war would last,

even in spite of our unwillingness and resistance, and without the Pontifical blessing. And that minister, doing a most grave injury to the Apostolic See, did not fear to propose that the civil sovereignty of the Roman Pontiff should be altogether separated from his spiritual power. Not long afterwards, the self-same man ventured openly to assert things of us, which would in a manner cast the Supreme Pontiff out of the society of the human race, and disserve him therefrom. Our just and merciful Lord willed to humble us under his mighty hand, when He permitted that for many months truth on this part, and falsehood on that, should contend in a fierce conflict with each other; to which an end was made by the election of a new Ministry, which afterwards was displaced by another, in which the praise of talent was united to a special zeal both for the preservation of public order and for the observation of the laws. But the unrestrained license and audacity of bad passions, raising its head higher and higher every day, was pursuing its career of destruction,—and the enemies of God and of man, inflamed with a lasting and savage thirst of domineering, devastating, and destroying, were longing now for nothing else than to subvert all laws, divine and human, in order that they might satiate their desires. Hence the machinations, which had long been prepared beforehand, burst out openly and publicly, the streets were besprinkled with human blood, sacrileges, never sufficiently to be deplored, were committed, and unheard-of violence, in our very Quirinal Palace, done with profane daring to ourselves.

Since, therefore, under the oppression of so great difficulties, we could not freely discharge the duties of a Pontiff, much less of a Prince, we felt it our duty, not without great bitterness of mind, to depart from our See. We abstain from again rehearsing those most lamentable events, related in our public protestations, lest our general grief be renewed by their mournful remembrance. But when the seditious knew of our protestations, they were infuriated with greater audacity, and making all sorts of menaces against all, they spared no kind of fraud, or deceit, or violence, more and more to terrify all the good who were already prostrated with fear. And after they had introduced that new form of government, called by themselves *Giunta di Stato*, and had altogether done away with the two Councils instituted by us, they laboured with all their might to assemble a new Council, which they chose to call by the name of the *Roman Constituent*. The mind shrinks from stating the magnitude and number of the frauds which they made use of to bring this matter to an issue. But here we cannot refrain from giving just praises to the greater part of the magistrates of the Pontifical States, who, mindful of their own honour and duty, preferred to resign their office rather than in any way to lend a hand to the work by which their Prince and most loving Father was being spoiled of his legitimate civil sovereignty. But that Council was at length brought together; and a certain Roman advocate, in the very beginning of his first speech delivered to those who were assembled, clearly and openly declared to all the thoughts, wishes, and views of himself and his companions, the other authors of this horrible agitation. “The law,” said he, “of moral progress is imperious and inexorable.” And he at the same time added that himself and

the rest had long had it fixed in their minds to overturn from its foundation the temporal dominion and government of the Holy See, even though their desires had been in every way seconded by us. And this declaration we desire to commemorate in your Assembly, that all may understand that such perverse intention was not attributed by us to the authors of the disturbances from any conjecture or suspicion, but that it was openly and publicly manifested to the whole universe by themselves, whom shame itself ought to have deterred from making such a declaration. It was not, then, more liberal institutions, nor a more advantageous system of public administration, nor wise regulations of whatever kind, which these men were seeking after; but what they wished was, to attack, to tear up by the roots, and utterly to destroy the civil sovereignty and power of the Apostolic See. And this design, so far as depended on themselves, they brought to a conclusion by that decree of the *Roman Constituent* (as they call it) published on February 9th this year, in which, we know not whether with greater wrong to the rights of the Roman Church, and the liberty attached to them for the fulfilling of the Apostolic office, or with greater loss and calamity to the subjects of the Pontifical State, they declared that the Roman Pontiffs had fallen from temporal dominion both in law and in fact. With no slight sorrow, Venerable Brothers, did such deplorable events overwhelm us; and for this above all do we chiefly grieve, that the city of Rome, the centre of Catholic truth and unity, the mistress of virtue and holiness, doth by means of the impious men who are daily flocking thither, appear to all people, nations, and tribes, to be the author of such calamities. However, in the midst of such our great grief of heart, it is most grateful to us to be able to affirm that by far the greatest part both of the Roman people and of the other inhabitants of our Pontifical States remain constantly attached to us and to the Apostolic See, and have abhorred those nefarious machinations, though they have been spectators of so many disastrous events. We have also found the greatest consolation in the solicitude of the Bishops and Clergy of our Pontifical States, who, in the midst of dangers and difficulties of every kind, have not ceased to discharge the duties of their ministry and office, in drawing aside the people, both by word and example, from those agitations and wicked designs of the factious.

We certainly, in the midst of such a crisis and struggle, left nothing unattempted to provide for the public tranquillity and order. For a long time before those most deplorable events of November took place, we made every effort that the Swiss forces in the service of the Apostolic See, and quartered in our provinces, should be brought to the city; but this matter, contrary to our intentions, was not brought into execution, in consequence of the resistance of those who in the month of May held the office of Ministers. Nor was that all; but even before that time, as well as after, we directed our attention to assemble other military forces, both for the preservation of public order, especially at Rome, and for the restraint of the audacity of our enemies; but these, God so permitting it, failed us, in consequence of the vicissitudes of the circumstances and times. Lastly, after the most mournful events of November, we did not

neglect, in our letters dated January 5th, again and again to inculcate on all our native-born soldiers, to keep their sworn faith to their Prince, mindful of religion and of military honour, and diligently to endeavour every where to maintain public tranquillity as well as due obedience and devotion to the legitimate Government. We further ordered our Swiss troops to march to Rome, but they did not obey these orders of ours, as, above all, the Commander-in-chief of those forces did not in this business conduct himself rightly or honourably.

And meanwhile the chiefs of the faction, pursuing their work with daily increasing audacity and vehemence, did not cease to lacerate our person and those who are attached to us, with horrible calumnies and contumelies of every kind, and they did not hesitate wickedly to abuse the very words and sentences of the most holy Gospel, that coming in the clothing of sheep, though inwardly they are ravening wolves, they might lead the ignorant multitude into all their perverse designs and machinations, and might imbue the ears of the incautious with false doctrines. But the subjects who remained attached with immovable fidelity to us, and to the temporal dominion of the Apostolic See, reasonably and justly demanded of us that we should deliver them from those many most grievous difficulties, dangers, calamities, and losses, with which they were surrounded on every side. And since some are to be found amongst them who consider us as the cause (however innocent) of such great agitations, we would desire them to observe, that we indeed, the moment we were raised to the Supreme Apostolic See, certainly directed our paternal anxieties and views, as we have above declared, to this end, that we should bring, by all our efforts, the people of our Pontifical States into a better condition; but that it came to pass, by the means of turbulent adversaries, that those views of ours were disappointed, whilst, on the other hand, God so permitting it, the seditious themselves were enabled to bring to a conclusion the projects which for a long time previously they had never ceased to plot and to essay with all the arts of wickedness. Therefore what we have already elsewhere said, the same thing do we now repeat, to wit, that in this grievous and deplorable tempest wherewith almost the whole world is so shaken, the hand of God is to be acknowledged, and his voice to be heard, who is wont with such scourges to punish the sins and iniquities of men, that they may hasten to return to the paths of justice. Let them, therefore, hear his voice who have strayed from the truth, and, leaving their own ways, let them be converted to the Lord; let those also hear it, who in this most lamentable state of affairs are more solicitous for their own private interests than for the good of the Church and the well-being of Catholicity, and let them remember that it will not profit a man "if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his soul;" let also the pious sons of the Church hear it, and waiting with patience for the salvation of God, and with greater zeal every day cleansing their consciences from all defilement of sin, let them strive to implore the mercies of the Lord, and more and more to please Him, and continually to serve Him.

And in the midst of these our most ardent desires, we cannot but specially admonish and reprove those who applaud that decree whereby the Roman Pontiff has been deprived of all the

honour and dignity of his civil power, and who assert that the same decree is even very conducive to the furtherance of the liberty and happiness of the Church itself. But here we openly and publicly declare, that we say not these things from any desire of domination, or any longing after temporal sovereignty, seeing that our disposition and frame of mind is altogether alien from any spirit of domination. Nevertheless the duty of our office requires that, in maintaining the civil sovereignty of the Apostolic See, we defend with all our might the rights and possessions of the holy Roman Church, and the liberty of the same See, which is conjoined with the liberty and advantage of the whole Church. And those men truly, who, in their applause of the aforesaid decree, assert things so false and absurd, are either ignorant or pretend to be ignorant that it came to pass by a most singular counsel of Divine Providence, that when the Roman Empire was divided into several kingdoms and various states, the Roman Pontiff, unto whom was committed by Christ the Lord the government and care of the whole Church, had a civil sovereignty for this reason assuredly, that in order to rule the Church and to maintain its unity, he might enjoy that plenitude of liberty which is required for the discharge of the office of the Supreme Apostolic Ministry. For it is manifest to all, that the people, nations, and kingdoms would never accord to him their full confidence and obedience, if they perceived that he was subject to the dominion of any prince or government, and by no means in the possession of his liberty. The faithful people and kingdoms would never cease vehemently to suspect and to fear lest the same Pontiff should conform his acts to the will of the prince or government in whose state he was sojourning, and therefore would not hesitate, on this pretext, often to oppose themselves to his acts. And, indeed, let the very enemies of the civil sovereignty of the Apostolic See, who now rule at Rome—let them say with what confidence and obedience they themselves would receive the exhortations, admonitions, mandates, and constitutions of the Sovereign Pontiff, if they knew him to be subject to the will of some prince or government, but especially if he were subject to any prince between whom and the Roman State any long war was being carried on?

Meanwhile, there is no one who does not see with how many grievous wounds the Immaculate Spouse of Christ is now assailed in the very regions of the Pontifical State; with what chains, with what most shameful servitude, she is more and more oppressed, and with what difficulties her visible head is overwhelmed. For who is ignorant that our communications with the city of Rome, and with its clergy, most dear to us, and with the whole Episcopate, and the other faithful of the Pontifical dominion, have been so obstructed, that we cannot freely send or receive even letters, although treating of ecclesiastical and spiritual affairs? Who knows not that the city of Rome, the principal See of the Catholic Church, is at present—Oh, sorrowful!—made a forest of roaring wild beasts; since it is filled with men of all nations, who, being either apostates, or heretics, or masters of so-called Communism or Socialism, and animated with extreme hatred against the Catholic truth, do, both by writings and every other means, endeavour to teach and disseminate all kinds of pestiferous

errors, and to pervert the minds and hearts of all; so that in the very city itself, if it were possible, the holiness of the Catholic religion, and the unchangeable rule of faith may be depraved? Who knows not, or has not heard, that in the Pontifical State the goods, revenues, and possessions of the Church have been seized with rash and sacrilegious daring, the most august churches stripped of their ornaments, the monasteries turned to profane uses; the virgins consecrated to God harassed; the most virtuous and distinguished ecclesiastics and religious cruelly persecuted, put in chains, and slain; the sacred and most illustrious Bishops, even those invested with the dignity of the Cardinalate, violently dragged away from their flocks, and thrown into dungeons?

And these assaults against the Church, her laws and liberty, are done both in the Pontifical States and in other countries, wherever these men, or men like them, hold sway; at the very time when the same persons are proclaiming liberty in all directions, and pretend that it is their desire that the Supreme Pontiff should be altogether freed from all shackles, and enjoy entire liberty.

Further, it is manifest to all men, in how miserable and deplorable a condition our most dear subjects are placed, by means of the same men who are committing such flagitious crimes against the Church. For the public treasury is wasted and exhausted; commerce interrupted and nearly annihilated; vast sums of money levied on the principal citizens, and others; the goods of private persons robbed by those men who call themselves the chiefs of the people, and commanders of lawless bands; the liberty of all good men disturbed, and their security extremely endangered, and their very life subjected to the assassin's dagger; and other very great and grievous evils and losses, whereby continually the citizens are so afflicted and terrified. These, forsooth, are the beginnings of that prosperity which the haters of the Sovereign Pontificate announce and promise to the people of the Pontifical States.

Therefore, amidst the great and incredible grief wherewith we were in our inmost heart excruciated, because of the great calamities of the Church and of the people of our Pontifical States, we, well knowing that the duty of our office demanded by all means that we should make every effort to remove and drive away those calamities, neglected not, as early as the 4th of December last year, to implore and solicit the aid and assistance of all princes and nations. And we cannot refrain, Venerable Brothers, from communicating to you at this moment the singular consolation which we received, when the said princes, and even those nations which are in nowise united to us in the bonds of Catholic unity, studied in the most striking manner indeed to testify and declare their most eager good-will towards us. Which thing, indeed, while it most wonderfully soothes and consoles the most bitter grief of our heart, doth more and more demonstrate how God is always watching propitiously over his holy Church. And we are encouraged to hope that it will come to pass, that all will understand that those most grievous evils wherewith, in these times of great severity, people and kingdoms are troubled, have derived their origin from the contempt of our most holy religion, nor can obtain remedy and consolation from any other source but from the divine doctrine of Christ, and from

his holy Church, which, being the fruitful parent and nurse of all virtues, and the expeller of vices, whilst she forms mankind to all truth and justice, and binds them together unto mutual charity, doth, after a most admirable manner, consult and provide for the public good and order of civil society.

But after imploring the assistance of all princes, we sought for succour from Austria, which country is the nearest to our Pontifical States on the north, the more willingly for this reason, that she not only has always displayed the most distinguished zeal in defending the temporal dominions of the Apostolic See, but also that there is now assuredly ground to hope that, according to our most ardent wishes and most just demands, certain well-known principles, ever disapproved of by the Apostolic See, will be abandoned by that empire, and that the Church in those parts will consequently be restored to her liberty, to the great good and advantage of the faithful who dwell therein. And whilst we intimate this, with no ordinary feelings of consolation in our own heart, we doubt not but that it will give no slight joy to yourselves.

We demanded the same assistance from the French nation, for whom a singular kindness and affection is entertained by our paternal heart, since the clergy and faithful people of that nation studied, by all manner of manifestations of filial devotion and observance, to assuage and console our calamities and anguish.

We also called for assistance from Spain, a country which, being deeply anxious and solicitous on account of our troubles, first roused other Catholic nations to enter on a certain filial compact with each other to strive to bring back to his own See the common Father of the faithful and Supreme Pastor of the Church.

Lastly, we sought for this help from the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, in which we are hospitably entertained by its King, who, endeavouring with all his might to promote the true and solid happiness of his people, shines forth with such religion and piety, that he may furnish an example to his own subjects. But, although by no language can we express with what care and zeal the aforesaid prince delights to testify and confirm his singular filial devotion towards us by all manner of good offices and noble acts, still no forgetfulness shall ever obliterate the illustrious deserts of that prince towards us. And in nowise can we pass over in silence the marks of piety, affection, and dutifulness with which the clergy and people of the same kingdom have never ceased to attend us, from the moment when we entered on the territory.

We are therefore encouraged to hope that it will come to pass, by God's assistance, that those Catholic nations, having before their eyes the cause of the Church and of its Supreme Pontiff, the common Father of all the faithful, will make all speed to vindicate the civil sovereignty of the Apostolic See, and to restore peace and tranquillity to our subjects; and we are confident that the enemies of our most holy religion and of civil society will be driven away from the city of Rome and from the whole State of the Church. Whenever that shall take place, it will be our part certainly with all vigilance, zeal, and solicitude, to drive away all those errors and grievous scandals, which, in common with all good men, we are bound so vehemently to deplore. And, in the first place, must it chiefly be cared

for, that the minds and hearts of men, deceived after a miserable manner with the lies, insidious devices, and frauds of the impious, may be illuminated with the light of eternal truth, whereby the men themselves may be excited and inflamed to embrace the paths of virtue, justice, and religion. For you well know, Venerable Brothers, those horrible and monstrous opinions of all kinds, which, emerging from the bottomless pit for ruin and devastation, have prevailed, and are now raging far and wide, to the heavy detriment of religion and civil society. Which perverse and pestilent doctrines the enemies are never ceasing, whether by word, or writing, or public spectacles, to disseminate among the vulgar, in order that the unbridled licentiousness of all kinds of impiety, cupidity, and lust, may daily more and more be increased and propagated. Hence truly have arisen all those calamities, destructions, and woes which the human race, almost over the whole globe, have had so heavily to mourn, and are still mourning.

Nor are you ignorant what description of war is now being waged, even in Italy itself, against our most holy religion, and with what detestable frauds and machinations the enemies of religion and of civil society are endeavouring to draw away the minds, especially of the ignorant, from the sanctity of the faith and sound doctrine, and to plunge them into raging floods of infidelity, and to drive them to accomplish all sorts of most frightful crimes. And that they may be enabled the easier to bring their designs to an issue, and to excite and ferment all the horrible agitations of sedition and disturbance, treading in the steps of the heretics, and altogether despising the supreme authority of the Church, they in nowise hesitate to appeal to, interpret, invert, and distort, in their own private and erroneous acceptance, the words, testimonies, and sentences of the sacred Scriptures; and they fear not with extreme impiety wickedly to abuse the most holy name of Christ. Nor are they ashamed publicly and openly to assert that the violation of any oath, however solemn, and the commission of any flagitious and detestable actions whatsoever, repugnant to the law of nature itself, is not only not to be condemned, but is even altogether lawful, and to be extolled with the highest praises, when the same is done for the love of country, as they say. By which impious and perverse mode of arguing, all honour, virtue, and justice is by this class of men utterly swept away, and the abhorred principles of action of the very robber and assassin are, with unheard-of shamelessness, maintained and commended.

Besides the other innumerable frauds which the enemies of the Catholic Church continually use, that they may tear away and carry off the ignorant and incautious especially from the bosom of the Church itself, there are added most bitter and odious calumnies, which they do not blush to invent, and therewith to assail our person. We, indeed, holding, though by no merits of our own, here on earth the Vicariate of Him "who, when He was reviled, did not revile; when He suffered, did not threaten," have never neglected to bear all bitterest calumnies with all patience and silence, and to pray for those who persecute and calumniate us. But since we are debtors to the wise and to the foolish, and are bound to consult for the salvation of all, we, in order to avoid giving offence, especially to the weak, cannot refrain in this your Assembly from

repelling that most false and odious calumny of all, which has been published in some very recent papers against the person of our humility. But although we felt incredible horror when we read that libel, whereby the enemies seek to inflict a grievous wound upon us and the Apostolic See, still we can in nowise fear that such most odious falsehoods can do even a slight mischief to that supreme Chair of Truth, or to us, who by the help of no merits of ours have been placed therein. And indeed, by the singular mercy of God, we are enabled to use those divine words of our Redeemer: "I have spoken openly to the world . . . and in secret I have spoken nothing." And here, Venerable Brothers, we judge it convenient again to repeat and inculcate those very things which we declared, especially in our Allocation delivered to you on December 17th, in the year 1847, namely, that our enemies, that they may be able the more easily to corrupt the true and genuine doctrine of the Catholic religion, and to deceive others, and to lead them into error, devise all manner of falsehoods, try all manoeuvres and endeavours, in order that even the very Apostolic See may appear in some sort to partake in and to favour their madness. But no one is ignorant what most pernicious sects and societies, lurking in darkness, have been at different times got together, instituted, and variously denominated by the workmen of falsehood and the propagators of perverse opinions, by the means of which they might the more safely instil their extravagances, systems, and machinations into the minds of others; might corrupt the incautious, and open out a most broad path for the commission of all manner of crimes with impunity. Which abominable sects of perdition, utterly hostile, not only to the salvation of souls, but also to the good and tranquillity of civil society, and condemned by the Roman Pontiffs our predecessors, we ourselves have constantly detested, and by our Encyclic Letter, dated November 9th, in the year 1846, and addressed to all the Bishops of the Catholic Church, we have condemned, and do now in like manner, by our supreme Apostolic authority, again condemn, prohibit, and proscribe.

But in this our Allocation, we have assuredly not intended either to enumerate all the errors by which the people, being miserably deceived, are driven to such ruin, or to go over all the machinations whereby the enemies are stirring to devise mischief to the Catholic religion, and to assault and invade to the uttermost the citadel of Sion. The matters which we have so far sorrowfully commemorated do manifest sufficiently, and more than sufficiently, that these calamities and disasters with which nations and people are so cruelly agitated, spring from the progress of perverse doctrines, and from the contempt of justice and religion. In order, therefore, that such great evils may be removed, it is necessary that neither pains, nor counsels, nor labours, nor watchings be spared, to the end that these many perverse doctrines being plucked up by the roots, all may understand that true and solid happiness rests upon the exercise of virtue, justice, and religion. So that both we ourselves, and you, and our other Venerable Brothers, the Bishops of the whole Catholic world, must above all things labour with extreme care, zeal, and perseverance, that the faithful people may be removed from poisoned pastures, and led to those that are salutary; and that being daily more and

more nourished with the words of faith, they may both perceive and avoid the frauds and fallacies of insidious men; and plainly understanding that the fear of the Lord is the fountain of all good things, and that sins and iniquities provoke the scourges of God, they may study with all care to decline from evil and to do good. For which reason, in the midst of such anguish, certainly no slight joy is diffused over our mind, when we observe with what firmness of mind and constancy our Venerable Brothers, the Bishops of the Catholic world, firmly attached to us and to the Chair of Peter, along with their dutiful clergy, do strenuously labour to maintain the cause of the Church and to defend its liberty; and with what priestly care and zeal they bestow all their pains, that they may both more and more confirm the good in their goodness, and may bring back wanderers to the ways of justice, and may reprove and confute, both by word of mouth and by writing, the obstinate enemies of religion. But whilst we rejoice to pay these due and merited praises to those Venerable Brothers, we encourage them, that trusting on the Divine assistance, they may proceed even with more and more cheerful zeal to fulfil their ministry, and to fight the battles of the Lord, and exalt their voice in wisdom and strength, to evangelise Jerusalem, and to heal the sorrows of Israel. Furthermore, let them not cease to approach with confidence to the throne of Grace, and to persevere in public and private prayer, and sedulously to inculcate to the faithful people that they all every where do penance, in order that they may obtain mercy from the Lord and find grace in the opportune season. Nor let them neglect to exhort men who excel in abilities and in sound doctrine, that they also may study, under their guidance and that of the Apostolic See, to enlighten the minds of the people, and to dissipate the darkness of the errors that are creeping on.

Here, also, we beseech in the Lord, and demand of our most dear sons in Christ, the princes and rulers of peoples, that, seriously and sedulously considering the number and magnitude of the evils which redound upon civil society from such a mass of errors and vices, they may apply themselves with all care, zeal, and prudence, above all to this object, that virtue, justice, and religion may every where prevail, and receive more and more increase day by day. And let all peoples, nations, and tribes, and their rulers, assiduously and diligently consider and reflect that all good things consist in the exercise of justice, but that all evil things proceed from iniquity. For "justice exalteth a nation, but sin maketh nations miserable." (Prov. xiv. 34.)

But before we make an end of speaking, we cannot refrain from openly and publicly testifying our feelings of utmost gratitude to all those our most loving and dear children who, being vehemently solicitous regarding our calamities, chose, with a truly singular and affectionate piety towards us, to send us their offerings. Although, however, this pious liberality imparts to us no slight consolation, still we must confess that our paternal heart is affected with no ordinary distress, since we exceedingly fear that in this most lamentable state of public affairs our aforesaid most dear children, indulging their love for us overmuch, are willing to make those gifts even to their own loss and detriment.

Lastly, Venerable Brothers, we indeed, entirely acquiescing in the impenetrable counsels of the

wisdom of God, whereby He works his glory, whilst in the humility of our heart we offer up the greatest thanks to God for having judged us worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus, and to be made in some measure conformable to the image of his Passion, we are ready in all faith, hope, patience, and meekness, to endure all bitterest labours and pangs, and to lay down our life itself for the Church, that by our blood we might be able to remedy the calamities of the Church itself. But in the mean time, Venerable Brothers, let us not intermit, day and night, with assiduous and fervent prayer, humbly to pray of God rich in mercy, and to entreat of Him, that through the merits of his only-begotten Son, He may by his almighty arm deliver his holy Church from those great storms by which it is agitated; and that by the illumination of his divine grace He may enlighten the minds of all who go astray, and in the multitude of his mercy may vanquish the hearts of all the rebellious, that, all errors every where being driven away, and all diversities removed, all men may perceive and acknowledge the light of justice and truth, and may run in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. And of Him, who maketh peace in high places, and who is our peace, let us never neglect suppliantly to entreat that all the evils wherewith the Christian republic is troubled being utterly rooted up, He may deign every where to establish the peace and tranquillity so ardently longed for. But that God may more readily grant our prayers, let us have recourse to intercessors with Him, and above all to the most holy and immaculate Virgin Mary, who, being the Mother of God, and our Mother, and the Mother of Mercy, finds what she seeks, and cannot be frustrated. Let us also implore the suffrages of the blessed Peter, Prince of the Apostles, and of his fellow-Apostle Paul, and of all the Saints in heaven, who, being made friends of God, now reign with Him in heaven, that the most merciful Lord, by the intervention of their merits and prayers, may deliver the faithful people from the terrors of his anger, and may always protect them, and make them joyful with the abundance of his divine propitiation.

[The original Latin of this most important document will be given in our next Number.]

FESTIVAL OF CORPUS CHRISTI, AT ST. BARNABAS, NOTTINGHAM.

ON Sunday, June 10th, the Catholics of Nottingham celebrated the festival of Corpus Christi in their noble church with an unusual degree of magnificence. During the previous days the church was busy as a hive; a continuous stream of rich and poor, old and young, flowing into it, with goodly contributions of evergreens, flowers, roses, &c., whilst within were groups of industrious workers, weaving these respective offerings into crowns, garlands, wreaths, &c. On the Sunday morning the church appeared "as a bride adorned for her husband" (Apoc. xxi. 2): arch and pillar, wall and window, transept and tower—it was a temple of flowers, all arranged so as to harmonise with the features of the massive structure. A bold canopy of evergreens and flowers was suspended from the centre of the tower-loft; issuing in four finely wrought festoons, hanging from the pillars of the tower. The Sanctuary, the Holy of Holies of the Christian church, presented an array of crimson and gold enrichments, with festoons and beads of roses, dependent on every side, and clustering round every available support. Thirteen shields in gold and colour, representing the various armorial bearings of the church, were fixed in front of the rood-loft; also thirteen large

vases filled with choicest flowers, and a multitude of small pendent wreaths of various sizes, &c. &c., covering the whole extent of rood-loft and screen with a light floral tracery. Velvet hangings, enriched with lilies and other emblems, enveloped the walls and side-pillars of the Sanctuary, surmounted by silk banners, crimson, blue, green, and white, with gilt standards and crosses, and embroidered shields and devices. The three stately pillars at the east of the high altar were covered with enamel work in gold and rich colour, containing ciboriums, lilies, monograms, &c. Above these hung the large banner of the Blessed Sacrament. A canopy of crimson velvet, with rich gold fringe and enamelled gold crown imperial, rested on the Tabernacle, surrounded by a countless array of wax lights.

At ten o'clock the church doors were thrown open, the great bell sounded throughout the town, and in a little while the vast area was filled with an overflowing congregation. At half-past ten High Mass was sung by the Rev. T. Cheadle, and a sermon was preached by the Rev. I. J. Mulligan, from Matt. i. 23: "They shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is God with us." Having given the history of the text as taken from Isaiah, the prophet of the Christian Church, the preacher dwelt principally upon the Evangelist's interpretation of it. God is in every place, not alone in the exercise of his power, &c. but in his essence (Ps. cxxxviii. 8, &c.). This grave truth the people of the Jews not only admitted, but, as its consequence, they claimed for themselves a peculiarly intimate degree of the Divine presence as their especial privilege, and the distinctive character of their religion as the people of God (Deut. iv. 7). The Old Testament is in itself a strong proof of this—the "Word of God"—his communication to his people—the inspired record of that people, not of one time or place, but throughout their whole eventful history; varying like it to every change of place, of time, of person and circumstance; accommodating itself to all their varied wants—a progressive inspiration. Assuredly this wonderful book shews that God was with that people as He was with none other. He was their God, "the God of Israel," by a very especial Divine Presence in the midst of them. He went with them in the desert (Ps. cxiii.) as their king, ruling and protecting them. "A cloud by day," and "a pillar of fire by night," moved in front of the mighty host of Israel: a symbol of Him who was there dwelling in his royal tent—"his tabernacle" (Num. ix. 15, &c.; Exodus xiii. 21, 22). When they entered the promised land, Sion, "the city of cities," was chosen for the Lord, and became "the city of God," "the Lord's holy mountain." And there was erected for Him a temple-palace, rich, glorious, magnificent (3 Kings vi.). When it was completed, and furnished as became "the house of God," with altars and vestments, and lamps and incense (2 Paral. iii. &c.)—on the memorable day of its solemn dedication, in sight of the vast multitude, fire from heaven consumed the holocaust, and God himself came down in "the cloud," and took possession of the Holy of Holies, his dwelling-place, his home on earth (3 Kings viii.). And so He continued with that people, until they forsook Him, when He went forth from Sion, and tore the veil of the Sanctuary in his passage (Matt. xxvii. 51, &c.). Thus was Israel gifted, privileged with a Divine especial Presence from its beginning to its close. And assuredly, when we read such a wonderful history, and yet remember the Apostle's words, "If that which is done away was glorious, much more that which remaineth" (2 Cor. iii. 11), for that was but "a shadow" of this (Coloss. ii. 17); and again, our Lord's words (Matt. xi.), that the greatest prophet in that was less than the least child in this,—we must conclude that God is still on earth, with his people, and is a far higher and more intimate state than He was in the temple.—"Emmanuel—God with us." The doctrine whence arises this day's solemn festival fulfils this prophecy, realises this state of the Christian Church: Christ our Lord, our God, our Emmanuel, is with us in his sacramental state, really, truly, "the living bread which came down from heaven," "the

bread of life," by which we abide in Him and He in us" (John vi.); "made partakers of the Divine nature" (2 Peter i. 4), &c. &c.

After the sermon, the procession moved from the Sanctuary in the following order: first, a child in white carrying a small cross, accompanied by a train of children from three to five years old, in white, with rich garlands of roses between each two, and small bouquets of flowers in their outer hands. They looked and walked like angels come out from heaven to join in the Christian holiday; their very appearance a sermon on innocence, peace, and joy. In no place are children more loved or more at home than in His house who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. Amen I say to you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall not enter into it. And embracing them, and laying his hands upon them, He blessed them" (Mark x. 14-16). Several groups of girls and young women came next; all in white dresses, veils, and guild cloaks, with lighted tapers, roses, &c., accompanied by their respective banners; in all, eight groups and eight banners. Next came the cross-bearer and acolyths, followed by eight torch-bearers; after these, the eighteen choristers, with their cantors and precentor in copes; also two persons wearing cloth-of-gold copes, and master of ceremonies in cope of the same material, with his assistant. Next, the two thurifers, incensing the Blessed Sacrament, and three little children, strewing the way with rose-leaves—"Joyful in his path to scatter roses sweet and lilies fair." Four persons in scarlet cloaks, with ermine collars, sleeves, &c., carried the rich satin canopy, beneath which was the celebrant bearing the gold remonstrance in which the Blessed Sacrament reposed. On either side walked deacon and subdeacon, in dalmatic of cloth of gold. A group of young women "clothed in white robes" (Apoc. vii. 13) with long white veils and lighted candles, closed the procession. And as it slowly moved down the nave and round the aisles, and the notes from organ and choir rose up "like the noise of many waters" (Apoc. xiv.) mingling with the clouds of incense that floated on every side, tinged with colours that streamed in through the stained glass windows, it seemed indeed that "the temple was filled with the majesty of God" (Apoc. xv.) The morning service concluded with solemn benediction one concentrated hymn of praise resounding through the whole building.

In the evening, at half-past six, compline was chanted and the sermon preached by the Rev. F. Cheadle. It was an application of Psalm cx. 4 to the festival of the day, "He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered." The sermon ended, the sanctuary was lighted up with countless lights—the clergy, with their ecclesiastical attendants, filled the holy place, and the other portions of the moving procession, with their banners, &c. occupied the centre of the nave. Benediction was then given as in the morning, and the procession retired, chanting the psalm, "O praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise Him, all ye people. For the mercy of the Lord has been confirmed upon us, and the truth of the Lord remaineth for ever."

CATHOLIC MIDDLE SCHOOL.—On Wednesday, June 20th, the public examination of the Catholic Middle School, John Street, Bedford Row, was held in the presence of the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman, of many of the Catholic clergy, members of the committee, and others interested in the progress of this excellent institution. The boys were examined in their religious studies by the Rev. Mr. Kyan, to whose superintendence that department is entrusted. Their answers to that, as in the other subjects, as well as their general appearance and demeanour, reflected the highest credit on Mr. Glenie and his able assistants. His Lordship, in distributing the prizes, expressed his high approbation of what had come before him. An excursion to Rosherville Gardens took place the following day.

ORATORY OF ST. PHILIP NERI IN LONDON.—On the last day of May the Fathers of the English Oratory

opened their house in London. The house is situated in King William Street, Strand, and contains accommodation for a considerable number of priests and lay brothers; and has attached to it two chapels or oratories, holding together nearly 900 persons. On the day of the opening, High Mass was sung before the Right Rev. the Vicar Apostolic of the district, who also preached; and in the afternoon a sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Father Newman, Superior of the Oratory at Birmingham. The building was crowded at both services; and both at Mass and in the afternoon and evening services, has continued to be filled to the extreme ever since, both on Sundays and weekdays. There are no payments required for seats, but a collection is made at all services on Sundays.

HAMMERSMITH.—OPENING OF THE NEW CHURCH OF THE CONVENT OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.—On Monday, within the Octave of Corpus Christi, the beautiful little church recently completed for the Convent of the Good Shepherd was solemnly opened with High Mass. The Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman preached, taking for his text John x. 11, "I am the Good Shepherd." After High Mass followed the procession of the blessed Sacrament round the precincts of the church, the canopy being borne by the Brethren of the Confraternity of the blessed Sacrament of St. George's, in their habits; little children in white going before, and scattering flowers; the officiating Priests, and others,

of whom there were many, and the Bishops closing the procession. The sight was very beautiful, and the sun, which shone brightly the whole time, added to the beauty of the scene. The religious and the penitents all knelt on one side of the church as the procession passed by. On the other were kneeling numbers of the laity who had assembled on the occasion. On the procession re-entering the church, the Benediction of the blessed Sacrament was given, and the ceremonies of the morning terminated.

ELECTION OF A CATHOLIC PRIMATE FOR IRELAND.—The election of a Catholic Primate, to succeed the late Most Rev. Dr. Crolly, took place at Armagh on the 22d of May. The following Bishops were in attendance:—Dr. McGettigan of Raphoe, Dr. Brown of Kilmore, Dr. O'Higgins of Ardagh, Dr. McNally of Clogher, Dr. Denvir of Down and Connor, Dr. Cantwell of Meath, and Dr. Ryan of Limerick. There are in the archdiocese of Armagh fifty-one parish priests—that is, fifty-one electors; of these, fifty were present and voted. The following was the result:

	VOTES.
Dr. Dixon, Professor of Sacred Scripture in the College of Maynooth	<i>Dignissimus</i> 26
Dr. O'Hanlon, President of the Dunboyne establishment in the College of Maynooth	<i>Dignior</i> 12
Dr. Kieran, P.P., Dundalk	<i>Dignus</i> 12

Historic Chronicle.

THE motion of Mr. Hume for increased Parliamentary Reform, by giving to all householders the privilege of voting, and by the introduction of the ballot, was negatived by a large majority; and the only other new topic which promised much discussion, that of Mr. Cobden, for inserting arbitration clauses in all treaties, and so preventing all future wars, proved so different from what had been expected from that gentleman's speeches out of doors on military expenditure, that the House seemed to take his word that it was no alteration at all, and so dismissed it. The third reading of the Navigation Bill in the House of Lords was signalled by the Bishop of Oxford's proposal to exclude Brazil from the operation of the new law, his reason being that otherwise it would encourage the trade of Brazil, and thus stimulate her traffic in slaves. This displeased both parties: the opponents of the bill reproaching him for having supported it, while its supporters blamed him for an impracticable attempt to cripple the measure; and the Tory Lord Winchelsea hinted that if Bishops interfered in secular matters, they might be excluded from the House!

The Ministry have brought forward a new constitution for Australia, which they state meets with the entire acquiescence of the colonists. Their policy in Canada has been warmly attacked in both houses, and on a division in the Lords, the Government were only victorious by a majority of three, they being in an absolute minority as regarded the Peers present.

The accounts from the south of Ireland renew the descriptions of horror; the people starving, or feeding on the most loathsome food; numbers ejected, and perishing on the highways; while the pauperisation of the Catholic clergy deprives the people of the aid which, under more favourable auspices, they might have relied on. We are rejoiced, however, to find that Mr. Godolphin Osborne, the well-known and coura-

geous Dorsetshire rector, has gone to Ireland to see facts for himself; and we have little doubt that his communications to the *Times* will open the eyes of Englishmen to the true nature of Irish landlordism and Irish misery more effectually than any means hitherto tried. Politically there has been little interest. The commutation of the sentence on Mr. Smith O'Brien has been officially announced, and the Government has abandoned its prosecution of Mr. Duffy.

The annexation of the Punjaub has been determined on, and Moolraj has been put on his trial for the murder of the two British officers with which he commenced the insurrection.

Canada has become more tranquil; the opposition party contents itself with bitter speeches and protestations, while public opinion out of doors seems in favour of the ministerial project.

Papers received from the Cape of Good Hope copy reports from this country, that 300 convicts are to be transhipped from Bermuda to the Cape; and the most angry feelings appear to have been provoked in the colony by the intelligence.

The position of affairs in Rome for the last month has been such that we know not what next to expect or what to hope for. Day after day is named as that on which General Oudinot was to attack the city, which he has been preparing to do by regular approaches; and while our words are going through the press, news may arrive that he is master of the Eternal City. But what then? What will the French do, and what will the Pope do? And *how* is the cause of the latter advanced by the success of the former? As we have said, we cannot tell what to expect, what to wish, or what to hope for. All will issue in that which is best for the Church, but probably by means which defy the forecasting of human wisdom. Extracts from private letters from Italy have been published, and give the reports current; but we have reason to know that though they give a true general picture of

the state of affairs, the actual details are not always to be trusted. The whole country is in such a state that no certain intelligence is attainable, and few English yet remain in Rome.

The result of the French elections has served only to widen the breach between the contending parties; that class which, though republican, was adverse to the wild phantasies of Lamennais and Proudhon, having greatly diminished in numbers. Lamartine, Armand Marrast, the *ci-devant* President of the Assembly, Garnier Pagès, and many others of its most distinguished members, not having a seat in the present Chamber; while Ledru Rollin has received a quintuple return. Overtures have been made to the Moderate Republicans by a change in the Ministry, Dufaure taking the portfolio of Leon Faucher as Minister of the Interior, whilst De Tocqueville and Lanjuinais have taken the places of Drouhyn de Lhuys and Buffet in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and of Agriculture and Commerce. The President's message, which rivals in length that of his American compeer, tells little that is new, and although valuable for its statistical information, must still be taken with reservation, from its manifest endeavour to put the best possible face on affairs. Amongst its details, we are glad to find that the Government is in negotiation with the Holy See for the establishment of three new colonial episcopates, which will serve to assimilate the colonies still more closely with the mother country. After a *resumé* of the part pursued by France with reference to Piedmont and Sicily, the affairs at Rome are narrated, but in a manner so inexplicit, that but little is added to what is already known, even as to the intentions of the French Government. It announces a complete accordance with England in all foreign affairs, although the explanation of Lord Palmerston does not corroborate this so far as relates to Rome.

The cholera raged at Paris with increasing violence till the 10th, on which day the deaths reached the maximum number of 672; the disease then declined, and on the 13th the mortality was but 300. Amongst its more distinguished victims was Marshal Bugeaud, who, after receiving the sacraments from the Abbé Sibour, died without a struggle in the arms of Cavaignac and Count Molé.

Fearful excitement was caused in Paris by the news of resumption of hostilities at Rome. In the Assembly on the 11th, Ledru Rollin brought forward his interpellations respecting the intervention at Rome, and announced that he had deposited an impeachment of the President and Ministry, for which he demanded immediate attention. Odillon Barrot replied with great energy, and was answered by Ledru Rollin's exclaiming, "The fifth article of the Constitution has been violated; but we will defend the Constitution, and if necessary we will defend it by arms." After immense uproar, the order of the day "pure and simple" was carried by 361 to 203; the Ministerial majority thus setting aside all the motions of the Opposition. Next day, M. Thiers and General Cavaignac spoke in strong condemnation of the violence that had been shewn. Subsequently, M. Ledru Rollin explained; while he did not retract, he only meant that his party would defend with arms after pacific means had been exhausted. The next day, the excitement

was intense; a few barricades were erected, but instantly destroyed by the troops, who filled the streets in tens of thousands; and tranquillity was preserved. The city, however, was declared by the Assembly in a state of siege.

The draft of the Imperial German Constitution drawn up at Berlin by the plenipotentiaries of Prussia, Hanover, and Saxony—Austria withholding, and Bavaria reserving, her assent—was published at Berlin on the 30th of May.

Prussia has now completely broken with Frankfort. The remains of the Assembly have left that city for Stuttgart, and placed themselves at the head of the revolutionary movement.* In Baden, affairs are at their crisis, the democrats having come to blows with the Government, which has called in the assistance of the Prussians.

Hungarian affairs are as unsettled as ever.

At New York, the appearance of Mr. Macready at the Astor Opera House was made the pretext for displaying the dislike of the mob to any thing partaking of the exclusiveness of European manners. On his entrance, logs of wood and rotten eggs were thrown on the stage; but in the end the riot grew very serious, and it was not until a large force of infantry and artillery were called out, and three volleys had been fired at the mob outside, that they were dispersed, when it was found that twenty-three persons had been killed and upwards of thirty wounded.

The city of St. Louis has been almost destroyed by fire, twenty-seven large steamers and three hundred houses having been burnt. At New Orleans, the Mississippi has burst its banks in two places, and there were strong fears that the city would be totally lost. A large amount of gold 200,000*l.*, is said to have arrived from California.

* Later intelligence announces that the Wurtemberg Government has prohibited their further meeting.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN OLD CATHOLIC.—We shall take an early opportunity of further elucidating the subject to which our correspondent alludes, and are obliged by his calling attention to it.

NOTICE

To Subscribers to the Rambler.

In order to meet the convenience of some of our Country Subscribers, who wish to receive their copies of the RAMBLER by post, and at as low a cost as possible, a Quarterly Edition of the Journal will for the future be issued, on the first days of January, April, July, and October, and comprising the current and two immediately preceding Monthly Numbers. They will be stitched together in one wrapper, and thus be sent by post for Sixpence only, in addition to the selling price of Four Shillings and Sixpence.

Each Monthly Number of the RAMBLER contains so large a quantity of matter, that three such numbers are nearly equal to two numbers of the ordinary Quarterly Reviews. The Quarterly Edition will thus be by far the cheapest quarterly publication in the kingdom, giving to its readers for 4*s.* 6*d.* nearly as much matter as others give for 12*s.*

The first Quarterly Part of the RAMBLER, containing the Monthly Numbers for May, June, and July (which commence the Fourth Volume, now in progress), is now ready, and will be forwarded on application to the Publisher, or by any Bookseller in Town or Country.

The Rambler,

A JOURNAL AND REVIEW OF HOME AND FOREIGN LITERATURE,
POLITICS, SCIENCE, MUSIC, AND THE FINE ARTS.

VOL. IV.

AUGUST 1849.

PART XX.

FOUR YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION:

WITH OBSERVATIONS ON ITS EFFECTS UPON THE CHARACTER, INTELLECTUAL, MORAL,
AND SPIRITUAL.

BY A LATE MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

[Continued from p. 171.]

HAVING already stated what I have found to be the influence of a submission to the Catholic Church upon a man's freedom and independence of judgment on all matters not of faith, I now proceed to give an account of the effect it exercises upon the general faculties of the mind, not simply as *leaving them* to the unhindered development of their native strength, but as exerting upon them a positive strengthening and elevating power; as serving, in a word, to confer a true intellectual discipline upon the mind. And in saying this, I must again beg the Protestant reader to observe, that in asserting that Catholicism leaves the judgment perfectly free *in all matters not of faith*, I am as far as possible from admitting that it enforces the shadow of intellectual servitude even in those things which *are* of faith; that is, which are defined and laid down for belief by the Church herself. I most strenuously deny that the faintest degree of irrational domination is exerted upon me by the Church, even though her command that I should believe *all* that she proposes to my faith is absolute, and brooks not a moment's hesitation. If is rigidly in conformity with the laws of pure reason that I should place an implicit reliance upon the declarations of an authority which I am convinced is a far more competent judge of religious truth than I can possibly be, and which, I am persuaded on sure grounds, is guided by a divine influence which supersedes the private deductions of my personal, unaided, reasoning powers. It is not slavery to believe the word of a competent witness; rather it is worse than folly to doubt it. It is not slavery for a labouring man who knows nothing of mathematics, to rest in undoubting certainty in the conviction that the earth goes round the sun, though to his personal judgment the sun seems to go round the earth, because philosophers tell him that he is misled by appearances. It was not slavery in the Jews and Gentiles when they believed the words our blessed Lord spoke to them, be-

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cause they saw the miracles he wrought. And in like manner, I am not a slave because I entertain no doubts of the truth of Catholic doctrines, when I see that the common laws of reasoning compel me to regard the Catholic Church as infallible. I cannot *help* believing what she tells me, just as I cannot *help* believing that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. Will any man who wishes to escape the imputation of craziness tell me that he should *like* to be allowed to believe that two and two do not make four, or that the earth is square, and not spherical? Does he feel uncomfortable when he studies the demonstrations in *Euclid's Elements*, and wish to be *permitted* to deny their cogency? What would he say if some ignorant simpleton rose to express profound pity for his enslaved condition, and ask him why he did not exercise the inalienable *rights* of reason, and set up a new algebra or a new astronomy for his own private use and delectation?

And such, I can seriously assure the Protestant reader, is the feeling of intelligent and well-educated Catholics respecting the obligation under which they lie to accept all that their Church teaches. They do *not* wish to believe otherwise than they are taught, any more than they wish to believe that New York is situated in China. If we were to meet any person who claimed such a liberty in his geographical faith, we should all agree in thinking that he verged upon the insane. And just such is our judgment of the well-informed separatist from our Church. We pity him quite as much (at the least) as he pities us. We do not wonder at a Heathen, or a Protestant who knows nothing of the question, remaining out of the Catholic Church; but that any man who cares for truth, honesty, and the laws of reason, should study the case between Rome and her opponents, and finally embrace the belief that any form of Protestantism is true, appears in our eyes a violation of the elementary rules of logic and common sense, very nearly as mon-

strous as a denial of the law of gravity, or of the commonest facts of universal history. I do most confidently assert, that could the philosophical heretic discern the indescribable pity with which we regard *his* state of mind, and the contempt with which we treat the quibbles of his sophistry, he would be more puzzled to reconcile it with his theories of the intellectual bondage of Catholicism, than he had ever been in investigating the subtleties of the cloudiest of metaphysicians, Hindoo or Greek, Scottish or German.

Let me here also call attention to the claim which the Catholic makes to the possession of a special faculty for the discernment of and belief in religious truth, in addition to those general preliminary proofs of the truth of the Catholic religion which address themselves to those who are without the Church, as well as to those who are within. Whether or no this claim be well-founded, I am not now discussing; still, in examining into the intellectual influences of Catholicism, it must not be forgotten that we *do* assert that we possess this power. Every Catholic divine will lay it down as an elementary truth of practical and doctrinal religion, and every convert from Protestantism will allege that the doctrine is confirmed by his own private experience, that the individual Catholic has a *personal* certainty of the truth and reality of the objects of his faith, which goes further than the mere external logical proof of the truth of Christianity as a religion from God, and of Catholicism as identical with Christianity. To the observer from without, this singular faculty will appear what is popularly called mysticism; he will say that it is simply a delusion; that we have no tangible proof that we are not the sport of the fantasies of our imagination, and that the pure intellect has no healthy work in producing the convictions I speak of. And that it will so appear to him so long as he is himself deprived of this faculty, I do not deny. A blind man cannot conceive *colour*, though he may *feel* by his touch the physical difference between one hue and another. We are all of us lost in amazement when we try to comprehend *what* is the faculty by which a dog, when shut up in a dark hamper, and carried two hundred miles away from his home inside a carriage, is no sooner set free than he returns direct to his former abode, though he has never before been at the place to which he was taken. In like manner the Protestant has not any conception of the nature of that mysterious gift which the Catholic Church terms the gift of faith, by means of which her children are brought into a certain contact (so to say) with the invisible world, and which makes them more sure of the truth of the doctrines of their religion than can be imagined possible for any cultivated mind, by those who are themselves not in possession of this supernatural power.

Still, whatever may be thought of us, it is a

fact that we are unconscious of that bondage under which we are popularly imagined to groan and writhe. So far from yielding an unwilling homage to authority *against* the suggestions of our better judgment, we look upon ourselves as the only thoroughly sane persons in existence. We regard mankind in general, and our Protestant friends and fellow-countrymen in particular, as in some respects out of their senses. We have no more respect for their views than for the delusions of a madman who fancies himself a sovereign prince, and his cell in Bedlam a royal palace. We respect their motives, their intentions, their feelings, their goodness and amiableness; but as for their religious belief, and what they call their arguments and proofs, we only grieve that poor human nature can labour under such an infatuation as to count such perversions of common sense worthy the very name of reasoning.

To all that I have alleged in favour of the healthy and invigorating influence of Catholicism upon the mind, it will be objected, that were the case as I have stated it, the Catholic body in this country would hold a position among their fellow-countrymen far higher than they now possess, and would be distinguished for their literary attainments to an extent which it would be absurd to claim for them in their present state. I say nothing of the vulgar objection that in other countries and other ages Catholicism has crushed rather than aided the development of the faculties, because I am speaking only of what has fallen more immediately under my own observation. The objection itself will not, in truth, bear a moment's examination, and our posterity will come to class it with the rest of the herd of John Bull's self-complacent delusions, and admit that it is no more true that Catholicism depresses the intellect than that it teaches Frenchmen to eat frogs, while Protestantism teaches Englishmen to feast on beef. I confine myself to the state of English Catholicism alone, and have no hesitation in asserting that the exact state of English Catholic education and English Catholic literature furnishes no test whatsoever of the intelligence and abilities of the English Catholic mind. I have anxiously and carefully compared the average range and power of the Protestant intellect with the Catholic, and have possessed very extensive means for instituting the comparison; and I do not hesitate to declare, not only that the young Catholic mind is at least as able, as imaginative, as keen as animated, and as courageous, as that of the young Protestant, but that the influence of our hitherto defective education has had far *les* depressing results upon our mental condition than could have been possible under any form of Protestantism whatsoever. The faults of our education have not been *our* fault; they have been the inevitable result of circumstance over which we have had no control; they are rapidly passing away, and a progress toward

a thoroughly satisfactory state of things is going forward with all possible speed.

There can be little doubt, indeed, that a person who had judged of the state of the English Catholic intellect by the actual books it has produced, and is now producing, or by the estimation in which it is held by the Protestant world, would be taken completely by surprise, if he was thrown for some length of time among any fair average specimens of Catholics themselves. Let him, for example, contrast the cleverness, the quickness, and the energy of a number of boys from Eton and Winchester with an equal number from one of the best of the Catholic schools, or of a number of young men from Oxford and Cambridge with their fellows in age in Catholic seminaries, and he would confess, without a moment's hesitation, that so far from seeing any sign of intellectual deterioration in the youthful Catholic intelligence, there was a vigour, an activity, a healthy life of imagination, and an openness to receive impressions of the purest and noblest character, which he had not been in the least prepared to find among them.

If it be asked, how it is that when the means of secular training were to so great an extent torn from the Catholic body by the persecution of the law, there yet remained to them any such powerful instrument for preventing the entire stagnation of the natural faculties; I reply, that, taken as a mere means for cultivating the intellect, the Catholic religion stands pre-eminent among all branches of human knowledge. Bind and fetter the Catholic as you may; tread him under foot; trample upon him; rob him of every earthly good; drive him from all intelligent society; burn his books; shut up his schools; denounce him as a slave, till you have done your utmost to make him one; still, so long as he retains his religion, he has that within him which feeds the intellectual flame, and suffers it never to be wholly extinguished, and preserves in every faculty of his soul a marvellous *elasticity*, which will make it spring forth into life and action the moment that the repressing power is withdrawn, and he enters the lists with his fellow-countrymen a free and unpersecuted man. It is very true that English Catholicism can as yet boast of but few names which are eminent in any path of intellectual culture; but then, how extremely small is that class of Catholics from which men of intellectual eminence generally proceed. Those who judge us by our *numbers*, judge us most falsely, because we are almost all poor, almost all approaching to paupers. That immense professional and middle class which supplies almost the whole of the literary, philosophical, and scientific writers and thinkers of the age, not to mention its political celebrities, scarcely exists amongst us. Considering the paucity of our numbers, the wonder is that we have so many great names to shew,

and not that we have done no more. Most people, too, have little idea how many of those whom they extol with unbounded praise in the walks of science and art are Catholics. I will not allude to individuals by name, but I cannot but repeat the assertion, that as historians, antiquarians, artists, and men of science, the English Catholics have done far *more* than could be expected of them, considering their numbers, and the overwhelming difficulties under which they have laboured. And I entertain a strong conviction that before another generation has passed away, it will be found that Catholicism in England has grappled with the awful difficulties of the time, and has succeeded in ruling and guiding the intelligence of this day of trial and trouble, to an extent which must seem visionary and impossible to those who know not the astonishing *strength* that is hidden in her faith and morality.

The source of this intellectual discipline is to be found in the nature of those subjects of thought to which the Catholic religion directs the minds of its followers. While every division of Protestantism is of so vague, inconsistent, varying, and depressing a character, that minds of a high order, and free energetic spirits, find pleasure and training for their powers only in criticising its statements, destroying its foundations, and detecting its absurdities, Catholicism calls forth the energies of the mind by a directly opposite process. It is by the contemplation of the perfections of Catholicism, by repeated examinations into the strength of its basis, by the study of its wondrous scientific completeness, that the Catholic intelligence is disciplined. The Protestant exults in the destruction of the follies which he sees to have enthralled his Protestant brethren of less keen penetration than himself. The more he searches into his own belief, the more inconsistencies he discovers, the more is he startled at the intellectual imposture to which mankind have been giving credence. Protestant theological science consists in a systematising of unbelief, in the gradual erection and completion of a system of philosophy which, while it assumes the name of Christianity, is virtually a denial of every thing positive and distinctive in Christianity as a revelation, and is nothing more than Deism, Pantheism, or Atheism, under a new designation.

With us, the very reverse is the fact. Every fresh addition to the philosophy, the poetry, the moral or dogmatic science of the Church, is an addition to the strength and durability of her entire system. We destroy nothing. We develope, we add, we expound, we illustrate, we enforce, we adapt, but we never take away or deny what was once held. And thus it is that the employment of the faculties of the mind in the contemplation of the theology and practices of Catholicism, even when every other means of education is rent away, is sufficient to communicate a certain measure of intellec-

tual vigour and keenness. The mind is perpetually directed to the examination of a vast, far-stretching body of truths, relating to the profoundest possible subjects of thought, arranged, defined, analysed, and connected by the labours of centuries and centuries; expounded in books in every language, embodied in devotions of every kind, illustrated by innumerable ceremonies and customs, and accompanied with the practice of a system of morals, in comparison of whose scientific completeness it is not too much to say, that the ordinary moral and physical sciences of secular life are but as the guess-work of a speculator or the crotchets of an empiric. Under the influence of this extraordinary system, the pure reasoning powers, the imagination, the taste, with the whole of our moral being, romantic, self-sacrificing, shrewd, and practical, undergoes a degree of *drilling*, so to say, which I believe to be utterly incomprehensible to those who judge of the effect of theological science upon the intellect by the results which they see produced by the positive creeds of Protestantism, such as they are.

Such, then, are, on the whole, the results of my personal experience of the intellectual effect of a submission to the Church, and of the observations I have been able to make on the subject. I shall next request the reader's attention to its *moral* influence, leaving the influence of its peculiar theological doctrines and its supernatural claims to another opportunity.

What is the popular English belief with regard to Catholic morality need not be described at any length. It is clear enough that we are thought to be—to use the word in its scientific sense—*monsters*. We are esteemed a sort of *lusus naturæ*, a combination of the great and the vile, of the rigid and the licentious, of the benevolent and the cruel, such as is nowhere else to be found in the entire range of humanity. Almost every body is more or less *afraid* of a Catholic. A kind of power of fascination is attributed to us, such as is possessed by some of the snake species. Men of shrewd sense, calm and not easily led away by their fears, seldom feel thoroughly safe in dealing with Catholics. They fancy that our movements cannot be calculated upon like those of other men; that we alternately bind ourselves as slaves, and take the most inconceivable of liberties; that at one moment we aim at living like angels, and at another are content to become as devils. The one thing above all others which is attributed to us is an unconquerable and impenetrable secrecy in all our dealings, which is supposed to be carried to the highest extent by the Catholic clergy in their dealings with the laity and with Protestants of all descriptions. This is, on the whole, the popular belief among candid Englishmen; while there is a multitude of persons, who, for want of a better term, may be styled the fanatics of Protestantism, who simply regard us as incarnate

demons, the victims of deadly delusion, the blinded instruments of an atrocious scheme of deception, devised and carried on by a profligate priesthood and hierarchy. As these last, however, will probably not read a word of what I have to say, or if they do read it, will suppose that I am writing under the dictation of some crafty priest, monk, or Jesuit, it is needless to shew that their ideas of Catholicism are the mere ravings of folly, and that it is literally impossible that the Catholic religion could exist and spread as it does among respectable and intelligent men and women of all countries, ages, ranks, and inclinations, were it in the slightest degree such as they suppose it to be. I address myself solely to those persons of common sense and charitable intentions, who knowing Catholicism only from the representations of vehement anti-Catholic writers, are yet staggered in the belief in which they have been brought up by undeniable facts of a diametrically contradictory character, and who would fain know whether or not Catholics *are* that strange compound of good and evil which the candid philosophical observer accounts them. I shall perhaps best communicate that clear knowledge of the facts of the case which I desire to furnish, by taking in detail some few of those points of Catholic practice which are believed to be most injurious to pure morality, and of those views which we are believed to hold in violation of the simplicity of Gospel strictness.

First, then, with respect to the personal character of our clergy, and of the members of religious orders. It is undeniable that Protestants, even the most charitable, are extremely suspicious of the moral character of a large body of men, like our clergy; and of cloistered institutions, like our monasteries and convents, where hundreds and hundreds of men and women are subjected to what is supposed a most unnatural restraint, at the same time that they are withdrawn from the sight of the world, and enabled to perpetrate all sorts of wickednesses unchecked by the voice of public opinion. I suppose that there is perhaps not a Protestant in England who does not in his heart believe that the clergy of the Established Church, if not the body of dissenting ministers, are a more moral, more pious, and more modestly retiring class of men than the eight hundred popish priests of Great Britain, to say nothing of the monks and Jesuits. They feel convinced that though many of our clergy may be men of irreproachable lives, and devoted to the welfare of their flocks, yet, that if they could see behind the scenes, they would discover many a shocking exception, even if it did not turn out that the immoral Catholic clergy were *more* numerous than the correct and self-denying.

What, then, has been the result of my personal knowledge of the moral condition of our clergy? I most solemnly assure my reader

that I have only heard of one solitary instance of immorality among them, while that one was of a far less heinous character than would be at all supposed. The priest in question was given to drinking a little too much, and is now, I believe, thoroughly reformed. Persons may start at this statement, and think it a glaring falsehood, or an impossibility; but nevertheless, I assert that it is true. I have never even heard of, much less known, more than this one instance of clerical misconduct among the English priesthood. Of course, there *may* be others; perhaps there are; I can only speak as far as my experience goes; but unquestionably so far as it does go, and that is to a very considerable extent, the fact is as I have alleged. Nor, again, am I saying any thing of other faults of a different species from those which are popularly described by the word *immorality*, when applied to an individual; I do not say that every one of the Catholic clergy is an immaculate saint, who never by word or deed transgresses the most minute precept of the moral law of God. All have their infirmities, because all are still in the flesh, still encompassed with trials, and often harassed and proved beyond the ordinary lot of men. I am speaking at present of that general correctness and irreproachableness of life which we *have* a right to expect from every member of the priesthood, and in which the Protestant world supposes that they fall so grievously short of their duty.

Compare this fact, then, with the condition of the Anglican clergy, and mark to which class the palm of purity of life is to be assigned. Let any man who has had the means of knowing them, as I have known both them and the Catholic clergy, call to mind the results of his experience, and ask himself whether the contrast is not most favourable to the Catholic religion. There is not a person who is familiar with the discipline of the Established Church, and with the ecclesiastical and criminal courts of this country, who could not, with five minutes' reflection, count up a score or so of cases which have come under his own personal knowledge, in which, from deans down to curates, the moral law has been flagrantly violated by crimes, varying from such as it is forbidden for pen to describe to that swindling and perjury which is barely esteemed immoral in the lax judgment of common men. Let any person recall the circumstances which have come under his cognisance during the last ten or fifteen years, and he will be constrained to admit, that if there is any class of ecclesiastics who practically answer to those pictures of scandalous vice which he has been brought up to believe to apply to the Catholic clergy, that class are the clergy of the Church of England. I am not asserting, be it remembered, that all the Established clergy are immoral, or that a majority of them are immoral; but I do say that the proportion of the scandalous to the decent

livers in the Establishment is far, far greater than in any portion of the Catholic Church in which I have ever had an opportunity of ascertaining the true state of affairs. The case is also just the same in the religious orders. The monks are almost invariably men of irreproachable correctness of conduct; while as to the convents of women, I am morally convinced that there is no such a being as a nun of questionable character in the entire kingdom.

I will, however, go much farther than this, and profess my sincere conviction that an immense majority of the Catholic priesthood and members of monastic orders are not only persons of correct life, but thoroughly *religious* persons, whose hearts are sincerely given to the service of God, and who love Him with that true affection which He will recompense with eternal life in heaven. As I have already said, they vary considerably in degrees of sanctity, from that of the most exalted piety downwards; but nevertheless it is impossible to know them personally and intimately, to see them in their hours of relaxation as well as to meet them in the confessional, to hear them in the pulpit, or to see them by the bedside of the sick;—it is impossible to learn their weaknesses and their trials, as well as their powers and their successes, without being impressed with a moral certainty that in the last great day there will be few of the English Catholic clergy to whom their Master will not say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." I am the last person in the world to entertain a superstitious respect for any person, or to close my eyes to what I might see or ought to see; but I cannot help recording my experience, and saying, that as far as I can remember, I never yet met with a priest who did not appear to me to have a *conscience*, to be alive to the paramount claims of Almighty God to the undissembled homage of his heart, or who shamefully neglected the ordinary duties of his sacred calling. Nor do I wish to speak unnecessarily harshly of the Protestant clergy, with very many of whom I have lived on terms of affectionate intimacy, and for some of whom I still entertain a sincere respect and hearty regard; but when I come to compare their apparent *religiousness*, as a body, with that of the Catholic priesthood, I see that while the latter are (as far as I know) habitually influenced by the fear and love of God, the former are *generally* mere decent men of the world, who make a compromise between its service, and a devotion to its comforts, and the claims of religion to their whole hearts. When I have had to do with Protestant clergymen, or conversed with them on any practical or spiritual subject, it was only in exceptional cases that I found I could reckon upon their being influenced by a religious motive, worldly prudence and ecclesiastical party spirit being the ruling guides of the majority; while the Catholic priest is ever accessible

to reasons or ideas founded upon the will of God and the general happiness of his fellow-creatures.

As to the popular idea of Romish *priestcraft*, it is simply a fiction. That assumption of something like personal infallibility which is so intolerably offensive in very many of the Anglican clergy, is really scarcely known among Catholic priests. It is a rare thing to hear a priest claim any more deference to his personal views or expositions of doctrine than ought reasonably to be conceded to those who have made religious questions their especial study. Protestants may rest assured that the notion that the clergy have any right to domineer over the consciences of the laity, that a priest always claims to decide every question *ex cathedra*, that the laity as generally stand in slavish fear of the opinions, the censures, or the denunciations of the clergy, is a pure creation of the imagination, contradicted by the facts of every mission in England, and radically opposed to the great Catholic doctrine that the Church is infallible, and not the individual members of the priesthood.

In like manner, what is termed the *Don* is a rarity in the Catholic Church; so much so, indeed, that I despair of making many of my Catholic readers understand the sort of creature whom Protestants designate by the term. I do not say that such beings never exist among us; but I do say that they are to be found in a far less proportion to the numbers of our clergy, than in the Established Church. Empty-headed assumption; an oracular manner of giving vent to commonplaces; a practising upon the simplicity or ignorance of inferiors in rank or intelligence; a deliberate repetition of canting, high-sounding phrases, which serve only to deceive the unenlightened and to amuse the keensighted; a sham, pompous, artificially dignified manner;—these are not the ordinary faults of the Catholic clergy, as they are but too common among that body which is the loudest in its declamations against Romish tyranny and priestly craft, and which regards a Catholic priest as a sort of respectable monster, a compound of deceitfulness, cunning, cleverness, zeal, and despotism. In fact, our clergy sometimes carry the openness of their character and manner to an extreme. They are really at times too open, too honest in what they say, too little studious of appearances, too ready to give other people credit for good intentions, and to expect a charitable interpretation of their words and conduct from a censorious world. Nobody that knows them can possibly pretend that they are apt to put on an exterior which belies their real nature; that they hide themselves from the eyes of the world and of their flocks by the assumption of an unnatural, stiff, pompous manner, or by affecting to be better than they are in reality. If they err at all in the matter, it is with that most amiable and pardonable error which no Christian man

can find it in his heart severely to condemn, the error of thinking too well of mankind in general, and of their friends and acquaintances in particular.

Here, too, I should introduce that one feature in the intercourse between the priesthood and the laity which is viewed with especial dread and suspicion by the Protestant, the discipline of the confessional. Amid the vast varieties of opinion which the separatist world entertains respecting this momentous subject, it is undeniable that *all* Protestants regard confession as a terrible engine in the hands of the clergy for exercising an undue power over men's souls. One, a zealous Protestant, views the whole practice with undissembled horror; one, a timid old lady, or a country parson, devoutly believes that by means of confession the priests instil every species of abomination into the minds of their flocks, especially into the young; a third, a philosophical politician, or an intensely candid Anglican, admits that great good may often result from confession, but is confident that great spiritual tyranny also is its very frequent result; a fourth, an ultra-Romanising Puseyite, or an anxious, trembling, devout person who longs for *some* practical guidance, is convinced that the system is full of benefit to those who judiciously employ it, but is possessed with an undefinable dread of its mysterious powers, and cannot believe that it is not frequently most terribly abused. All agree in thinking that the abuse of the confessional is any thing but rare.

To this I have again to reply, that if there is any fault to be found with the Catholic clergy, it is directly on the opposite side from that in which they are supposed to sin. If they err in directing the consciences of their flocks, it is in exercising too little authority over them, rather than in exercising too much. Unquestionably there is a very considerable variety in their claims to be considered as good spiritual directors; but it is equally undeniable that if any are ever to be found fault with, it is in being too considerate, too forbearing, too cautious of interfering with our personal wishes and free judgment. I can most solemnly say, that I never heard of such a thing as a priest making mischief in a household, coming between its various members and setting them against each other, or practising upon the simplicity and obedient spirit of his penitents for his own benefit, or for the benefit of his order. I have often heard complaints made, both by born Catholics and converts, that confessors left them too much to themselves; and I have occasionally, though rarely, heard of a priest asking questions which shewed that he wanted a power of discriminating character, or that his ideas of his office were narrow and unattractive; but never have I known or heard of an instance in which the confessional was employed as an instrument of tyranny; as a vehicle for instilling a knowledge of sins, hitherto unknown, to the

innocent mind; or as a source of misery and discomfort to a household.

My Protestant readers may smile, but I must assure them that the laity are a far greater plague to the clergy in the confessional than the clergy to the laity. If at the time of confession one of the two parties concerned is a master and the other a slave, it is certainly the priest who is the slave and the penitent who is the master. Again and again have I been astonished at the patience, the forbearance, the endurance, with which a Catholic priest will listen for hours after hours, in the hot, stifling, poisonous atmosphere of a crowded chapel, to recitals which try human calmness to the uttermost, so confused, so needless, so difficult to comprehend and elucidate, that one wonders how the priest's brains can stand the wear and tear, and he can come forth as unruffled in spirit as he is exhausted in body. The confessional, indeed, *is* in some cases an infliction; but it is an infliction of which by far the largest portion falls to the clergy and not to the laity. Its trials are perhaps as great as its blessings, and these latter are great and wonderful, but the trials and the blessings are not equally shared between priest and penitent. The former, abundant as are the consolations which he receives as well as bestows, has far more than his share of the pains with which the guidance of immortal souls is of necessity ever accompanied. However, of the general influence of the practice of confession, as a portion of Catholic discipline, I shall say more hereafter. Now I pass on to the observations I have been able to make on the results of the monastic system on those who are subjected to its restraints.

And here again I find it difficult to realise to myself the exact nature of the feelings which I know that the Protestant world entertains towards monks and nuns of every kind. So completely is the Catholic Church a new world to those who enter her pale, that, after a very short time, it becomes almost impossible to enter into the minds of those who are still without her fold, or to recall what we ourselves once thought and felt in common with the rest of our Protestant fellow-countrymen. So singularly unlike is it to *be* a Catholic to what it is imagined from without, and so marvellously does the whole system of Catholic faith and practice enter into one's whole life and absorb one's very nature itself, moulding one's every idea, sentiment, and liking after that very model which prevails throughout the whole of Catholic Christendom, that, before a few months have passed away, the convert has forgotten that he ever was different from what he has now become, and can hardly convince himself of the fact that he once entertained opinions respecting the Church and her children which now he laughs at as the most childish of absurdities. We seem as if the first part of our lives had been one long dream, and as if our

eyes had been opened to realities for the first time on the day when we were reconciled to the Church. We wonder how we could ever be so deluded as to fancy those visions of brightness, truth, and love which formerly we worshipped to be any thing more than the phantasms of our own imagination. Having now the free exercise of our faculties, we can scarcely persuade ourselves that there was a time when we lived year after year in the same country with the children of the true Church, with her temples open all around us, with her clergy ready to converse with any who came to them, with books in abundance to tell of her doctrines and system, with monasteries and convents scattered about the country, ready to shew hospitality to the most vehement of opponents, and yet could pass our lives in an abject servility to the vulgarest of prejudices and the most irrational of theories, without troubling ourselves to ascertain, by the employment of our common sense, whether facts were such as we had been taught to believe.

Hence I find it difficult to meet the popular feelings about monks and nuns with any fully intelligible and satisfactory answer, because I now can scarcely realise those feelings, or suppose that my sensible and well-disposed fellow-countrymen can be so preposterously absurd in their prejudices as I nevertheless *know* them to be, because I was once as absurd myself. I am confident that they will not trust what I tell them, or believe that, whatever be the true character of the inmates of the cloister, it is such as I assert it to be. So deeply are they possessed with what they imagine *must* be the result of the peculiarities of the monastic life, that they will hardly fail to receive my statement as a romance, as a tale conjured up by my own excited imagination, and contradicted by what facts would appear to be, if *they* could only see into them.

Yet the truth must be told as it is, and, while the world thinks with alternate horror, indignation, contempt, and pity upon the inhabitants of the cloister, I must repeat my conviction that they are the *happiest* people upon earth. As a Catholic, I of course consider that, taken as a body, the members of the religious orders are the most *holy* of all Christians; for great as are the miracles of sanctity which Almighty God accomplishes in the secular clergy of the Church, and even in the privacy of domestic life in every rank and grade of society, still it will scarcely be questioned by any Catholic that the highest degrees of holiness and love are so often accompanied with a vocation to the monastic life, that, as by a kind of natural law, a considerable proportion of the *saints* of Christianity will be found dwelling in the cloister as contemplatives, or occupied as members of some active order in ministering to the poor and sick, or teaching the ignorant. It is therefore a mere statement of common Catholic belief, to say that monas-

teries and convents, whatever may be the occasional exceptions to the rule, abound with men and women of fervent piety and devoted love to their fellow-creatures. That which the world will be least prepared to hear, is the testimony of an observer to the remarkable and uniform cheerfulness and happiness which fills the breasts of persons cut off from all the ordinary sources of human pleasure and enjoyment, and subjected sometimes to the severest bodily austerities, and always to the discipline of a military obedience.

I can, indeed, scarcely conceive a greater contrast than exists between the interior of many a convent and the strange gloomy conceptions which Protestants in the world entertain respecting it. The rough black, white, or brown habit in which the monk's or nun's figure is generally wrapped; the uncouth substitution of these ungainly garments (as they are thought) for all that makes the female form and countenance so charming in the eyes of man, and of woman also; the unvarying monotony of a life, which, for twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty long years, is passed within the walls of one single house, and the enclosure of one small garden; the thought that every moment of every hour in every day in all those revolving years is subjected to the rigid regulations of a written rule, and the direction of a superior who is but an erring, fallible mortal; that father, mother, brother, sister, come to see the nun but as visitors—as half-friends, half-strangers—as her kindred, and yet as having no claims or rights over her; and that a most solemn vow has bound her irrevocably to this voluntary death, until the last hour of mortality arrives, and she passes into eternity, untended by one hand that owns the relationship of blood or marriage;—all this impresses the popular mind with a mournful and angry feeling, and makes it think of these victims of a superstitious creed as the most miserable and unfortunate of earth's inhabitants. Yet I can most conscientiously say, that convents and monasteries are, without a solitary exception, the happiest and most cheerful places in the world. As in every thing else, there are differences between one religious house and another, not only in their strictness and spiritual fervour, but in the general *tone* of mind which pervades the community. Some are more grave and silent, others more lively and given to conversation. In some the labours of mercy for the poor are so exhausting, that they leave hardly spirit and strength for much vivacity or merriment. In others, severe austerities are borne with a redoubled energy of patience, through the perpetual buoyancy of spirit which a daily recurring recreation of the most animated species confers. Yet the rule will be found to hold good universally, that the cloister is a more cheerful place than the world without. Its inmates have a sunshine in their hearts, which, strange and inconceivable as it

must appear to those who know Catholicism only by false report, is both the result of the peculiarities of the conventual life, and its never-failing support and consolation.

Nor let it be supposed that, because the monastic spirit severs in twain those ties of affection which hold society together, and are the sweetest charm which this world has retained since Paradise was lost, therefore the hearts of monks and nuns are cold and hard, unfeeling towards one another, and destitute of affectionate sympathy towards those who are still occupied in secular affairs. Nothing could be more false than such a supposition. Every Catholic who has had much intercourse with them, whether in England or abroad, unites in bearing testimony to the fact, that not only are they among the most agreeable, hospitable, intelligent, and often most polished persons to be met with, but that their kind-heartedness, practical benevolence, and readiness to love all, is one of their most striking features. An undeniable proof of the bright, happy, attractive spirit which pervades the cloister is to be found in the circumstance, that wherever they keep a school, of any description, they win the affections of the young with an irresistible power, and attach to themselves throughout after-life almost all who have ever been under their care.

Still further, it is a remarkable illustration of the gentle and cordially sincere character of the inmates of religious houses, that a large proportion of many of them is made up of persons who were originally brought up in their schools, and who have either chosen never to leave them, or, when circumstances have permitted it in their after-career, have returned at once, as a bird to its nest, to that home of peace and happiness which in their childhood they felt to be truly a refuge in the midst of the sorrows and sins of this time of trial. Incomprehensible as is the enigma which the monastic state presents to the speculative and liberal-minded Protestant, who judges of its nature by the feelings he perceives working in his own mind, and by the principles and habits of common secular life, those who know it by personal experience, at the season when the heart is least likely to be led away by theories, and is still unsaddened by the bitter experience of after-years, furnish the most signal attestation of its delights, by constantly flying to it and embracing it as their portion, at that very age when pleasure is most intoxicating and the future seems most brilliant, and care and anguish have not imprinted one single furrow upon the brow. We know how singularly different is the feeling produced in Protestant schools, and even in some Catholic seminaries, towards those who are the instructors and managers of the young. So far from finding that seven or eight years passed at a great school, whether of boys or girls, induce the pupils in after-days to long

for a return to the society of those who taught and governed them, and for a share for life in all their daily occupations, the very reverse is the almost universal consequence. Men and women never become schoolmasters or ushers, schoolmistresses or governesses, by *choice*. One laughs at the very idea. Yet in the Catholic Church it is a fact, that if we want our boys to become Benedictines or Jesuits, and our girls to bury themselves in the cloister for ever, the best possible means we can take to ensure the fulfilment of our wishes is to send them to the schools of the religious order which we wish them to embrace, saying nothing at all to them about our wishes, but leaving things to work their natural way upon their youthful hearts. Nothing is, accordingly, more common than for parents to learn from their sons and daughters, just at the time that others are marrying and settling down amid the blandishments of the world, that they are strongly disposed to return to such and such a monastery or convent, and trust they have the permission and approbation of their father and mother. Doubtless the heart of many a freeborn Briton will swell with indignation at hearing that *natural* affections are thus scandalously interfered with, and they will hate the cloister all the more because it is the fatal foe to those worldly prospects which the fond and foolish parental heart cherishes for its children. It is true that people who would consign their daughter with gladness to the arms of a wealthy husband, who lived thousands of miles away in India, or rejoice to purchase a commission in the army for a son, who would thus be practically banished from his home for ever, will exclaim with vehement wrath against the tyrannical cruelty and unnatural wickedness of those who would counsel a youth or a maiden to take the vows of a religious, and so break up the unity and enjoyments of a smiling family; I only state this as a proof that monks and nuns are so happy a class of beings, that they attract, in great numbers, those who at any time come under their charge, and that to the merry, light-hearted boy and girl they approve themselves the most favoured and agreeable class of beings upon earth. Oh, wonderful power of grace and goodness! At this very moment, while almost every individual in the Protestant world of England, who has any opinions at all on the subject, is viewing the life of the Catholic convent as either a life of dark, morose misery and gloom, or of unbridled worldliness and licentiousness,—at this moment there is many and many a young heart within the Church that is rejoicing to put aside the wedding-garb, to quit the scene of gaiety and amusement, to part from all it loves most on earth, and refusing to give its love to any fresh object of mere earthly tenderness, and preparing to pass through those doors which open only to those who enter, and are closed to any who would fain return; and all this not by re-

straint—not because it has tried the world's pleasures to the utmost, and found them wanting—not because it has ceased to love its natural kindred—not because it is miserable—not because it is priest-ridden and superstitious—not because it has no means of support in the world,—but of its free, unbiassed will, after weeks, months, or years of reflection and prayer, simply because the “religious” life has attractions for it such as nothing earthly can offer, because it loves that life, and trusts to serve God more perfectly, and to do more good to its fellow-creatures, by thus withdrawing from the habits and customs of mankind, and devoting itself to Jesus Christ *alone*. Wonderful also it is, and not less true, that at the same time there are many and many parents in this realm who, from the earliest infancy of their offspring, hope and desire for them no other destiny than they should thus flee from life at the very moment when it is most tempting and full of promise; that while the worldly father and mother look forward with joy to the fame, the wealth, the domestic bliss which is to be their child's portion when he grows up to manhood, or depend upon the affectionate care and solicitude of a daughter to soothe the sickness of their old age, these strange and incomprehensible parents should even pray to God to take their child from them, to sever the tie that binds them to nature, and to bind them by an irrevocable vow to a state in which this world is to be to them as though it existed not. Yet such is the fact, and such the deep-seated belief which many a pious Catholic entertains of the blessedness of the conventual life, that the more purely and unselfishly they love their children, the more earnestly do they desire to see them thus safe from the storms which make shipwreck of so many souls.

But we must pass on to two or three of those other points in which Catholic morality is especially misunderstood by those who are not Catholics themselves. Perhaps in no one point is this misconception more complete than in regard to our belief and practice in respect to truth and falsehood. For generations this Protestant country was guilty of the glaring absurdity of imputing to Catholics a disregard of the sanctity of promises and oaths, at the same time that it refused to alter the oaths which kept Catholics out of Parliament. So monstrous are the delusions which men can practise upon themselves, that for centuries Catholics were popularly believed to keep no faith with heretics, and to be habitually guilty of perjury, while no single instance could be found of a Catholic whose conscience would permit him to take the oath which kept him a slave in the midst of a free people. And though the English nation is now beginning to think that all Catholics are not necessarily scoundrels, still we see many signs that people scarcely trust us—that they think us slippery,

deceitful, and crafty beyond other men, and are suspicious of the actual doctrines which our clergy teach respecting the duty of telling the truth.

I can declare, then, that so far as my experience and observation goes, this idea is without a shadow of a foundation in fact. I never met with a Catholic priest or a Catholic layman who was not at the very least as rigid in his observance of the law of truth, both in word and in deed, as the most upright and honourable of Protestants. That a different rule is to be followed in keeping faith with heretics, from that which Catholics follow among one another, is a notion which I have never heard even broached among them, and never mentioned but as an instance of Protestant misunderstanding of Catholic opinions. I have said that, at the very least, Catholics are as honest and truth-telling as Protestants, but I might say a great deal more; I might with strict correctness add, not only that they are much better informed as to what constitutes falsehood than Protestants, from their ignorance of moral science, can possibly be, but that they exercise a rigid watchfulness over themselves in speaking which is unknown to those who do not practise confession as we do. There are a thousand little acts of trickery and deception all but universal in the world, which the Catholic knows to be absolutely forbidden by the moral law, and which he avoids as sins. From the exaggerations and embellishments of mere conversation, up to the innumerable rogueries which are thought nothing of by men of the world, we are taught to mark the line between honesty and deception with an unyielding severity of demarcation, to which the popular laxity of both rich and poor, men and women, is absolutely a stranger. I would counsel any candid inquirer who wishes to ascertain what our morals in this respect really are, to put the question to any respectable Catholic man in business, to a solicitor, a merchant, or a common tradesman, who at all bears the character of being a good Catholic, who attends to his religious duties, and to ask him whether he does not find his religion a positive *hindrance* to him in competing with Protestants, who think nothing of practices to which he entertains conscientious scruples, and who act upon lax ideas of truth and falsehood, from which he himself recoils. I am, indeed, most firmly convinced that the large majority of men who are called men of honour in the world, are habitually guilty of sayings and doings which, in the judgment of the Catholic clergy and all well-conducted Catholic laity, would be nothing better than swindling, lying, and perjury.

A similar difference from the Protestant practice, even more striking in its nature and extent, is to be observed in the private conversations of Catholics respecting the faults and sins of their fellow-men. I have not a

moment's hesitation in asserting, that the universally recognised principle on which every decent Catholic controls his tongue, is all but *unknown* even to the better sort of Protestants. I need hardly remind my readers, that in the familiar conversations of private life, it is the habit of all classes and denominations to mention the moral faults of other persons without the slightest scruple, when inclination or the turn of conversation prompts it. I am not alleging that it is thought allowable to say what is *untrue* of others, or to say what *is* true from a malicious and uncharitable spirit; but it will not be disputed that not one Protestant in a thousand considers it wrong to mention in a quiet way that such and such a person has been guilty of such and such a fault, or is influenced by such and such a sinful habit or feeling. A lady no more hesitates to tell her friend that she has just discharged her servant for theft, than to say that it is a fine morning. Gentlemen over their wine have no more scruple in repeating any stories they have heard of the immoralities of their acquaintances, than of discussing the previous night's debate in Parliament. Every Catholic child, on the contrary, is taught that not even to our nearest and dearest friends and kindred is it permitted ever to mention the moral faults of another person, unless they are matter of public notoriety, or unless the law of charity not only permits, but actually *requires* it. If I see my friend unwittingly putting himself in the power of a man whom I know to be a rogue, I am bound by my duty to my friend to warn him, in confidence, of what he is doing. If I have had proof that a certain professional man or shopkeeper is a swindler, there may be cases in which I am imperatively called upon to prevent others from dealing with him. But until I am so summoned by charity to destroy my fellow-man's fair reputation, I have no more right to make his sins a subject of private gossip than to publish them in the columns of a newspaper.

It will perhaps be said, that whether this be so or not, Catholics do not generally act on this rigid rule. I reply, however, that most unquestionably they do act upon it. I do not, of course, pretend that they never act otherwise. They are still sinners, even when most saintly, and the devil's temptations and their own bad inclinations, and evil example, at times throw them off their guard, and hurry them into the sin of detraction which they condemn. But as a rule, I assert, without fear of contradiction, that the difference between Catholic and Protestant gossip is of the most striking character. You may go to a Catholic dinner, or a Catholic evening party, where perhaps there is not one who is what may be called an eminently saintly person, and come away without hearing a solitary syllable spoken against the fair fame of a single individual. You may hear a vast deal said of others, and much, perhaps

so much, that may at first sight appear free and unrestrained handling of their lives and characters; but when you calmly review what you have heard, you will find that all this discussion and merry laughter has been confined to trifling personal peculiarities which were perfectly harmless, and that you had heard no more *evil* of your neighbours than you hear when you are told that a man's nose is ugly or his hair is turning grey. And the same forbearance is practised with reference to Protestants as to Catholics. The rule holds good to all alike. The reputation of every human being, from the child to the hoary sage, from the servant to the prince, we esteem a sacred possession belonging to him, of which we have no more right to rob him than to help ourselves to a man's silver spoons, or to forge his name to a cheque. I am convinced that no acute or watchful Protestant could mix familiarly with Catholic society, and have his attention directed to these points, without observing a difference from the state of things which prevails even in the very best disposed and most religious Protestant society, which could be accounted for only by the admission that the fear of God and the love of his neighbours habitually rules the Catholic's life to an extent unknown beyond the pale of Catholicism.

Here, also, I cannot forbear alluding to a subject which, though it is very far from creditable to English Catholics as a body, is yet accompanied with mitigating circumstances which bespeak the presence of deep-seated genuine religion amongst us in a very remarkable way. I allude to the excessive freedom and want of delicacy—to call it by no worse name—with which too many amongst us have occasionally been accustomed to handle each other's *public* acts and words, both in private conversation and in print. Compared to other classes and religious bodies, Catholics attack one another with a virulence, an uncharitableness, a reckless imputation of motives, and an ungentelemanly coarseness of language, which can be paralleled in no other society professing to be guided by religious principles, and to be restrained by the rules of common propriety. This, I say, is the way in which we appear to the looker on, who judges us by what he publicly sees and hears, and is naturally ignorant of the existence of that numerous class of Catholics who mourn over these lamentable exhibitions of our foolishness and bad taste, and strive to the utmost to discountenance and repress them. To our shame we have to confess, that there is scarcely a rank or order of men amongst us which, during the last ten or fifteen years, has not furnished one or more examples of persons who have forgotten the laws of decency and charitable feeling, and displayed themselves before their fellow-Catholics and fellow-countrymen in a character of which every reflecting man must be deeply ashamed.

But here is the striking feature in all this violence of language and action to which I would especially direct attention. These ebullitions of hasty temper and an uncharitable spirit of interpretation amongst us are *not* what they would be in any other class of men in the United Kingdom. They mean far less at the very time they are put forth than they would mean in the mouths and from the pens of Protestants and men of the world; and when the first heat which produced them has subsided, they are not followed by those permanent feelings of ill-will and hostility which inevitably result from the quarrels of others. It is marvellous how soon this fire and fury subsides, and the smoke passes away, and the astonished observer perceives the wrathful combatants locked in a fraternal embrace! Our quarrels are but a portion of the result of those penal laws which have kept us behind the age in general civilisation. Grown men among us Catholics are often like grown-up boys rather than like persons of mature years. We are rough, hearty, headlong, honest, open-minded, free of tongue, hasty of interpretation, and reckless of appearances; but then if we have the faults of youth we most unquestionably have its virtues, and we forget and forgive with as much facility as we take offence and abuse one another. So certain it is that if we are not always *gentlemen* we are always *Christians*.

Again, as a further extenuation of our faults in this respect, it must be remembered that we are extremely limited in numbers in our more respectable and educated class. The comparative proportion of our poor is enormous. Within that class which comes forward before the public, almost every man is known to every other, so that not only can half-a-dozen wrong-headed people throw us all into confusion, but we cannot possibly separate ourselves into minor divisions, according to our personal tastes and notions, and act together without interfering with those who differ from us in subordinate and trifling details. But among Protestants it is not so. In the vast vortex of English society each phase of character, each combination of ideas, finds itself repeated again and again in numberless instances; and when a man does not like the views and feelings of his associates, he quits them, and unites in action with others more akin to himself. Thus every section in the Establishment, in the political and in the literary and scientific world, forms its own separate republic, with its ruling spirits, its periodicals, its books, its reunions, and its very phrases of speech and of manners. And these sections rarely interfere with one another in any such way as to bring out their real animosity before the general public gaze. The country forgets the intensity of that bitterness, the irreconcilableness of that hatred, which separates the Puseyite, the Anglican, the old High Church, the Socinian, Methodist,

Evangelical, and the Calvinistic dissenter, the protectionist, the free-trader, the Whig, and the man of the people, each from all the rest. Protestants seem to agree, while in reality they are the deadliest of foes. Catholics seem to revel in assaulting and smashing one another, while in reality they are practically friends, and like headlong boys make up their quarrels while still smarting from the bruises they have inflicted on each other. I am not, of course, defending such a state of things as the highest conceivable, or the highest practicable, among Christians. On the contrary, it is deeply to be deplored, and assuredly it is speedily giving way to a more healthy and truly Catholic public opinion amongst us; but still I am bold to assert, that its very faults are the faults of genuine, sincere, and hearty, though imperfect, Christians, while their existence is alone a sufficient proof of the utter fallaciousness of the vulgar English ideas of the disciplined craft and clever cunning which are supposed to be the great weapons with which Popery would fain subdue the world.

One more feature in the Catholic moral character must be briefly touched on before concluding this division of our subject. It is one, indeed, which demands peculiar delicacy in handling, and which a false sensitiveness might require me to omit altogether; but it is of such paramount importance towards the forming a just estimation of our religion, that I must, though briefly, allude to it. I refer to the purity of thought, word, and life which is found to exist among Catholics, as compared with their Protestant fellow-countrymen. There is no need that I should allude to the opinions that are rife in this country respecting the supposed licentiousness of foreign Catholic countries. I am testifying only to what I have heard and seen, and only so far mention the question of continental morality as to state my certainty that the *real* amount of morality or immorality which exists abroad is a subject on which the general English reader has no possible means of informing himself of the truth. I believe that there never was a Catholic country abroad which was more sunk in sensual wickedness than England was a hundred years ago; and that whatever may have been the *temporary* criminality of the upper classes, and the inhabitants of towns, in *some* Catholic kingdoms, their agricultural population has always been far higher in the scale of morality than Protestant England ever was; and that never was any Catholic country which retained the name of Catholic plunged into such an abyss of abominations as still are found in the *Protestant* countries of the continent.

As to the present comparative state of English Catholicism and Protestantism in this momentous element of Christian morality, I have been impressed in the profoundest degree, since I became a Catholic, with the immeasurable superiority of the former over the latter. It

will be understood, of course, that I am speaking in both cases of the average class of persons in the two communions, who pay a general regard to the dictates of their respective creeds, and publicly identify themselves with the Church to which they belong. It would not be fair to compare the lives of the most devout of Catholics with the most openly licentious of Protestant men of the world; I therefore take on each side the ordinary class of persons who go to church on Sundays, who conduct themselves with propriety and general uprightness in their private life, who conscientiously believe Christianity to be true, and are what is popularly termed thoroughly respectable persons. Comparing, then, the individuals of this class in the two communions, I perceive a difference between them in respect of purity of thought, word, and deed, which is truly astonishing, and which would probably be deemed incredible to those who know human nature only as influenced by the Protestant creed. Undoubtedly there are occasional exceptions to be found in the Catholic body to what I have stated; now and then persons are to be detected among the laity—(for among the clergy I never perceived the faintest trace of any such evil)—who, under the mask of decency and religion, are more or less slaves to their vile appetites, and insensible to the rigid purity which Christianity demands from all men; but notwithstanding these exceptions, I should be blind if I did not see that in the point I am mentioning the Catholic Church is literally another world of beings, contrasted with the Protestant. However rude or rough, however boisterous and uncivilised, however wanting in that refinement which has nothing to do with real morality, and is the mere result of a high state of intellectual cultivation, the society of English Catholics, whether of grown-up men or of youths, is untainted with that grossness of language and sentiment which, with a few individual exceptions, undeniably exists in every other class throughout the kingdom, however polished and refined it may outwardly be.

I know, by long experience, what are the real habits of thought and recognised principles of decent and respectable Protestants of every rank. I know what boys, and youths, and grown-up men, and persons of venerable age are, in the public schools, in the universities, at the bar, in the Protestant ministry, and in the higher ranks; I know what is the *tone* of thought and feeling which is accepted by them all as natural, inevitable, and allowable through the overpowering strength of human passions; and I cannot but perceive that the discipline of the Catholic Church is founded upon a depth of practical wisdom, and accompanied by a supernatural influence, which places *her* children, when tolerably obedient to her commands, so far above the level of the gross, sensual world in which they live, that by most Protestants I should be treated as a deceiver

for attempting to persuade them of what they account an impossibility.

No person can become familiar with a Catholic college, or with Catholic boys at home under the parental roof, without remarking this extraordinary contrast. However deficient may be the Catholic seminaries in many things which cultivate the intellect, however far they may occasionally fall short of that perfection of discipline which the Catholic Church desires of them, no man can compare their inmates with the inmates of Protestant schools, and with the general run of young men of respectable character, and fail to be astonished at what he sees. My readers may be assured that a Catholic boy, as such, is generally a different species of being from a Protestant boy. He frequently preserves his innocence, his simplicity, his openness and guilelessness of character, to an extent which I believe to be wholly without parallel among the best of Protestants. And at this very time, I am convinced that there are large numbers of grown-up Catholics in this country, especially among the priesthood, who have retained the freshness of their baptismal purity, and who know

sin as a matter of *knowledge* only, and not of experience. The candid and well-meaning Protestant, whose credulity has been abused by horrible tales of Romish wickedness, and who contemplates with horror the prospect of the progress of Catholicism among the families of decent and moral England, may be assured that, could he know this dreaded religion as it is,—could he personally test the practical result of that system of self-examination, and of that auricular confession which he believes to be pregnant with frightfully defiling mischiefs, he would indignantly cast away his previous prejudice against the Catholic Church as one of the most accursed of delusions with which the enemy of men ever thwarted the Divine purposes of mercy to mankind.

I can, however, linger no more on this branch of our subject; and in another paper shall endeavour to bring it altogether to a conclusion, by shewing what are the real influences of the reception of the peculiarly Catholic religious dogmas upon the minds of those who embrace them, and how far our spiritual character is what it is supposed.

MODERN CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

WE have been requested to lay before our readers some further elucidation of the grounds on which, in a previous article,* we declared our conviction of the mediocrity and poverty of the Catholic ecclesiastical architecture of the present day. We spoke of it as being no true expression of the mind of the Church, with that peculiar reference to her modern circumstances which would be characteristic of any architecture entitled to the term *poetic*, but as simply a revivalism of one of the outward forms which the inner life of Catholicism assumed in days long past away. We now hasten to comply with the wishes of our correspondents; and shall endeavour, first, to shew, that our modern Church architecture is not a *Christian art* at all, in the sense in which the architecture of the past ages was an art; and secondly, to furnish illustrations of that poverty of conception, and inapplicability to the wants and necessities of *man*, which are naturally to be expected from a system which is not genuine and real, but factitious and hollow.

As our remarks will bear especially upon Gothic architecture, it will be right to premise, that in the formation of our views upon the subject we have run counter to every personal feeling and taste of our own. Far as we are from being bigotedly attached to any one species of architecture, whether secular or ecclesiastical, as a matter of preference, our in-

clinations and affections are with the works of the thirteenth century above all others; and we have never ceased to regard them as the *most* perfect works of architectural genius and skill to which mankind has ever given birth. We are urging opinions to which we adhere with the utmost reluctance, holding them as unwelcome truths, which we only believe because they force themselves upon our convictions upon grounds which we conceive to be unanswerable.

It has, then, been a universal law in all past ages of the Church and the world, even including (in a great measure) the revival of classical architecture in the sixteenth century, that one style of building *alone* has prevailed in each period. Church architecture has never been different from the ordinary architecture of the day. It is an elementary law in the nature of every art, that it should be a *living* language, and not a *dead* language. It is the tongue spoken and understood by prince and peasant alike, by the most accomplished scholar and theologian, and the most ignorant child. It is the habitual form in which the mind of the age utters its thoughts, feelings, and faith, on all subjects, from the loftiest to the most trivial. As the eloquent orator, the keen disputant, the writer on sciences, the poet, the novelist, the conversational epigrammatist, the trifling gossip, and the beggar in the street, ever use the very same tongue in expressing themselves, the only

* See *Rambler* for June 1849, p. 96.

difference between their words and writings consisting in the various degrees of the skill with which they employ the rules of grammar, and the capabilities of the language; so has it been with religious architecture, and all true art, in every age and every country. Hindoo architecture, Mussulman, Saracenic, primitive Christian, Byzantine, and Gothic,—all are but the application of the ordinary rules of building of each successive period to the necessities of religious worship. It is a mere verbal fiction to call any thing a fine *art* which is not the *natural* expression of the inhabitants of the age and country in which it is cultivated. The moment we can escape from the prejudices and shallowness in which this our age has brought us up, we perceive that the very elementary ideas of religious building, which are cultivated by artists and amateurs alike, are radically opposed to those of every other age of humanity. Paradoxical and absurd as it may at first sight seem, the French and Belgian Catholic peasant, who decks an image of the Madonna in trumpery ribbons and spangles; because ribbons and spangles are the things which are his ornaments for the festive occasions of every-day life, acts on the very same *ideas* of Christian art as the designers of Westminster Abbey or Cologne Cathedral. He takes those forms, those materials, those conventional rules of construction, which are natural to him, which he is most familiar with in domestic and social life, and, without a thought of their inapplicability to higher purposes, applies them to every object on which he wishes to lavish the tokens of his reverence and his admiration, of his love and of his joy.

The Gothic architects, like the Byzantine and the earliest Christian artists, and like the architects of Judaism, and of every false religion, never dreamed of adopting forms of building and decoration in sacred things different from those which were in daily use. They would as soon have thought of adopting a peculiar language in preaching or in conversing on religious subjects, as of conceiving that there was any incongruity in building churches in the same style as houses, and decorating an altar or a statue with the same ornaments which they hung about their couches or their banquetting-tables. *We*, on the contrary, in our ignorant self-applause, laugh, and are, forsooth, disgusted, when we go into a foreign church, and see an altar surmounted with a canopy very like a royal bedstead, and an image of our Lady dressed up with the muslin, silks, and rings of a Parisian or London fine lady. Our notion is, that we should employ, in sacred purposes, those materials, forms, and decorations, which are *not* associated in our minds with the trivialities, or amusements, or necessary occupations of secular life. We have taken to a *cant* architectural language, stiff, formal, unreal; just

like an Anglican clergyman's sermon, in which the preacher drops the forms of speech of every-day life, and takes up with an artificial phraseology, under the notion that common language is irreverent and familiar, and that the same thing is to be expressed in different words in a private room and in a pulpit.

Such, then, is Gothic architecture to England, and the world in general, in the nineteenth century; and such, in a lower degree, is classical architecture in all its varieties. Gothic is no more *our* architectural language than Egyptian architecture is, and than Anglo-Saxon is our natural spoken tongue. We do not habitually think in it, so to say. We learn it by rules; we speak it with an effort; we gather its principles from books; and we are never certain that we are not making some grievous blunder when we employ it, or that a resuscitated architect of the middle ages would not turn up his nose at our most carefully designed constructions. This, we say, is a fact; unpleasant and miserable enough it may be, but still a fact. The only style of building (if any thing so trashy can be called a style) that is *natural* to us, and which is to our minds what Gothic architecture was to our mediæval forefathers, consists in flat roofs, square-headed windows with no mullions, papered walls, plastered ceilings, Brussels carpets, chairs and sofas, with not a trace of Gothic design or ornament about them; in a word, there cannot be conceived two things more radically unlike, than the churches we build to pray in, and the houses we build to live in. Either, therefore, every previous age has gone upon false principles, and we alone are right, or they were right, and we have no Christian architectural art at all.

Mr. Pugin, and other enthusiastic lovers of Gothic architecture, are, it is true, labouring to make Gothic as universal now as it was 500 years ago; but, however we may admire their zeal, we regard it as an utter waste of toil and talent to attempt that which is in truth an impossibility. There are obstacles in the way of the substitution of Gothic for that bastard Italian which now prevails amongst us, which it is utterly hopeless to combat. Until the whole race of house-builders can be convinced that a Gothic house is *cheaper* and *more* comfortable than one of our present shapeless masses of bricks and mortar; until Mr. Pugin can shew that a mullioned window with casements keeps out wind and rain *better* than a square window with sashes, and that it can be made to do this at a *less* cost; and until, further, we can persuade mankind that it is pleasanter to look out through the narrow spaces between the said mullions than through the wide aperture of an Italian window; we might as well try to get all the world to talk Greek as to make them adopt Gothic architecture as their natural style of building. Odiously ugly,

unpoetical, destitute of sentiment, unworthy of the name of art, as is the universal architecture of the day, it cannot be got rid of by any means at the command of mortal man.

Gothic architecture thus being no true artistic language to us, we necessarily find it an unmanageable instrument in our hands; and instead of using its principles for our particular needs, we copy its monuments so far as we have the talent to imitate them, and the money to spend upon our experiments. Hence the Church architecture of the day has never yet addressed itself to the grasping the great facts of the time, and to the production of such a series of buildings as may practically answer the purposes that duty calls us to fulfil.

Take, first, the one, portentous, overwhelming fact in the Catholic Church in England, its wide-spread poverty, and the utter spiritual destitution and ignorance of the masses of the poor Catholics. No building can pretend to be a work of art, adapted to the present time, which does not recognise the fact that we have no money to spend on mere decoration or splendour. The aim of the true Christian architect ought to be, to create a style of design, both in plan and details, which shall be within the means of an age of poverty, which shall directly aim at the instruction and edification of the poor, and shall embody all those resources which modern times place in our hands. We are not, of course, inventing a new architectural style of our own; but we can tell what things a true Catholic architecture *ought* to comprise, and the absence of which is one among many proofs that what is popularly called art is nothing better than antiquarianism. A real Christian architecture would, first of all, be very far from costly; in the second place, it would be eminently characteristic of that spirit of openness and love, and of that free munificence with which the Church now displays to her children and to the world the adorable mysteries of religion, and especially the Humanity of our Blessed Lord, as present with his Divinity in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar; it would make special preparation for all the more modern devotions, such as Benediction, the Stations of the Cross, and the like; it would provide for the organ and choir in conformity with the demands of modern musical compositions, instead of leaving it to chance to fix the organ and singers in some disadvantageous place in a church built on the models of an age when such organs as ours were comparatively unknown; it would remember, that with our myriads of poor, destitute of almost all religious knowledge, and the extreme fewness of our clergy, no church could be worthy the name which was not specially adapted for preaching and hearing; it would employ all the modern mechanical arts which might tend to render building easy where before it would

be difficult—for instance, making use of iron, both wrought and cast, to an extent unknown to our forefathers; it would call in all the resources of painting (not patterns, which are merely ornamental, but pictures, which are edifying and instructive),—an art which was scarcely in its infancy in the days of the glories of Gothic architecture; it would be specially adapted to the narrow, crowded streets of towns and cities, where every inch of ground must be purchased with gold, even if it can be purchased at all, and where light can only be obtained at a great height from the floor; it would find resources for satisfying the modern demands for warmth, and still more for ventilation, and not leave our churches and chapels the hot-beds of pestilence, as they now are. Such have been the achievements of all true religious architecture in other times, whether Pagan or Christian, Byzantine or Mediæval. Whatever the age knew, it embodied; whatever the age could do, it accomplished; whatever the age wanted, it furnished. It did not ask for precedents, just as a man who wants to express a new idea in words, does not examine Chaucer or Spenser to know what words were in use in their days. It knew its own wishes, and its own resources; and as it fearlessly employed every one of the latter, so it most abundantly supplied every one of the former.

The fatal error of revivalism consists in this, that it forgets that, while faith and morals never change, circumstances and means are not the same for two centuries together. Once the Church was overwhelmingly rich, therefore magnificent cathedrals and superb vestments were natural and proper; now she is almost sunk in pauperism, and therefore splendour is frequently a mockery and an absurdity. Once her temples were crowded with ecclesiastics, and therefore deep chancels were a necessary appendage to a noble nave; now, even three priests is counted a large body of clergy for a population of ten or fifteen thousand Catholics, and therefore a spacious chancel is ridiculous. Once the laity could not read, and therefore dark churches were harmless; now, every body reads, and the Church encourages them to enter into all the details of the ceremonial and the service of the altar, and therefore light is an absolute necessity. Once, while architecture flourished, painting was unknown, therefore architects built churches in which pictures can with difficulty be placed, and in which, when they are placed, they cannot be seen; now, architecture is debased, while painting flourishes, and is daily more and more loved by all classes in the community, and therefore pictures ought to form a prominent feature in every work of the architect's hand.

What, then, ought we to do? So at least the reader will perhaps reply, and will bid the

critic himself accomplish what he asks from others. This, however, is not our vocation. If any man can do what we have demanded, most thankful shall we be to see his work, and shall own that the Christian architect's art is not yet extinct amongst us. But until we see a man designing buildings on the *principles* of the classical and mediæval architects, and not on the *rules* of classical and mediæval buildings, we must continue to deny the praise of any thing better than antiquarianism, correctness, labour, and ingenuity, to the efforts of the present day. We do not want the *buildings* of men of the middle ages, but their *brains*. We want their *art* more than their *works* of art. We want their zeal, their energy, their strength of character, their perseverance, their fertility of imagination, their command over the resources of their age, their superiority to bigotry, their hatred of cant and shams; and not their windows or their arches, their carvings and their embroideries, except so far as these things are natural to our own age, and suitable to our present necessities.

As to the practical conclusion, our course is clear. We do not pretend to say that people should not build Gothic churches, nor Norman churches, nor Italian churches. As long as we can do nothing better, in the name of all that is business-like let us copy. But do not let us call a copy an original composi-

tion, or think that because we can make verses therefore we are poets. Let every man who has a new church to build, build the best he can, in some ancient style or other, unless he has the divine gift within him to build something natural, real, and new; but do not flatter him with the title of a Christian artist, while he is nothing more than an amateur and an antiquarian, or puff him up by comparing his works with those of the great men of other days. Our best hopes for attaining to any thing great, consist in the recognition of our present feebleness. When we have learned to distinguish a work of art from a manufacture, there will be some chance of our growing into artists. Self-conceit and self-applause are the bane of all that is noble and progressive. The frog could not puff herself out to the size of the ox. Many people have thought themselves epic poets; but there is but one *Iliad*, and one *Paradise Lost*. Let us understand what we *can* do, and then we shall do it well, and mayhap may advance to do that which now seems an impossibility. But do not let us think ourselves poets in our generation, or plume ourselves on walking in the steps of the men who built York and Cologne, the Parthenon and the Pantheon; or, when we have spent all our money, and wasted all our energies, we shall find, like Monsieur Jourdain, that *we have been all our lives talking prose, without knowing it*.

CATHOLIC COLLEGE DIFFICULTIES.

"Why are some of our Colleges always in difficulties in money-matters?" asks the looker-on, whether sorrowfully, angrily, or inquiringly. "Because they will run into debt," replies one person. "Because they spend their money on bricks and mortar," replies a second. "Because they are not properly supplied with good teachers," says a third. "Because the Catholic body is poor," says a fourth. "Because the Bishops have too much power in them," says a fifth. "Because the Bishops do not take them properly in hand," says a sixth. "Because they are too secular in spirit," says a seventh. "Because they are narrow and too ecclesiastical," says an eighth. "Because there are too many of them," says every body else, who has no particular definite reason to bring forward to account for the fact that our seminaries are not as rich as Oxford and Cambridge.

We are not about to uphold or to refute all or any of these reasons, which, indeed, might be multiplied two or threefold by any one who has heard half the speculations which are common amongst us on this painfully interesting subject. We have another reason of our own to bring forward, which we

shall endeavour to enforce with all the earnestness and cogency of proof that we can command. Besides all the above causes, reasonable and unreasonable, real or fictitious, which popular ingenuity has discovered to account for the pecuniary difficulties of some of our seminaries, and for the absence of proper provision in all, there exists another, which would continue to paralyse the efforts of our collegiate authorities, were every one of the above-named causes of discontent to be removed to-morrow. And not only would it continue thus to paralyse them, but it is the very *fons et origo malorum*. Could it be once overcome, it would itself cure every other evil, as it has mainly tended to the creation of those very sources of difficulty which now hang like a millstone around our necks.

This cause is none other than the apathy of the Catholic laity of the upper and middle ranks in all that concerns the education of their children. The Catholic colleges *cannot* support themselves as they ought, while the demand for education on the part of parents remains what it now is. The apparatus for a good education is too costly to be maintained

by those miserable supplies which the niggardliness of the Catholic body now doles out in return for an education cut short before it is half completed. The aristocracy and gentry of the Catholic body are possessed with a notion that a gentleman's education can be completed at the age of sixteen or seventeen; so that the money which ought to be given to the colleges for four or five years' additional instruction is wasted in employments or amusements which are in no way whatever advantageous to the young man in after-life; and the colleges themselves are utterly prevented from conferring that perfect training which is essential to every man of respectable station in modern days.

It is in truth a most lamentable thing to look over a list of all the Catholic peers, baronets, and men of landed property, and then to count up the number of their sons who are completing a Christian gentleman's education at our various seminaries. It rouses one's indignation to see a whole race of men, of the oldest families in the kingdom, who perhaps have remained faithful to their religion for generations of persecution, and who unquestionably are among the haughtiest and most exclusive classes in the land, so insensible to the claims of Christian and social duty, and so blinded to the responsibilities and the perils of their position, as to be often content to put an end to their sons' education at the very time when the Protestant nobleman or gentleman considers the education of *his* son, as a *man*, is scarcely commenced. We mourn to see the semi-barbarous insensibility to the demands of the age, which makes them willing to suffer their children to labour under the very same disadvantages which they themselves have often felt, or ought to have felt, so keenly. We grieve to find that even the Catholic religion cannot drive from their minds these antiquated prejudices in favour of ignorance, or open the eyes of our upper classes to the folly of not conferring on the rising generation those advantages which were denied to that which is now grown old.

This is the real root of the mischief. This it is which makes people say we have too many colleges. We have not one too many, if Catholic parents would do their duty to their children, and not call them away from school while yet half-grown boys. If the Catholic aristocracy and gentry would do what the rest of the world does, and continue the education of their sons till the age of one, two, or three and twenty, instantly our colleges would receive such an accession to their numbers as would place them on a fair footing, and enable them to do their duty to their pupils. Nothing can be more unfair than our present system. Our colleges are crowded with the children of Catholic families during that tender age when they give the most trou-

ble, and pay the least in return for it; and at that very period of life when from labour-giving boys they would be growing into intelligent young men, and when even an English Catholic parent would consent (perhaps after grievous grumbling) to pay something like a decent remuneration for his teaching, they are often called away, to waste in inaction some four or five years of the most precious period of their whole life.

Every one knows how hard it is to convince a father or mother that any thing more is necessary for their children than was necessary for themselves; or how any thing that was impossible in their own younger days, can be imperatively demanded for a fresh generation, now that it is no longer impossible. A respectable gentleman, who has just known enough of figures to sum up his rent-roll, and of Latin to expound the legend on his coat-of-arms, cannot conceive why the Honourable A. B., or Sir C. D., or Squire E. F., now a boy with a beardless chin, should not take to his hounds, or balls, or the opera, or go abroad to Rome or Jerusalem, and form his mind at freedom, without the control of pedantic priests, and the study of logic and Greek, of astronomy and English composition. An uncultivated generation ever seeks to perpetuate its own incapacity; and people who cannot take their proper place in society because they are worse taught than others, are jealous of the aspirations of their own children, and cannot comprehend why they want to be more learned than their fathers.

We confess, therefore, that we have little hope of stimulating the race that has grown old in ignorance to such a demand for education as shall place all our colleges in a satisfactory pecuniary position. Here and there, undoubtedly, are admirable exceptions to be found, but, unhappily, they are still rare; and we repeatedly hear of men of station and fortune, from whom we had hoped for better things, degrading themselves by paying rather less for their children's education than their dress, and accounting it no shame. To the wiser and better few, however, who are superior to the class to which they belong, and to the young themselves, who are not yet wedded to ignorance and incapacity as to a charm, we shall address a few brief words, to shew the absolute necessity which exists for a reform in our prevalent ideas of the age at which college education should cease.

It is clear, in the first place, without a word of proof, that the Catholic gentleman cannot take his proper place in the world, if his education has not been carried on to the same perfection as his Protestant fellow-countrymen. Neither in private society, nor at the bar, nor as a physician, nor in Parliament, nor as a country magistrate, nor at public meetings, nor in any one of those positions in which he

may be called upon to come forward and do his duty to his religion and his fellow-men, can he avoid being ousted, neglected, derided, or forgotten, if to his natural advantages he does not add the advantages of a thorough training of all the powers of his mind. If he cannot express himself as well in speeches, if he cannot write as well, understand as quickly, argue as keenly, refer to as many authorities, and display the same general cultivation of the intellect as his most favoured competitors, he will have no chance in the battle of life, and see the cause of all he most holds dear sacrificed through his own want of knowledge and incompetency. We put it to our honest and candid readers, whether they have not again and again found that this has been the case in times past. Can they not point to numerous instances, in which Catholics of birth and large wealth, of excellent natural abilities and irreproachable private character, have been shelved and put out of the way by bolder and more skilful opponents, simply because they were unequal to the struggle of actual life, or were too sensible of their own deficiencies to prolong it against adversaries for whom they were no equal match?

All this, indeed, was unavoidable while Catholicism was trodden under foot by persecuting penal laws, and a still more persecuting public opinion. It could not be helped. It was useless to complain of it, for it was impossible to remedy it. But now it is so no longer. The penal laws are gone, and vulgar prejudice is departing also. The world now almost expects Catholics to come forward, and make good their claims, and shew that they are no degenerate sons of those men who laid the foundations of England's greatness and freedom, and the monuments of whose piety and genius are still scattered over the land in parish church and ruined abbey, and college and cathedral. If we fail now, it is our own fault. Our fathers could do nothing. We can do all; and if we are content in the season of our prosperity to do no more than they did in the season of their adversity, indelible will be our dishonour, and fatal the results to all we most cherish and desire.

Again, it is only by a far different intellectual discipline than has hitherto contented us, that we can make head against the growing infidelity and anarchical principles of the day, or that we can even prevent these deadly foes from making incursions into our own ranks, and destroying those who would have endured unscathed the fiercest storms of legislative persecution. Men's minds all around us are alive with a fearful and morbid energy; their past belief is swept away; they labour only to systematise their scepticism, and to undermine all that yet remains standing. A population which already *increases* at the rate of one thousand souls a

day, is staggering to and fro like a drunken man, reeling with mingled folly and frenzy, but yet able to destroy itself and all with whom it meets. Society is breaking up, and we alone can save it from going to pieces. But only by training ourselves to a perfect equality with our foes, can we encounter them without ruin to ourselves, much less with any benefit to them. If we would take them captive to the truth, we must buckle on a suit of mail impervious to their sharpest blows, and be prepared to lay them low with their own weapons. Rejoicing as we are to perceive the youthful Catholic mind awakening to a fresh life and vigour, and throwing off the slumbers which have enthralled us for ages, we tremble to think of its encountering the wily unbelief and treachery which will meet it on every side, unless it is fully prepared both to understand and to refute the errors that prevail, and to cope with the ablest and most determined spirits which the world of Protestantism and Infidelity may send forth. Easy in comparison has been the duty of our fathers to that to which we now are summoned. They had but to endure. We must either conquer or die.

Again, let any man who possesses the slightest knowledge of the youthful mind, ask himself what kind of an education that can be, which stops short much before two or three and twenty years of age. Till the boy has attained the age of sixteen or seventeen, scarcely one of all the most important faculties of the mind are capable of any real training. Until that time the teacher can do little more than store the memory with the rules and phrases of languages, and commence the formation of the taste, and create good habits of study. Of all that is taught to boys before that age, how little is actually remembered in after-life, and made use of! What we remember in our grown-up years is that which we learnt when we were young men rather than children; when our mind itself was so far developed as to become a storehouse for what we read, and not a mere sieve, in which what was put in above ran out as fast below. The cultivation of the reasoning powers, the judgment, the imagination, together with the acquisition of a real practical knowledge of history, philosophy, theology, and science, cannot be commenced until that period when most Catholic boys are leaving school. Still more, that one faculty without which all else is practically of little value, the power of expressing oneself in speaking or in writing with clearness, force, grace, and manly vigour, is a thing which it is hopeless to attempt to infuse into a mere boy. It is not till the age of eighteen or nineteen, or even later, that a young man's mind begins to have thoughts of its own on which the teacher can work, and which he

can lead it to utter with propriety and precision, if not with spirit and with eloquence. The compositions of a boy are for the most part parrot repetitions of what he has heard or read; they are not the expressions of his own original thoughts, or of the convictions of his own understanding; and therefore, under whatever instruction or guidance they may be written, they have little or no influence in forming his future style, and in enabling him so to write and speak as to make his words respected. We see the results of a complete and of an incomplete education in this very point every day in the common Protestant world. Almost every body in the aristocratic or professional ranks can express himself on paper with propriety; while men of the trading class, even when of very considerable natural abilities and great acquired information, are rarely equal to writing a page on any subject whatever, without being guilty of some blunder which would hardly ever be committed by better educated men of far inferior talents, and far less extensive general knowledge. There is scarcely ever a good book written by a person whose school education was ended while he was a mere boy.

To every person, then, who has it in his power in any way to remedy the evils of the

present state of affairs, we earnestly commend the consideration of this important truth. Were our education perfect in every conceivable respect, it would be valueless, unless it were continued for a far longer period than is now commonly thought necessary amongst us. The most wholesome and best cooked food in the world will not keep a man alive, unless he has enough of it. A strong man cannot exist and work hard upon a French roll and a small mutton chop *per diem*. Until Catholic parents make up their minds to get rid of their antiquated prejudices, and are prepared to adapt themselves to the exigencies and duties of the day in which Providence has cast their lot, we may patch up one difficulty after another, and just contrive to keep all our colleges existing; we may go on perhaps for years to come as we have gone on for years past; but we shall never deal fairly with our collegiate authorities, or arm our youth for the conflict in which they must engage, or protect their own religion from the delusions of modern antichristian subtlety, or enable them to win fresh conquests for the faith, unless we grasp and consistently act upon the truth, that we are educating them, not to continue schoolboys for the rest of their days, but to be Christian *men*.

THE NEW CROOK IN THE LOT.

A Tale of the Nineteenth Century.

[Concluded from p. 181.]

CHAPTER XXII.

Conclusion.

WE need not dwell on the sorrow at Westerton Hall.

Major Carminowe was to be buried in the consecrated ground belonging to the small Catholic chapel at Waterton. On the morning of the funeral, Mr. Villars took Lady Emily at a very early hour to the convent; and while he was beholding the interment of his friend, the widow, prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament on the Altar, thought of the intermediate state, and prayed fervently, faithfully, and happily for the soul that had departed to it. The pious religious allowed Lady Emily to remain for the consolations of religion for a time in their house. Mr. Villars was alone with Katherine at the Hall.

In the midst of Katherine's distress, she heard from Player. He had become a Catholic, and so had Eleanor; and he wrote in a strain of thankful and humble joy. "I pray most heartily that something may arise to awaken *you* from the dream in which so many still are spellbound. As a sleep-walker is often aroused to real life and the dangers of his position by some reality which connects itself

with the dream that enchains his mind and prompts his steps, so it was with me; and by some no less happy means may a like result occur to you."

Kate used to wander into the chapel just fitted up at Westerton, and now so terribly deserted, and weep and even pray there. She loved it, because Mass had been said there—she knew that she loved it for this cause, and never blamed herself for it.

One day Kate accompanied Mr. Villars to see her cousin at the convent. She thought miserably of her own situation. Would that any one could tell her, if she had really promised any thing to God which, under any circumstances, must be performed. Was she bound, or was she free? She wished to be free. And that wish—was it innocent or guilty? Who could tell her—who could she trust—was there any one that she dared depend upon? and in a matter concerning herself and her God, was there any one she might dare believe?

Mr. Villars seemed to be thinking on the same things; for, as the carriage stopped at the convent-gates, he exclaimed, "Here we are; and now we may see *real* nuns."

Soon Kate had entered her cousin's apartment; Mr. Villars was in the reception-room with Father Dennis. The room was very plainly furnished, with neatly painted articles. A small iron bed, with snow-white hangings, occupied one side. A crucifix hung against the wall, and beneath it stood a sort of desk, with a step for kneeling upon, and a drawer for books. Kate remained for a few minutes contemplating the first instance she had ever seen of sufficiency without superfluity.

She talked happily for some time with her cousin, and then the dear reverend mother visited them. Kate's heart beat loud when she heard the chink of the beads and the rustling of the stuff dress. The gentle manners of the lady reassured her.

"Were you ever in a convent before?" asked the reverend mother.

"Never," said Kate; and added, "my cousin finds its solitude a blessed consolation."

"To comfort the afflicted is one of our duties," replied the lady.

"Do you *vow* to do so?" asked Kate very quickly.

The good mother smiled, and explained about their vows to Katherine; and then Katherine asked some questions about vocations; and again and again returned to her mind the impression that had been so strong there when Anna died, that the religions were two—that the circumstances of the one could not be applied to the other; and another impression, which of late had been greatly strengthening, that if one was right, the other was wrong. Then Katherine asked about Rachel Meadows. The account was not a very encouraging one. The diligent and judicious nursing of the nuns had saved her from threatened death, but she was still in such a state of nervous weakness as to alarm her friends. Perfect regularity and quietness of life, with occupation in sufficient variety, were now her only medicines. No persuasion could induce her to go beyond the precincts of the convent; and at first she had not been taken into the garden without exhibiting signs of terror. But the out-door exercise had been gently insisted upon, as absolutely necessary to her in her precarious state of health. At first she had frequently asked if she were safe; if any one could take her away; would they promise to let her live there; and might she be sure never to see any one from Westerton again? To these questions, all tending to shew the unsettled state of her mind, the sisters had answered in some suitable way, and had then tried to interest her in matters not connected with herself. And at the time of Kate's visit, her chief pleasure was to be employed in the hospital, in some small services which occupied her attention, and appealed agreeably to her former wishes to be actively engaged in religious works.

Mr. Villars had also been inquiring for Rachel Meadows, and while Father Dennis was giving him some account of her, he was called away to see Mrs. Newcome, who had been with Rachel when Katherine and Mr. Villars arrived, and had remained vainly endeavouring to quiet Rachel, on whom the sight of the carriage from the Hall had produced most alarming effects. Mrs. Newcome soon came in.

"O Mr. Villars," cried Jane. "No one knows what is the matter with her. It is truly deplorable. I wish you could have heard her beseeching me to promise that no one should carry her away. She will certainly lose her senses—she kept declaring that you were come to force her away. Indeed, it is one of the most affecting things that ever was witnessed."

Jane and Mr. Villars talked some time together, and then Father Dennis reappeared. He said a few words to Mr. Villars privately, and then Mr. Villars left the room with him.

Katherine was very curious to know what Father Dennis had talked to Mr. Villars about; but Mr. Villars was not communicative. And when they reached the village, Mr. Villars told Katherine that he should like to be set down at the Parsonage, that he had something to say to Mr. Jarvis, and that he should volunteer to dine and take tea there, and therefore not return to the Hall till night.

Father Dennis had asked Mr. Villars to accompany him to Miss Meadows, and the account that Katherine so longed to hear was that evening detailed with great exactness to Mr. Jarvis.

Mr. Villars found Rachel only just recovered from the convulsions into which the sight of the Hall carriage had thrown her. She evidently had to struggle hard to preserve her composure. It was a successful conflict, however, and she asked him to sit down, and, by a few commonplace questions, commenced the conversation. But very soon Mr. Villars was entirely interested.

"I am a very weak creature now," said Rachel. "I have gone through a great deal—secretly I have suffered, but I can do so no more. This day has convinced me that I am not strong enough to pursue the conduct that I had marked out for myself."

"You must be aware," said Mr. Villars, "that I have no clue for understanding the circumstances and trials to which you allude."

"I know that," replied Rachel; "and therefore I have sent for you. Will you visit me this day fortnight, and be the depository of my story?"

"Yes, if I am free to act as I like afterwards. I will hear nothing as a secret; I will have no restraint put upon me."

"Just so is my wish," replied Rachel. "I depend upon your judgment, and desire to use

it instead of my own. Before that time, I shall have relieved my mind before God, and have committed my sorrows to a confidence that cannot be broken."

"Are you going to become a Catholic?" asked Mr. Villars.

"Yes," answered Rachel. "And you, Mr. Villars, must not blame me. Here my desires of consecration to the service of God are not repulsed; here I have found an authorised field for labour; here I am not told to 'wait for other times;' and here I am under as much authority as even *you* could desire." And Rachel smiled with her former archness, as she examined the puzzled face of her friend.

"And here," said Mr. Villars, "I trust you will be happy."

"Yes," answered Rachel, "as soon as this poor mind is relieved of a load which truly else would kill the body, I shall be happy. In the mean time," she added, "will you tell my friends at the vicarage—will you tell Mr. Jarvis—that I am now glad that he repulsed me? I thought that he might have afforded me *a something* as a rest to my desires, but he could not; and since then I have been brought here, where I have found *all*."

Mr. Villars related this conversation to Mr. Jarvis, who received the message with sorrow. "Another gone," he said; "and a fine character. I wish I could have met her wishes."

The following morning Katherine was inclined to accuse Mr. Villars of being obdurately silent on the subject of Father Dennis. He neither said where he had been with him, nor of what they had spoken, but he declared his intention of again visiting the convent, and that on an appointed day, and for an appointed purpose. Finding her old friend impracticable, Katherine dismissed her curiosity, and turned her thoughts upon herself. She was deep in the interesting meditation, when Mr. Villars invited her to walk, and soon she was strolling along the garden-walks and through the shrubby glades by his side.

"How splendid are these full summer days!" said Katherine. "I love the summer—listen, what sweet music the bees are making among those flowers!"

"Nature is full of beauties; and every season is grateful to a healthy mind, such as I have always believed yours to be."

"Till lately," added Katherine, with a smile.

Mr. Villars was looking at her, and saw the look that accompanied the words. "I cannot smile about trials," he said. He spoke so abruptly, that Kate, confused and abashed, remained speechless. Mr. Villars, not seeing her distress, continued:

"It would be most heartless if you really meant to trifle about things which are among the most important of our lives, and are meant to be so. I have only lately learnt to think and speak with composure of the hopes of *my*

youth. When I was twenty-three I loved; and now I am sixty-five"—and as Mr. Villars spoke, he stood still, and lifted his hat from his snow-white hair—"and now I am sixty-five, and have only lately learnt to think of her without anguish, and to see her, and touch her hand, and listen to her voice, not with sorrow, but with friendship only. I say that honest and true love is intended to be strong and abiding, and of powerful influence over us; and are such feelings to be trifled with? or is any sorrow connected with such feelings to be approached with a smile?"

He spoke with energy, and stood, looking away from her, but still expecting a reply; and Kate answered with an earnestness equal to his own.

"Mr. Villars, I was not trifling. If I smiled, it was from very far other motives. I was thinking of giving you pleasure, at the expense of confessing my own folly. I wish to speak of those unfortunate resolutions of mine. I see now, that circumstanced as I then was—as I still am—I did wrong. I have well weighed what you have said to me, and I put some questions to the reverend mother yesterday, and her answers left me no room for doubts. You may say this to Arthur Sturton, if you like. And I acknowledge to you, that no one can imagine what my happiness would be, if I could discover the real value of what I did. Were my thoughts, my spoken and written words, equivalent to a vow of celibacy? That question is for ever rising in my mind. I don't know what I have done, and no one can explain it to me; I heartily repent, and no one can absolve me."

"Thank God," exclaimed Mr. Villars, "that this moment, though unforeseen, has been provided for." He took from his pocket-book the note that Father Beulau had written to the Duchess, when the question of Katherine's vow was placed before him.

Kate heard the short explanation that was given to her with gratitude and astonishment, and read the priest's decision with thankful joy.

But then came the woman's pride, and the maiden's reserve and fear. Her heart swelled with happiness at the thought of Arthur, and yet her cheek glowed at the recollection of what she had lately said. "Mr. Villars, could I have suspected this—had I ever supposed that any thing could end my uncertainty, I should never have sent—almost sent—that message to Arthur."

Mr. Villars smiled. "If it be possible to be maidenly right, and morally wrong, you would then have been in that predicament," he said. "But—Heaven bless you, my dear girl—I had forgotten Arthur's last letter! Oh, Kate, Kate, why was not all this said before?"

"How, sir? What do you mean?"

"That Arthur does not aspire to the hand of the heiress of Westerton. Besides being possessed of your own ample fortune, you are now the heiress of your father's line, as his will directed, in case your cousin should have no family."

"Of course, I know that," said Katherine, steadily.

"You must marry, my dear girl, suitably to the wealth with which Major Carminowe's death has possessed you. In my last letter from Arthur—here it is—he says, 'It is well that she is already lost to me. I should never have aspired to her under such circumstances as the present.'"

To feel that Arthur would not seek her, was indeed a new thing to Katherine. During the few months in which she had been dwelling on his and her own circumstances, she had learnt to regard him as so irrevocably connected with her, that the relinquishment of her supposed vows had been to her mind like the acknowledgment of his claims. But now a new set of scruples had arisen, the surmounting of which did not depend upon herself. In the very moment in which she had felt that her destiny was again in her own hand, it had passed away from her like a dream. Katherine had again to feel that she was alone—this time she might have said, deserted.

Mr. Villars wrote that very day to his nephew. He pressed him to come home, and said that Katherine had come to her senses about the folly of her imaginary vows, and that she desired no ambitious alliance, but was, in fact, the same Katherine as she was when not the possessor of Westerton and the accumulated lands and riches of the family.

When Kate came downstairs to dinner, she saw the letter on the hall-table. Her heart beat, and the blush flew to her cheek. Again there was hope.

A fortnight had passed since Mr. Villars' visit to the convent, and the day on which he was again expected there was come. He went there. His first visit was to Lady Emily, and he was made happy by the visible improvement that she shewed both in health and spirits. There was a pensiveness about her, less melancholy than interesting. She was no longer oppressed by her woe. She talked of Major Carminowe in a way which made Mr. Villars feel that he was himself distinguished by so tender a mark of her confidence: it appealed irresistibly to the affections. Mr. Villars was very thankful; and his own distress for the loss of his friend received that day its best consolation.

After this he went to Rachel. She was alone. Her dress startled him, and she remarked it.

"I shall, I hope, soon have done with the world," she said; "and as a first step towards the habit to which I aspire, I have adopted

the dress in which I first saw New Park. I am now in the mourning garb which I wore for my mother, till it was exchanged for garments more costly, and I might say, more suited to the unreality of my situation."

There was something strikingly calm and sensible about Rachel, and Mr. Villars felt his interest in her increase every moment.

"I shall speak to you alone at first," said Rachel, "because, to make things more clear, I must relate a few preliminary facts to you. When I come to the circumstances which have so grievously affected me, I shall desire the presence of Father Dennis and the reverend mother."

Mr. Villars bowed in acquiescence, and Rachel began her story.

"Not very long after my arrival at New Park, the attention of the household was directed to Joseph Reeves, in consequence of some peculiar wildnesses of character which he had exhibited. He was a clever young man. Lady Harris took great pains with him. She introduced him to me, and together we entered with all our energies into reforming his character. He attended our prayer-meetings, was constantly present at my expositions, and had frequent private instructions from Lady Harris and myself. He appeared to have become an entirely reformed character, and was looked upon among ourselves as a person of many talents and great excellence. His progress in the estimation of his friends at New Park was steady; and in about a year and a half after he had come peculiarly under our notice, he was recommended by Lady Harris to Mr. Jarvis as his schoolmaster, and also as his scripture-reader. From reading the Bible, he proceeded to expounding it. He was uniformly encouraged by Lady Harris, and instructed by me. He constantly consulted me on the meaning of different parts of Scripture, and on the best means of applying them. I frequently commended his application, and expressed admiration of his talents, and belief in the excellence of his character. You know that soon after this he began to preach in the meeting-house, which led to the building of the Sardis, the overthrow of the Anglican Church school, and the quarrel between Lady Harris and Mr. Jarvis. About this time I began to suspect that Reeves was not piously minded, but simply ambitious. I also suspected that he thought of making me a tool for his own aggrandisement. He thought to marry me. I have since understood that he made a confidant of Mr. Ridley Spouter, who first pleaded his cause with Lady Harris. Reeves, at all events, became an established favourite. You know the manner of his accompanying us abroad, and his extraordinary introduction into society. He often made me feel that he purposed to make me assist him in his rise. His manner was one of accom-

plished art. Before our departure from Rome, William Harris proposed to me. I felt all the kindness for him that his gentle disposition and amiable character demanded; but love, such as it is given to others to feel, I never felt; yet I desired to serve him faithfully, I intended him no wrong."

Rachel paused; the thought of the sorrow she had caused him grieved her in the recollection; and also the contemplation of the chain of circumstances which had led to her position at that moment, filled her mind with astonishment and gratitude. Mr. Villars did not speak. His manner had shewn the most perfect attention. He took her hand for an instant, and gently pressed it, to denote his interest in her narration. Rachel went on.

"When William mentioned his wishes to his mother, she saved herself from the distress of refusing her consent by pretending that I had encouraged Reeves. She succeeded. William left the house without seeing me, giving his mother a letter, on the answer to which his fate was to be fixed. She delivered this letter herself, and many things she said—Oh! how true they were!"

And Rachel paused again, and seemed to dwell thoughtfully and tenderly on the past.

"But the answer?" said Mr. Villars.

"The answer," answered Rachel, "was what she desired."

"And did you let William think that Reeves was preferred to him—or that you had encouraged both at once?"

"I do not doubt but that he does believe in one or both of those cases. I have never seen him since. When I wrote my answer, I did not know that he had ever heard of Reeves,—I supposed that that man's designs, as I had discovered them to be, were unknown to Lady Harris and to every one. I did not know what had passed—I knew only what Reeves's manner had betrayed to me. Lady Harris saved herself with her son, but at my expense."

"Base treachery!" ejaculated Mr. Villars; but Rachel went quietly on.

"I first learnt what Lady Harris's conduct had been through the candour of my friend Mrs. Newcome; I can never repay her and her husband's kindness."

"Pray go on, my dear friend," said Mr. Villars, "I am most anxious to hear the remainder of your story."

Rachel rose from her seat; "I will return in a few minutes," she said; and when she came back, Father Dennis and the good mother accompanied her. Almost as if she had not interrupted herself, Rachel continued her narration.

"I heard from Mrs. Newcome of Reeves and Lady Harris being in a position of mutual confidence which I had not suspected. I heard also that Reeves was in London, staying

with Mr. Ridley Spouter. I had determined to get my own living in some way: I did not wish to avail myself any longer of Lady Harris's bounty. The day before Mr. Newcome brought me to Waterton I had an interview on this subject with Mr. Jarvis. I remained about three hours at the vicarage. I wished Mr. Jarvis to place me in some situation, in which, under his authority, I could perform the works of mercy in his parish. I pressed him urgently, but he assured me that, in the existing state of things, it was impossible to accede to my wishes. I felt much disappointed. I had had some conversations with Miss Westerton on such subjects; I determined to go to the Hall, and tell her of my hopes and my disappointments. When I reached the Hall, I was told that Miss Westerton and her cousin had gone to the Parsonage. I took the high road again on my return, hoping to meet them. I knew that they generally went one way and came back the other, and that they had gone by the drive. I had got about half way on my return when I was met by Joseph Reeves. He said that he had only lately come from London, that he had been inquiring for me at the Parsonage, and had met me purposely. He kept me in the road, pressing his suit upon me earnestly. The evening was closing; I felt extremely alarmed at first, but at last my spirit rose; I felt goaded to desperation, and I upbraided and reproached him severely. He, on his side, mentioned William Harris to me. He had, he said, long seen William's attachment, but had purposely never shewn that he knew it. Lady Harris, he said, was now in his power, for that he could at any moment tell her son of her treachery, clear my conduct with William, and facilitate our marriage. This, he said, Lady Harris knew in her heart, and that, if others feared her, she was only his slave at last. He said that he was bent on marrying me; that he was soon going abroad, and would take me along with him as his wife. He said that *he had promised Lady Harris to do so*, for that she did not like to bring her son back to New Park while I was in the neighbourhood. And he said that he might soon return and claim what he liked of Lady Harris. He said also that he had learnt to admire me, and that it suited his own feelings to marry me. I was unable to get away from him, and he persecuted me more than I can describe. Driven to despair, I screamed aloud. Immediately he seized hold of me—I cannot express my terror—but at that moment another hand was upon me, and Reeves was struck to the ground. Major Carminow had released me. A thick mist had been rising, and we could scarcely trace the rocky edge of the road which lay open on the Scaur side. I sunk on the ground on the opposite side of the road, where the wood comes down; and,

from fright, felt for a moment deprived of all power to move. Major Carminowe reproached Reeves. He said that he would write to Sir James Harris, and describe the violence he had seen. He said that he was now convinced of what he had already suspected, that Reeves's character was not such as Sir James Harris or his son would approve; and that both should be made acquainted with his conduct. I guessed the effect that these words would have upon Reeves, who had risen from the ground, and was standing the picture of passion before Major Carminowe. 'I believe,' said Major Carminowe, 'that you are capable of any deception. You have no doubt deceived your patrons, as you cruelly deceived the good girl in your own station of life, who is now, happily, dead. What I have just witnessed has relieved me of all delicacy in speaking to your employers; begone, sir, and be thankful for such mercy as may accompany your disgrace.'

"These words had a terrible effect upon Reeves. He jumped forward, and closed on Major Carminowe immediately. In their struggle they got close to the brink. Reeves muttered something, and gave his body a violent swing."

Rachel pressed her hands strongly before her eyes. Her whole frame shook with emotion. "Possibly it was an accident. Merciful Lord! thou knowest; I cannot tell. Major Carminowe fell over the Scaur. He grasped at a large holly as he fell; the branch bent, and then gave way. I heard the body bound from one projecting rock to another. No one who heard that sound could have hoped that life would have been spared. No; we both knew that he was dead."

"I still lay shrinking against the bank. Reeves advanced to me. He looked deadly pale, and most terrible. 'Now, woman,' he gasped, 'you may try to hang me; but mark me, if one word transpires as to that man's death not being accidental, I do not wait to meet you in a court of justice. I go off—and *you with me*. Keep this secret; for if you do not, there are no bars or bolts on earth which shall keep you from me; and, living or dead, the witness of that deed shall go along with me.' In another moment he was gone. I returned to my home as well as I was able—the rest you know."

Rachel's tale was ended. Mr. Villars was the first to speak.

"You must be prepared to give this history elsewhere, Miss Meadows. I mean, as evidence on which to rest proceedings." Mr. Villars grew agitated, and, taking Rachel's hand, said, "Indeed I pity you—I feel for you; but I ought to tell you that this unhappy man may be tried, possibly even for murder, and that you"—But Mr. Villars did not go on, for Rachel had sunk upon her

knees, with an exclamation of agony which pierced the hearts of her hearers.

"Thy judgments are terrible!" she whispered, for all voice seemed gone; "yet give me grace to say, Thy will be done." Then suddenly seeming to regain her strength, she spoke with impressive energy to Mr. Villars.

"Oh, my friend, hear me, and remember. If you should ever have it in your power to turn the hearts of those on whose decision events must rest to pity, then recollect that blessed are the merciful."

"Why should *you* plead for that man?" he asked.

"Because," replied Rachel, "I was in a great degree myself the means of teaching him that fatal independence of all authority which, under the name of religion, led him into circumstances where, when tempted, he fell. I was as guilty as he was; and if, in mercy, there is given to me repentance, forgiveness, and peace, is not that reason sufficient for my pleading for him? Alas, alas!" she continued, "perhaps my temporal punishment may come in this terrible form. Oh, rather, far rather, would I give my life for his."

"We must do our duty," said Mr. Villars, in a voice of tenderness, as he approached Rachel. She made a gesture of submission.

"Can you answer me one word?" he asked. "Are you actuated by any dread of this man, in your intention of remaining here? I will give you a home; I will put you in circumstances where you can gain an honourable livelihood. I will never interfere with your religion. You shall live in a position of usefulness, and protected from all danger. Make an effort. Speak plainly to me, *now*, in the presence of those most likely to influence you. Speak openly; tell me the truth. I will give you all you need desire; you may continue a Catholic if you please, and you may come with me *now*."

Rachel had preserved her kneeling posture; but as Mr. Villars spoke she raised her head, and looked up at him with that brightly beaming expression that he had so often admired. Truth dwelt in the openness of her glance, and an innocent candour parted her lips with a smile.

"I have nothing to desire," she said, "for I possess all. You, my most true and liberal friend—you can only give me the alternative of my adversity; but here I have found what all my life I have been seeking, yet never seeking aright. The dreams of my innocent childhood, the hopes of my early youth, are all realised *now*—to be expended in thy service, O Lord; in love and obedience to live, in faith and hope to die."

"Let us praise God for such great grace," said the reverend mother.

Mr. Villars sighed, and turned away. But

the outpourings of a devoted heart, in gentle but fervent whisperings, followed him, and he lingered a moment to catch the ardent words, "Too late have I known thee, O ancient Truth! Too late have I loved thee, O ancient Beauty. Too long have I gone astray from Thee. From this moment, O my Sovereign Good, I desire to be for ever Thine. Oh, let nothing in life or death ever separate me from Thee any more!"

Mr. Villars heard to the end, and his heart could not forbear to say, "Amen."

He went away, and repeated the history he had heard from Rachel to Mr. Jarvis. Scarcely was the tale concluded, when Mr. Jarvis was sent for to attend a man at an inn at Waterton, who lay there in danger of death. A report spread about that it was Joseph Reeves. He was not personally known to the people of the inn, but they had sent for Mr. Jarvis, in consequence of hearing the injured man mention his name. And as, in his incoherent ramblings, he had mentioned the convent, they had sent there for the priest. Father Dennis, expecting to find some dying Catholic, had taken two of the sisters with him, and Rachel had accompanied them; and in the dying man she did indeed recognise Joseph Reeves.

After the last frightful interview with Rachel, he had returned to London, and now had been again on his way to Westerton, when he had been mortally injured by an accident which had occurred to the conveyance by which he travelled. Some hours necessarily elapsed before Mr. Jarvis could reach the inn, and when he arrived he found Reeves almost in the agonies of dissolution. The dying man certainly recognised him, but the power of speech was gone. By his bedside were Lady Emily Carminowe and Rachel Meadows; and their hands were administering to his comfort. Joseph Reeves lay perfectly still, and looking constantly from the one to the other. There was no expression in his eyes, but perpetually their glance passed from one to the other, resting a moment on each; and this constantly repeated survey seemed to bring some strange consolation to him, for if either moved, though but for a moment, he made an effort to turn his head to follow her. Once only was this painful state of things interrupted. Old Michael Tregenna, silently and sadly, glided into the room, and, affected to tears, knelt down by his bedside, and took his hand. Reeves gazed at him; made a strong effort to speak, but could not. Then he once raised his eyes to heaven, and closed them fast for ever.

Weeks passed away; and the autumn was approaching. Katherine and Mr. Villars were still alone at the Hall; for Lady Emily refused to return there, and was making arrangements to live with a widowed aunt of her deceased husband. Katherine had not heard any thing of Arthur, and she could not ask Mr. Villars

about him. But now Mr. Villars was come to her, with an open letter in his hand. It was from Arthur; he was coming home, but for a sad reason. Lady Harris was dead. Arthur had been by accident staying for a few days in the same inn with them; and now he was coming back with William, who was in too distressed a state of mind to travel without a companion.

Newcome had written a true account of all things as they had occurred to William Harris, and had entirely disabused his mind of false impressions relative to the departed Reeves and Rachel Meadows. William had thus become aware of the double part his mother had acted. Great misery had existed between them. Lady Harris's violent passions had long been injurious to her bodily health; she had sunk under this last contest, and had died in consequence of a fit, from which happily her mind had recovered, but not her body. Many affecting scenes occurred in the last few days of consciousness; so much so, that Sir James was ever afterwards heard to declare whenever he spoke of his wife, which was not unfrequently, that the late Lady Harris had been, without any exception, the most humble-minded being that had ever lived, besides being the most extraordinary woman in ability and accomplishments that he had ever even heard of. Sir James always continued to think of her in the character of the high-spirited, handsome, gifted creature, to whom he had timidly proposed, and by whom he had been almost unexpectedly accepted; whose life had been one of uninterrupted good works, and her end of holy edification. Lady Harris was most regretted by one she had systematically neglected: that one was her husband. It was a happy accommodation of sentiment.

And the time was come when Katherine and Arthur Staurton were to meet again. Her spirits had been so reduced of late, that she really dreaded the interview. Mr. Villars was gone to the Manor House to receive him, and she was alone at the Hall. The day on which Katherine thought that Arthur would call, she desired Michael to shew all visitors into the drawing-room, while she occupied the library herself. But when Arthur appeared, Michael ventured to exercise the discretion of a confidential servant; he was sure Miss Westerton would be so glad to see Mr. Staurton, and so immediately conducted him to her. Kate was surprised. The suddenness of the meeting embarrassed Arthur. He stood irresolute, and she annoyed and confused; till, too disconcerted to rally, she burst into tears. We do not know how long this scene lasted, but it must have ended more satisfactorily than it began, for that night Mr. Villars prayed for blessings on them both, and holding a hand of Katherine and of Arthur, thanked God for his dear children.

Will the reader excuse us for passing over six months? At the end of that time, if he had looked into the library at the Vicarage, he would have seen William Harris there, the acknowledged and accepted lover of Ellen Jarvis. It had just been settled, and William had been the bearer of a letter to Mr. Jarvis from his father, expressive of Sir James's great satisfaction in the alliance. Sir James could only hope that his son might find in Ellen as excellent and exemplary a wife as he had been blessed with in that very extraordinary woman the late Lady Harris, of whom he never liked to lose an opportunity of speaking as she deserved. She was certainly possessed of the most transcendent abilities, the soundest religion, and the humblest mind that he had ever met with; and Sir James took that opportunity of asking Mr. Jarvis's permission for putting up a monument in Westerton Church recording the extraordinary virtues of the lady his daughter was now to succeed at New Park.

Of course Mr. Jarvis could do no other than consent; and as Sir James provided the inscription, a more than poetic justice was done to the lamented lady. It has been said of the inscription, that many read it till they

believed it—who would choose to remember with bitterness, if they could yield to be so amiably deceived?

Jane Newcome had heard the news of her cousin's engagement, and she told Rachel. It was the day on which Rachel had received the novice's white veil. Before this happy day she had placed in a box all the articles of value, consisting chiefly of jewellery and books, which she had received from Lady Harris and Sir James. She now sent them to Ellen; and the day of William's marriage, Sister Mary Angelica—such was the name taken by Rachel—received a letter containing a cheque for two thousand pounds. The letter was from Sir James Harris; and in it he took great shame to himself for never having thought of securing her independence before. He had now, he said, been indebted to his son for reminding him of what he felt to be nothing short of his duty; and Sir James begged Rachel to forgive him for having neglected her, which, he said, would not have happened if that very extraordinary woman Lady Harris had been alive, whose remarkable cleverness and recollection of every duty was only to be equalled by her humility.

Reviews.

NEWMAN ON THE SOUL.

The Soul, her Sorrows and her Aspirations: an Essay towards the Natural History of the Soul as the true Basis of Theology. By Francis William Newman, formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. London, Chapman.

THIS Essay is a fresh illustration of the identity of Protestantism with Infidelity, not with absolute Atheism. It is the most recent proof which the English press has furnished, that thinking men, who are resolved to test the foundations of their religious belief, almost invariably end in denying the truth of Christianity as a revelation of doctrine to the soul of man. Mr. Francis Newman has long been known to every one familiar with the history of Oxford for the last quarter of a century as a man of brilliant abilities, independence of judgment, and amiable and correct private character. He has also been always remarkable for a disinclination to systematise his opinions, to follow them out to *all* their legitimate consequences, and to reject those which were radically inconsistent with his general system of faith. Perhaps no man of equal capacity ever entertained a more extraordinary and heterogeneous medley of views at one and the same moment, or to an acute perception of what was hollow, deceitful, and absurd in others, apparently united so imperious an unconsciousness of the logical impos-

sibility of reconciling the various portions of his moral, philosophical, and theological creed.

As a young man he tried Church-of-Englandism to its basis, and found it wanting. He saw that the structure was a mass of unspiritual patchwork, and that it was raised on a foundation of sand, which only endured for a while because there was no storm to scatter it to the four winds of heaven. Through various stages of unbelief he then gradually progressed to that condition of feeling in which he has now for some time remained. One by one every article of positive belief gave way in his mind, until he fancied that he could stay himself from tumbling headlong into the abyss of Atheism by grasping at the phantom of philosophical Christianity, which it is now the fashion to proclaim as the last new discovery which man has made concerning God and eternity. A short time ago we noticed Mr. Morell's attempt to give scientific form to this futile hypothesis,* and shewed that of all the absurdities to which shallow minds ever devoted themselves, there never was one more untenable than this modern notion, that Christianity is really a divinely given religion, and yet that it reveals no doctrines at all. Mr. Newman's belief, or rather his unbelief, is identically the same with that of Mr. Morell,

* *Rambler*, Part 17, May 1849.

though the natural turn of his mind, and his mode of conducting his arguments, are as different as well can be. The fundamental truths and errors to which both writers adhere are, however, the same; and they are equally exponents of that philosophy which is rising up in all quarters among intelligent Protestants, and which is destined ere long to swallow up every remnant of revealed truth which yet lingers in the separatist world.

The great truths which Mr. Newman has got hold of are, the essential difference which exists between an intellectual knowledge of the theological doctrines and that inward religion which brings the soul into contact with Almighty God, and the utter impotence of what are called the *proofs* of definite Christian doctrine, whether as a system or in detail, on any intelligible grounds which Protestantism can bring forward. His great errors are, first, a belief that, because theological knowledge and religious faith are different in their nature, therefore no theological knowledge whatever is to be accepted as necessarily true, however cogent the logical proofs on which it rests; and, secondly, a total ignorance as to what the Catholic religion really is, and of the answer which *she* gives to all that modern scepticism so unanswerably throws in the teeth of dogmatic Protestantism.

The whole of the Essay before us is an expansion of the two truths we have named as possessing the mind of the author. Irregular and rambling in its treatment, and dealing far more in statement and illustration than in lucid exposition and proof, it is nothing more than a series of brilliant and pointed thoughts struck off by an earnest, tender-hearted, and, in a certain sense, pious and conscientious mind, overwhelmed with a sense of the difficulties of Protestantism, and keenly alive to the follies and hypocrisies of the age in which he lives. Such as it is, it well deserves the study of those who are called to confront the growing scepticism of the times. By those whose minds are well armed by a really profound insight into the whole nature of religious belief, it may be read not only with interest and pleasure, but with profit. To others its perusal will be the more mischievous the more it is agreeable; and its only result will be to shake their confidence in what they do believe, and in its place to offer them—*nothing*.

Mr. Newman differs from many other modern sceptics in being far more practical in his references to religious duties and exercises than is common in the class to which he belongs. In truth, it is one of the most painful features in his book, that it displays the workings of a soul destroyed by the acuteness of its own perceptions, and writhing under the torments of self-imposed fallacies, while, at the same time, it seems to long for something that is pure, deep, peace-giving, and divine. Unlike

another recent sceptical writer from Oxford, Mr. Newman appears to have a profound sense that sin is an awful reality; that, in some mysterious way, it cleaves a fathomless gulf between the soul and its God; that in a repose upon the bosom of the Omnipotent and All-Merciful the soul can alone find bliss and satisfaction; and that so long as the flesh governs the spirit, and the heart is given to the world, that repose is in the very nature of things an impossibility. Hence there is nothing radically coarse and disgusting in his speculations, crude and dreadful as they are. He seems to have caught glimpses of the exquisite purity and beauty of the spiritual life, as he certainly has gained a far clearer insight into certain great truths in its moral character than is usual among Protestants of any denomination. There is scarcely a page in which he does not seem to be on the point of grasping some great Catholic principle, or of solving the enigma which baffles him. Each sentence seems to neutralise the rest; and we are astonished that any person so highly gifted should yet be so miserably unable to harmonise the various opinions which he upholds, and virtually contradict himself almost in every other paragraph he utters.

This fatal inconsecutiveness in Mr. Newman's mind appears to be the root (not to touch on the moral cause, whatever that may be) of all his scepticism. It is really incredible to what an extent he refutes himself and answers his own difficulties, if he would only give fair play to his convictions and carry out his statements to their consequences. For instance, in a note at page 182, we find him saying, "Can I go to the supreme Judge and tell him that I deserve more happiness (in the next life) than He has granted me in this life? Whether is the logician's common sense or self-knowledge gone?" Again, in another place, he writes, "There is nothing whatever in human wickedness, *however intense and whatever misery it causes*, to inspire rational doubt of the Divine goodness." Yet no language can serve Mr. Newman to express his abhorrence and indignation at the idea that the future punishments of the wicked are eternal! Oh, how humiliating is it to the pride of human intellect to behold this marvellous incapacity to reason fairly and consistently! How strange to see the same man who revolts from arraigning the justice and mercy of God when he sees his fellow-creatures steeped in anguish from the hour of their birth to the hour of their death, though perhaps they are among the *least* sinful of their species, yet blind to the fact that he *is* thus presuming to judge the Judge of all, when he protests that the doctrine of the eternity of future suffering is so accursed and damnable that it *cannot* be true! That it is an awful, a terrible, an agonising doctrine, we grant,

indeed; but to say that it cannot be true because God is all-merciful, is as monstrous and presumptuous as it would be to laugh at the cries of an infant in bitter pain, on the pretence that, as it never sinned, a merciful God could not inflict torture upon its innocent being. How is it that Mr. Newman does not see that his belief in the goodness of God, "*whatever be the misery*" He inflicts on sinners in this life, is utterly inconsistent with a denial of the eternity of suffering? Both the one punishment and the other are incomprehensible; we cannot reconcile them with our personal feelings and ideas. To our own intellect it is shocking and horrible to behold the vast mass of mankind lost in sin and tortured with anguish from the cradle to the grave; and to think that such will be their eternal portion is only *more* shocking and horrible; it is no more impossible than the present state is impossible; and when this latter is an undeniable fact before our eyes, in the name of all that is honest and true let us not pander to our sensibilities at the expense of our reason, and pretend that future punishment *cannot* be eternal because it is contrary to the mercy of God.

With a like unconsciousness of the irreconcilableness of his separate opinions, Mr. Newman writes as follows in his first chapter, "On the Sense of the Infinite."

"It is, however, right here to enter a protest against being thought to have any accurate and scientific knowledge of God. We have none. Our knowledge is essentially crude and only approximate; and to affect the rigour of human science is mere delusion. We attribute to God those properties of mind with which we are acquainted,—will, design, forethought, and others; but it is unreasonable to imagine that we can at all more accurately sound His mind, than a dog the mind of his master. Hence religious knowledge, from the nature of the case, is essentially popular; and if the scientific mind has any advantage over the unscientific in prosecuting it, the advantage is not in the direct perceptive powers of the soul and in any greater fullness of knowledge, but, negatively, in avoiding vulgar prejudices derived from false lights. Intellectual cultivation, as such, is here purely critical and destructive. If this essential imperfection in our knowledge of God be admitted, an important corollary follows; namely, that no long deductions, following logical (that is to say, verbal) processes, can be trusted in theology. Such deductions imply full accuracy in the verbal premises. Inference may guide our thoughts to new beliefs; but we need to discern the results directly, and not merely to depend on our syllogisms, if we are to have the full confidence of practical truth. What mathematician will trust to a refined and lengthy process of argument, depending on empirical formulas? In hydraulics and pneumatics, where the first principles are only approximately known, it is requisite to keep close to experiment, and verify every speculative inference by practical trial. A system of theology, constructed like a treatise on mechanics, by fine-drawn reasonings from a few primitive axioms of experimental laws, is likely to be nothing but a sham science."

Now let us in all earnestness call the attention of the writer of these sentences, pregnant with such momentous consequences, to their real meaning. Most truly do ye agree with him

in asserting that by nature and by the arguments of natural theology (as it is termed) we have no accurate and scientific knowledge of God. All that can be *known* of Him is what St. Paul expressly states to be within the domain of purely human theological science, "his eternal power and divinity." Of ourselves we can only discover that there *is* a God, that He has resistless power over us, and that He existed from all eternity—and there we end. That man should therefore lay down laws as to what this incomprehensible Being shall do or shall not do; that we, who are baffled at every step we would take into the region of the infinite, should draw a line and circumscribe the will of Him of whom all we know is that He is our God; that a wretched helpless spirit, like the soul of one of us, cramped up in the prison-house of a diseased and decaying frame, should draw out a scientific system in which it should be accurately ascertained what Omnipotence could accomplish or could not accomplish, is of all follies the most foolish, of all deceptions the most insolent and audacious.

Yet here is Mr. Newman attempting to solve the awful mystery of human life and destiny, on the supposition that it is an incontrovertible axiom that God *cannot* make known certain definite intellectual propositions respecting his own acts and nature, on such grounds as would make it rational to believe them, because he sees that an intellectual knowledge and belief in such propositions often exist apart from all actual *communion* of the soul with God as her God. Was there ever a more gratuitous assumption than that which pervades the whole of this Essay, to the effect that God has no means for communicating a clear, rational, and intelligent conviction in the truth of such dogmas as that of the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, or the Real Presence, in the present state of metaphysical and moral science? Why, let us ask Mr. Newman, is it a fallacy to believe that, at a certain past period in the history of our race, God communicated certain definite intellectual propositions to the understandings of the apostles, who had as clear a knowledge that they were not deceiving themselves in resting in these propositions, as literally true accounts of the nature and acts of the Almighty, as we now have of any moral or mathematical truth whatsoever? Is Mr. Newman prepared to maintain that God cannot communicate any accurate and scientific knowledge of Himself to His creatures? If he admits that God *can* do this, then we ask of him, as he admits that Christianity is not an imposture, *what* it was that constituted Christianity *a religion*? Let him tell us distinctly what he means, when he says that St. Paul was, in any sense whatever, inspired. Was he inspired in any different sense from that in which Mr. Newman

may consider himself inspired? If St. Paul knew any thing at all about God, where did he get his knowledge, and how did he separate between this true knowledge and the delusions of his own fancy? And further, if we now have no means for ascertaining clearly what that knowledge was, how is Christianity any blessing to us, or any thing better than a mockery and a snare? Let Mr. Newman furnish us with an explanation of the fact, that the Bible *seems* to be overflowing with distinct dogmatic statements, while on his theory it really contains nothing that we are to trust in as certain, and yet is not a lying fable.

In the passage we have quoted, Mr. Newman further draws attention to the truth, that in hydraulics and pneumatics, and all physical sciences, "where the first principles are only approximately known, it is requisite to keep close to experiment, and verify every speculative inference by practical trial." He also asserts that no long deductions, following logical (that is, verbal) processes, can be trusted in theology. Let us ask him, then, whether he is ready to maintain, that if in theology the very same verifying processes be rigorously pursued which are accounted amply sufficient in physical science, we are still to remain in our unbelief, and refuse to trust to our logical deductions? Should we not think a man mad who denied the existence of the law of gravity, because it rests upon no infallible mathematical axiom, although it has been experimentally tested millions upon millions of times? Do we not as confidently believe and act upon the deductions of the physical sciences, when they *have* been verified by practical trial, as if they were proved by the strictest mathematical syllogisms?

Here, then, is the serious charge we bring against Mr. Newman,—that in those things which concern the soul and God, he refuses to believe the testimony of those who have thus practically verified the logical deductions of dogmatic theology, and adopts a system which would be scouted as insane in physics by every person out of a lunatic asylum. It is a doctrine which is ingrained into the very heart of Catholic faith and morals, that Christian knowledge is *not* like mathematics—that it requires the very same personal verification with the inexact sciences; and that while no other system of morals or metaphysics will stand the trial, but, like the old Ptolemaic system of astronomy, breaks down under the force of experiment, Catholicism endures under every test, and the more thoroughly and consistently it is tried in action, the more convincingly does it commend itself to the whole spiritual and intelligent nature of man, as neither more nor less than a positive revelation of the realities of the invisible world. We ask for nothing more than this. We take our stand on the very same principles on

which the whole edifice of modern science is built up. We acknowledge that our proof, previous to trial, is not a mathematical proof; and if any one on this account at once is disposed to reject it, we say that no religion *can* commend itself by mathematically certain arguments; and therefore, they who demand such a proof must remain infidels or atheists for ever. But at the same time we invite a personal trial. We bid the inquirer ask those who have made the experiment themselves, and mark the moral and spiritual results of Catholicism upon Catholics, that is, upon Catholics who really *act* upon their belief. That its truth and purifying and elevating influences are not to be comprehended or admitted by Catholics who do not *try* its powers to the utmost, is of course natural, just as the hypothetical laws of physics can only be tested by those who clearly comprehend them and actually put them to the trial. But let Mr. Newman and other philosophical minds subject it to a fair experiment, if not in their own cases, at least by inquiring at the hands of those who have tried it. Let them apply to any Catholic who possesses the same qualification for the task as would be demanded from a trustworthy scientific experimentalist; to one who is, first, a consistent Catholic, taking the Catholic faith as it is, and acting upon it; and who is, secondly, sufficiently familiar with metaphysical study, and a sufficiently accurate observer, to be able to describe in intelligible terms the results of his observations;—let them do this, and then they will have some right to decide the question between dogmatic Christianity and this newly devised scepticism. Until then, we shall not hesitate to brand the whole class to which they belong as the most presumptuous and the most unphilosophical of speculators who ever deluded mankind with the cant of science.

If we might guess as to the one theological doctrine to which Mr. Newman's mind is most averse, we should say it was the doctrine we have already alluded to respecting the eternity of future misery. His disbelief of every thing positive seems to *begin* with this. He perpetually recurs to it, and he repeatedly speaks of it with a more than ordinary irritation of feeling. Argumentatively, his reason for disbelieving the dogma appears to lie in his assertion that the infinite cannot flow out of the finite—a statement as false in one sense as it is true in another. Doubtless, a finite being cannot create that which is infinite, whether in power, extent, or duration; but if the infinite is never to flow out of the finite, in the sense of being its result or reward, then is an eternity of bliss as impossible as an eternity of woe. If Mr. Newman intends to assert that the Saints will not be blessed for ever, let him speak out like an honest man; but let him not delude himself or others with the idea

that punishment *cannot* be eternal, because sin is the work of a finite being, and lasts but a brief space, while he admits that holiness, equally the brief work of a finite being, is to be followed by never-ending joys. Let the whole question be argued on rational grounds; it is preposterous to argue it on *à-priori* probabilities, or on the dictates of human susceptibility. Reason can prove neither the eternity of bliss nor of agony; it is simply a question of evidence, whether God has told us the one doctrine or the other. The sceptic's denial of the eternity of punishment on grounds based upon his own natural ideas of the nature of God and of sin, is as ridiculous as Plato's grammatical proofs of the immortality of the soul, which Mr. Newman very naturally thinks absurd.

We have said that while Mr. Newman very satisfactorily exposes the hollowness of the whole Protestant system of Evidences, and laughs at the idea of a parsonic conversion of the masses to practical Christianity, he is totally unconscious that there is a Catholic idea of evidences fundamentally different, and in every respect modelled upon that apostolic pattern, which, strangely enough, he applauds and admires. The following passages will shew how accurately he has discerned the intrinsic hollowness of the popular idea of Christian faith and Christian teaching, whatever be the hollowness of his own belief:

"If we form an *à-priori* conception of the genuine champion of the Gospel from the New Testament, we shall say, that he is girt with the only sword of the Spirit, the living word of God, which pierces to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart. In his hands it is as lightning from God, kindled from the Spirit within him, and piercing through the unbeliever's soul, convincing his conscience of sin, and striking him to the ground before God; until those who believe receive it, not as the word of man, but as, what it is in truth, the word of God. Its action is directly upon the conscience and upon the soul, and hence its wonderful results; not on the critical faculties, upon which the Spirit is powerless. Such at least was Paul's weapon for fighting the Lord's battles. But when the modern battle commences, what do we see? A study-table, spread over with books, ancient and modern; a gentleman consulting dictionaries and grammars; referring to Tacitus and Pliny; engaged in establishing that Josephus is a credible and not a credulous writer; inquiring whether the Greek of the Apocalypse and of the fourth gospel can have come from the same hand; searching through Justin Martyr and Irenæus, in order to find out whether the gospels are a growth by accretion and modification, or were originally struck off as we now read them; comparing Philo or Plotinus with John or Paul: in short, we find him engaged (with much or little success) in praiseworthy efforts at local history, criticism of texts, history of philosophy, logic (or the theory of evidence), physiology, demonology, and other important but very difficult studies; all inappreciable to the unlearned, all remote from the sphere in which the soul operates. And are these abstruse arguments the powerful and living word of God? Is it not extravagant to call inquiries of this sort 'spiritual,' or to expect any spiritual results from them?"

"What means now the declaration, 'Unto the poor

the Gospel is preached?' and what the boast,—'I came not unto you with excellency of speech, or of man's learning?' For concerning our modern Evidences, the poor and the illiterate cannot possibly judge, and the preacher cannot preach unless he is learned: so entirely has the Gospel shifted away from its primitive basis. And then, can we wonder that it is wholly bereft of its power to convince unbelievers?"

"Another important result of this unscriptural and unspiritual system is seen in the Christian ministry. A minister in modern days is expected to excel all others in what are called Theological accomplishments. Theology, one might have thought, was the science of God; but no: it is the sciences of Biblical Interpretation and Historical Criticism. A person eminent in these becomes a Doctor of Divinity,—Sanctæ Theologiæ Professor. And yet these are topics in which a man might obtain high ecclesiastical renown, though his conscience were seared and his soul utterly paralysed. Though by courtesy called spiritual, the knowledge is simply secular; and an immediate result of it is, that youth, however unspiritual, if only the critical and logical faculties have been developed, steps into the chair of the Christian teacher, and becomes ecclesiastically higher than age, however spiritually exercised. Christianity has been turned into a Literature, and therefore her teachers necessarily become a literary profession. Previous to ordination, they may be subjected to some literary ordeal, they may also be required to profess orthodoxy and to be morally respectable; but this is all that can be attempted in a public system. Thus in result, a national clergy cannot be expected to excel ordinary Christians in any spiritual qualities, but only in learning. How, then, can they be expected to exert any high spiritual influence? Many Dissenters imagine that this evil is caused by the union of Church and State; but the same evils appear in their academies and churches: naturally not so glaringly, and yet in substance as truly. Age and spiritual experience are, with them also, subordinate to critical cultivation; and plainly because, with them also, Christianity is become a literature.

"How opposed this is to every thing in primitive Christianity, not Paul alone testifies. By every writer of the New Testament it is manifestly presumed that the historical and logical faculties have nothing to do with *that* faith which is distinctive of God's people. Every where it is either stated or implied that the soul or spirit of man is alone concerned in receiving or rejecting God's revelation. Unless we can recover this position, we have lost the essential *spirit* of apostolic doctrine; and then, by holding to the *form*, we do but tie ourselves to a dead carcass, which may poison us and disgust mankind.

"To keep and to get historical faith are different problems. He who has been educated in it and never has lost it, throws the burden of disproof upon others: he believes, till some refutation is shewn him. Hence mere indolence of mind suffices to keep him in his father's (historical) faith: and without any such indolence, he is generally kept in it, if he have any keen feelings of the spiritual glories of Christianity. But if a man have no historical faith; if he was born a heathen or a Jew, or has cast off all reverence for his national Christianity, from seeing so much hypocrisy and worldliness in it, and knowing nothing of the good;—then he casts the burden of proof the other way; he disbelieves, until somebody shews him valid reason for believing things marvellous and beyond his experience. Is now the reader blind to the signs of the times? It is *absolutely impossible* to recover the tens of thousands who have learned to scorn Christian faith, by arguments of erudition and criticism. Unless the appeal can be made directly to the conscience and the soul, faith in Christianity once lost by the vulgar is lost for ever: what could the very chiefest of Apostles do to bring it back? They never converted one soul by learned proofs addressed to the logical intellect; and why should we dream that they would attempt it now, or

could succeed? If we continue to do as we are doing,—if no action of a totally new kind is set up,—the present course of affairs must go steadily forward, but with accelerated velocity, in proportion to the increase of mental sharpness or physical destitution: a real, black infidelity will spread among the millions,—an infidelity of the soul to God, of the heart to virtue,—until the large towns of England become what Paris is. And as for the cultivated and philosophic, what else will they become but simple Pantheists? acknowledging intellectually a plastic spirit, or as it were life in the universe, but just as ignorant of that inward life with God, which has been the great animating principle of Christianity and of the highest Judaism, as if they were avowed Atheists."

How much of profound truth there is in this, those can well attest who have ever studied the relationship between the Protestant teacher and his people, and the possibility of converting the unprejudiced poor into believers in any form of Protestantism. Many and many is the time that we have experienced the deepest disgust at the impostures which well-meaning men have unconsciously practised upon the intelligence of the unlearned, and the non-sensical grounds on which they have essayed to force a dogmatic Christianity upon minds utterly incapable of comprehending the professed proofs presented to them. It is a mournful spectacle to witness an argument between an acute half-sceptical mechanic and an "Evangelical," or "High Church," or "Puseyite" teacher. Degrading it is, indeed, to the very name of Christianity, to behold the pious frauds which one after another come forth from respectable and moral lips, and the sophistry with which a baseless creed seeks to thrust itself down the throat of those who have at least the power to perceive that, whether true or false, it is offered to them on reasons which common sense spurns and derides. How have we mourned—half in pity, and half in indignation—to think of the humbug of that reasoning with which Anglicanism and Dissent in all their modifications would fain enthrall the intellect of the poor and the timid, to a system of doctrines for which they have no proofs whatsoever to offer, but such as are rotten to the very core. And deep in proportion has been our gratitude to that boundless Love which has placed in the hands of the Catholic Church a power to move, to convince, and to win the hearts and souls of every class among men, not at the expense of their reason and judgment, but by a course of proof which is as philosophic in principle as it is efficacious in practice, and which is the very counterpart and continuation of that apostolic system of teaching which such men as the writer before us in vain attempt to recall.

We have thus indicated the elements of Mr. Newman's views. We have not space to enter into them more in detail, or to inform our readers of all the points in popular Christianity which he vehemently assails. It is enough to say that he has reduced his own

belief to a *minimum*, and that with a little more consistency he will deny that the soul has *any* hopes beyond the grave, and that the holy Scripture is a whit more deserving of respect than the Koran. He goes beyond the common run of Socinians, in denouncing the observance of one day of rest in the week as a curse rather than a blessing, while he still clings to one vital truth which we would hope may even yet rescue him from the gulf into which he has plunged: he still holds that *prayer* is both a privilege and a duty, and that it is not a mere self-deceiving device for stimulating one's own mind, but is an actual asking of blessings from God, which God both hears and answers. So far as we can perceive, this is the only truth which he in any real sense believes. At the same time, if he himself acts upon the views maintained in other portions of his book, it is clear that he would only pray when fancy and strong excitement of inward feeling prompted him.

We conclude with an extract from one of his better passages, in which our readers will recognise that peculiar faculty of delicate observation, and of perception of the springs of human action, which is one of Mr. Newman's most agreeable characteristics:

"Human characters have often been distributed into two great classes, which may be called *masculine* and *feminine*. In the masculine, are stronger and coarser passions; self-confidence somewhat overbearing; more promptitude to act and more unflagging energy; deeper conscience and more prominence of the idea of duty; high ambition to achieve right; warm and rich love, of gushing impetuosity. In the feminine, are pure and gentle instincts; strength more passive than active; slowness to act, except when affection moves; a heart that guides to duty and to right, but thinking of it not as duty and as right, but as that which is lovely; finally, a love which is tender, transparent, and steady. Of course there may be intermediate characters. Yet if we contrast the two more concisely, thus: the *former* (partly from ambition and partly from the activity of the conscience) is impelled to action before the affections are fully ready for it; the *latter* is little moved by a sense of duty, and is satisfied not to act until impelled by affection:—then the two characters exclude one another. And this is perhaps a view suitable to our present purpose.

"Where conscience predominates, there the struggles described in the last Part may be apprehended; especially if to this be added an ardent ambitious nature. Exactly in such natures other passions also are apt to be strong: hence the man is a bundle of forces not yet in harmony; and the harmonising of them is probably attempted by direct conflict before love comes in to reconcile them. The more feminine character probably avoids struggle, not by any strength of love, but by the unformed state of the conscience and delicacy of the passions; for powerful love to God can in very rare instances be developed so early as to anticipate conflict. Many persons of masculine soul, nevertheless, by severe sorrows, especially from the deaths of those whom they love, are in great measure moulded into the feminine type; and possibly this is the most perfect character. But at present I confine myself to the other.

"There are those, of amiable natures and soft affections, perhaps also very susceptible to natural beauty, who appear to approach religion altogether on its sunny side. They see God, not as a strict judge, not as a glorious potentate, but as the animating Spirit of a

beautiful harmonious world, beneficent and kind, merciful as well as pure. The same characters generally have no metaphysical tendencies: they do not look back into themselves. Hence they are not distressed by their own imperfections; yet it would be absurd to call them self-righteous, for they hardly think of themselves *at all*. This childlike quality of their nature makes the opening of religion very happy to them; for they no more shrink from God, than a child from an emperor before whom the parent trembles: in fact, they have no vivid conception of *any* of the qualities in which the severer Majesty of God consists. He is to them the impersonation of kindness and beauty. They read his character, not in the disordered moral world of man, but in romantic and harmonious nature. Of human sin they know perhaps little in their own hearts, and not very much in the world; and human suffering does but melt them to tenderness. Thus, when they approach God, no inward disturbance ensues; and without being as yet spiritual, they have a certain complacency and perhaps romantic sense of excitement in their simple worship.

"It is not by a lucky accident that their early course is so tranquil. It arises out of the fact that their crude views of God are really more true than those of the opposite character. He is *not* a stern judge, exacting every tittle of some law from us. There is *nothing* in Him to terrify the simple-minded. He does *not* act towards us (spiritually) by generalisations which may omit our individual case, but his perfection consists in dealing with each case by itself as if there were no others. In short, only the primitive ruder notion concerning Him is the stern one; that of the riper

spirituality testifies to his infinite love. Now it deserves remark, that, quite in accordance with this, women come more easily to pure religion than men. In fact, men are accustomed to deal with affairs of life on a great scale, where (by reason of *our* infirmity) fixed general rules are essential: hence come men's notions of abstract justice, in which the judge is forced to sacrifice his personal feelings to some law *external to himself*; an idea which they erroneously transfer to God. But women act in detail, and judge of each case for itself and by their own feelings. So again, all moral rules are a generalisation; hence conscience, which bids us observe such rules, implies generalisation: but women do not generalise much; they rather seize on particulars. Therefore they are less liable to be tormented by a conscience which (on some abstract principle) lays more on them than their affections can bear. But chiefly, it is important, that men deal much with their equals, and have to stand out for their rights; hence the sharpness with which the idea of justice and right is stamped upon them. But women are chiefly concerned with unequals; with a husband above them and children beneath them; and in younger age of course equally so. Thus affectionate obedience and tender mercy are prominent with them; and they carry these sentiments into their religious relations. Moreover, as young women are not subject to passion in the same coarse forms as young men, their temptations are probably weaker, they wound their own consciences less, and their religious course is far smoother. On the whole, we may well admire the instinct which made the old Germans regard woman as penetrating nearer to the mind of God than man does."

LOYOLA AND JESUITISM.

Loyola: and Jesuitism in its Rudiments. By Isaac Taylor. Longmans.

[Second notice.]

MR. TAYLOR divides the second part of his work into five chapters—on the "Spiritual Exercises," on the "Letter on Obedience," on the "Constitutions," on the "Purport of the Jesuit Institute," and on Pascal and his "Provincial Letters." Before examining his views on all these points, we must express our cordial satisfaction at meeting with any single writer who thus adopts a tolerably fair and sensible mode of procedure, in forming his opinions upon the Society of Jesus. Nothing can be more reasonable than to take what Mr. Taylor calls the *canonical books* of the Society, and from them to search for the sources of its strength or its weakness, its holiness or its corruption, as the case may be. So far our author stands out in pleasing contrast with other anti-Catholic writers; and so far the natural result has followed, that he approaches much nearer to a correct idea of the truth for which he searches than is commonly to be met with, even in Protestants of great learning, ability, and candour.

If he has failed in mastering the real spirit of the Society of Jesus, and of doing adequate justice to its immortal founder, it is because the study of their "canonical" books is but one step in the right direction. It is but one condition out of four, all of which are absolutely necessary for enabling a man

to judge them as they are, and not as they are misrepresented. Mr. Taylor has omitted, in the first place, to place himself in communication with living Catholics, in order to inquire of them an explanation of a large variety of questions, both general and detail, without which it is ridiculous to pretend to estimate the working of any system in which men are the agents. He shares, we are sorry to find, that childish disinclination to associate with the only persons who could give him the information he needed, which is one of the most fruitful causes of the foolish anti-Catholic hucubrations that daily issue from the English press. He takes up a preface written by Dr. Wiseman, which might have sufficed to convince any person of ordinary sagacity that it would be absurd to write a book about the Jesuits without personal communication with Catholics; but it seems never to have crossed his mind that Dr. Wiseman lives in a very accessible part of London, and is neither a wild beast shut up in a menagerie, nor a curious antiquity shelved in a museum. He writes as if there were no such living creatures as Catholics in this land, or as if it was as much out of his power to get at them as to pay a visit to the monarch of Timbuctoo; whereas a few lines to ourselves, or to the editor of any Catholic periodical, would have opened to him every source of information that he could possibly have desired. Consequently, his remarks on the actual results of

the system of St. Ignatius, on the Spiritual Exercises, on the Constitutions, and on the nature of Catholic and Jesuit obedience, are almost wholly beside the mark at which they aim. They are based on radical misconceptions, and on deductions from ill-understood phrases, rent from their context, and viewed apart from the meaning which they have in the minds which employ them. What would Mr. Taylor have said to a writer who undertook to expound the whole system of English medical and surgical practice, who yet never took any physic in his life, who never even cut his finger, who was not acquainted with a single surgeon or physician, who never entered a hospital or a sick-room, and whose whole knowledge of his subject was derived from the study of the London *Pharmacopæia*? Yet this is precisely the conduct he has himself pursued. He knows nothing of Jesuitism from those sources which alone can preserve him from most grievous misunderstanding of the few books he has really studied.

In the second place, Mr. Taylor manifestly has no acquaintance with any but a few notorious casuistical writings of the followers of St. Ignatius. He seems not to be aware that the Society has produced an immense multitude of books, on almost every subject on which the human mind can be employed, including practical and devotional works, very many of which are known and fondly cherished wherever the Catholic faith is received. If he had possessed even a slight acquaintance with the contents of this gigantic Jesuit library, he would have seen what was really the practical result of that system of *obedience* which he rightly conceives to be the main-spring of the Society. He would have had some means for ascertaining whether it did in truth imply that abdication of the moral and intellectual rights and duties of humanity which he conceives it to involve. He does not himself pretend that in the case of the first companions of Loyola there are the faintest signs to be perceived of any such moulding of the individual character into a forced, unnatural, and unholy mechanism. So far from it, with a glaring inconsistency, he tells us at one time that the despotism of Loyola was universal and unbending; that he always ruled, and never obeyed; and at another, that it is impossible to decide how much of the actual Jesuit system and Constitutions resulted from the influence of keener intellects than his own. And so he would have found that in his followers of later ages, while a certain definite uniformity of type is impressed upon them in certain particulars, and while the rule of obedience has ever survived in all its pristine energy and power, at the same time in what may be termed the individual peculiarities, tastes, opinions, and modes of thought of the members of the Society, there exists every

conceivable variation. The knowledge of the facts of the case would have wrung from him an admission, that while the operation of the Society, both as a whole and in its parts, is steadfast, animated by one spirit, and directed by one authority, its individual members play their parts as men, and not as machines; and that there is no one faculty which God has given us to exercise freely which is not exercised as freely by every individual Jesuit as by Mr. Taylor himself.

The third and most serious deficiency in our author's means for forming a correct judgment is to be found in his low and earthly ideas of the spiritual state to which man is called by the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and of the nature of that dependence which we are warranted in placing upon the promises of holy Scripture. Mr. Taylor's standard is essentially a worldly standard; his religion is that of men of the world, elevated and purified, so far as such a thing can be elevated and purified; but it is not the *Christian* standard. With him faith does not take the place of sight; spiritual affections are little better than modified earthly affections; human intellect is the measure of divine power; and those things are to be counted great, influential, glorious, and trustworthy, which are least out of harmony with the course of secular prudence and the experience of modern civilisation. Hence it is that St. Ignatius, with all Mr. Taylor's assumption of superiority and all his philosophical criticisms, is an unexplained enigma to him. Occasionally he has the candour to admit that he cannot give the *rationale* of the phenomena he records; occasionally he has the coolness to suggest an interpretation wholly unwarranted by facts; but whether he is candid, or uncharitable, or inconsistent, or vehemently indignant, still the truth appears, that the mystery of Loyola's life and motives cannot be fathomed by any line and plummet which Mr. Taylor has at his command. We can only regret that he seems to be himself unconscious of his failure, and has not risen from his study of the Society of Jesus with a conviction that there is many a truth in metaphysics, in history, and in Christianity, which he has yet to learn.

A striking instance of the working of these defects in Mr. Taylor's book is to be found at the very commencement of his chapter on the Spiritual Exercises. We quote the passage at length.

"The book entitled *Exercitia Spiritualia* was, as to its rudiments, if not more, the earliest produce of Loyola's mind; nor is it on that account merely entitled to the earliest place in an examination of the documents of his Institute; for it has always been regarded by the Society itself as the nucleus of the system, and has been made use of as the text-book of initiation: in truth, it might be designated, not unfairly, as the Bible of Jesuitism. The most approved Jesuit writers have not hesitated, in terms more or less distinct, to claim for it the sanction of inspiration; and a living writer of

the highest repute, in commending a translation of it to the English public, does not seem to shrink from such a supposition; although the adroit use of a parenthesis saves him from the necessity of plainly avowing his own conviction in this particular. 'It is a plan,' he says, (that laid down in the *Spiritual Exercises*) 'framed by a master-mind (unless we admit a higher solution), capable of grappling with the most arduous and complicated task.'

"Loyola, as we have seen, required every one of his early colleagues in turn, and not excepting those of them who were far his superiors in accomplishments and in general intelligence, to pass regularly through the course of discipline which this book prescribes; and from that time to this, it has been the door, and the only door, into the Society. Moreover, it is enjoined upon those who, not intending to become members of the Society, but seeking only their personal advancement in piety, wish to place themselves, for a time, under the spiritual direction of a Jesuit father, that they should submit themselves to this course.

"In the *Directorium*, or book of instructions for those whose duty it may be to superintend the initiatory discipline of candidates, and which was drawn up, digested, and sanctioned by Loyola's successor Aquaviva, the '*Spiritual Exercises*' are held forth as of primary authority and utility, and as of universal application; and in the '*Constitutions of the Society*,' the same place of primary importance is assigned to them. We are bound, therefore, to regard this book as containing, what the Society declares it to contain—namely, the very substance, or germinating rudiment of Loyola's Institute. Wonders of moral cure have been accomplished by it, we are assured, in the course of three centuries; and similar wonders are formally warranted to result, invariably, from a due use of it still, if employed under an authentic direction. As sure is it to produce its result—that is to say, an entire conversion from sin to holiness—as sure, even in the most desperate instances, as is Euclid to bring every rationally constituted mind to one and the same conclusion. 'The mind may struggle against the first axiom, or rather demonstrable truth, in the series; but once satisfied of this, resistance is as useless as unreasonable; the next consequence is inevitable, conclusion follows conclusion, and the triumph is complete. The passions may entrench themselves at each step behind new works; but each position carried is a point of successful attack upon the next, and grace at length wins the very citadel. Many is the fool who has entered into a retreat to scoff, and remained to pray.'

"No book whatever, perhaps, could be named which would so much surprise and disappoint the natural expectations of a reader who, entirely uninformed of its contents, should open it with some vague conception of its purport, engendered by the title, and by a knowledge, not very exact, of the character and temperament of the writer. The '*Spiritual Exercises*' of St. Ignatius Loyola! a Spanish devotee of the most ardent temperament—a man whose tears of joy and penitence flowed like a perennial brook—the chivalrous champion, too, of 'the Blessed Virgin';—a man of habitual ecstacy, and who was favoured with visions the most extraordinary. What, then, shall be the '*Spiritual Exercises*' of such a saint, composed at the very moment of his first fervours in the religious life?

"The very contrary are they of what it is so natural to expect. There are to be found in this book no rhapsodies, no outbursts of devout feeling, no imaginative revellings in scenes of paradisiacal pleasure: there is in it no enthusiasm, no fanaticism, no presumptuous intrusion upon the mysteries of Heaven: nothing in it is expanded, nothing is elaborated, in the way of description; the book is enlivened by no eloquence, is deepened by no pathos. There is in it nothing savouring of Dante, nothing even of Bonaventura; nothing of St. Bernard, nothing of St. Basil, nothing of Thomas à

Kempis:—nothing after the fashion of the modern mystics.

"The '*Spiritual Exercises*' is simply a book of drilling; and it is almost as dry, as cold, and as formal as could be any specification of a system of military training and field manœuvres. But is it, therefore, a book to be contemned, or to be hastily glanced at? This will not be thought by those who know what has been its actual influence within a society like that of the Jesuits. If, indeed, we may believe that the world will outlive, not Jesuitism merely, but every scheme founded upon analogous principles, and if this book shall still be preserved on the shelves of the antiquary, it will be looked into with equal amazement and perplexity. Strange will it seem that it should have been attempted, or even conceived of as possible, to bring into existence a permanent religious condition—a condition embracing all the compass of the most intense theopathy, by the means of a drill-book of mechanical devotion—a drill-book to be got through with in so many days—in twenty-eight! Strange that it should have been thought possible to connect any such mechanism as this with the heaven-born freedom of the Christian system; and how strange that such an attempt should, to so great an extent, have been successful! The philosophers of a future time will perhaps attempt to unravel these perplexities by recurring to the fact, first, that the influence of Romanism, through a course of ages, had been a preparation of the human mind for yielding itself to a scheme of this very kind; and then, that this scheme, mechanical as it is, and diametrically opposed as it is to the *spirit* of Christianity, does nevertheless work up, and does avail itself of, some potent rudiments of the Gospel. And how potent—how omnipotent these are, is strikingly shewn in instances such as this, where the merest fragments, when thus incoherently brought together, still retain so much vitalising energy, and fail not to sway and to vanquish the human spirit.

"But we are told that this *Novum Organon* of piety, whatever we may think of its contrariety to human nature and to Christianity, has always proved itself effective for its purpose—that it *uniformly and infallibly* yields the result intended to be accomplished by it. Take it in hand, submit yourself without reserve to the process (under a proper direction); and although you be a heretic—a very Luther, although a leper in moral depravity, you will come forth, at the month's end, or let it be in six weeks, orthodox in belief, and holy in heart and life. Methods of cure applied to the body may indeed fail, and they do fail, through the malignity or the inveteracy of the disease; but *this* method of cure, if duly applied to the soul, fails never!"

Now there is not a Catholic in these realms who would not see at a glance that this mixture of acuteness, sense, and petty folly is the consequence of an entire misconception of the subject Mr. Taylor is criticising. He scoffs at the idea that a spiritual retreat—no matter how admirably conducted by the director—is *certain* to work a beneficial result upon the soul. For let it be observed, that our author's witticisms on the subject of quacks, bottles, railways, and so forth, are not suggested by the hypothesis that the doctrine and morality of the *Spiritual Exercises* is anti-christian. Much as Mr. Taylor objects to in their details, these supposed faults are not the groundwork of the attack immediately before us. It is the supposition that *any* course of meditations, instructions, and prayers will infallibly prove a spiritual blessing to those who undertake them, which excites his anger and his ridicule. Mark, then, the alternative to

* Preface to the *Spiritual Exercises*, by Dr. Wiseman.

which Mr. Taylor is reduced. He has either scandalously omitted the most important element which belongs to a good retreat, or he denies the efficacy of the word of God to cleanse the soul. But for an occasional phrase or two, which would seem to imply otherwise, we should conclude that he actually imagines that Catholics attribute a converting and spiritualising efficacy to the Exercises of St. Ignatius, without the slightest regard to the sincerity and perfect devotedness of will with which they are entered upon. He would have it supposed that we believe, that if all Newgate or Bridewell were emptied into a few dark rooms at Stoneyhurst, and subjected to a *course* of the Exercises, like a course of cold water, or a course of calomel, the result would be the conversion of the reprobates to a life of exalted piety. Or, not to put so strong a case, he thinks that we say, that a cold-hearted, worldly-minded Catholic has but to put himself *under* a Jesuit doctor for a week, and to come out—a saint!

Was there ever a more disgraceful perversion of a writer's words than this? Does Mr. Taylor truly imagine that Dr. Wiseman was really such an egregious goose as to palm such nonsense upon the world; or that if he was, intelligent and pious Catholics would be such simpletons as to believe him? If not, why did he not take the trouble to inquire whether he had not mistaken the meaning of the words in question? Why did he deliberately *get up* this showy, flashy declamation against the Spiritual Exercises, in place of pursuing the same conduct which he would have adopted in any instance in which his own worldly interests had been at stake? We assure him that the theory of Catholic retreats which he here broaches is unheard-of among Catholics; that there is not a Catholic of moderately good character who would not laugh at the very notion. Without the co-operation of the heart and will of the penitent, the Spiritual Exercises are a curse rather than a blessing. If at such a time there is any double-dealing with Almighty God; any striving to reconcile the claims of God and mammon; or even any lowness of aim, any lukewarmness and hesitation about giving all we have and all we are to Him who created and redeemed us; then we look for no benefits whatsoever from the method we are adopting for the cure of our souls' diseases.

But if Mr. Taylor was conscious that such is the intention and meaning of those who exalt the virtues of these retreats, what is the alternative, but that he doubts and disbelieves the fulfilment of our Saviour's promises to his Church? We cannot deny the efficacy of a course of meditations and prayer like the Spiritual Exercises (except on the supposition that they are contrary to the truths of Christianity, which is not the ground of Mr. Taylor's

objections), without flying in the face of the reiterated assurances and commands of the Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testaments. Does God *always* answer prayer, when coming from a thoroughly sincere and self-consecrating heart, or does He not? Is it a matter of revelation, or no, that a soul who fixes her thoughts steadfastly upon the great truths of religion,—sin, death, judgment, heaven, hell, the life and sufferings of Jesus Christ, the mercy of God, and such other subjects as the Exercises bring before the mind,—is taking means for her own spiritual advancement which *must* work her a blessing? Is it true, or not, that a thief, or a drunkard, or a lost woman, who addresses to Jesus Christ those very prayers which the Spiritual Exercises put into our mouths, uttering them from the depths of a sincere heart, will *infallibly* be converted from sin to grace? Has Dr. Wiseman gone a hair's-breadth beyond the promises of our blessed Lord, when he has spoken most strongly of the efficacy of these prayers and meditations? Such minds as Mr. Taylor's, the victims of a philosophy of common, worldly sense, may deride as they will the certainty with which the spiritual physician promises a cure; but as we have a full faith that what Jesus Christ has promised always to perform, that He always will perform, we shall continue to assert that, "as a matter of course," they who *rightly* employ the Spiritual Exercises, will derive from them all those blessings which to Mr. Taylor's scepticism seems so incredible.

Again; Mr. Taylor frequently writes as if the Spiritual Exercises were chiefly confined to occasions when a person was making up his mind as to his future state of life, and from thence takes occasion to criticise them as being a sort of cunningly devised engine to induce people to become Jesuits. He is clearly not at all aware of the extent to which they are in use throughout Catholic Christendom, or of the circumstance that they form the groundwork of the vast majority of spiritual retreats conducted by secular priests, or by members of other religious orders besides the Society of Jesus. Had he taken the pains to inform himself, he would have learnt, that for one person who goes through such a course of prayer and reflection with the intention of deciding whether or not to enter the Society, there are a thousand to whom such an entrance would be an impossibility, from the state of life in which they are already fixed. He would have known that there is not a Catholic College, whether lay or ecclesiastical, where the boys and young men do not enter such a retreat for a few days every year; that a much longer retreat is gone through at intervals by all the inmates of every convent and monastery; that no one takes orders, or advances a step in the minis-

terial office, without such preliminary preparation; that, where circumstances permit, every parochial priest retires from his duties annually for a season for the same purpose; and that lay persons, married and single, rich and poor, when leisure and opportunity can be found, are frequently in the habit of taking the same means for their advancement to Christian perfection.

In one place, where Mr. Taylor is dilating upon this misconception, we find the following sentence of melodramatic eloquence: "The Spiritual Exercises open this path to the conscious victim; and they take hold of a spirit already awe-stricken and tormented with that indecision which precedes an act which is far more terrible than would be a suicide." If this means any thing, and is not a kind of minor-theatre clap-trap for the open-mouthed reader, it means that a man who enters the Jesuit noviciate, and in the end becomes a Jesuit, puts himself into a state worse than would result from *suicide*. Now we do not know what may be our author's notions upon suicide, its causes, its guilt, and its consequences; but whatever they are, he clearly thinks it something shocking. Let us, then, suggest to him the propriety of his testing the justice of the comparison he has here drawn, by making the acquaintance of a few of these suicidal individuals, that he may see whether the miserable and wicked state of their minds is precisely such as he must have anticipated. Let him inquire of any boys who have been so unfortunate as to be brought up by these self-destroyers, whether they were thus impressed with a sense of the utter horribleness and misery of being a member of the ill-fated Society. Or if he cannot conveniently visit a Jesuit house, let him go to *any* convent, whether of monks or nuns, not as a controversialist, but as a friendly visitor, and mark the hideous traces of the accursed monastic vow in their melancholy countenances and their disconsolate repinings. Let him devise some means for taking the inmates by surprise, that he may see them as they are, unrestrained by the presence of a Protestant. Let him pass himself off for a Catholic—for as Catholics never keep faith with heretics, why should heretics keep faith with Catholics?—and see how they long to be back again in the world, how their vow galls and frets them, and how forcibly they remind him of *suicides*! We shrewdly suspect, that if Mr. Taylor would adopt some such plan as this, before his *Loyola and Jesuitism* reaches a second edition, he would tell another tale to the glib Protestant world.

Mr. Taylor severely criticises what he calls the *sensuous* character of the Spiritual Exercises, meaning thereby the rules they give for enabling the mind to recall the events of our blessed Lord's life, and the inhabitants of the

invisible world, as realities, and not as ideas. It is well known to be a feature in all perfect Catholic "meditation," that when practising it, we endeavour by an act of the imagination to be as it were bodily present at the scene on which we reflect. We transport ourselves from the place where we are sitting or kneeling, and *behold* Christ on the cross, or in the house of Lazarus, or raising the widow's son, or at his Father's hand in glory; we try to conceive ourselves actually before his judgment-seat, or entering purgatory, or paradise, or hell; and so with every other topic of our meditations. And those who have read the Spiritual Exercises, and are acquainted with the history of the subject, know that St. Ignatius takes especial pains to enable us to carry out this method with ease and vividness of mental painting, and also that the art itself—so to call it—was carried to a higher degree of perfection under his guidance than at any previous period in the annals of the Church, so far as her records tell.

In connexion with the 13th rule of the Exercises, we find Mr. Taylor making these reflections:

"When mute submission is professed to the decisions of the Church on points of doctrine, nothing more is tendered than the surrender or abeyance of the *opinion* of an individual, to what is regarded as an authority more valid or trustworthy than can be any individual judgment. But something altogether different must be intended when the individual pledges himself to declare, against the unchanged and unchangeable evidence of his senses, that white is black. There is much meaning in the promise so to *pronounce* white to be black: but a profession of readiness to *believe* it would be devoid—we should not say of sincerity or honesty, but—of all intelligible import. No sense whatever could be assigned to the words in which *such* a promise might be conveyed. Here, then, we find what is the value of the Jesuit profession of accordance with the Romish Church: it is an engagement in all cases to *affirm*, after the Church;—as to personal convictions, they are not pledged or implied."

When will the day arrive when those who reject our creed will at least comprehend what it is? When will men of sense in secular things cease to talk nonsense in spiritual things? How is it that the human understanding, in its Protestant development, is unable to master the idea, that when a Catholic professes to believe what his Church says, though it appears to be false to his own judgment, he really means what he says, and not what he does not say? When I profess to believe the judgment of an authority which I consider more competent than myself to ascertain what is true, and accordingly submit my private opinion and belief to its *dicta as true*, am I to be told that with one breath I am asserting that to be black, which with another breath I protest I *know* to be white? What I do is this; I reject what *appears to me* to be true, and take up what I *know is true*, on the judgment of a better authority than myself. If I start with a general belief that whatever *appears to me*

to be true *is* true, then indeed such a profession would be a self-contradictory absurdity; but when I start with the belief that my own judgment *may* mislead me, but that the judgment of the Church *cannot*, it is not folly in me, but a necessary logical deduction, when I reject what I myself should otherwise think true, because that authority which I consider infallible takes the opposite side. Whether I am right or wrong in thus supposing it possible that the Church may be correct while I am in error, is another question; but when I *have* decided that the Church is infallible, it is manifest folly in me to trust myself, whom I do *not* consider infallible, rather than her whom I *do* so regard.

We hasten, however, to that portion of Mr. Taylor's remarks which perhaps more than any other exhibits his inability to grasp the master idea of the Society in its fulness and truth. The doctrine of *obedience*, as practised in all religious orders, but with such singular intensity of will in the Society of Jesus, naturally attracts a considerable share of Mr. Taylor's attention; while at the same time his failure in understanding what that "obedience" was and is, nullifies the whole series of his deductions, and makes his elaborate philosophising a mere waste of words. We shall quote a long passage from his chapter on the "Letter on Obedience," that our readers may see for themselves the mode in which minds like Mr. Taylor's are confounded by the phenomena of Catholicism; and also because, erroneous as are the views he promulgates, his principles of inquiry are so much superior to the foolish cant which prevails in the world on the subject of Jesuitism, that they are quite worth the study of Catholics who desire to know under what aspects the Church is regarded by those Protestant thinkers who are above the vulgar herd.

"The most obvious of the objections to which this Letter is liable, is the outrageous misuse which is made throughout it of the leading term—OBEDIENCE. The Jesuit is taught that he is to yield himself to the will of his superior—*perinde cadaver*; and because the idea of a corpse is naturally associated with a recollection of the faculties and powers that had belonged to the living man, the absurdity of attributing to the lifeless body a quality which could attach only to the man is a little veiled from our view. Nor can mischief arise from the illusion, if it belong only to a loose, metaphoric style; but when it comes to be worked up in a stringent form, as a rule of practice, the enormity of the sophism reaches a pitch beyond all power of estimation. To talk of the obedience of a staff in the hand, or of the obedience of a corpse, is a sort of fantastic nonsense, which would be quite undeserving of criticism, if it had not long and extensively been employed in sustaining a pernicious practice.

"Loyola, who had conceived the idea of a factitious condition of the moral and intellectual man, suited to his purposes, could find no term fitly conveying that idea, simply because the condition itself being monstrous and contradictory, it has had no name assigned it in any language: it is a nihility, equally impracticable and inconceivable; it is a triangle of four sides.

Nevertheless a moral term must needs be selected, and Loyola, himself deluded, more than intending to delude, called his chimera—OBEDIENCE.

"By a license of speech—pardonable in cases where no consequences result from it—we employ the word so improperly, as to say that the sculptor's chisel obeys his hand; but it would be an insufferable affectation to use the abstract term *obedience*, in such an instance, as if the tool were consciously fraught with a moral quality. Nor may we stretch the proprieties of speech so far, as to apply the abstract term even to the hand of the artist: the hand, it is true, obeys the mind; but how jejune would it be to commend the hand for its *obedience*; and scarcely less so to speak of the obedience of a well-trained horse, although, by an admissible analogy, we say he obeys the hand and leg of his rider. The fiery, yet obsequious animal, while yielding himself to the will of his rider, knows nothing of obedience, because his nature does not include that moral liberty which is the source and soul of the virtue so named.

"The very phrase 'passive obedience' is a pedantic solecism, which has been tolerated too long; and when it is attempted to define and describe this obedience as that of a corpse, or of a walking-stick, then the outrage so committed upon language and upon common sense is beyond endurance. The same peremptory objection holds good against every attempt, under shelter of a variation in the terms, to give currency to the like absurdity. 'Unconditional obedience'—'obedience—as a holocaust of the intellect, as well as of the will,' and the like, are phrases utterly absurd in philosophy, and of pernicious import in morals: with equal propriety might we commend the devotion of a zealous messenger who, before he set out on his destined journey, should amputate his feet, and offer them to his employer, as evidence of his willingness to acquit himself of his task!

"The base obsequiousness of a debauched mind may indeed impel an inferior to offer to his master what is called 'passive obedience;' and a reciprocal baseness in the master, or his ignorance, may induce him to accept, and to avail himself of, so nefarious a tender. But it is manifest that he who yields to a being like himself that which the Lord of all refuses to accept, is devoid of a due sense of the nature and grounds of moral obligation.

"Loyola did not violate the proprieties of language until after he had, within his own mind, misapprehended and distorted every notion of morality and religion. What it was which he needed in the agents who were to give effect to his polity, he saw clearly enough; but he did not see that this condition was, in the sense in which he thought of it, a thing impossible; and that, so far as it might, in any sense, be possible and practicable, it is fatal to the conscience; and not less so to the understanding. It may be said, that a man who freely enters a community is free in doing so to make over, or to mortgage, as well his bodily agencies as his mental powers, to its service, receiving in return what he is contented to regard as an equivalent: if we grant this, and it can be conceded only in a sense strictly limited, it can never be conceded that a man is at liberty to sell his soul to another. A selling of the soul, whether it be the entire surrender of present and future well-being, or imply only what is indeed less tremendous, but not less immoral—a consenting to the abdication of some one or more of the faculties of our moral and intellectual constitution,—is a transaction which nothing can warrant.

"If suicide be a crime—and who but the atheist questions this? so would be the amputation of a limb, for no surgical reason; and so would it be a crime and a frightful impiety, to swallow a drug for the purpose of effecting a paralysis of one side, or the extinction of a sense—of sight or of hearing. But is not man's individual mind and conscience, with its involuntary convictions of truth and virtue, a faculty and an element of human nature? is not the understanding—is

not the intuition of first principles, an ingredient of our nature? is not the freedom of the will a sacred bestowment, which every responsible being has received from his Maker? What shall a man accept in exchange, either for his soul, or for any one of its elementary prerogatives? Neither his soul, nor any of its powers, is really at his disposal; for not only are these powers in themselves beyond all price, but if a price could be added that should be their equivalent, in whole or in part, the offer could not be listened to—the proposal is a blasphemy; and it is a blasphemy in the intention, notwithstanding that such an intention could never actually be carried out.

"It is on this ground, apparently, that Loyola deluded himself so strangely, and thus led his Society unconsciously into, and left it in, the deepest quagmire of religious perversion.

"His mind was penetrating, but, as we have said, not philosophic: the Letter before us exhibits a profound adroitness in the management of human nature, but not the clearness or straightforwardness of a soundly constituted understanding. He does not seem at all alive either to the immorality of the scheme he was digesting—for he insinuates no apology for it—nor to the illusory quality of the transfer that is made when it is attempted to buy and to sell individual conscience and intellect. The most obvious truths on this ground he did not recognise;—such as that the human soul may be lost, but that it cannot either be sold, or be made a gift of to another; that conscience may be bound, or may be slaughtered, but cannot be transferred to another's keeping. He did not know that moral responsibility, instead of being shifted entire from one to another, or instead of being shared between two, each taking a half or a proportion, is doubled whenever it is attempted to be transferred, or to be deposited, or to be pawned.

"An utter forgetfulness of these first principles of morals, or an entire ignorance of them—an ignorance chargeable in great measure upon the system under which Loyola had been trained—vitiates the Jesuit Institute throughout, and shews itself portentously in the 'Letter on Obedience.' Need it be proved that no man can require of another, and that none can render or promise to another, that which God himself neither requires nor will accept from his intelligent creatures? Spiritual authority on earth, even if it were indisputably sanctioned, surely can never surpass in its requirements the powers and requirements of Heaven. Shall the vicar extort that which the principal would reject, if offered to himself? We may be certain that it is not Christ, the rightful 'bishop of souls,' but that it must be the tyrant of this world, who is used to ask from men what is not theirs to give—their consciences.

"Whatever mystery may attach to the moral system under which we are placed, this at least is clear, that the Creator, rather than resume, or recall, his gifts of intellect, conscience, and free will, leaves these faculties, in the individual, and in the race, to run—when misdirected—to the most awful extents of mischief. Men, endowed with understanding, and with a moral sense, are in no instances saved from the fatal consequences of a misuse of these endowments, *by a resumption of them*. And thus too, within the sacred and narrower precincts of that spiritual economy of which the Church is the scene, neither the perpetuity of truth nor the purity of morals is secured by any divine interposition, such as might interfere with the natural liberty of the human mind: therefore it is that the Church, not less than the world, has exhibited in its history, from age to age, the multifarious products of erring intelligence and of wild free will.

"How striking, how appalling even, is the contrast that presents itself when Loyola's doctrine of corpse-like obedience is compared with the tone, the style, and the intention of God's dealing with men, as displayed in the Scriptures from first to last! While contemplating this contrast, one is compelled to say, these two styles must issue from different, or rather from *antago-*

nist, sources. Throughout the inspired volume men are persuaded; they are reasoned with, they are entreated, they are urged, they are threatened, they are encouraged and invited; but never is a blind submission of the intellect asked for, never does authority set its foot upon reason. Illumination, guidance, right influence, are promised to those who would be led heavenward; for which promise there could be no room, if that kind of compulsion were employed which infringes the individual liberty of man. If the 'Father of spirits' dealt with human spirits as Jesuitism deals with its ministers the use and meaning of three fourths of the Bible would be superseded; nay, a single page might contain all that could have any meaning in the message of God to men.

"Shocking is this contrast; and the more so the more one considers it. Instead of the blind passivity of a corpse, or the mechanical subserviency of a tool, that which God himself invites, and that in which He will take pleasure, is the uncompelled, undamaged duty, love, and service of the entire man: the mind informed; not 'immolated,' not crushed, but nobly consenting to do its part in that service which is 'perfect freedom.' That which Heaven accepts must come from the healthful energies of the heart and soul. Mulcted of any faculty, abridged in any degree of its liberty, maimed, shackled, palsied, the 'living sacrifice,' if it might be a fit offering for the altar of a demon, could never be a 'holocaust' which the wise and benignant Creator would regard as an acceptable oblation."

Now, clever, brilliant, and plausible as is all this, it is entirely beside the mark. Mr. Taylor is fighting a man of straw; he is exhausting himself in beating down a phantom conjured up in his own brain. The obedience that Jesuits practice is *not* the obedience against which he hurls the weapons of his wrath and satire. He is misled by a word, deluded by a phrase, and driven wild by a mistranslation of a Latin sentence. Had he availed himself of the proper sources of information to which he might have had recourse, he would have learnt that Jesuit obedience is simply *military* obedience, and that it no more involves an abdication of our duties as intelligent and personal responsible beings, than the obedience of a captain to his colonel, and of a colonel to his commander-in-chief, is such an abdication. It is an obedience in *action*, and in action alone; and so far as it requires an inferior to submit his private opinions, or his judgment of what is fitting and right, to a superior, it is based on the identical principles on which every army and every fleet are governed in every nation upon earth. Mr. Taylor wholly misconceives the object which the union of individuals in a religious society like that of the Jesuits is intended to accomplish. It is not designed to mould the characters and views of its individual members to one fixed, unchanging type; it aims at action, and only requires its members to yield their personal views to the commands of a superior, in order to attain a faultless unanimity and an unbroken discipline in its operations. It makes two stipulations, and two stipulations only, with those whom it admits into its ranks; they must be unhesitating Catholics, believing all that the Church teaches in doctrine, and ac-

pecting all she commands in morals; and in every detail of personal conduct, *where the Church has not laid down any positive rule*, they must with an equally unhesitating readiness obey their superiors in the Society.

And here let us remind Mr. Taylor, that when the individual Jesuit is thus bound, first of all, to obey the Church, he is bound in the whole circle of Christian duties. The Catholic system of morals is not a thing whose limits are not known, and in which every man can have his opinion as to what rules of right and wrong the Gospel has really enjoined. Catholic morality is a system which embraces the entire range of human passion, feeling, and action; all it leaves open are certain nice cases of casuistry, in which the Church has declared nothing, and in which, of course, her children will always differ in their individual opinions. Consequently, the obedience which the Jesuit superior can exact from an inferior must be an obedience in matters of *expediency* alone, in which case it is childish to call it immoral or sinful for a man to give up his own judgment to that of another whom he has undertaken to obey. Mr. Taylor cannot possibly be so absurd as to say, that when the colonel of a regiment leads his men on to a point of attack, which in his own judgment is by far the most ill-chosen that could have been hit upon, because the commander-in-chief has so ordered it, he is "abdicated the faculties of his moral and intellectual constitution." When he entered the army, he bound himself by the articles of war, as solemnly and as absolutely as the Jesuit who binds himself to obey his general. If he is thus forced to act against his own better judgment, he cannot help it, though he never bound himself to do that which is positively *forbidden* by the laws of God; just as the Jesuit never binds himself to do what is thus forbidden, yet on every other point undertakes to act with that identical *active* obedience which, on the ground of St. Ignatius' incorrect metaphor—"perinde cadaver,"—Mr. Taylor converts into *passive obedience*, and which he has expended so much energy in shewing to be a contradiction in terms.

The Protestant world may rest assured that Jesuits are not slaves; that their obedience is an obedience in which every moral and intellectual faculty is exercised with the most ardent energy; that, despotic and soul-enthraling as it may seem to the lookers-on, it is, as a matter of fact, accompanied in innumerable instances with as much burning enthusiasm, and as perfect a development of all the peculiarities of the individual character, as are to be seen in any other class of men upon earth. In fact, its results are precisely similar to those which follow from the system of a well-governed army or navy. To the civilian, living in self-satisfied independence by his fireside,

the very thought of the discipline of a man-of-war, or a body of soldiery, is appalling. We start at the thought of an officer leaving his home, his wife, and his children, at four-and-twenty hours' notice, to cross the ocean and fight some thousand miles away from all he holds most dear; but as we are capable of using our common sense in secular affairs, however much we might ourselves dislike such a duty, we never think of calling it a sinful or an unlawful act. It is only when the sensible Englishman hears that Father Ryllo has suddenly been summoned from his exalted office in Rome, to depart instantly and preach the Gospel in the interior of Africa, there to meet an almost certain death, that we shrug our shoulders with the true Protestant grimace, and mourn over the wickednesses of a society which can thus hold the free spirit of man in a despotic iron sway.

In treating on the Jesuit vow, Mr. Taylor falls into the common error in mistranslating a very important clause, which thus is made to strengthen him in those very misconceptions which it would otherwise have corrected. He thus renders a part of the vow of obedience:

"Above all things is it necessary that all surrender themselves to a perfect obedience; acknowledging the superior, be he whomsoever he may, as standing in the place of our Lord Jesus Christ; following him in inward veneration and love; and this (exhibited) not merely in an exterior fulfilment of his commands, entirely, promptly, vigorously, and with a due humility yielding obedience without excuses or murmurings, although such commands be of difficult execution, and repugnant to natural feelings; but moreover, that they strive, as to the interior, to cherish resignation, and to practise a true abnegation of their own will and judgment; conforming their will and judgment to that which their superior wills and thinks in all things (wherein sin is not perceived), proposing to themselves the will and judgment of their superior as the rule of their own, whereby they may the better be conformed to that supreme rule which is in itself eternal goodness and wisdom."

To the unsophisticated understanding, this vow plainly states that no obedience is required where the party from whom it is expected perceives the act commanded to be sinful. Upon it, however, Mr. Taylor makes the following reflections, accompanied by what he doubtless believes to be a correct translation of a subsequent portion of the vow:

"The rule of obedience, as we have seen, admits a parenthesis; a saving clause, in regard to the tender conscience of here and there a scrupulous member. Obedience is to be blind, unless sin be manifest. The Jesuit is to close his eyes, and is to hold them closed; and yet he is, by aid of some other sense, to get notice of the presence of sin, should it at any time be involved in the commands of a superior. An explanatory rule, bearing upon this delicate case, is as follows. Whether it amounts to an entire nullification of that liberty which the parenthesis seems to grant, let the reader determine for himself:

"Although it is the intention of this Society that all its constitutions and declarations, and its rule of life, should be undeviatingly observed, according to the Institute; yet it nevertheless desires to tranquillise, or at least to guard the minds of all its members from the

danger of falling into the snare of any sin, owing to the obligation of these constitutions and ordinances. Therefore it hath seemed good to us in the Lord, with the express exception of the vow of obedience to the Pope for the time being, and the other three fundamental vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, to declare that none of these constitutions, declarations, or rules of life, shall make obligatory any sin, whether mortal or venial, unless the superior may command it in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, or in virtue of the vow of obedience; and this he may do whenever and to whomsoever he may judge it conducive either to individual good or to the universal well-being of the Society. Thus, for the greater glory of Christ our Creator and Lord, instead of a perpetual fear of sinning, is substituted love, and the desire of entire perfection."

The inimitable absurdity of which the author or authors of this vow would have been guilty, if its meaning was what Mr. Taylor supposes, is palpable to the simplest understanding. In order to quiet tender consciences, and diminish the occasions on which the Jesuit may be tempted to disobey, he is taught to believe that what he knows to be sinful is not sinful! By way of making all things tend to "the greater glory of Christ our Creator and Lord," and in order to the substitution of love and the desire of entire perfection in the place of a perpetual fear of sinning, the Jesuit is taught that the superior may, whenever he thinks fit, "*make obligatory any sin, whether mortal or venial!*" Marvellous, indeed, are the obliquities of the human understanding, when any person above the grade of a crazy clown can suppose that by such means as this the sensitive Christian conscience could be lulled and gratified. If the vow meant any thing at all, as Mr. Taylor renders and interprets it, it meant this: that the superior may abrogate at will the whole code of Christian morality; and yet we are taught to suppose that this vow has been taken by thousands and tens of thousands of men who have encountered poverty, persecution, and death, in every quarter of the globe, among civilised and savage races, in order to make men Christians!

How is it that Mr. Taylor could not see that his reasoning is a *reductio ad absurdum*? Why did he not ask some Jesuit, or Catholic priest or layman, whether he was correct in his translation of the vow? He would have been told that the words, "*nullas constitutiones, declarationes, vel ordinem ullam vivendi, posse obligationem ad peccatum mortale vel veniale inducere, nisi superior ea in nomine Domini nostri Jesu Christi, vel in virtute obedientie juberet,*" mean as follows: that, with the exception of the duties of obedience to the Pope, of poverty, chastity, and obedience, none of the constitutions, declarations, or any rule of life, is to be regarded as so binding upon the conscience, as that their infraction would be a violation of the vow, or in any sense a sin, either mortal or venial, unless the superior thought it right to enforce their observance by an express command, in virtue of his right

to be unhesitatingly obeyed. As to any idea of the superior enjoining what would be in itself sinful, there is simply nothing whatever said upon the matter. The vow never even supposes such a thing possible, except when it says, that if he did enjoin a sinful act, he is *not* to be obeyed. The idea that he, by his office of superior, could make that to be lawful for the Jesuit which is not lawful for the Christian, is a pure invention, either inconceivably stupid, or outrageously wicked.

The true import of this qualification of the vow of obedience—for such it really is—is to be found in the last sentence of our last quotation. It was a gentle provision of the spirit of Christian charity, framed for the purpose of rendering the vow of obedience as light and easy as was consistent with the practical working of the Society, as a united and well governed body. It was the declaration of a father to his children, telling them, that although all these strict and minute rules had been drawn up for their guidance, yet as he had no desire to infringe upon their liberty of action one step beyond what necessity required, if they found it desirable to break through them in any way, they were not to think that they were violating their vow of obedience, unless they were specially commanded by their superior to adhere to the strict letter of the laws they had promised to obey. Indeed, strange as it may seem to English ears, this far-famed and repeatedly misunderstood proviso in the Jesuit vow is *precisely the same as the rule on which the Protestant University of Oxford is professedly and actually governed.* A vast body of university statutes exists, to the obedience of which the members of the university solemnly bind themselves, but with this very same reservation, that unless obedience to any particular statute is enforced by the superiors for the time being, those who disobey it are not therefore to consider themselves guilty either of lying, perjury, or disobedience, or of any mortal or venial sin whatever. "*Obligatio ad peccatum*" signifies simply "*obligation under the penalty of sin;*" i.e. an obligation which cannot be broken through without incurring the guilt of sin.

We now turn to Mr. Taylor's attempt to account for the existence, power, deeds, and character of the Society, on some hypothesis not flagrantly violating the facts of its history. He thus states the problem to be solved:

"While the monastery was, for the most part, the asylum of men whose withdrawal from the duties and service of active life seldom involved any very serious loss to the world, the Jesuit institute is framed for no purpose more evidently than that of sifting the mass of society, so that it may take to itself the choicest samples of energy, intelligence, and devotedness. The one drift of the Constitutions is the selection and careful discipline of those who are to be the agents of the Society. But if we ask in what labours are those carefully chosen

instruments to be employed, we obtain no answer which can be accepted as any thing better than an evasion. All is shrouded in mystery on this ground.

"Nor does it appear, nor can any solution of the difficulty be gathered either from the Constitutions or from any other documentary source, what it was which the Society offered to men of this order, whose talents and acquirements would have secured to them a course of splendid success in any path of secular life, as an equivalent for the surrender, not merely of its ordinary enjoyments, but of its rewards, its honours, and its emoluments. If, as a sufficient reply, we should be told that the highest and the purest motives which Christianity inspires have at all times secured to the Society the devoted services of so large a number of accomplished men; if this be all that is said, then we are left to balance a most incredible supposition against an utterly insoluble mystery, and so to leave the question as we found it. It is quite true that the pure motives of Christian zeal have often availed, and that they do avail, for securing the best services of men who may have been more or less fitted to fight their way in secular employments, where no extraordinary sacrifices of personal well-being are demanded of the ministers of religion. But such are not the conditions of the problem now before us; for we have to consider the case of a band of men selected on account of their natural ability, their personal energy, and their practical address; and then, that upon *such* men conditions are imposed, and from *such* men sacrifices are demanded, that must ever be appalling to human nature. What, then, is the *compensation*? In what species is the equivalent counted out? From the documents of Jesuitism no answer to these questions can by any means be extracted."

How, then, is this surprising anomaly in the records of humanity accounted for in the book before us? Mr. Taylor considers that the whole work of Jesuitism, including its heroically self-denying deeds, sprung from, and was carried forward by, a love of *power* in its founder and its members. In saying this, he does not imply that it was such a love of power as is in itself morally wrong, according to his theory of morals; but simply such an instinctive, natural delight in *dominion*, as such, that it sufficed thus to produce results which are not even heard of without the pale of the Catholic Church. This, of course, is an intelligible explanation; but, as a valid and satisfactory account of the life and soul of such an institution as the Society of Jesus, it is utterly insufficient and absurd. We might as well suppose that the muscular strength of an infant's arm was a sufficient motive force to propel a gigantic railway engine. Doubtless the love of power will do *something* towards overcoming the love of ease, the love of pleasure, the love of society, the love of home and kindred, which in a greater or less degree are natural to all men; but when was it ever heard that it could impel frail human selfishness to such deeds as are recorded in multitudes in the unquestioned annals of the Society of Jesus? When men in general love power, and make sacrifices to obtain it, it is in almost every instance for the sake of the wealth, the luxury, the fame which it will bring to them in its train. Enthusiastic as is the passion with which dominion is sometimes sought by

human nature, it is invariably with a deliberately selfish aim. Men seek to govern for their own benefit, and the sacrifices they make are of a wholly different nature from those which the members of this Society have gladly and eagerly offered upon the shrine of duty. When was it ever heard that any merely natural love of dominion drove men by thousands and thousands to unwearied solitary toils, to personal poverty, to the sacrifice of nights and days without end? When did it banish them across the seas to America, to India, to Africa, to China, to every inhospitable region, where the snows never melt, or where the sun never ceases to glare; where they can meet only hunger, poverty, or nakedness, and where a violent death is the almost sure termination of a life of unknown and uncelebrated sufferings? Granting, for a moment, that the distinction and the actual elevation which is attained by some few of the superiors of the Society is sufficient to account for the self-denying zeal with which they have struggled against and vanquished all the frailties of humanity, what still shall we say of the immense majority of individual Jesuits, to whom the attainment of power was an impossibility, and who could share only in the hatred and persecution which the world has ever heaped upon the Society of Jesus? Or granting, in like manner, that at certain periods such a lust for dominion has inspired the Institute, how is it possible to attribute its conduct since its revival to any such motive? Since that revival, though its conduct has been the same, its reward—if this be its reward—has never been given to it. What distinction, save a distinction in persecution, has been the lot of the Jesuits since they again sprang to life in Christendom? What are they now, but marks for the most envenomed arrows of malice and hatred, objects of suspicion to shallow Catholics, and regarded with open dislike by almost every power in Europe, whether Catholic or Protestant? Look to every Catholic country on the continent, and see upon whom the first and most savage blows of infidelity and blood-thirstiness fall. Who is it that are *most* hated by those who hate the kingdom of God and of his Christ? The Jesuits. Who are the first victims thrown to the frantic bands of revolutionists and assassins, to appease if possible their ferocious appetites for blood and rapine? The Jesuits. Who are these that are wandering over the face of the earth, almost disowned by the timid Catholic, living literally upon daily charity, and protected from insult only by disguise? The Jesuits. Is it the love of power which sustains them in fidelity to their order and to the Catholic Church, when they are hunted like beasts from the city of Rome itself, and driven as foes to the human race to seek refuge in Protestant England and Protestant America? What a signal refutation it

is to these vain theories of such men as Mr. Taylor, that at this moment, almost the only place where a Jesuit is *safe*, is this ultra-Protestant kingdom, where their name is cast out and spit upon in abhorrence! Yet these are the men who have devoted every energy of body and soul to the acquisition of *power*! Truly, if such be their aim, they have their reward.

Yet the Society lives, thrives, and increases. Persecuted in one city, the Jesuits flee to another. The offscouring of men, they yet have that within them which attracts heart after heart, and intellect after intellect, to their ranks. Still they go on, training novices, preaching and hearing confessions, educating and writing; still have they bands of missionaries far away in climes whose names are scarcely known, where they live, and where they die, for the sake of this supposed power over their fellow-creatures. Oh, what miserable trifling is this! How it vanishes before the first breathing of common sense! What a satire it is upon philosophy! What a voluntary enslaving and degradation of the intelligence it is thus to pretend to explain away the facts which we dare not deny!

There is but one supposition on which the acts of the Jesuits could have been *possible*. Nothing but the love of God *could* have sustained them, and made them what they were, and what they are. Human nature has no motives and no strength to supply, capable of such marvellous results as these. Search the whole history of our race, and we find nothing parallel. Man never did such deeds before, except for the love of God; and we might as reasonably pretend that the law of gravity does not extend to all material substances, and invent a new system of physical nature for ourselves, as pretend that any earthly passions could prompt and carry into fulfilment the self-denying heroism which the followers of Loyola have displayed.

And what if they have at times been guilty of certain excesses in the way of unwarrantable casuistry, or excessive craft, or personal ambition? Let the faults of certain Jesuits be all that Pascal, or any other reasonable man, ever attributed to them—what then? Was there ever a human institution, of the most unexceptionable and useful kind, that has not degenerated into scandalous abuses? Shall we say that military discipline is an evil, because it has often resulted in the most awful consequences to humanity? Is secular government an evil, because governors are oftener tyrants than paternal rulers? Is the authority of a parent to be condemned, because so many men are despots over their wives and children? Is law a vile and utterly worthless device, because the quibbles of lawyers are a byword, and their meshes sometimes a net which hampers and slays the victim of their

extortion? We have no wish to be the indiscriminating apologists of the Jesuits. Of course, they cannot be defended in every thing. Nothing that is in the hands of man is immaculate. If they had a professedly spotless history of their conduct to relate, we should set them down at once as impostors. The Church of Christ itself includes men of all characters and degrees of virtue and vice. All we ask for them is justice and truth.

Nor let it be forgotten, that if we are to conclude that the principle of Jesuitism is rotten because there have been bad Jesuits, the same rule of reasoning destroys all title of Christianity to be a divine religion. If Popery is false, then also is Christianity, for out of Christianity came Popery, and out of Popery came Jesuitism. But it will be said, that it was not the principles of Christianity which produced Popery, but the evil thoughts of men calling themselves Christians. Be it so, then. And what else is it that we say of dishonest, ambitious, worldly Jesuits? It was not the principles of Loyola which made them vile, but their own evil natures, which perverted a thing good in itself to mischievous ends. We cannot argue both ways at once. Prove the principles of Loyola bad, without reference to their results; and so also prove Christianity to be true, without regarding the wickednesses of Christians. But do not apply one law of reasoning to Christianity and another to Jesuitism. If, when I cannot *prove* any thing against the Constitutions, the Spiritual Exercises, or the Letter on Obedience, I assume that they *must* be bad, because they have produced wicked Jesuits; in all honesty, I must admit the infidel's argument, and allow that Christianity, against which he can *prove* nothing in itself, is yet to be denounced as a deceit, because out of it has come Popery and Jesuitism, out of it still come the horrors of religious rancour and persecution, and all the miserable divisions which at this moment marshal the members of one household against each other, and cause debates, quarrels, heart-burnings, and acute sufferings, wherever the name of Christianity is known.

If we would be fair, honest, and consistent, we must accept the only alternative that remains, and admit that the motto of the Society, "*ad majorem Dei gloriam*," is the expression of its real spirit. The enigma can never be solved by those who refuse to believe that the grace of the Holy Ghost has been shed abundantly upon its members, that it has emphatically blest its constitution, and filled the hearts of the great majority of individual Jesuits with a pure, devoted love towards God, and towards the souls He died to save. Whatsoever be the future destiny of the Society; in whatever way it may bear up against the storm of fury which now lashes its barriers with ungovernable rage; whether

it be able to take its place among the prime movers of the intelligence and activity of the age, or whether it confine its operations to the conversion of Pagans on the outskirts of civilisation ; still it will survive in the respect and

affection of all enlightened Christians, though it continue a byword among the worldly, and an inexplicable mystery to the philosopher, who knows no sources of action save those of selfish, unaided human nature.

THE USE OF HYMNS: CATHOLIC AND NON-CATHOLIC POETRY.

Jesus and Mary ; or, Catholic Hymns. By Frederick W. Faber, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Burns.
Reverberations. Chapman.

WE class these two publications together, dissimilar as they are in almost every respect, because they are both of them "signs of the times." One of them strikingly exhibits the peculiar characteristics of Catholic poetry ; the other is a voice from that system of opinion which for want of a better term is called Socinianism ; yet both are indications of that mighty effort which is going on amongst us, to solve the dread problem of human life, and to turn the heart of the poor man to its natural home and rest.

If our age were as truly scientific and philosophical as it boasts to be, the first glance at two such collections of poetry would suggest a strong suspicion that, after all, Catholicism is the only scientific and philosophical religion which the world knows of. If clearness, definiteness, and accuracy of idea be the attributes of truth,—if haziness, a vague yearning for some undefined good, and a sense of painful discomfort, amounting almost to anguish, be the natural accompaniments of delusion, then will every man of common sense at once confess that the author of *Jesus and Mary* is more likely to have found that which is scientifically and eternally true than the author of the *Reverberations* before us. Each is the production of a mind sincerely and unquestionably in earnest, which has looked upon the life of others with an anxious and observant eye, and has also probed its own mysterious depths ; each looks forward, each lives in hope, each aims at conferring a blessing upon its fellow-sufferers in human sorrow. But as different as is a noble landscape illumined by the calm and steadfast rays of the sun, from the same scene lit up in parts, and for a few passing moments, by the glare of a blaze of fireworks, so different is the knowledge of the unseen and spiritual world manifested in the former of these collections from that which we trace in the latter.

Besides the usual objects of those who write or publish hymns, Mr. Faber has another purpose in view, in which, we think, he shews a perfect appreciation of the true method of Christianising (for in many cases it

is nothing less) both the Catholic and Protestant poor. It is impossible to close our eyes to the fact, that, especially in London and other great cities, a large proportion of the children of poverty, even when nominally and by profession Catholics, are in many respects little better than heathens. The number of our clergy, and of our churches and chapels, is so utterly disproportioned to our needs, that it is frightful to think of the *tens of thousands* who, in the metropolis alone, never attend to their religious duties, and are necessarily almost as ignorant as the Protestant poor of the very elements of their faith. At the same time, the religious knowledge of those who do habitually hear Mass and frequent the Sacraments is often at a grievously low ebb, and calls loudly for the untiring efforts of those who have it in their power to come without delay to their aid. Those who have had the means of comparing the theological attainments of the English and Irish poor with those of the poor of Italy frequently express in the strongest terms their sense of the extraordinary deficiencies of the former, in contrast with the definite and thorough religious knowledge of the Italians.

It is further a matter of the highest moment, to devise some means for the full and satisfactory instruction of converts from Protestantism in the more uneducated classes. The knowledge of his new faith which can be conveyed to the poor convert by personal intercourse between himself and his priest is of necessity extremely limited. It is both morally and physically impossible that our clergy should orally communicate all that minute acquaintance with Catholic doctrine and practice, that thoroughly Catholic tone of thought and feeling, which often is worked into a poor convert by very slow degrees. They can but do what is necessary for the catechumen, and then admit him into the Church, and leave him to be matured in the faith by the usual means which are at the disposal of his fellow-Catholics in general. Yet it is notorious that such means are not to be had for the mere wishing for or asking for. Our existing machinery and literature are such that for many a weary day the zealous priest has to lament the small advance towards perfection which he sees among his converts, and which defies his overtaken powers to remedy.

That this needful instruction, and this thoroughly Catholicised tone of mind, can be most materially forwarded by the habitual perusal of *hymns*, Mr. Faber entertains a strong conviction, and, in our humble judgment, with very great justice. We need not now linger to shew why it is so ; but it will be denied by none who have studied the facts which bear upon the case, that there exists in a vast number of men, women, and children, of all ranks and countries, nothing less than a *passion* for hymns,—not so much for singing at church or at home, as for reading and for learning by heart. We quote Mr. Faber's words in his preface, as stating some few of the many proofs which may be given of the truth of this view : “ There is scarcely any thing,” he says, “ which takes so strong a hold upon people as religion in metre, hymns or poems on doctrinal subjects. Every one who has had experience among the English poor knows the influence of Wesley's Hymns and the Olney Collection. Less than moderate literary excellence, a very tame versification, indeed often the simple recurrence of a rhyme is sufficient : the spell seems to lie in that. Catholics even are not unfrequently found poring, with a devout and unsuspecting delight, over the verses of the Olney Hymns, which the author himself can remember acting like a spell upon him for years, strong enough to be for long a counter influence to very grave convictions, and even now to come back from time to time unbidden into the mind. The Welsh hymn-book is in two goodly volumes, and helps to keep alive the well-known Welsh fanaticism. The German hymn-book, with its captivating double rhymes, outdoes Luther's Bible as a support of the now decaying cause of Protestantism there. The Cantiques of the French missions, and the Laudi Spirituali of Italy, are reckoned among the necessary weapons of the successful missionary ; and it would seem that the Oratory, with its ‘perpetual domestic mission,’ first led the way in this matter ; and St. Alphonso, the pupil of St. Philip's Neapolitan children, and himself once under a vow to join them, used to sing his own hymns in the pulpit before the sermon. It seemed, then, in every way desirable that Catholics should have a hymn-book *for reading*, which should contain the mysteries of the faith in easy verse, or different states of heart and conscience depicted with the same unadorned simplicity, for example, as the ‘Oh, for a closer walk with God’ of the Olney Hymns ; and that the metres should be of the simplest and least intricate sort, so as not to stand in the way of the understanding or enjoyment of the poor, which has always been found to be the case with any thing like elaborate metre, however simple the diction and touching the thoughts might be. The means of influence

which one school of Protestantism has in Wesley's, Newton's, and Cowper's hymns, and another in the more refined and engaging works of Oxford writers, and foreign Catholics in the Cantiques and Laudi, are unfortunately entirely wanting to us in our labours among the hymn-loving English.”

So few of our readers, however, will have difficulty in confirming these ideas, that we shall dwell no longer upon them, except to mention as curious an illustration of their truth as we recollect ever to have met with. Mr. Francis Newman, the author of the sceptical book on *The Soul*, reviewed in another part of this month's *Rambler*, though he disbelieves almost every thing else, confesses to the strong power possessed over his mind by Wesley's hymns, and submits himself to their influence as almost inspired compositions !

In the present little volume Mr. Faber makes but a commencement of a larger work he contemplates, in order to supply a complete body of Catholic doctrine, feeling, and thought, in metrical forms. He has here published about forty hymns and short poems, all on different subjects, ranging from the great doctrines of the blessed Trinity and the Incarnation, to such practical topics as “Distraction in Prayer,” “The Will of God,” “Flowers for the Altar,” and the like. He is himself far from believing that they are all that they should be, and he invites criticism upon them ; but we have no scruple in avowing our own conviction that if he ever completes the entire work as he proposes, he will have conferred a boon upon English Catholicism of the highest value. As we shall presently shew, we think the present hymns far from faultless ; but taken as a whole, they are precisely what they ought to be, and what they aim at being. Simple, hearty, flowing, and full of unction, they at the same time embody an amount of doctrinal and moral instruction, which in some of them is quite astonishing ; and we have little doubt that wherever they are known, they will be welcomed with joy, and will produce permanent good effects in readers of every class and of every degree of spiritual acquirements.

The most successful are, perhaps, those which are more descriptive, or more doctrinal, in their character. Those of which personal feelings of love and joy are the subject have, occasionally, a slight touch of straining and effort about them, and are more superficial in their treatment than those in which the soul *contemplates* the ineffable glories and mysteries of the Christian's faith. The fault we speak of is, indeed, by no means deeply impressed, and is, after all, more the result of a few defects in expression than of the subject-matter of the hymns themselves. Of those which are more thoroughly successful, the following hymns on “The Eternal Spirit”

and on "Predestination" (a most difficult subject for a hymn) are fair specimens :

THE ETERNAL SPIRIT.

Fountain of love! Thyself true God,
Who through eternal days
From Father and from Son hast flowed
In uncreated ways!

O Majesty unspeakable!

O Person all divine!

How in the threefold majesty
Doth thy Procession shine!

Fixed in the Godhead's awful light
Thy fiery breath doth move;
Thou art a wonder by Thyself
To worship and to love.

Proceeding, yet of equal age
With those whose love Thou art;
Proceeding, yet distinct from those
From whom Thou seem'st to part:

An undivided nature shared
With Father and with Son;
A person by Thyself; with them
Thy simple essence One.

Bond art Thou of the other twain,
Omnipotent and free;
The consummating love of God,
The limit of the Three.

Thou limitest infinity,
Thyself all infinite;
The Godhead lives, and loves, and rests,
In thine eternal light.

I dread Thee, unbegotten Love!
True God! sole fount of grace!
And now before thy blessed throne
My sinful self abase.

Ocean, wide-flowing ocean, Thou,
Of uncreated love;
I tremble as within my soul
I feel thy waters move.

Thou art a sea without a shore;
Awful, immense Thou art:
A sea which can contract itself
Within my narrow heart.

And yet Thou art a haven too
Out on the shoreless sea,—
A harbour that can hold full well
Shipwrecked humanity.

Thou art an unborn breath outbreathed
On angels and on men,
Subduing all things to Thyself,
We know not how or when.

Thou art a God of fire, that doth
Create while He consumes!
A God of light, whose rays on earth
Darken where He illumines!

All things, dread Spirit, to thy praise
Thy presence doth transmute;
Evil itself thy glory bears,
Its one abiding fruit.

O Light, O Love, O very God!
I dare no longer gaze
Upon thy wondrous attributes,
And their mysterious ways.

O Spirit, beautiful and dread,
My heart is fit to break
With love of thy humility
For us poor sinners' sake.

Thy love of Jesus I adore;—
My comfort this shall be,
That when I serve my dearest Lord
That service worships Thee.

PREDESTINATION.

Father and God, mine endless doom
Is hidden in thy hand,
And I shall know not what it is
Till at thy bar I stand.

Thou knowest what Thou hast decreed
For me in thy dread will;
I in my helpless ignorance
Must tremble and lie still.

All light is darkness when I think
Of what may be my fate;
Yet hearts will trust, and hope can teach
Both faith and love to wait.

A little strife of flesh and soul,
A single word from Thee,
And in a moment I possess
A fixed eternity:—

Fixed, fixed, irrevocably fixed!
Oh, at this silent hour
The thought of what is possible
Comes with terrific power:

As though into some awful depth
Rash hands had flung a stone,
And still the frightening echoes grow,
As it goes sounding on.

My fears adore Thee, O my God!
My heart is chilled with awe;
Yet love from out that very chill
Fresh life and heat can draw.

Thou owest me no duties, Lord,
Thy being hath no ties;
The world lies open to thy will,
Its victim and its prize.

Father! thy power is merciful
To us poor worms below,
Not bound by justice, but because
Thyself hath willed it so.

The fallen creature hath no rights,
No voice in thy decrees;
Yet while thy glory owns no claims,
Thy love makes promises.

Thou mayst have willed that I should die
In friendship, Lord, with Thee,
Or I may in the act of sin
Touch on eternity.

What can I do but trust Thee, Lord,
For Thou art God alone?
My soul is safer in thy hands,
Father, than in my own.

I worship Thee with breathless fears;
Thou wilt do what Thou wilt;
The worst thine anger hath in store
Is far below my guilt.

O fearful thought! one act of sin
Within itself contains
The power of endless hate of God,
And everlasting pains.

For me to do such act, I know
How slight a change I need;
Yet know not if restraining grace
For me hath been decreed.

What can I do but trust Thee, Lord?
That trust my heart will cheer,
And love must learn to live abashed
Beneath continual fear.

That Thou art God is my one joy!
Whate'er thy will may be,
Thy glory will be magnified
In thy last doom of me.

This last hymn we are inclined to think altogether the best in the volume; and, like the first of the two, it is a striking proof of the force and clearness with which the most abstruse and awful doctrines can be embodied in the simplest verse. Another and very pleasing example of a different kind is the hymn on

THE DESCENT OF JESUS TO LIMBUS.

Thousands of years had come and gone,
And slow the ages seemed to move
To those expectant souls that filled
That prison-house of patient love.

It was a weary watch of theirs,
But onward still their hopes would press;
Captives they were, yet happy too,
In their contented weariness.

As noiseless tides the ample depths
Of some capacious harbour fill,
So grew the calm of that dread place
Each day with increase swift and still.

Sweet tidings there St. Joseph took;
The Saviour's work had then begun,
And of his three-and-thirty years
But three alone were left to run.

And Eve like Joseph's shadow hung
About him wheresoe'er he went;
She lived on thoughts of Mary's Child,
Trembled with hope, and was content.

But see, how hushed the crowd of souls!
Whence comes the light of upper day?
What glorious form is this that finds
Through central earth its ready way?

'Tis God! 'tis man! the living soul
Of Jesus, beautiful and bright,
The first-born of created things,
Flushed with a pure resplendent light.

'Twas Mary's Child! Eve saw Him come;
She flew from Joseph's haunted side,
And worshipped, first of all that crowd,
The soul of Jesus crucified.

So after four long thousand years
Faith reached her end, and Hope her aim,
And from them, as they passed away,
Love lit her everlasting flame!

Of the more practical hymns, the following
will serve as an example:

DRYNESS IN PRAYER.

Oh, for the happy days gone by,
When love ran smooth and free,
Days when my spirit so enjoyed
More than earth's liberty!

Oh, for the times when on my heart
Long prayer had never palled,
Times when the ready thought of God
Would come when it was called!

Then when I knelt to meditate,
Sweet thoughts came o'er my soul,
Countless and bright and beautiful,
Beyond my own control.

Oh, who hath locked those fountains up?
Those visions who hath stayed?
What sudden act hath thus transformed
My sunshine into shade?

This freezing heart, O Lord, this will
Dry as the desert sand,
Good thoughts that will not come, bad thoughts
That come without command,—

A faith that seems not faith, a hope
That cares not for its aim,
A love that none the hotter grows
At Jesu's blessed name,—

The weariness of prayer, the mist
O'er conscience overspread,
The chill repugnance to frequent
The feast of angels' bread,—

The torment of unsettled thoughts
That cannot fix on Thee,
And in the dread confessional
Hard, cold fidelity:—

If this drear change be Thine, O Lord!
If it be thy sweet will,
Spare not, but to the very brim
The bitter chalice fill.

But if it hath been sin of mine,
Oh, shew that sin to me;
Not to get back the sweetness lost,
But to make peace with Thee.

One thing alone, dear Lord, I dread;—
To have a secret spot
That separates my soul from Thee,
And yet to know it not.

Oh, when the tide of graces set
So full upon my heart,
I know, dear Lord, how faithfully
I did my little part.

I know how well my heart hath earned
A chastisement like this,
In trifling many a grace away
In self-complacent bliss.

But if this weariness hath come
A present from on high,
Teach me to find the hidden wealth
That in its depths may lie.

So in this darkness I can learn
To tremble and adore,
To sound my own vile nothingness,
And thus to love Thee more,—

To love Thee, and yet not to think
That I can love so much,—
To have Thee with me, Lord, all day,
Yet not to feel thy touch.

If I have served Thee, Lord, for hire,
Hire which thy beauty shewed,
Ah! I can serve Thee now for nought,
And only as Thy God.

Oh, blessed be this darkness then,
This deep in which I lie,
And blessed be all things that teach
God's dread supremacy.

The faults we find with Mr. Faber's Muse are these: she is much too fond of "ohs" and "ahs," one of which appears in some of the hymns in almost every stanza. She calls objects beautiful, and sings of beauty, at times when *beauty*, whether spiritual or visible, would be very far from that which would strike the soul of the vast majority of Christians, and especially the poor. Mr. Faber must beware of dwelling too much on the external appearance of things. We may rest assured that true as it is that our love of the beautiful and the visibly glorious will be satisfied beyond all our utmost present conceptions in the vision of the dread majesty of Almighty God, yet with the class of persons for whom these hymns are specially designed, the love of *beauty*, as such, is not by any means a prominent or master passion in their hearts. We should gladly also see some other expression occasionally substituted for the term *dear*, which strikes as now and then introduced in a forced and artificial way. And lastly, Mr. Faber here and there repeats an epithet or a short phrase merely to fill up a line, when no additional vividness or truth of painting is the result. At times, of course, such a reduplication is natural and pleasing; but it occurs so often in these hymns as to produce the impression that the author has a kind of trick or habit of so expressing himself of which he is scarcely conscious. Our readers will see that all these, however, are but trivial defects, and easily corrected, in a series of compositions of such real, and, let us add, of such rare excellence.

Strange it is now to turn to the songs of the anonymous author of the *Reverberations* before us. "We chant our own times and social circumstances," he says on his title-page, quoting from Emerson; and in truth never was a book better named. His little poems,

some of which are a species of hymn, are the echoes of that voice which now is crying aloud for truth, for a religion, and for a Saviour. Overpowered with a sense of the wrongs and sorrows of the poor; keenly alive to the follies and heartlessness of the busy, wealthy world of rank and pleasure; rejecting the whole mass of so-called orthodox Protestantism, yet clinging to a certain dreamy faith and to certain convictions of the bliss of moral purity and healthy energetic action; he is as pleasing an exponent of what, in less earnest minds, is the *cant* of benevolence and of "the good, the beautiful, and the true," as can readily be named. At times he almost touches upon the very faith and system of Catholicism, though even here some vague, ill-conceived expression jars the mind and grates upon the ear. His words are often quaint, and his verses out of tune; but for all that there is a painful intensity and genuineness about them, with now and then a passage of true beauty, which will repay the study of all who would know how the soul of their fellow-countrymen is lifting up its voice, and crying for some to come and save. We have room for one extract only.

THE IDEAL.

To be like Him, the Man divine,
Yea, from the cradle to the grave,
To bear the cross and not repine,
Shall sanctify and save.

Feel God within thee, dare to live
Apart, misunderstood like God;
All praise, all worship men can give,
Beneath thy foot be trod.

To God, to God alone aspire,
Arise with head and heart unbow'd;
Child of the Holy Ghost and fire,
Why heed the sea and cloud?

Why heed the earth, her grace, her beauty;
Why heed dear love and human ties;
Pleased with the common paths of duty,
Content with Paradise?

O younger Adam, quit thine Eve,
Thy tree of knowledge, sacred river—
Thy garden and gold apple leave,
And be with God for ever.

High on the mount the heavenly splendour
Shall trance and shall transfigure thee,
Helping and hallowing the surrender
Of man to Deity.

The Christ shall be thy fair Ideal,
His fulness thy heroic stature;
The life of Jesus shall grow real,
And be allied to nature.

His thought, and speech, and graceful deed,
His love and his self-immolation,
His calm, brave soul in pain and need,
Were meant for imitation.

Die on thy cross to vain delight,
Be buried in thy garden-grave;
If crucifixion bring the night,
'Tis the dead Christ shall save.

In fragrance and in light transcendent,
With singing angels man shall rise;
And Truth and Love, on wings resplendent,
Shall lift him to the skies.

Go up, go up, O son of morning,
With glad and beautiful ascension,
Adorning earth and sea, adorning
The heavens without dimension.

The colour'd dome of time shall break,
The world of sense shall shoot and fall,
Soul to itself shall soul retake,
And God be all in all.

SHORT NOTICES.

Pope Adrian IV.: an Historical Sketch. By Richard Raby. Richardson.

THERE is nothing like a strong dose of ecclesiastical history for persons who are disposed to morbid despondency or amazement at the present troubles of the Church and of its earthly head. Protestants who rejoice, and Catholics who are astonished and bewildered, at seeing Pius IX. an exile, and Republicanism set up at Rome, need but cast a glance backwards at the past history of the Church and of the Papacy, to learn that the miseries of our time are so far from being unexampled, that, in comparison with the rebellious atrocities of certain other periods, they are mere temporary inconveniences and mishaps. Infamous and contemptible as has been the recent conduct of the Roman people, they are no worse than their fathers. Republicanism in Rome is an old story; and the records of the Holy City present a series of struggles between the spirit of the world and the spirit of Jesus Christ, manifested in a vast variety of forms, of which the events of the last two or three years are but an average example.

The only Englishman who ever filled the chair of Peter was not without his share of the conflict. Nicholas Breakspere, Pope Adrian IV., was called to the Pontificate in the midst of the raging troubles of the twelfth century—a period in which, to the revolutionary spirit of our own times, was

superadded, in many cases, a scandalous corruption among the clergy of the Church themselves, to which we are happily strangers. Mr. Raby has here furnished a very pleasingly written sketch of the life and reign of our illustrious countryman. He details the course of the events which crowded into Adrian's brief reign of four years and eight months with spirit and vivacity, and without any pretence or affectation. His view of the times we think eminently sound and practical, and have little doubt that the essay before us will be as useful as he could wish.

A Book of Ornamental Glazing Quarries, collected from Ancient Examples. By A. W. Franks, B.A. Trinity College, Cambridge. London, J. H. Parker.

A HANDSOME volume, containing above a hundred carefully executed copies of the ornamented lozenge-shaped panes with which the old Gothic architects were accustomed to fill their windows, in the absence of more enriched stained glass. Just now, when the Catholic purse is so empty, and Catholic needs so pressing, a judicious employment of this simple species of decoration would answer the purpose of imparting some little colour and richness to church-windows at an economical rate. Mr. Franks' collection will be extremely useful to artists engaged in any such work; while the execution of these quarries, consisting simply of

white or greenish glass, with a bold pattern drawn in dark-brown lines, and occasionally tinted with yellow, is so easy, that many an amateur might be found who could usefully employ his or her leisure hours in painting them. Many of Mr. Franks' examples are, of course, ugly enough, as his object is to give an historical series, and not a set of models for imitation; but many are quite the reverse, and are worth copying as well as studying.

Recherches Historiques et Critiques sur le véritable Auteur du Livre de l'Imitation de Jésus Christ. Par J. B. Malou. Louvain, Fonteyn; London, Burns.

THE learned reader need not be reminded that the authorship of *The Imitation of Jesus Christ* has long been a fruitful subject of discussion among the critical. It has been attributed to Thomas à Kempis, to John Gersen, a Benedictine monk of Verceil, and to John Gerson, Chancellor of the University of Paris. The controversy has now lasted about 250 years; and Monsignor Malou, the recently consecrated Bishop of Bruges, has lately published a complete *resumé* of its whole course, under the above title. He himself gives the authorship to à Kempis, without hesitation; and his work will be found full of interest and information for the curious.

Visits to the Most Holy Sacrament and to the Blessed Virgin, &c. Translated from St. Alphonsus Liguori and others; revised by a Catholic Clergyman. London, Jones.

THIS is a valuable and neatly printed little manual of devotions, which will at once commend itself to those who rejoice to see a more fervent devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament and to our Lady daily spreading throughout Catholic England and Ireland. Many are taken from the writings of St. Alphonsus; but the works of Baudrand, the *Libellus Precum*, the *Nouveau Manuel de Piété*, and other admirable compilations, supply many excellent additions. Persons of all states and inclinations will find something to suit themselves in the collection.

The Child's First History of Rome. By the Author of "Amy Herbert," &c. Longmans.

THIS little book is more suited to "boys and girls" than to the "child;" though perhaps Miss Sewell would herself include children of an older growth in the word *child* than are commonly supposed to come within its signification. The history of Rome would, we fear, be a dismal study to the child of six or seven years old, in any thing like the systematic historical form here adopted. The authoress's labours will, however, be very useful for boys and girls from ten or eleven years old till thirteen or fourteen; and so far as we have examined her book, it seems based on principles which make it a *safe* book to be employed in the education of the innocent young mind.

A Catholic History of England. By W. B.

MacCabe. Vol. II. Newby.

MR. MacCabe here gives us the second volume of his curious and interesting history, or rather, his historical mosaic. His plan of employing the very words of the monkish historians, dovetailing his extracts together so as to make them read as one continuous narrative, communicates a certain raciness and novelty to the work, which makes it to many readers as agreeable as it is unique. He promises one more volume, beyond which he finds it impossible to make leisure for carrying out his original design.

The Christian's Key to the Philosophy of Socialism. By Upsilon. Chapman.

TEN propositions, rather stating the writer's hopes, wishes, and fears respecting the great problem of modern society, than furnishing any complete key to its philosophy, or to that system which, under the name of Socialism, attempts to cope with its disorders. We fear that the author is himself too far at sea to be able to point out the landmarks which will guide the tossing vessel of humanity to her desired haven. Nevertheless, his essay is well meant; and as a token of what men's minds are toiling for, is interesting.

The Catholic School, Nos. VII. and VIII., contains hints how to improve a school, with several valuable documents, and long lists of educational books supplied under the sanction of the Committee of Council, which will be useful to very many persons.

Catholic Hymn-Tunes and Litanies. Burns.

The School Song-book. Burns.

IT is an axiom in music, as in all arts and manufactures, that *there is no wear in rubbish*. Tunes that take the uncultivated ear at first hearing almost invariably weary it, or even disgust it, after a while. The best music is seldom captivating until tolerably well known. Both of these little publications have been planned by their editors on these principles. The former contains between thirty and forty hymn-tunes and litanies, adapted to English and Latin words, chiefly from the large body of congregational music in use in the Catholic churches of Germany. Many are excellent compositions, and all are good solid tunes, which will *wear well*, and the longer they are known the better they will be liked. The *Stabat Mater*, the *Adoro te devote*, the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, and the *Dies Iræ*, are peculiarly beautiful examples of simple melody and harmony.

The tunes in the *School Song-book* are, of course, of a lighter and less scientific cast; but they are lively and taking pieces, and extremely well suited for use in schools where singing is taught by note. Both publications are cheap.

The Rosary of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, and other Devotions. Translated and arranged by a Priest of the Order of Charity. Burns.

THE prettiest and most practically useful manual on the Rosary we know of.

MR. Dolman has just issued a third edition of Dr. Wiseman's *Lectures on Science and Revealed Religion*. As we shall take an early opportunity of recurring to this, one of Dr. Wiseman's ablest and most useful works, we content ourselves for the present with notifying its appearance in these two cheap and portable volumes.

IN our advertisements appears a notification of the commencement of a new volume of the *New York Freeman's Journal*, a Catholic newspaper, which we strongly recommend to the support of all our readers who would know how the Church meets the difficulties of the times on the other side of the Atlantic. It is under the immediate superintendence and patronage of Dr. Hughes, the Bishop of New York; and the aim of its editor to disentangle Catholicism from its unfortunate alliance with a low and ultra democracy, with a pseudo-nationalism, and with the worst sorts of Protestantism, calls forth the sympathies of every true and intelligent Catholic mind. The journal is more than a mere newspaper; and we shall rejoice to learn that it meets with all the support it deserves in this country.

Correspondence.

THE OFFERTORY.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

MY DEAR SIR,—I broke off my last letter to you before I had the opportunity of expressing the full amount of my agreement with the views put forth in your paper on the Offertory.

The experience I had in the Established Church fully bears out your opinion, that the great requisites towards a successful Offertory are, 1. popular Church services; 2. consistent religious teaching; 3. the spirit of mutual confidence between minister and people.

I spoke of Margaret Chapel, because I was personally connected with it; but there were churches in Oxford in which similar results with those I mentioned were effected on an equal scale, and under circumstances still less favourable. At St. Mary's, during Mr. Newman's ministry, as much as 30*l.* or 40*l.* was often collected at the early communion service on the Sundays. These sums were commonly given, not to local objects, but to purposes of general charity, such as the great religious societies, &c. The same success followed upon the offertory at St. Peter's, Oxford, under Mr. Hamilton, now a canon of Salisbury.

It would, I think, be quite untrue to say, that the congregations in which the offertory proved so successful were materially, or at all, *richer* than some of our own. The regular attendants at Margaret Chapel (the most favourably circumstanced in this respect of the three) comprehended very few of the aristocracy, and none of the rich mercantile class. It consisted, for the most part, of gentry occupying not the most fashionable quarter of the metropolis, of lawyers not high in their profession, and of tradespeople. The chapel was seldom quite full, and when full did not contain more than 250 persons. At St. Mary's, Oxford, the early communicants were chiefly resident members of the University, with limited incomes, and a few of the middle class. At St. Peter's the congregation would be more numerous and wealthier than at St. Mary's. Now, compare these congregations with those of some of our London chapels, and the preponderance both in numbers and wealth will be found, I think, on the Catholic side. I deny altogether that we can plead poverty in our excuse.

Nor, again, do I think that the offertories in the Church of England derived any great impetus from party-feeling. No one who knows the circumstances can truly say that Margaret Chapel was helped on by its connexion with the Oxford opinions; for, in fact, the Oxford men were rather shy of it than otherwise. They felt it at once too extreme and too liberal in the religious views it generally represented, and the congregation was quite a miscellaneous one. And it is my own belief, that neither St. Mary's nor St. Peter's, Oxford, were benefited by any thing of a sectarian spirit. Indeed, it is only within the last four years that what is called "Puseyism" has assumed a decidedly party character. Mr. Newman's secession was the point where it ceased to be a "school," and became a sect.

But granting that the liberality of the Anglicans was aided by party motives, is it indeed come to this, that the spirit of rivalry shall be able to produce results to which the spirit of Catholic charity is unequal?

VOL. IV.

Now, then, what *did* help our offertories in times past?

1st, Consistent teaching on the nature and duty of almsgiving. Let any one read some of Mr. Newman's sermons, *e.g.* that on St. Matthew's Day, and they will see how our people used, instead of being worked up by occasional appeals, to be indoctrinated in right principles. They were *habitually* taught the perils of wealth, and the power of self-denying liberality; and as they knew that what was said was meant to be acted on, they soon learned that giving, in the Gospel sense, means "giving up." Hence it was no uncommon thing in those congregations for persons to forego innocent luxuries or amusements in order that they might have the more to give in church. Among ourselves, this particular view of Christian liberality is confined almost entirely to the Irish poor.

2dly, The kind of relationship subsisting between minister and people was such as utterly to preclude the thought of any personal, local, or party object in the transaction. We Catholics have been forced by circumstances upon a narrow and sectarian policy, to which the principles of the Oxford school were singularly opposed. No people, who had so little of the form of the Church, could have more of its spirit than the disciples of that school. They were like enthusiasts in an atrophy; their souls were large in proportion as the body was emaciated. And when that body quite died away, or rather when we became aware that it had been dead some time, the soul of Catholic aspiration with which we were overflowing found its natural home in another and a glorious receptacle. Now, if the truth must be spoken, it was precisely that absence of a Catholic *exterior* in the community claiming our allegiance which kept some of us where we were so much longer than was abstractedly desirable. Little as we knew, we knew at least that our ways of charity were Catholic, and those of Catholics sectarian. And we have happily lived to the time when Catholics who have the advantage of us in never having been otherwise, are even anticipating us in the acknowledgment of this truth. It has been with the greatest satisfaction and thankfulness that I have lately read very remarkable testimonies of this kind from priests of long standing, high position, and great experience, whose known and proverbial kindness of nature is the best guarantee for the strength of the cause which can elicit even from hearts so benevolent, and tongues so gentle, the word of remonstrance or of protest.

What I mean by the absence of a sectarian spirit in the Oxford men was this: no one who knew them could ever think, or at least think twice, that they wanted the money which they recommended others to give, for any other purpose than the glory of God and the good of the givers. That this is the spirit of their present leaders I am not quite so sure; and I could not speak in the same honourable terms of the "monster offertory" at Margaret Chapel, which has drawn forth the eulogiums of kind, funny "Father Thomas." I hope I am not uncharitable, but I really do suspect that a part of their object now is to cut us out; an easy triumph surely, if the offertory were the only battle-field! Formerly, however, as far as

the great body of us were concerned, I think we should have been as happy as Catholics themselves, and perhaps happier than some, to hear of a liberal spirit of almsgiving in their body. At any rate, the great secret of our success was, I am quite certain, the spirit of faith and charity in which all was conceived and done. There was no feeling of rivalry (still less of antagonism) between church and church or chapel and chapel; different congregations, as in apostolic times, interchanged their several collections if necessary. If Margaret Chapel was at a low ebb, up came the "sacrament-money" of the last Sunday at St. Mary's; and if St. Mary's had ever experienced a deficit, the same generosity would have been forthcoming in its behalf. It is quite surprising how the knowledge of this entire disinterestedness "unloosed the purse-strings" of the several congregations; they knew that their ministers kept no more for themselves than was necessary for their subsistence; and that no one cared who or what was up or down, provided they could secure the ascendancy of the principles which secure God's honour on earth, and lead men to heaven.

Neither, thirdly, were the Oxford men insensible to the value of what you call "popular services" as an accessory to the offertory. That the principles on which almsgiving was inculcated were really independent of any such adjuncts as music or ceremonial, is plain from the fact, that in Oxford itself the offertories throve without such external aid. But in London, where the eye is attracted in so many directions which do not help the soul forwards, it was felt desirable to make the experiment of taxing the reformed religion to the full extent of its resources (and, as some thought, rather beyond them) in order to engage the senses, as far as might be allowed, on the side of devotion—the great object being not to "ape Rome," but to illustrate with existing materials the great and precious principle of the "beauty" of holiness. Every thing accordingly was done which could be done to make religion attractive—not, however, to the sensual and worldly, but to the devout. Accordingly the opportunity was given for joining in popular psalmody, as well as for witnessing, in the decorations of the "altar," the most legitimate application of whatever we could command of the beautiful and the rare.

It seems like a mockery to speak of such attempts in the same breath with the appliances which are *now* at our disposal: the litanies, the hymns, the special devotions, the lights radiating around the Blessed Sacrament, where, except in the Church, they seem but to make darkness visible and emptiness apparent. All these things

certainly tend to make *good* people love the Church, and to open their hearts towards her, and to give them a zeal in ministering to her efficacy and setting forth her charms.

Yet no greater blunder could possibly be committed (even looking so low as our pecuniary interests) than to set about making our Church services "attractive" to strollers and sight-seers, to Protestants and worldly Catholics. As well might we priests affect to be men of fashion, as turn our churches into theatres. We have no chance of coping with the world in the world's own line. Of this we may be quite sure; opera-singing and stage-effect are no more our *forte* than would be dandyism or epicurism. If Protestants prefer our churches to the opera, it will be only because they are cheaper—a "*shilling* opera," as used to be said. But are such persons likely to improve our *offertories*? On the other hand, I speak advisedly when I say, that any expedients for making our services interesting, other than those which are purely *ecclesiastical*, will be apt to retard indefinitely the conversion of those who would bring into the Church the noblest spirit of munificence, as well as to damp the zeal of others (Catholics already) who want neither the will nor the power to aid us. It is not the accident of locality or administration about which they care, nor styles of music or architecture which determine their preferences. Thither their sympathies are drawn, and there will their charitable aid be most powerfully felt, wherever the signs are most apparent of tenderness towards the miserable, and sympathy with the good. Seculars or Regulars, Jesuits, Redemptorists, Oratorians, or simple missionaries, in church or chapel or room, Gothic or Grecian or nondescript, they will love and befriend them all, so that *they* love and befriend the helpless. It is not because they are rich and great themselves that they look for place and consideration in the "Church of the poor;" they have enough and too much of these burdens elsewhere; and when they come into God's house they desire only to remember that they are sinners before Him, and must one day stand before his judgment-seat. There want not such high and noble souls even in our own degenerate aristocracy; and should any of us succeed in disgusting such by our servility, and alienating our noble-hearted poor by our indifference, small indeed would be the residue of friends, and sorry friends after all would they be, whom we should have to condole with us over the fruits of our deplorable shortsightedness.—I am, my dear Sir, yours, very faithfully,

FREDERICK OAKELEY.

St. George's, Translation of
St. Thomas, 1849.

Ecclesiastical Register.

ALLOCUTION OF POPE PIUS IX.*

Pronounced in the Secret Consistory at Gaeta on
April 20, 1849.

VENERABILES FRATRES,—Quibus, quantisque malorum procellis summo cum animi nostri dolore pontificia nostra ditio, omnique fere Italia miserandum in modum jactetur ac perturbetur, nemo certe ignorat, venerabiles fratres. Atque

* A translation of this document was given in our last month's number, p. 210.

utinam homines tristissimis hisce rerum vicibus edocti aliquando intelligant, nihil ipsis perniciosius esse posse, quam a veritatis, justitiæ, honestatis, et religionis semitis deflectere, ac nequissimis impiorum consiliis acquiescere, eorumque insidiis, fraudibus et erroribus decipi atque irretiri! Equidem universus terrarum orbis probe noscit, atque testatur, quæ quantaque fuerit paterni atque amantissimi animi nostri cura sollicitudo in vera solidaque pontificiæ nostræ ditionis populo-

rum utilitate, tranquillitate, prosperitate procuranda, et quis tantæ nostræ indigentiae et amoris fructus exiterit. Quibus quidem verbis callidissimos tantorum malorum artifices dumtaxat damnamus, quin ullam maximæ populorum parti culpam tribuere velimus. Verumtamen deplorare cogimur multos etiam e populo ita misere fuisse deceptos, ut aures suas a nostris vocibus ac monitis avertentes, illas fallacibus quorundam magistrorum doctrinis præbuerint, qui relinquentes *iter rectum et per vias tenebrosas* ambulant* eo unice spectabant, ut imperitorum præsertim animos mentesque magnificis falsisque promissis in fraudem et in errorem inducerent, ac plane compellerent. Omnes profecto norunt, quibus laudem præconiis fuerit ubique concelebrata memoranda illa et amplissima venia a nobis ad familiarum pacem tranquillitatem, felicitatemque procurandam concessa. Ac neminem latet, plures ea venia donatos non solum suam mentem vel minimum haud inmutasse, quemadmodum sperabamus, verum etiam eorum consiliis et molitionibus acris in dies insistentes, nihil umquam inausum, nihilque intentatum reliquisse, ut civilem Romani pontificis principatum, ejusque regimen uti jamdiu machinabantur, labefactarent et funditus everterent, ac simul acerrimum sanctissimæ nostræ religioni bellum inferrent. Ut autem id facilius consequi possent, nihil antiquius habuere, quam multitudines in primis convocare, inflammare, easque assiduis magnisque motibus agitare, quos vel nostrarum concessionum prætextu continenter fovere, et in dies augere summopere studebant. Hinc concessiones in ipso nostri pontificatus initio a nobis ultro ac libenter datæ non solum optatos fructus haud emittere, sed ne radices quidem agere umquam potuere, cum peritissimi fraudum architecti iisdem concessionibus ad novas concitandas agitationes abuterentur. Atque in hoc vestro consensu, venerabiles fratres, facta ipsa vel leviter attingere, ac raptim commemorare ea sane mente censuimus, ut omnes bonæ voluntatis homines clare aperteque cognoscant, quid Dei et humani generis hostes velint, quid optent, quidque ipsis in animo semper fixum destinatumque sit.

Pro singulari nostro in subditos affectu dolebamus, ac vehementer angebamur, venerabiles fratres, cum assiduos illos populares motus tum publicæ tranquillitati, et ordini, tum privatæ familiarum quieti ac paci tantopere adversos videremus, nec perferre poteramus crebras illas pecuniarias collectas, quæ variis nominibus non sine levi civium incommodo, et dispendio postulabantur. Itaque mense aprili anno 1847 per publicum edictum nostri cardinalis a publicis negotiis omnes monere haud omisimus, ut ab ejusmodi popularibus conventibus, et largitionibus sese abtinerent, atque ad propria pertractanda negotia animum mentemque denuo converterent, omnemque in nobis fiduciam collocarent, ac pro certo haberent, paternas nostras curas cogitationesque ad publica commoda comparanda unice esse conversas, quemadmodum jam pluribus ac luculentissimis argumentis ostenderamus. Verum salutaria hæc nostra monita, quibus tantos populares motus compescere et populos ipsos ad quietis et tranquillitatis studia revocare nitēbamur, pravis quorundam hominum desideriis, et machinationibus vehementer adversabantur. Itaque indefessi agitationum auctores, qui jam alteri ordinationi jussu nostro ab eodem cardinali ad rectam utilem-

* Prov. ii. 13.

que populi educationem promovendam editæ obstitant, vix dum monita illa nostra noverunt, haud destitit contra ipsa ubique inclamare, et acrioriusque studio incautas multitudines commovere, eisque callidissime insinuare, ac persuadere, ne illi tranquillitati a nobis tantopere exoptatæ se umquam dare vellent, cum insidiosum in ea lateret consilium, ut populi quodammodo indormirent, atque ita in posterum duro servitutis jugo facilius opprimi possent. Atque ex eo tempore plurima scripta typis quoque edita, atque acerbissimis quibusque contumeliis, conviciis, minisque plenissima ad nos missa fuere, quæ oblivione sempiterna obruimus, flammisque tradidimus. Ut autem inimici homines fidem aliquam facerent falsis periculis, quæ in populum impendere clamitabant, haud reformidarunt mentitæ cujusdam conjurationis ab ipsis apposite excogitatæ rumorem, ac metum in vulgus spargere, ac turpissimo mendacio vociferari, ejusmodi conjurationem initam esse ad urbem Romam civili bello, cædibus ac funeribus funestandam, ut novis institutionibus penitus sublatis atque deletis, pristina gubernandi forma iterum revivisceret. Sed hujus falsissimæ conjurationis prætextu inimici homines eo spectabant, ut populi contemptum, invidiam, furorem contra quosdam leetissimos quoque viros virtute, religione præstantes, et ecclesiastica etiam dignitate insignes nefarie commoverent atque excitarent. Probe nostis, in hoc rerum æstu civicam militiam fuisse propositam, ac tanta celeritate collectam, ut rectæ illius institutioni et disciplinæ consuli minime potuerit.

Ubi primum ad publicæ administrationis prosperitatem magis magisque procurandam opportunum fore censuimus Status Consultationem instituire, inimici homines occasionem exinde statim arripere, ut nova Gubernio vulnera imponerent ac simul efficerent, ut hujusmodi institutio, quæ publicis populorum rationibus magnæ utilitati esse poterat, in damnum, ac perniciem cederet. Et quoniam eorum opinio impune jam invaluerat, ea institutio et pontifici regiminis indolem, ac naturam immutari, et nostram auctoritatem consultorum judicio subjici, ideoque eo ipso die, quo illa Status Consultatio inaugurata fuit, haud omisimus turbulentos quosdam homines, qui consultores comitabantur, gravibus severisque verbis serio monere, eisque verum hujus institutionis finem clare aperteque manifestare. Verum perturbatores numquam desinebant deceptam populi partem majore usque impetu sollicitare, et quo facilius assecularum numerum habere, et augere possent, tum in pontificia nostra ditione, tum apud externas quoque gentes insigni prorsus impudentia atque audacia evulgabant, eorum opinionibus et consiliis nos plane assentire. Meneritis, venerabiles fratres, quibus verbis in nostra consistoriali allocutione die 4 mensis Octobris anno 1847, ad vos habita universos populos serio commonere, et exhortari haud omiserimus, ut ab ejusmodi veteratorum fraude studiosissime caverent. Interim vero pervicaces insidiarum et agitationum auctores, ut turbas metusque continenter alerent, et excitarent, mense Januario superioris anni incautorum animos inani externi belli rumore territabant, atque in vulgus spargebant, bellum idem internis conspirationibus et malitiosa gubernantium inertia foveri ac sustentatum iri. Nos ad tranquillandos animos, et insidiantium fallacias refellendas nulla quidem interposita mora die 10 Februarii ipsius anni voces

ejusmodi omnino falsas, et absurdas esse declaravimus illis nostris verbis, quæ omnes probe cognoscunt. Atque in eo tempore carissimis nostris subditis, quod hunc Deo bene juvante eveniet, prænuntiavimus futurum scilicet, ut innumerabiles filii ad communis omnium fidelium patris domum, ad ecclesiæ nempe statum propagandum convolarent, si arctissima illa grati animi vincula, quibus Italiæ principes, populi-que intime inter se obstringi debebant, dissoluta fuissent, ac populi ipsi suorum principum sapientiam, eorumque jurium sanctitatem vereri, ac totis viribus tueri, et defendere neglexissent.

Etsi vero nostra illa verba nuper commemorata tranquillitatem brevi quidem temporis spatio iis omnibus attulere, quorum voluntas continuæ adversabatur perturbationi, nihil tamen valere apud infensissimos ecclesiæ, et humanæ societatis hostes, qui novas jam turbas, novos tumultus concitaverant. Siquidem calumniis insistentes, quæ ab ipsis, eorumve similibus contra religiosos viros divino ministerio addictos, et bene de ecclesia meritis disseminatæ fuerant, populares iras omni impetu adversus illos excitantur, atque inflammantur. Neque ignoratis, venerabiles fratres, nihil valuisse nostra verba ad populum die 10 Martii superioris anni habita, quibus religiosas illam familiam ab exilio, et dispersione eripere magnopere studebamus.

Cum inter hæc notissimæ illæ rerum publicarum conversiones in Italia et Europa evenirent, nos iterum Apostolicam nostram attollentes vocem die 30 Martii ejusdem anni haud omisimus universos populos etiam atque etiam monere hortari, ut et Catholicæ Ecclesiæ libertatem vereri, et civilis societatis ordinem tegere, et omnium jura tueri, et sanctissimæ nostræ religionis præcepta exequi, et in primis Christianam in omnes caritatem exercere omnino studerent, quandoquidem si hæc ipsi agere neglexissent, pro certo haberent, quod Deus ostenderet, se populorum dominatorem esse.

Jam vero quisque vestrum plane noscit quomodo in Italiani Constitutionarii regiminis forma fuerit invecta, et quomodo Statutum a Nobis die 14 Martii superioris anni nostris subditis concessum in lucem prodierit. Cum autem implacabiles publicæ tranquillitatis, et ordinis hostes nihil antiquius haberent, quam omnia contra Pontificium Gubernium conari, et populum assiduis motibus, suspicionibus exagitare, tum qua scriptis in lucem editis, qua circulis, qua societatibus, et aliis quibusque artibus nunquam intermittebant Gubernium atrociter calumniari, eique inertie, doli, et fraudis notam inurere, licet Gubernium ipsum omni cura et studio in id incumberet, ut Statutum tantopere exoptatum majore, qua fieri posset, vulgaretur celeritate. Atque hic universo terrarum orbi manifestare volumus eo ipso tempore homines illos in suo constantes proposito subvertendi Pontificiam ditionem, totamque Italianam nobis proposuisse non jam constitutionis, sed Reipublicæ proclamationem, veluti unicum tum nostræ, tum ecclesiæ status incolunitatis periculum atque præsidium. Subit adhuc nocturna illa hora, et versantur nobis ante oculos quidam homines, qui a fraudum architectis misere illusi, ac decepti illorum ea in re causam agere atque eandem Reipublicæ proclamationem nobis proponere non dubitabant. Quod quidem præter innumera alia, et gravissima argumenta magis magisque demonstrat, novarum institutionum petitiones, et progressum ad hujusmodi hominibus tantopere præ-

dicatum eo unice spectare, ut assiduæ foveantur agitationes, ut omnia justitiæ, virtutis, honestatis, religionis principia usquequaque penitus tollantur, atque horrendum et luctuosissimum, ac vel ipsi naturali rationi et juri maxime adversum *Socialismi*, vel etiam *Communismi*, uti appellant, systema cum maximo totius humanæ societatis detrimento, et exitio quaquaversus inducatur, propagetur, ac longe lateque dominetur.

Sed quamvis hæc teterrima conspiratio, vel potius hæc diuturna conspirationum series clara esset et manifesta, tamen, Deo sic permittente, multis illorum fuit ignota, quibus communis tranquillitas tot sane de causis cordi summo opere esse debebat. Atque etsi indefessi turbarum moderatores gravissimam de se suspicionem darent, tamen non defuere quidam bonæ voluntatis homines, qui amicam illis manum præbuere, ea forsitan spe freti fore, ut eos ad moderationis et justitiæ semitam reducere possent.

Interim belli clamor per universam Italianam extemplo pervasit, quo Pontificiæ nostræ ditionis subditorum pars commota atque abrepta ad arma convolvit, ac nostræ voluntati obstitens ejusdem Pontificiæ ditionis fines prætergredi voluit. Nostis, venerabiles fratres, quomodo debitas tum Summi Pontificis, tum Supremi Principis partes obeuntes injustis illorum desideriis obstiterimus qui nos ad illud bellum gerendum pretrahere volebant, quique postulabant, ut inexpertam juventutem subitario modo collectam, ac militaris artis peritia et disciplina nunquam exultam, et idoneis ductoribus bellicisque subsidiis destitutam ad pugnam, id est ad certam cædem compelleremus. Atque id a nobis expetebatur qui licet immerentes inscrutabili Divinæ providentiæ consilio ad Apostolicæ Dignitatis fastigium evecti, ac vicariam Christi Jesu hic in terris operam gerentes a Deo, qui est auctor pacis, et amator caritatis, missionem accepimus, ut omnes populos, gentes, nationes pari paterni amoris studio prosequentes, omnium salutem totis viribus consulamus, et non jam ut homines ad clades, mortemque impellamus. Quod si quicumque Princeps nonnisi justis de causis bellum agredi numquam potest, ecquis tam consilii, et rationis expertus umquam erit, qui plane non videat, Catholicum orbem merito atque optimo jure longe majorem justitiam, gravioresque causas a Romano Pontifice requirere, si Pontificem ipsum alicui bellum indicere, et inferre conspiciat? Quamobrem nostra Allocutione die 29 Aprilis superiori anno ad vos habita palam, publicæque declaravimus, nos ab illo bello omnino esse alienos. Atque eodem tempore insidiosissimum profecto munus tum voce, tum scripto nobis oblatum, ac non solum personæ nostræ vel maxime injuriosum, verum etiam Italiæ perniciosissimum repudiavimus, rejecimus, ut scilicet Italiæ ejusdæm Reipublicæ regimini præsidere vellemus. Equidem singulari Dei miseratione gravissimum loquendi, monendi, hortandique munus a Deo ipso nobis impositum implendum curavimus, atque adeo confidimus, nobis illud Isaia impropieri non posse. *Vae mihi, quia tucui.* Utinam vero paternis nostris vocibus, monitis, hortationibus suas nostri omnes filii præbuisent aures!

Memineritis, venerabiles fratres, cui clamores, quique tumultus a turbulentissimæ factionis hominibus excitati fuere post allocutionem a nobis nunc commemoratam, et quomodo civile ministerium nobis fuerit impositum nostris quidem consiliis, ac principiis, et Apostolicæ Sedis jurbus

summopere adversum. Nos quidem jam inde infelicem Italici belli exitum futurum animo prospeximus, dum unus ex illis ministris asserere non dubitabat, bellum idem, nobis licet invitis, ac reluctantibus, et absque Pontificia benedictione, esse duraturum. Qui quidem minister gravissimam Apostolicæ Sedi inferens injuriam haud extimuit proponere civilem Romani Pontificis Principatum a spirituali ejusdem potestate omnino esse separandum. Atque idem ipse haud multo post ea de nobis palam asserere non dubitavit, quibus Summum Pontificem ab humani generis consortio ejiceret quodammodo, et dissociaret. Justus et misericors Dominus vult nos humiliare sub potenti manu ejus, cum permisit, ut plures per menses veritas ex una parte, mendacium ex altera acerrimo inter se dimicarent certamine, cui attulit finem novi ministerii electio, quod postea alteri locum cessit, in quo ingenii laus cum peculiari tum publici ordinis tutandi, tum legum observandarum studio erat conjuncta. Verum effrænata pravaram cupiditatum licentia, et audacia in dies caput altius extollens longe grassabatur, ac Dei hominumque hostes diuturna, ac sæva dominandi, diripiendi, ac destruendi siti incensi nihil jam aliud optabant, quam jura quæque divina et humana subvertere, ut eorum desideria possent explere. Hinc machinationes jamdiu comparatæ palam, publiceque emicuisse, et viæ humano sanguine respersæ, et sacrilegia nunquam satis deploranda commissa, et inaudita prorsus violentia in Nostris ipsis Quirinalibus ædibus infando ausu nobis illata.

Quocirca tantis oppressi angustiis cum ne dum principis, sed ne Pontificis quidem partes libere obire possemus, non sine maxima animi nostri amaritudine a sede nostra discedere debuimus. Quæ luctuosissima facta in publicis nostris protestationibus enarrata hoc loco iterum recensere præterimus, ne funesta illorum recordatione communis noster recrudescat dolor. Ubi vero seditiosi homines nostras illas noverunt protestationes majore furentes audacia, et omnia omnibus minitantes, nulli neque fraudis, neque doli, neque violentiæ generi pepercerunt, ut bonis omnibus jam pavore prostratis majorem usque terrorem injicerent. Ac postquam novam illam Gubernii formam ab ipsis *Giunta di Stato* appellatam invexere, ac penitus sustulerunt duo consilia a nobis instituta, totis viribus allaborarunt, ut novum cogeretur consilium, quod *Constituentis Romanæ* nomine nuncupare voluerunt. Refugit quidem animus, ac dicere reformidat quibus, quantisque fraudibus ipsi usi fuerint, ut ejusmodi rem ad exitum perducerent. Hic vero haud possumus, quin meritis majori Pontificiæ ditionis magistratuum parti laudes tribuamus, qui proprii honoris et officii memores munere se abdicare maluerunt, quam ullo modo manum operi admove, quo eorum princeps, et amantissimus Pater legitimo suo civili principatu spoliabatur. Illud tandem consilium fuit coactum, et quidam Romanus advocatus vel in ipso suæ primæ orationis exordio ad congregatos habitæ, omnibus clare aperteque declaravit, quid ipse cunctique alii sui socii horribilis agitationis auctores sentirent, quid vellent, et quo spectarent. *Lex, ut ille iniebat, moralis progressus est imperiosa, et inexorabilis, ac simul addebat, sibi, ceterisque jamdiu in animo fixum esse, temporale Apostolicæ Sedis dominium ac regimen funditus evertere, licet modis omnibus eorum desideriis a nobis fuisset obsecundatum. Quam declarationem*

in hoc vestro consensu commemorare volumus, ut omnes intelligant, pravam hujusmodi voluntatem non conjectura, aut suspicione aliqua a nobis barbarum auctoribus fuisse attributam, sed eam universo terrarum orbi palam publicæque ab illis ipsis manifestatam, quos vel ipse pudor ab eadem proferenda declaratione revocare debuisset. Non liberiores igitur institutiones, non utiliore publicæ administrationis procuracionem, non providas cujusque generis ordinationes hujusmodi homines cupiebant, sed civilem Apostolicæ Sedis principatum, potestatemque impetere, convellere, ac destruere omnino volebant. Ac ejusmodi consilium, quantum in ipsis fuit, ad exitum deduxerunt illo Romanæ, uti vocant, *Constituentis* decreto die 9 Februarii hujus anni edito, quo nescimus, an majori injustitia contra jura Romanæ Ecclesiæ, adjunctamque illis Apostolici obeundi muneris libertatem, vel majori subditorum Pontificiæ ditionis damno et calamitate, Romanos Pontifices a temporali Gubernio tum jure tum facto decidisse declararunt. Non levi quidem mœrore ob tam tristia facta confecti fuimus, venerabiles fratres, atque illud in primis vel maxime dolemus, quod urbs Roma Catholice veritatis et unitatis centrum, virtutis ac sanctitatis magistra per impiorum ad eam quotidie confluentium hominum operam, omnibus gentibus, populis, nationibus tantorum malorum auctrix appareat. Verumtamen in tanto animi nostri dolore pergratum nobis est posse affirmare, longe maximam tum Romani populi, tum aliorum Pontificiæ nostræ ditionis populorum partem nobis, et Apostolicæ sedi constanter addictam a nefariis illis machinationibus abhorruisse, licet tot tristium eventuum spectatrix extiterit. Summæ quoque consolationi nobis fuit episcoporum, et cleri Pontificiæ nostræ ditionis sollicitudo, que in mediis periculis, et omne genus difficultatibus ministerii et officii sui partes obire non destiterunt, ut populos ipsos qua voce, qua exemplo a motibus illis, nefariisque factionis consiliis averterent.

Nos certe in tanto rerum certamine, atque discrimine nihil intentatum reliquimus, ut publicæ tranquillitati, et ordini consuleremus. Multo enim tempore antequam tristissima illa Novembris facta evenirent, omni studio curavimus, ut Helvetiorum copiæ Apostolicæ Sedis servitio addictæ, atque in nostris provinciis degentes in urbem deducerentur, quæ tamen res contra nostram voluntatem ad exitum minime fuit perducta eorum opera, qui mense majō ministrorum munere fungebantur. Neque id solum, verum etiam ante illud tempus, nec non et postea tum publico præsertim Romæ ordini tuendo, tum inimicorum hominum audaciæ comprimendæ curas nostras convertimus ad alia militum præsidia comparanda, quæ, Deo ita permittente, ob rerum, ac temporum vicissitudines nobis defuere. Tandem post ipsa luctuosissima Novembris facta haud omisimus nostris litteris die quinta Januarii datis omnibus indigenis nostris militibus etiam atque etiam ineulare ut religionis, et militaris honoris memores juratam suo principi fidem custodirent, ac sedulam impenderent operam, quo ubique tum publica tranquillitas, tum debita erga legitimum Gubernium obedientia, ac devotio servaretur. Neque id tantum, verum etiam Helvetiorum copias Romam petere jussimus, quæ huic nostræ voluntati haudquaquam obsequiæ sunt, cum præsertim supremus illarum ductor in hac re haud recte, atque honorifice se gesserit.

Atque interim factionis moderatores majore in

dies audacia, et impetu opus urgentes tum nostram personam, tum alios, qui nostro adhærent lateri horrendis ejusque generis calumniis et contumeliis lacerare non intermittebant; ac vel ipsis Sacrosancti Evangelii verbis et sententiis nefarie abuti non dubitabant, ut in vestimentis ovium cum intrinsecus sint lupi rapaces, imperitam multitudinem ad prava quæque eorum consilia, et molimina pertraherent, atque incautorum mentes falsis doctrinis imbuerent. Subditi vero temporali Apostolicæ Sedis ditioni, et nobis immobili fide addicti merito atque optimo jure a nobis exercebant, ut eos a tot gravissimis, quibus undique premebantur, angustiis, periculis, calamitatibus, et jacturis eriperemus. Et quoniam nonnulli ex ipsis reperiuntur qui nos veluti causam (innocuum licet) tantarum perturbationum suscipiunt, iccirco isti animadvertant velimus, nos quidem ut primum ad Supremam Apostolicam Sedem evecti fuimus, paternas nostras curas et consilia quemadmodum supra declaravimus, eo certe intendisse, ut Pontificiæ nostræ ditionis populos omni studio in meliorem conditionem adduceremus, sed inimicorum, ac turbulentorum hominum opera factum esse, ut consilia illa nostra in irritam cederent, contra vero factiosis ipsis, Deo permittente contigisse, ut ad exitum perducere possent quæ a longo ante tempore moliri, ac tentare omnibus quibusque malitiæ artibus nunquam destiterant. Itaque id ipsum, quod jam alias ediximus, hic iterum repetimus in tam gravi scilicet, ac luctuosa tempestate, qua universos fere terrarum orbis tantopere jactatur, Dei manum esse agnoscendam, Ejusque vocem audiendam, qui ejusmodi flagellis hominum peccata, et iniquitates punire solet, ut ipsi ad justitiæ semitas redire festinent. Hanc igitur vocem audiant qui erraverunt a veritate, et derelinquentes vias suas convertantur ad Dominum; audiant etiam illi, qui in hoc tristissimo rerum statu magis de privatis propriis commodis quam de Ecclesiæ bono, et rei Catholicæ prosperitate solliciti sunt, ac meminerint nihil prodesse homini si *mundum universum lucretur, animæ vero suæ detrimentum patiantur*; audiant et pii Ecclesiæ filii, ac præstantes in patientia salutare Dei, et majore usque studio emundantes conscientias suas ab omni inquinamento peccati, miserationes Domini implorare, Eique magis magisque placere, ac jugiter famulari contendant.

Atque inter hæc nostra ardentissima desideria haud possumus eos non monere speciatim, et redarguere, qui decreto illi, quo Romanus Pontifex omni civilis sui imperii honore, ac dignitate est spoliatus, plaudunt, ac decretum idem ad ipsius Ecclesiæ libertatem, felicitatemque procurandam vel maxime conducere asserunt. Hic autem palam publiceque profitemur, nulla nos dominandi cupiditate, nullo temporali principatus desiderio hæc loqui, quandoquidem nostra indoles, et ingenium a quavis dominatione profecto est alienum. Verumtamen officii nostri ratio postulat, ut in civili Apostolicæ Sedis Principatu tuendo jura possessionesque Sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ, atque ejusdem Sedis libertatem, quæ cum totius Ecclesiæ libertate, et utilitate est conjuncta totis viribus defendamus. Et quidem homines, qui commemorato plaudentes decreto tam falsa, et absurda affirmant, vel ignorant vel ignorare simulant, singulari prorsus divinæ providentiæ consilio factum esse, ut Romano imperio in plura regna, variasque ditiones diviso, Romanus Pontifex, cui a Christo Domino totius Ecclesiæ regi-

men, et cura fuit commissa civilem principatum hac sane de causa haberet, ut ad ipsam Ecclesiam regendam, ejusque unitatem tuendam plena illa potiretur libertate, quæ ad Supremi Apostolici ministerii munus obeundum requiritur. Namque omnibus compertum est, fideles populos, gentes, regna nunquam plenam fiduciam, et observantiam esse præstitura Romano Pontifici, si illum aliqujus principis, vel Gubernii dominio subjectum, ac minime liberum esse conspicerent. Siquidem fideles populi, et regna vehementer suspicari, ac vereri nunquam desinerent, ne Pontifex idem sua acta ad illius principis vel gubernii, in cujus ditione versaretur, voluntatem conformaret, atque iccirco actis illis hoc prætextu sæpius refragari non dubitarent. Et quidem dicant vel ipsi hostes civilis principatus Apostolicæ Sedis, qui nunc Romæ dominantur, quanam, fiducia, et observantia ipsi essent excepturi hortationes, monita, mandata, constitutiones summi Pontificis, cum illum ejusvis principis, aut gubernii, imperio subditum esse cognoscerent, præsertim vero si cui subesset principi, inter quem et Romanam ditionem diuturnum aliquod ageretur bellum?

Interea nemo non videt quibus quantisque vulneribus in ipsis Pontificiæ ditionis regionibus immaculata Christi Sponsa nunc afficiatur, quibus vinculis, qua turpissima servitute magis magisque opprimatur, quantisque angustiis visibile illius Caput obruatur. Equis enim ignorat, nobis communicationem cum urbe Roma, illiusque nobis carissimo clero, et universo Pontificiæ ditionis Episcopatu, ceterisque fidelibus ita esse præpeditam, ut ne epistolas quidem de ecclesiasticis licet, ac spiritualibus negotiis agentes vel mittere, vel accipere libere possimus? Quis nescit, urbem Romam principem Catholicæ Ecclesiæ Sedem in præsentia proli dolor! silvam frementium bestiarum esse factam, cum ea omnium nationum hominibus redundet, qui vel apostatæ, vel hæretici, vel *Communismi* uti dicunt, aut *Socialismi* magistri, ac summo contra Catholicam veritatem odio animati tum voce, tum scriptis, tum aliis quibusque modis omnigenos pestiferos errores docere, disseminare, omniumque mentes et animos pervertere conantur, ut in urbe ipsa, si fieri umquam posset, Catholicæ religionis sanctitas, et irreformabilis fidei regula depravetur? Cui jam notum, auditumque non est, in Pontificiæ ditione, Ecclesiæ bona, redditus, possessiones ausu temerario et sacrilego occupatas, augustissima templa suis ornamentis nudata, religiosa cenobia in profanos usus conversa, virgines Deo sacras vexatas, lectissimos, atque integerrimos ecclesiasticos, religiososque viros crudeliter insectatos, in vincula coniectos, et occisos, sacros clarissimos antistites vel ipsa cardinalitia dignitate insignes a propriis gregibus dure avulsos, et in carcerem abreptos?

Atque hæc tanta facinora contra Ecclesiam, ejusque jura libertatem admittuntur tum in Pontificiæ ditionis locis, tum alibi, ubi homines illi, vel eorum similes dominantur, eo scilicet tempore, quo iidem ipsi libertatem ubique proclamant, ac sibi in votis esse confligunt, ut suprema Summi Pontificis potestas a quovis prorsus vinculo expedita omni libertate fruatur.

Jam porro neminem latet in qua tristissima, ac deploranda conditione carissimii nostri versentur subditi eorumdem hominum opera, qui tanta adversus Ecclesiam flagitia comittunt. Publicum enim ærarium dissipatum exhaustum, commercium intermissum ac pene extinctum, ingentes pecuniæ summæ optimatibus viris aliisque impo-

sitæ, privatorum bona ab illis, qui se populorum rectores et effrenatorum cohortium ductores appellant, direpta, bonorum omnium tremefacta libertas, eorumque tranquillitas in summum discrimen adducta, ac vita ipsa sicarii pugioni subiecta et alia maxima et gravissima mala ac damna, quibus continentur cives tantopere affliguntur atque terrentur. Hæc scilicet sunt illius prosperitatis initia, quam Summi Pontificatus osoros Pontificæ ditionis populis annunciant, atque promittunt.

In magno igitur, et incredibili dolore, quo ob tantas tum Ecclesiæ, tum Pontificæ nostræ ditionis populorum calamitates intime excruciamur, probe noscentes officii nostri rationem omnino postulare, ut ad calamitates ipsas amovendas ac propulsandas omnia conaremur, jam inde a die quarta Decembris proximi superioris anni omnium principum, et nationum opem, auxiliumque implorare, et exposcere haud omisimus. Ac nobis temperare non possumus, quin vobiscum, venerabiles fratres, nunc communem singularem illam consolationem, qua affecti fuimus, cum iidem principes, et populi etiam illi, qui Catholicæ unitatis vinculo nobis minime sunt conjuncti, propensissimam eorum erga nos voluntatem luculentis sane modis testari, ac declarare studuerint. Quod quidem dum acerbissimum animi nostri dolorem mirifice lenit, atque solatur, magis magisque demonstrat quomodo Deus Ecclesiæ suæ sanctæ semper propitius assistat. Atque in eam spem erigimur fore, ut omnes intelligant, gravissima illa mala, quibus in hac tanta temporum asperitate populi, ac regna vexantur, ex sanctissimæ nostræ religionis contemptu suam dixisse originem, nec aliunde solatium, ac remedium habere posse, quam ex divina Christi doctrina. Ejusque sancta Ecclesia, quæ virtutum omnium fecunda parens, et altrix, atque expultrix vitiorum, dum homines ad omnem veritatem ac justitiam instituit, eosque mutua caritate constringit, publico civilis societatis bono, et ordini mirandum in modum consulit, ac prospicit.

Postquam vero omnium principum opem imploravimus, ab Austria, quæ Pontificæ nostræ ditioni ad Septentrionem finitima est, auxilium eo sane libentius efflagitavimus, quod ipsa non solum temporali Apostolicæ Sedis dominio tuendo egregiam suam semper operam navaverit, verum etiam quod nunc ea profecto spes affluat fore, ut ab illo imperio juxta ardentissima nostra desideria, justissimæ nostras postulationes notissima quædam eliminetur principia ab Apostolica Sede perpetuo improbata, ac propterea inibi Ecclesia in suam restituatur libertatem cum maximo illorum fidelium bono, atque utilitate. Quod quidem dum non mediocri animi nostri consolatione significamus plane non dubitamus, quin id vobis non leve afferat gaudium.

Idem auxilium a Gallica natione expostulavimus, quam singulari paterni animi nostri benevolentia, et effectu prosequimur, cum illius nationis clerus, populusque fidelis omnibus quibusque filialis devotionis et observantiæ significationibus nostras calamitates, et angustias lenire, ac solari tuduerit.

Hispaniæ quoque opem invocavimus, quæ de nostris angustiis vehementer anxia, atque sollicita alias Catholicas nationes primum excitavit, ut filiali quodam fodere inter se inito communem fidelium Patrem ac supremum Ecclesiæ Pastorem in propriam sedem reducere contenderent.

Hanc denique opem ab utriusque Siciliæ regno efflagitavimus, in quo hospitamur apud illius regem, qui in veram solidamque suorum populorum felicitatem promovendam totis viribus incumbens tanta religione, ac pietate refulget, ut suis ipsis populis exemplo esse possit. Etsi vero nullis verbis exprimere possumus quanta cura, et studio idem princeps eximiam suam filialem in nos devotionem omnium officiorum genere, et egregiis factis assidue testari, et confirmare lætatur, tamen præclara ejusdem principis in nos merita nulla unquam delebit oblivio. Neque taciti ullo modo præterire possumus pietatis, amoris, et obsequii significationes quibus ejusdem regni clerus, et populus nos prosequi nunquam destitit ex quo regnum ipsum attigimus.

Quamobrem in eam spem erigimur fore, ut, Deo bene juvante, Catholicæ illæ gentes Ecclesiæ, ejusque summi Pontificis communis omnium fidelium Patris causam præ oculis habentes ad civilem Apostolicæ Sedis principatum vindicandum, ad pacem, et tranquillitatem subditis nostris restituendam quamprimum accurrere properent, ac futurum confidimus, ut sanctissimæ nostræ religionis, et civilis societatis hostes ab urbe Roma, totoque Ecclesiæ statu moveantur. Atque id ubi contigerit, omni certe vigilantia, studio, contentione a nobis erit curandum ut illi omnes errores, et gravissima propulsentur scandala, quæ cum bonis omnibus tam vehementer dolere debuimus. Atque in primis vel maxime allaborandum, ut hominum mentes, ac voluntates impiorum fallaciis, insidiis, et fraudibus miserandum in modum deceptæ collustrentur sempiternæ veritatis lumine, quo homines ipsi funestissimos errorum, et vitiorum fructus agnoscat, atque ad virtutis, justitiæ, et religionis semitas, amplectendas excitentur, et inflammentur. Optime enim noscitis, venerabiles fratres, horrenda illa, et omnigena opinionum monstra quæ ex abyssi puteo ad exitium, et vastitatem emersa longe jam lateque cum maximo religionis, civilisque societatis detrimento invaluerat, ac debacchantur. Quas perveras, pestiferasque doctrinas inimici homines seu voce, seu scriptis, seu publicis spectaculis in vulgus disseminare nunquam intermittunt, ut effrænata ejusque impietatis, cupiditatis, libidinis licentia magis in dies augeatur, et propagetur. Hinc porro illæ omnes calamitates, exitia, et luctus, quibus humanum genus, ac universus fere terrarum orbis tantopere est funestatus, et funestatur. Neque ignoratis ejusmodi bellum contra sanctissimam nostram religionem in ipsa quoque Italia nunc geratur, quibusque fraudibus, et machinationibus terrimissius religionis, et civilis societatis hostes imperitorum præsertim animos a fidei sanctitate, sanaque doctrina avertere, eosque æstuantibus incredulitatis fluctibus demergere, atque ad gravissima quæque peragenda facinora compellere conentur. Atque ut facilius eorum consilia ad exitum perducere, et horribiles ejusque seditionis, et perturbationis motus excitare, ac fovere possint hæreticorum hominum vestigiis inhærentes, suprema Ecclesiæ auctoritate omnino despecta, plane non dubitant sacrarum Scripturarum verba, testimonia, sententias privato proprio, pravoque sensu invocare, interpretari, invertere, detorqueere, ac per summam impietatem sanctissimo Christi nomine nefarie abuti non reformidant. Neque eos pudet palam publiceque asserere, tum ejusque sanctissimi juramenti violationem, tum quamlibet scelestam flagitiosamque actionem sempiternæ ipsi

naturæ legi repugnantem non solum haud esse improbandam, verum etiam omnino licitam, summiſque laudibus efferendum, quando id pro patriæ amore, ut ipsi dicunt, agatur. Quo impio ac præpostero argumentandi genere ab ejusmodi hominibus omnis prorsus honestas, virtus, justitia penitus tollitur, atque nefanda ipsius latronis, et sicarii agendi ratio per inauditam impudentiam defenditur et commendatur.

Ad ceteras innumeras fraudes, quibus Catholicæ Ecclesiæ inimici continenter utuntur, ut incautos præsertim et imperitos ab ipsius Ecclesiæ sinu avellant, et abripiant, acerrimæ etiam, ac turpissimæ accedunt calumniæ, quas in personam nostram intendere, et comminisci non erubescunt. Nos quidem nullis licet nostris meritis illius hic in terris vicariam gerentes operam, *qui cum malediceretur non maledicebat, cum pateretur non comminabatur*, acerbissima quæque convicia in omni patientia, ac silentio perferre, et pro persequentibus, et calumniantibus nos orare numquam omisimus. Verum cum debitores simus sapientibus, et insipientibus, omniumque salutem consulere debeamus, haud possumus, quin ad præcavendam præsertim infirmorum offensionem, in hoc vestro consensu a nobis rejiciamus falsissimam illam, et omnium teterrimam calumniam, quæ contra personam humilitatis nostræ per recentissimas quasdam ephemeridas est evulgata. Etsi vero incredibili horrore affecti fuimus ubi illud commentum legimus, quo inimici homines nobis, et Apostolicæ Sedi grave vulnus inferre commoliuntur, tamen nullo modo vereri possumus, ne ejusmodi turpissima mendacia vel leviter offendere queant supremam illam veritatis cathedram, et nos, qui nullo meritum suffragio in ea collocati sumus. Et quidem singulari Dei misericordia divinis illis nostri redemptoris verbis uti possumus—*Ego palam loquutus sum mundo . . . et in occulto loquutus sum nihil.* Atque hic, venerabiles fratres, opportunum ducimus ea ipsa iterum dicere et inculcare, quæ in nostra præsertim Allocatione ad vos die 17 Decembris Anno 1847, habita declaravimus, inimicos scilicet homines, quo facilius veram, germanamque Catholicæ religionis doctrinam corrumpere, aliosque decipere, et in errorem inducere queant, omnia comminisci, omnia moliri, omnia conari, ut vel ipsa Apostolica Sedes eorum stultitiæ particeps et fautrix quodammodo appareat. Nemini autem ignotum est, quæ tenebrosissimæ, æque ac perniciosissimæ societates, et sectæ a fabricatoribus mendacii, et perversorum dogmatum cultoribus fuerint variis temporibus coactæ, et institutæ, ac variis nominibus appellatæ, quo eorum deliramenta, systemata, nolimina in aliorum animos tutius instillantur, incautorum corda corrumperent, ac latissimam quibusque sceleribus impune patrandis viam munirent. Quas abominabiles perditionis sectas non solum animarum salutem, verum etiam civilis societatis bono et tranquillitati vel maxime infestas atque a Romanis Pontificibus Decessoribus nostris damnatas nos ipsi juxta detestati sumus, ac nostris encyclicis litteris die 9 Novembris Anno 1846 ad universos Catholicæ Ecclesiæ Antistites datis condemnavimus, et nunc pariter suprema nostra Apostolica Auctoritate iterum damnamus prohibemus, atque proscribimus.

At hac nostra allocatione haud sane volumus vel omnes errores enumerare, quibus populi misere decepti ad tantas impelluntur ruinas, vel singulas percensere machinationes, quibus inimici homines,

et Catholicæ religionis perniciem moliri, et arcem Sion usquequaque impetere, et invadere contendunt. Quæ hactenus dolenter commemoravimus satis superque ostendunt ex perversis grassantibus doctrinis, atque ex justitiæ, et religionis contemptu eas oriri calamitates, et exitia, quibus nationes, et gentes tantopere jactantur. Utigitur tanta amoveantur damna, nullis neque curis, neque consiliis, neque laboribus, neque vigiliis est parcendum, quo tot perversis doctrinis radicitus evulsis, omnes intelligant, veram, solidamque felicitatem virtutis, justitiæ, ac religionis exercitio inniti. Itaque et nobis, et vobis, atque aliis venerabilibus fratribus totius Catholici orbis Episcopis summa cura, studio, contentione in primis est allaborandum, et fideles populi ab venenatis pascuis amoti, atque ad salutaria deducti, ac magis in dies enutriti verbis fidei et insidiantium hominum fraudes, et fallacias agnoscant, devitent, ac plane intelligentes, timorem Domini bonorum omnium esse fontem, et peccata atque iniquitates provocare Dei flagella, studeant omni cura declinare a malo, et facere bonum. Quocirca inter tantas angustias non levi certe lætitia perfundimur, cum noscamus quanta animi firmitate, et constantia venerabiles fratres Catholici orbis Antistites nobis, et Petri Cathedræ firmiter addicti una cum obsequente sibi Clero ad Ecclesiæ causam tuendam, ejusque libertatem propugnandam strenue conitantur, et qua sacerdotali cura, et studio omnem impendant operam, quo et bonos magis magisque in bonitate confirmant, et errantes ad justitiæ semitas reducant, et pericaces religionis hostes tum voce, tum scriptis redarguant, atque refellant. Dum autem has meritas, debitasque laudes ipsis venerabilibus fratribus tribuere lætamur, eisdem animos addimus, ut divino auxilio freti pergant alacriori usque zelo ministerium suum implere, ac præliari prælia Domini, et exaltare vocem in sapientia, et fortitudine ad evangelizandum Jerusalem, ad sanandas contritiones Israel. Juxta hæc non desinant adire cum fiducia ad thronum gratiæ, ac publicis, privatisque precibus insistere, et fidelibus populis sedulo inculcare, ut omnes ubique penitentiam agant, quo misericordiam a Deo consequantur, et gratiam inveniant in auxilio opportuno. Nec vero intermittant viros ingenio, sanaque doctrina præstantes hortari, ut ipsi quoque sub eorum, et Apostolicæ Sedis ductu populorum mentes illustrent, et serpentium errorum tenebras dissipare studeant.

Hic etiam carissimos in Christo filios nostros populorum principes, et rectores obtestamur in Domino atque ab ipsis exposcimus, ut serio, ac sedulo considerantes quæ, et quanta damna ex tot errorum ac vitiorum colluvie in civilem societatem redundant, omni cura, studio, consilio in id potissimum incumbere velint, ut virtus, justitia, religio ubique dominantur, ac majora in dies incrementa suscipiant. Atque universi populi, gentes, nationes, earumque moderatores assidue, ac diligenter cogitent, et meditentur, omnia bona in justitiæ exercitio consistere, omnia vero mala ex iniquitate prodire. Siquidem *justitia elevat gentem, miseros autem facit populus peccatum.**

Antequam autem dicendi finem faciamus, haud possumus, quin gratissimi animi nostri sensus illis omnibus carissimis, atque amantissimis filiis palam publiceque testemur, qui de nostris calamitatibus vehementer solliciti singulari prorsus erga nos pietatis affectu suas nobis oblationes mittere voluerunt. Etsi vero piæ hujusmodi largitiones

* Prov. xiv. 34.

non leve nobis afferant solatium, tamen fateri debemus, paternum cor nostrum non mediocri angustia, cum summo opere timeamus, ne in tristissima hac rerum publicarum conditione iidem carissimi filii suæ in nos caritati nimium indulgentes, largitiones ipsas proprio etiam incommodo, ac detrimento facere velint.

Denique, venerabiles fratres, nos quidem investigabilibus sapientiæ Dei consiliis, quibus gloriam suam operatur, plane acquiescentes; dum in humilitate cordis nostri maximas Deo agimus gratias, quod nos dignos habuerit pro nomine Jesu contumeliam pati, et aliqua ex parte conformes fieri imagini passionis ejus, parati sumus in omni fide, spe, patientia, et mansuetudine acerbissimos quosque labores, ærumnas perferre, atque ipsam animam nostram pro Ecclesia ponere, si per nostrum sanguinem ipsius Ecclesiæ calamitatibus consulere possemus. Interim vero, venerabiles fratres, ne intermittamus dies, noctesque assiduus, fervidisque precibus divitem in misericordia Deum humiliter orare, et obsecrare, ut per merita Unigeniti Filii sui omnipotentis suæ dextera Ecclesiam suam sanctam a tantis, quibus jactatur procellis, eripiat, utque divinæ suæ gratiæ lumine omnium errantium mentes illustret, et in multitudine misericordiæ suæ omnium prævaricantium corda expugnet, quo cunctis ubique erroribus depulsis, cunctisque amotis adversitatibus, omnes veritatis, et justitiæ lucem adspiciant, agnoscant, atque occurrant in unitatem fidei, et agnitionis Domini nostri Jesu Christi. Atque ab ipso, qui facit pacem in sublimibus, quique est pax nostra, suppliciter etiam exposcere numquam desinamus, ut malis omnibus, quibus christiana republica vexatur, penitus avulsis, optatissimam ubique pacem, et tranquillitatem facere velit. Ut vero facilius annuat Deus precibus nostris suffragatores apud eum adhibeamus, atque in primis sanctissimam immaculatam Virginem Mariam, quæ Dei mater, et nostra, quæque mater misericordiæ, quod querit invenit, et frustrari non potest. Suffragia quoque imploremus Beati Petri Apostolorum Principis, et Coepostoli ejus Pauli, omniumque Sanctorum cœlitum, qui jam facti amici Dei cum ipso regnant in cœlis, ut clementissimus Dominus eorum intervenientibus meritis ac precibus fidelem populum ab iracundiæ suæ terroribus liberet, semperque protegat, ac divinæ suæ propitiationis abundantia lætificet.

CAPTURE OF ROME BY THE FRENCH.

AFTER endless delays, and repeated bombardments of the walls of Rome, the French are at last masters of the Holy City, and have proclaimed Pius IX. as its sovereign.

About nine o'clock on the 29th of June a thunderstorm, with very heavy rain, came on, which lasted till nearly midnight. This seems to have had the effect of throwing the Roman troops off their guard; for shortly after twelve o'clock a body of the French infantry escalated the bastion immediately to the left of the gate of St. Pancrazio, against which the fire of their breaching batteries had for so many days been directed. Two columns of attack, one from the trenches in front, and another from the rampart already in possession of the former, rushed forward at the same moment, at three o'clock in the morning, and, after a sharp struggle with the garrison, secured a firm footing. The position was defended by 1200 men, who fought for

a few minutes with desperation; but the blood of the French soldier was up after so long a delay before the place, and all opposition was borne down. Four hundred of the garrison were bayoneted on the spot, and 230 prisoners taken; the French losing at the same time 60 killed and probably 100 wounded.

The third regiment of Roman infantry was entrusted with the defence at this point; but its officers abandoned their post, and the men, of course, followed their example. They form part of the old Pontifical troops, and are supposed to bear a better liking to his Holiness Pope Pius IX. than to the Roman Republic. However it was, the French made themselves masters of this bastion, and immediately proceeded to entrench themselves in it under the guidance of their engineers. Not only this, but several companies of their light infantry surprised the Villa Spada, lately occupied as Garibaldi's headquarters, a house lying between the fountain of the Acqua Paola and the gate of St. Pancrazio. The French were thus in possession of the line of wall from this gate to the south-western angle of the Trans-everine face; and the interior line of entrenchments constructed by the Romans within the walls was menaced, and perhaps rendered untenable. However, at five p.m., June 30, a courier arrived from the city at the camp with a despatch from General Roselli to General Oudinot, communicating to him the following resolution, voted by the National Assembly in the course of the same day:—

In the name of God and the People.

The National Assembly declares that all further resistance is impossible.

The Triumvirate are charged with the execution of the present decree.

Rome, June 30.

In the course of another hour or two a second courier arrived, with a request on the part of the Municipality of Rome that a deputation from that body might be received by the Commander-in-chief. The Municipality at the same time stated that the city was ready to surrender at once, provided that General Oudinot would undertake that the French Government should recognise the Roman Republic. This condition was, of course, inadmissible; and two days appear to have been spent in negotiation. At length, on the 3d of July, the French troops entered Rome, the city surrendering at discretion.

General Oudinot, without delay, sent the keys of the city to the Pope at Gaeta, who returned the following reply:

Monsieur le Général,—The well-known valour of the French troops, supported by the justice of the cause which they defended, has reaped its fruit—its just and due victory. Accept my congratulations for the chief part which you have played in this event—congratulations not for the blood which has been shed, which my heart abhors, but for the triumph of order over anarchy, for the liberty restored to honest people and Christians, for whom it will no longer be held as a crime that they should enjoy those bounties which God has bestowed on them, and now they can celebrate his worship with religious pomp, without incurring the risk of life or liberty. With respect to the serious difficulties which may eventually occur, I confide in the Divine protection. I think that it may be useful that the French envoy should be made acquainted with the history of the events which have passed during my pontificate. You will find these events recorded in the allocution, of which I forward several copies, that you may distribute them to whomsoever you may think fit. This document will

afford proof that the French army have triumphed over the enemies of the human race, and this triumph should therefore awaken sentiments of gratitude in the heart of every honest man in Europe and the whole world. Colonel Niel, who brought me your highly honoured letter, and the keys of one of the gates of Rome, will be the bearer of this.

Garibaldi, with about 4000 men, marched out of Rome the day previous to the entrance of the French. On the first day of the occupation, several assassinations took place, in consequence of which General Rostolan, who had been appointed Governor of Rome by General Oudinot, issued a proclamation, containing the following articles :

1. All meetings in the public ways are forbidden, and they shall be dispersed by force.
2. The "retreat" shall be beaten by nine in the evening, and all circulation in the city shall cease at half-past nine, and all places of reunion shall then be closed.
3. Such clubs as, contrary to the proclamation of the General-in-Chief, may not yet be closed, shall be shut by force, and the most rigorous course shall be directed against the proprietors of the places where they may be held.
4. All violence, all insults towards our soldiers, or the persons who communicate quietly with them, and all attempts to interfere with the appointments of the army, shall be instantly punished in an exemplary manner.

5. Medical men and public functionaries shall alone pass freely during the night, but they must be provided with a free pass from our military authorities, and be accompanied from post to post to the place of their destination.

The Constituent Assembly has been dissolved *de facto*. The members, on arriving at their usual place of meeting, found it guarded by soldiers. Prince Canino exhibited his insignia to the officer in command, who laughed in his face. The President then protested, but was not listened to. On the 6th, proceedings were instituted to discover the murderers of Count Rossi.

Mazzini, it is said, has taken refuge on board the British steamer the Bulldog. Prince Canino has arrived in France.

THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT AND THE FRENCH INTERVENTION IN ROME.

A MASS of correspondence respecting the affairs of Rome has been presented to both Houses of Parliament. The following are the most important passages of the series :

Viscount Palmerston to the Marquis of Normanby.

(Extract.) Foreign Office, Jan. 5, 1849.

In regard to the present position of the Pope, I have to observe, that no doubt it is obviously desirable that a person who, in his spiritual capacity, has great and extensive influence over the internal affairs of most of the countries in Europe, should be in such a position of independence as not to be liable to be used by any one European power as a political instrument for the annoyance of any other power; and in this view it is much to be wished that the Pope should be sovereign of a territory of his own.

On the other hand, if it be admitted as a general principle, that questions and differences between the people and the sovereign of each State should be left to be settled by those parties without the interference of any foreign armed force, it is not easy to see, in the peculiar position of the Pope with regard to his subjects, what should make the Roman States an exception to this general rule.

The main circumstance in which the relations be-

tween the Pope and his subjects differ from the relations which subsist between other sovereigns and their subjects is, that the Pope does not reign either by hereditary right or by the choice of the people whom he governs, but that he is elected by the College of Cardinals, a body which is not in its constitution national, which is, I believe, self-elected, and of which about half are not natives of the State for which they choose the sovereign.

These circumstances would seem to render it the more incumbent on the Pope to give to his subjects the requisite securities for good government, and these circumstances would also appear to render it the less justifiable for any foreign powers to use armed interference in order to assist the Pope in maintaining, if he were so disposed, a bad system of government.

In a second letter, dated January 28th, Lord Palmerston views with much regret the proposal of Austria to France for a military restoration of the Pope, and advises negotiation :

With respect to the attitude which Great Britain would in any case assume in regard to these affairs, your Excellency will say, that the attitude of this country would be that of observation, and that Great Britain could take no part in such matters beyond expressing, if it should appear to be necessary, the opinion which her Majesty's Government might entertain thereupon.

Again, on March 9th, he says :

Foreign Office, March 9, 1849.

Although Great Britain has not so direct an interest as France has in the ecclesiastical and political questions which arise out of the present relations between the Pope and the people of the Roman States, the British Government, nevertheless, cannot view those matters with indifference. Great Britain is indeed a Protestant State, but her Majesty has many millions of Catholic subjects; and the British Government must therefore be desirous, with a view to British interests, that the Pope should be placed in such a temporal position as to be able to act with entire independence in the exercise of his spiritual functions.

Prince Castelcicala to Viscount Palmerston.

London, Feb. 2, 1849.

The afflictions suffered by the Supreme Pontiff, an exile from his capital and sheltered at Gaeta, are a source of just sorrow to the Catholic world, and they produce an anxious and universal desire to see his Holiness promptly restored to his former independence and dignity.

Under such circumstances, the Government of Madrid has judged fit to take a step wholly Catholic; it has proposed the meeting of a Congress, in order to regulate definitively the serious questions of Rome. For this object it has invited the Governments of France, Austria, the Two Sicilies, Portugal, Bavaria, Sardinia, and Tuscany, in all of which the dominant religion is the Catholic; and it has indicated Madrid, or any other Spanish city on the shore of the Mediterranean, as the possible site for the conferences.

The Duke of Rivas, Ambassador of Spain at the court of the Two Sicilies, in a letter dated the 2d day of January last, informed his Sicilian Majesty's Government of the above circumstances.

In the mean time his Holiness, to whom the same information has been communicated through the proper diplomatic channel, observed that it was more expedient that the congress should be assembled near his person, as principally interested in the matter. He observed that Madrid, or any other Spanish city, would be perhaps remote and unsuitable to the urgency of circumstances, and to the indispensable rapidity of communications; and he instructed his Nuncio at Madrid to communicate these observations to the Spanish Government.

The King of the Two Sicilies has applauded the noble idea of a congress, whose object would be to restore to

the head of the Catholic Church the independent exercise of his elevated and sacred functions. But, with respect to the site for the conferences, in conformity with the wishes expressed by his Holiness, he has offered Naples as the place of meeting; Naples, which is now the most tranquil of the cities of Italy, which is very near to Gaeta, and which has at this time residing in it the majority of the Cardinals of the Sacred College, and of the most distinguished personages of the Court of Rome.

His Sicilian Majesty has, moreover, thought necessary, and he formally demands, the participation of England, Russia, and Prussia in the said congress; the presence of those great powers being strongly demanded in a discussion which (besides the very important object of religion) may have a powerful influence on the political circumstances and on the harmony of the Two Sicilies and of all Italy.

CASTELCICALA.

To the above, Lord Palmerston states in reply:

That the Government of his Sicilian Majesty only does justice to the Government of her Majesty, in supposing that her Majesty's Government would feel great pleasure in contributing, as far as they might properly be able to do so, to bring about such an amicable arrangement of the differences existing between the Pope and his subjects, as might enable the Pope to return to Rome, and might also restore permanent contentment and tranquillity to the Roman States.

Her Majesty's Government, however, have not received any specific application on this subject from the Pope; and until such application is made, they are unable to say what steps, if any, her Majesty's Government might think it expedient to take in regard to these matters.

We subjoin the remainder of Lord Palmerston's despatch, addressed, March 9th, to Lord Normanby:

The present condition of the relations between the Pope and the people of his States has been looked at with deep solicitude by her Majesty's Government. It would have been the earnest wish of her Majesty's Government, both on general principles and with reference to the particular circumstances of the case, that the differences between the Pope and his subjects should have been adjusted by negotiation, either between the Pope and his subjects directly, or by means of the interposition of friendly powers. A direct negotiation between the Pope and his subjects seems now to have been rendered impossible by the course of events at Rome, and by the tendency of those counsels which, there is reason to think, are suggested to the Pope by the persons who surround him at Gaeta. But her Majesty's Government did not see, even in the recent occurrences at Rome, any reason for giving up the hope that the diplomatic interposition of friendly Powers might still, without any actual employment of military force, bring about such a settlement of differences as would enable the Pope to return to Rome and to resume his temporal authority; and her Majesty's Government, deprecating as they do, on principle, the employment of a foreign military force to settle internal dissensions in a State except in extreme and peculiar cases, would greatly rejoice if the Powers to whom the Pope has now appealed for assistance to extricate him from his difficulties, were to try the effect of their moral influence at Rome, before they resorted to any other more active measures.

It seems to her Majesty's Government, that a strong and unanimous manifestation of the opinion of those Powers in support of order on the one hand, and of constitutional rights on the other, would bring to reason the minority who now exercise paramount authority at Rome; and would give courage and confidence to the majority who have been hitherto intimidated and overborne; and if Great Britain had been invited to be a party to these negotiations, and if an invitation to that effect had been accepted, such would have been the

course which her Majesty's Government would have recommended that the parties to the transaction should pursue.

Her Majesty's Government have learnt with much pleasure that France has been included in the invitation addressed by the Pope to some of the Catholic Powers, requesting them to take an active interest in the present condition of his affairs; and her Majesty's Government hope that if there is to be a concert among any of the Powers of Europe in regard to those affairs, the French Government will not decline the invitation to be a party thereto. There are many very obvious reasons why in several points of view it would be desirable that these matters should not be disposed of without the participation of France.

Your Excellency says that the French Government would have preferred that Sardinia should have been invited to take part in these deliberations. Her Majesty's Government are entirely of the same opinion.

The participation of Sardinia would mitigate the foreign character of the negotiation; and if a contingency were to arise which should lead to the employment of any military force within the Roman territory, Piedmontese troops would for many evident reasons be better suited for such purpose than the troops of Austria, or of any State not belonging to the Italian peninsula.

The opinion, then, of her Majesty's Government upon the points on which the Government of France has wished to have it is, that it would be desirable that France should be a party to the proposed deliberations, and that Sardinia should take part in them also; that it would be desirable that every endeavour should be made to bring about a settlement between the Pope and his subjects by negotiation and by moral influence before resorting to the employment of force; and that one condition of the reinstatement of the Pope ought to be, that he should engage to maintain in their main and essential provisions the constitutional and representative institutions which he granted to his subjects last year.

The Apostolic Nuncio to the Marquis of Normanby.

Paris, March 6, 1849.

M. le Marquis,—In consequence of the serious events which have succeeded each other at Rome, the Holy Father has found himself under the necessity of addressing to the Powers friendly to him a formal invitation to co-operate for the re-establishment of the authority of the Pontifical Government, as the only means of checking the anarchy which oppresses the States of the Church; and I am desired by express order from his Holiness to transmit herewith to your Excellency the copy of a note from his Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State, and to request you to bring it under the notice of her Britannic Majesty's Government, and to unite with it your good offices for the accomplishment of the objects which the Holy Father has in view.

His Holiness hopes to find in the dispositions of the friendly Powers an effectual assistance which may satisfy the wishes and the reiterated prayers of an immense majority of his faithful subjects, all asking to be relieved from the violence and oppression to which they have been subjected by an audacious and impious faction.

The Holy Father, who has been much affected by the interest and sympathy which her Majesty the Queen of England, your august Sovereign, has been pleased to shew for him in the letter which she addressed to him in the month of January last, is encouraged by the hope that her Majesty's Government, which takes a lively interest in the order and peace of Europe, will be pleased, under the present circumstances, to co-operate in the best manner in order to put a stop to a state of things so detrimental to the general peace and to the happiness of nations, and to support with their powerful influence the co-operation claimed for the re-establishment of the legitimate power of the Holy Father, whose independence is more than ever necessary for the exercise of his authority in the Catholic world.

I request that you will have the goodness to transmit

my communication, as soon as possible, to your Government, and that you will accept, &c.

(Signed) R. ARCHBISHOP OF NICÆA,
Apostolic Nuncio.

Viscount Palmerston to the Marquis of Normanby.

Foreign Office, March 27, 1849.

My Lord,—I have received your Excellency's despatch of the 8th instant, transmitting to me the copy of a note which your Excellency had received from the Apostolic Nuncio, enclosing the copy of the note which has been addressed by Cardinal Antonelli to the representatives of all friendly Powers, requesting them to co-operate for the purpose of re-establishing the Papal authority at Rome.

I have to instruct your Excellency to say to the Nuncio, that her Majesty's Government have received, and have attentively considered, the communication which he has made to them through your Excellency, and that you are instructed to express to him the deep regret with which her Majesty's Government have witnessed the differences which have arisen between the Pope and his subjects, the assassination of Count Rossi, the departure of the Pope from his capital and states, and the proclamation of a Republic at Rome.

The British Government is for many obvious reasons not desirous of taking an active part in any negotiations which may result from the application which the Pope has addressed to some of the Catholic Powers of Europe, whose territories are nearer than Great Britain in geographical proximity to the Italian peninsula. But the British Government will be much gratified if the result of those negotiations should be, such a reconciliation between the Pope and his subjects as might enable the former, with the free good-will and consent of the latter, to return to his capital, and there to resume his spiritual functions and his temporal authority. But it is the opinion of her Majesty's Government that such a reconciliation could scarcely be effected, or, if effected for the moment, could never be permanent, unless the basis upon which it was founded were to be, that the Pope should engage to maintain the constitution and representative system of government which he granted last year to his subjects, and unless the separation between the spiritual authority and the temporal powers and institutions of the State were so clearly and so distinctly established, as to put an end to those manifold grievances which the mixture of the spiritual with the temporal power has for so long a period of time produced in the Roman States.

The great importance of admitting laymen to administrative and judicial functions in the Roman States was pointed out to the late Pope by the memorandum presented in 1832 to the Roman Government by the representatives of Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia; and the events which have happened since that time, not only in the Roman States, but in the rest of Europe, have tended to make it still more important that such a reform should be carried out into full and complete execution.

Your Excellency will give the Nuncio a copy of this despatch.—I am, &c.

(Signed) PALMERSTON.

MOUNT ST. BERNARD, CHARNWOOD, LEICESTERSHIRE.

No small excitement has been raised in the neighbourhood of Ashby-de-la-Zouch and Loughborough in consequence of a publication which has recently issued from a printer's shop at Birmingham, entitled, *Narrative of Six Years' Captivity and Sufferings among the Monks of Mount St. Bernard, Charnwood Forest, Leicestershire*. The facts on which this narrative is founded were stated to have been furnished by one "William Thomas Jefferys," who professed to have been the sufferer in question. The compilation of the

work is ascribed to Mr. Nayler, Churchwarden of Wednesbury, near Birmingham, who had taken Jefferys under his protection, shewn him kind treatment, and having heard his story, had given it to the world. The Rev. Mr. Crewe, Catholic priest of Bilston, having procured the Abbot's denial of the truth of *any one statement* in the book, then published an address to that effect to the inhabitants of Wednesbury. But nothing was of any avail; and it was therefore deemed advisable that one of the Brothers of the Community should go to Wednesbury, see the impostor, and, if possible, undeceive Mr. Nayler. The Brother who went was the Guest-Master of the house, who, from various circumstances, had every reason to believe that this Jefferys was a person who had been relieved at the monastery about three months ago, and entertained there for two days, stating himself to be the son of a well-known gentleman of fortune, and anxious to be instructed in the Catholic faith. The mere appearance of the man, and his method of expressing himself, were sufficient at once to condemn him as an impostor, and as such he was considered during his two days' stay at the monastery. But his indigence was considered a title to relief, and, having been fed and lodged, the gentleman whose son he professed to be was addressed immediately by letter,—the reply to which stated how glad the reputed father would be to punish him as he deserved. Jefferys then went off to Loughborough, representing himself as a monk escaped from the duration of the monastery, and from thence to Leicester, having procured money on all sides from those who were deceived by him. His plans, however, did not thoroughly take effect until he went to Wednesbury and fell in with Mr. Nayler.

The Guest-Master being at Birmingham on his way to Wednesbury, called upon the printer, Mr. Ragg, who stated himself entirely convinced that an imposition had been practised upon him. The Guest-Master then went with Mr. Mayer, the Catholic bookseller of Birmingham, to the house of Mr. Nayler, and having seen the man Jefferys, at once identified him as the same impostor who had been at the monastery in the winter. Mr. Nayler being still incredulous, it was agreed that he should come on the following days to Mount St. Bernard with Jefferys, and Mr. Ragg the printer.

An investigation followed, in the presence of Mr. Ambrose Philipps of Grace Dieu, Mr. Cole, a Protestant clergyman, and many others, at Mount St. Bernard. Jefferys was there,—forced to prove his own guilt, being unable to identify a single person in the monastery, or to shew the rooms in which he said he had been confined. He ultimately confessed the imposture, and being afterwards prosecuted at Stafford as a rogue and a vagabond, by Messrs. Ragg and Nayler, was committed to gaol and hard labour for three months.

THE CHOLERA AT PARIS.—THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.—A Sister of Charity writes from Paris, on the 15th inst., to one of her sisters at Limoges, a touching letter, from which the following extract is given by the *Ami de la Religion*:—"Since the month of March up to the present, *forty-one* of our sisters have fallen victims in our different houses. We have just attended the burial of the *forty-second*. But there are many consolations: our poor sick shew so much submission; they

ceive with so much love the words of religion and the sacraments of the Church! Far from repelling the ministry of the priests, they on the contrary eagerly demand it, in spite of all that has been said and done to render the priests odious to them."

We quote from the same source the following interesting passage from a letter dated Boulogne:—"Last week our churches were thronged with people, daily invoking the compassion of God, and seeking to appease his anger, who were punished but to recall us to ourselves. To-day, the population of the Portel, decimated by cholera, came, at the expiration of a Novena which had been exactly fulfilled by all, to thank in concert the Holy Virgin for the disappearance of the scourge. It was a moving spectacle to behold those rugged brows, which the storms have never made to turn pale, bent

reverently before Him who calms the ocean and holds the treasures of life in his hands."

MARSEILLES.—Ever since 1720, Marseilles has celebrated by a votive procession the cessation of the terrible plague which so cruelly devastated that city. Up to this day, the vow of de Belzunce has been religiously fulfilled on Friday, the day of the Sacred Heart, chosen for the pious anniversary. From age to age, generations have transmitted the details and the ceremonial of the fête, for which the faithful display all the pomp of the Church, and for which the preparations employ a crowd of little industrial occupations. This year, the surprise and regret of the city has been great, on learning that the municipal authorities have prohibited the procession of the Sacred Heart from taking place.

Historic Chronicle.

PARLIAMENT has been busily occupied during the whole of last month, but without much result; motions having been made, debated, and dismissed, more of the session wasted, and, as it nears the end, a large number of bills being thrown overboard. Disraeli has made a brilliant Protectionist speech, but without any other result than taking up the attention of the House for two nights; while the Opposition in the Lords have vigorously but unsuccessfully attacked their opponents. They have, however, succeeded in considerably altering the Irish Poor-law Bill.

As was expected, the House of Lords have rejected the Jew Bill. The influence which the Bishops enjoy there on all religious matters, although in secular questions their opinion is sometimes treated with but little reverence or courtesy, has always sufficed to raise up a strong opposition to any thing encroaching on Anglican supremacy; while there is a large number of peers who, though they would not incur the responsibility of causing a change of ministry in the present position of parties, yet view the existing Government with feelings of dislike and distrust. The Jew Bill having been lost on the second reading by a majority of 95 to 70, excited therefore but little surprise among its promoters; Rothschild accepting the stewardship of the Children Hundreds but to be immediately re-elected for the city of London by a majority of two to one over his opponent, Lord John Manners.

Colonial affairs have been again brought before the House of Commons. Sir W. Molesworth shewed that even in those colonies which possess free legislative institutions the influence of the Colonial Office, through its nominees in the Council, is paramount; and that, from the multifarious objects to which the Colonial Secretary has to attend, and his filling that office but for a comparatively short space of time, nothing like a definite plan of government could be carried out. He proposed a Royal Commission to investigate the principles upon which colonial administration ought to be based, so as to establish a fixed standard for the guidance of the Colonial Office. The Government, while assenting to some of the facts, opposed the remedy; Lord John Russell saying that the absence of fixity of principle in the management of both colonial and foreign affairs was one of the prices we must pay for the power exercised by public opinion. The motion was negatived by 163 to 89.

A motion of Mr. Drummond for a general revision of taxation, though opposed by Ministers,

was carried by a small majority; but this can scarcely be called a ministerial defeat, the House having been but a thin one.

But the most interesting debate of the month has been that on the Irish Protestant Church. Mr. Osborne, in moving for a committee of the whole House upon Irish temporalities, made a speech almost exclusively composed of extracts from the former speeches of men now in office. Sir George Grey, not being able to falsify his own statements, owned the justice of the plea, but defended the present order of things on the ground that there was great difficulty in the way of settling Church property in Ireland, and the Catholic hierarchy had refused to accept an endowment. Mr. Page Wood, a member and stout upholder of the Anglican Church, supported the motion, but gave a sketch of another plan: "He would say to the Established Church—'Since the emancipation of the Catholics, the pale is broken down. You never were the Church of the nation; you were only the Church of the pale. You and your ministers shall be provided for. You may have your Bishops, and you shall be in as favourable a position as the Church of Rome—you shall choose them yourselves; but the State will no longer recognise you as the State Church. You shall have a portion of the endowments you now possess; but a portion of them shall be applied to meet the general spiritual wants of the whole nation.'"

In the discussion on a grant of 12,000*l.* to the new Colleges in Ireland, Lord John Russell stated that the President had prepared certain regulations which he thought likely to satisfy Catholics.

A speech of Sir R. Peel at a city banquet has had the effect of bringing his colonisation scheme prominently before the Corporation of London, who have held a Court of Common Council "to consider the propriety of purchasing estates and waste lands in Ireland, with a view to cultivate and improve the same, so as to benefit Ireland and give employment to its people, and at the same time secure to the Corporation a return of the capital to be invested, with interest, and to adopt such measures thereon as the Court may deem expedient." A letter was read from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to the Lord Mayor, expressing "the feelings of satisfaction, he could almost say of delight, with which he heard of the project. He would not recommend the investment of English capital in the manner contemplated, did he not conscientiously believe it would be remunerative. He thought such an invest-

ment could not fail to be profitable. The most minute and accurate information on every matter connected with land, population, and local expenditure, exists in Dublin, and should be placed at the disposal of the Corporation Committee. The assistance of every official person in Dublin should be freely given, and no effort of his own should be wanting in the furtherance of a project which he hoped was about to be realised by the Corporation of London." On the motion of Mr. D. W. Wire, it was resolved to appoint a Ward Committee to inquire into and report on the whole subject. Such a committee was accordingly appointed; consisting of the Lord Mayor, fourteen Aldermen, and twenty-nine Common Councillors.

During the last month Cholera has been greatly on the increase in Great Britain, 439 having died of that disease in London alone, in the week ending July 14th.

The announcement that the Queen intends visiting Ireland immediately after the prorogation of Parliament, coupled with the prospects of an abundant harvest, has dissipated much of the despondency which had so long characterised all classes in Ireland. A melancholy event, however, has happened near Castlewella, shewing that party feeling still runs as high as ever. A body of Orangemen going in procession to Tollimore Park, the seat of Lord Roden, determined to pass through Dolly's Brae, a pass *tabooed* to Protestant processions by immemorial Catholic tradition. This the Ribandmen determined to oppose. Possession was taken by a military force, so that when the Ribandmen came, to the number of 1500, mostly armed, they found it occupied. After much negotiation between the officer in command and the people, and the interference of two Catholic priests, the Ribandmen promised not to fire on the Orangemen, from whom also similar promises were obtained. The Orangemen traversed the pass unmolested, the soldiers crowning the heights, while the Ribandmen lay in ambush behind the houses and trees. The latter spent the day in firing at marks, in drilling and manœuvring, but towards evening retired to a hill a mile from the pass. They again promised their clergy that they would not be the aggressors; but the military followed, and took up a commanding position. On the return of the Orange party they retraversed the pass in safety; but on reaching the hill, from one side or the other a squib was fired, which was followed by a discharge of musketry by the Ribandmen, and the fight became general; the police dislodged the Ribandmen, but the military did not interfere. After the dispersion of the peasantry, the Orangemen discharged hundreds of shots in all directions, and fired several houses, in which some people perished. A number of men were killed and wounded, and many prisoners taken by the police. Great blame has been attached, both in and out of Parliament, to the local authorities, for not prohibiting the procession; and Government has promised a searching investigation into the conduct of the Orange chiefs, among whom are many men of rank and influence.

All the news from France confirms the victory of the Government, and betokens a great change in public opinion. The Moderates have been

returned in all the supplementary elections at Paris, while the authorities seem adopting vigorous repressive measures to secure their victory.

The Prussians have gained a victory over the insurgent Badish and Bavarians; but the rebellion is not yet suppressed, a large number of the revolvers remaining in possession of the fortress of Rastadt, which seems able to stand a regular siege.

An armistice has been concluded between Denmark and Germany; previous to which the Danes made a sortie from the fortress of Fredericia, where they had been long almost inactive, and, assisted by a large number of troops, whom they had concentrated by the aid of their ships, drove the besiegers from their positions, and captured nearly all their artillery and two thousand men.

A general amnesty has been granted in Spain to all political offenders, in consequence of which many of the Carlist refugees at present staying in England will return to their native country.

The accounts from Hungary are most contradictory. The Hungarians seem to be slowly retiring; but whether through defeat or strategy it is impossible to say.

The American news chiefly consists of accounts from California, which fully confirm the almost incredible reports of the scarcity, disease, and riches which exist there. The General in command says, writing to the home government, "I pay 5000 dollars a-year for where I live, and it would make but a poor toll-house for a country bridge. I pay my servant 100 dollars a-month, and am afraid I shall not be able to keep him from going to the diggings. All the rest have left me. Hundreds die around me unheeded. The ex-president Polk has died, and the cholera is greatly on the increase; but the most painful part of the news from America is that caused by the very steamer which brings it. On the 27th of June, the weather being very foggy, the steamship Europa ran down the American bark Charles Bartlett, which had sailed from London a few days previously; out of 163 passengers, and a crew of 14, only 43 were saved.

NOTICE

To Subscribers to the Rambler.

In order to meet the convenience of some of our Country Subscribers, who wish to receive their copies of the RAMBLER by post, and at as low a cost as possible, a Quarterly Edition of the Journal will for the future be issued, on the first days of January, April, July, and October, and comprising the current and two immediately preceding Monthly Numbers. They will be stitched together in one wrapper, and thus be sent by post for Sixpence only, in addition to the selling price of Four Shillings and Sixpence.

Each Monthly Number of the RAMBLER contains so large a quantity of matter, that three such numbers are nearly equal to two numbers of the ordinary Quarterly Reviews. The Quarterly Edition will thus be by far the cheapest quarterly publication in the kingdom, giving to its readers for 4s. 6d. nearly as much matter as others give for 12s.

The first Quarterly Part of the RAMBLER, containing the Monthly Numbers for May, June, and July (which commence the Fourth Volume, now in progress), is now ready, and will be forwarded on application to the Publisher, or by any Bookseller in Town or Country.

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PART XXI.

FOUR YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION :

WITH OBSERVATIONS ON ITS EFFECTS UPON THE CHARACTER, INTELLECTUAL, MORAL,
AND SPIRITUAL.

BY A LATE MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

[Concluded from p. 233.]

IN recording my personal experience of the influence of the doctrines of Catholicism, and the remarks I have been able to make upon their influence on other Catholics, it may be as well to commence by stating the general character of that sense of relationship to the invisible world which the Catholic religion professes to work in the mind, with an efficacy peculiarly its own.

I must remind the Protestant reader, then, that the Catholic Church claims to possess a power of communicating to her children a certain definite spiritual gift, which she terms *faith*, by which a pious Catholic is not only morally certain of the truth of all Catholic doctrines, and contemplates the actual spiritual realities which those doctrines speak of, as realities, and not as mere opinions, figments of the human mind, or logical deductions, having no existence apart from the reasonings which prove them. This faith she professes to communicate originally at baptism, and to restore, when lost after baptism, by a worthy participation in the sacrament of penance. It is the result of that indwelling of the Holy Ghost in the soul, which accompanies baptism in the case of all infants whatsoever, and of all adults who receive baptism with the proper dispositions. In infants it begins its work the moment the dormant intelligence awakes to life and thought; so that as fast as external teaching communicates to the growing mind the various dogmas of Christianity, so fast does the youthful Christian grasp them with the confidence of a living faith, and regard them not merely as the private opinions of its teachers, but as the word of God, and as positive, existing, and ever-present, though invisible, realities.

What, then, ought we naturally to expect to find to be the consequence of a reconciliation to the Catholic Church in the case of a person who, though rightly baptised (probably) in his infancy, and thus made a member of the Catholic Church,* has grown to manhood in

schism, perhaps in mortal sin, and certainly without partaking in those ordinary means of grace which Jesus Christ has appointed for keeping alive and maturing this great gift of faith which he received at his baptism? In such an individual, even if he has not forfeited his baptismal grace by mortal sin and wilful disobedience to the true Church, yet nevertheless the power of faith will be fearfully weakened, his hold upon religious truths will be feeble and trembling, and he will have become, if not like a blind man, at least like one whose eyes are dim, or who gropes his way along by the aid of the faint, flickering light of a half-extinguished lamp, instead of walking freely and courageously in the broad blaze of day. Consequently, if the pretensions of the Catholic Church be well founded, and such a person be really re-admitted to the possession of this mysterious and wonder-working gift, he will necessarily perceive (if he be at all given to watch the phenomena of his own mind) that he has literally acquired a new faculty, that the unseen world has become to him what it was not before, and that the range of his intellectual vision is not only far wider, but far keener and more sure, than while he continued a member of any Protestant communion.

And such I have no scruple in declaring to be the case with myself, and with every person with whom I have conversed on the subject, and who was capable of instituting the necessary investigation into the processes of his own

Roman Church teaches that *every* infant who is rightly baptised, whether by a Catholic, a member of the Church of England, by a Dissenter of any denomination, including Socinians, or even by a Jew or Pagan, and whether by a man, a woman, or a child, is thereby regenerated and made a member of the *Roman Catholic Church*; and baptism is rightly conferred when the person baptising pours water upon the person baptised, or immerses him in water, at the same moment that he utters the words, "I baptise thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," having himself the intention of doing that which Jesus Christ commanded when He instituted the ordinance of baptism. The private opinions of the person who baptises have nothing to do with the efficacy of the baptism, which depends simply upon his intending to do what our Lord commanded, whatever that was.

* The Protestant reader will bear in mind that the

mind. And I am speaking, be it observed, not of those instances in which the convert has been undeniably a mere devotee of this world's vanities before his conversion, and in which it would be natural that invisible things should produce a totally new impression upon him, simply from the fact that now he is earnest, while formerly he was heedless of his soul, of eternity, and of God. I am examining the state of those who for years and years before their conversion have been labouring to the very utmost of their powers, and with all apparent sincerity, to save their souls and to do the will of God; who by constant prayer, meditation, mortification, and study, have striven to realise the mysteries of the Gospel, so far as they knew of them, and to preserve in their thoughts an unceasing and vivid recollection of the tremendously momentous nature of that world which is unseen, but of whose existence they are convinced by irrefragable demonstrations of reasoning. Presuming, then, though most humbly, to hope that such was my own case while I was still a member of the Church of England, I cannot but be conscious that by submitting to the Church of Rome, and entering her pale, I *have* received a fresh and extraordinary accession to my powers of believing in the truths of Christianity and Catholicism, and of habitually regarding the objects of faith as living, eternal, ever-present realities. To a certain extent I believe that this increase came upon me at once, the moment that I was reconciled to the Catholic Church; but as the feelings at such a time are naturally highly excited, it is almost impossible for a person to analyse correctly the processes of his own intelligence, either at the hour itself when the change in his circumstances takes place, or for some lengthened period afterwards, during which the novelty of all that is around and within him produces effects upon the reason and the imagination which may be easily mistaken for purely spiritual results, which they have no real claim to be.

Judging, therefore, by what I have perceived to be the *permanent* result upon the mind, I venture to say that I have found the promises of the Catholic Church to be strictly fulfilled, and that reception into her bosom does confer upon the intelligence a power both of resting with undoubting certainty upon the declarations of the Church, and of realising the presence and various attributes of the invisible world, to an extent to which I was previously an utter stranger. That which before I found an unconquerable difficulty, I now find to vanish before a well-directed effort of the will. Those duties which before presented a repulsive and awful aspect, commend themselves to my inclinations with a sweetness and attractiveness which enchain the better portion of my whole being, however violently the evil propensities of nature at times may rebel. Those Catholic doctrines, such as transubstantiation,

the invocation of saints, the efficacy of the intercession of Mary, the reality of purgatory, the value of vicarious suffering and of the indulgences granted by the Church,—these and other such dogmas, of the *truth* of which I was firmly convinced before I even thought of actually becoming a Catholic, but which I found it impossible to *realise*, with all the efforts I made, in accordance with the convictions of my reason,—all these have naturally become to me as truly a part of the eternal realities of the existing world, as the globe on which we dwell, the stars above our heads, or the bodies with which we find ourselves clothed. I am not saying whether this is, or is not, enthusiasm, mysticism, self-deception, or any other product of the morbid action of an excited imagination; I only allege, that after instituting the calmest inquiries into my internal consciousness, and contrasting what were my past with what are my present sensations, and again, comparing the operations of my mind towards the invisible world with its operations towards the visible, I have come to the experimental conviction, that the promise of the Catholic Church, that she will confer a new spiritual faculty upon the soul, is *not* a delusion, but that we actually *are* in possession of a mysterious power,—call it instinct, call it power of vision or contact, call it inward consciousness, or what you will,—which enables us to live on from hour to hour, under an habitual impression of the reality of the being and attributes of God, of eternity, of heaven, hell, and purgatory, and of all the varied objects of the Catholic's faith, and which I am equally convinced is *not* possessed by conscientious Protestants, as such, whatever may be their creed, or whatever their struggles to obtain it. Baptised children, who are nominally Protestants, but really Catholics, are of course in possession of this gift; and its results are so marvellous, that observant Protestants constantly contrast the facility with which their children realise the truths of religion with the difficulties they themselves experience in piercing through the veil which hides God and eternity from their gaze. Nor do I presume to allege, that Almighty God may not, in his overflowing mercy, in certain exceptional cases, bestow upon religious separatists, who are in invincible ignorance, such an extraordinary effusion of his grace, as may open their eyes, with all the clearness of Catholic faith, to the mysteries into which natural sight cannot pierce. The Catholic Church expresses no opinion as to individuals who are without her pale, and teaches nothing respecting subjects which are *not* revealed. But that the mental power of living in an habitual sense of the presence of God, and of realising the truths of revelation, which is possessed by ordinary Protestants, even the most orthodox and the most devout, is at all to be compared with that which is the treasure of every sincere Catholic, I believe to be a purely gratuitous as-

sumption, which will be denied by every person who, like myself, knows both Protestantism and Catholicism by his own experience and trial.

And the more observations I am enabled to make upon the mental condition of other Catholics, of all ages, ranks, and degrees of intelligence, the more numerous are the proofs I discover of the truth of what I have stated. Wherever I meet with a man or a woman, an ecclesiastic or a layman, who is even tolerably attentive to his duties as a Catholic, I perceive the same facility of believing all that the Church teaches, and of recognising Christian doctrines, not merely as the statements of well-proved opinions, but as matters of fact. One and all, they plainly shew that to their minds the great mystery of existence is cleared up; the blindness which darkens the eyes of man by nature is in their case cured. The three Persons in the blessed Trinity, the divinity and humanity of Jesus Christ, the heaven in which the Mother of God and his other Saints are now interceding for them, the hell in which the reprobate are punished for ever, the purgatory in which the imperfect souls of those who love God are purified before admittance into heaven, the real presence of Jesus Christ in his glorified body in the consecrated eucharistic species, the actual communication of pardon to the penitent in the sacrament of penance, the possession of miraculous powers by the existing Church of the present day, the benefit conferred on the departed faithful by the prayers of the living, the reality of that spiritual help which sincere prayer infallibly brings down from God into our souls;—all these things are clearly to the Catholics whom we daily associate with, not mere doctrines or opinions, but *things*, which they no more practically forget in action, than they forget that there are twenty-four hours in the day, and that a man must eat and drink in order to live. This, I repeat, is to be observed, not only in our greatest Saints, in men and women whose whole lives are given up to prayer and meditation, or to serving Christ in the persons of his poor, but in every commonplace Catholic who has any pretensions to be sincere, and to practise heartily that religion which he professes to believe. They have manifestly received a revelation from God. The heavens have been opened to them, and they are as men who see in the midst of a blinded race.

At the same time, let it not be supposed that I mean that the Catholic is not as subject as any human being to that difficulty of fixing the *attention* upon invisible things, which forms one of the sore trials of our present state. Like the Protestant, at one time he finds it easy to withdraw his thoughts from secular objects, and, with an undivided thoughtfulness, to concentrate the powers of his mind upon the affairs of his soul; at another, with all the efforts he makes, with all the iron energy of an indo-

mitable will, he experiences an almost absolute helplessness of thought, when he would meditate, pray, or calmly adore his Almighty Lord. His difference from the Protestant consists in this; that while the latter, when he *has* fixed his attention on the subject which he desires, finds his soul still chained down to earth, by the want of some faculty of believing without doubt, and of contemplating unseen *things*, as well as of believing certain doctrinal statements; the former, even when his attention is most obstinate in refusing to be fixed, yet experiences no difficulty in recognising the infallible truth of his creed, and in acting *towards* the objects of his faith with the same facility of energy with which he conducts himself towards what he sees with his bodily eyes. The devout Protestant will not dispute what I say, when I allege that so soon as he can disengage himself from the entanglement of his own inward thoughts, feelings, emotions, and convictions, and go directly out of himself, and fix his attention solely upon objective realities, apart from his own ideas, he is conscious of an awful, dreadful, distressing sensation of intellectual helplessness, which chills his fervour, daunts his energies, and throws him back, again and again, upon secular objects, as the only things which are really *sure*, the only things on which he knows he cannot be mistaken. If he is in any degree a thinking and candid person, and willing to subject the views in which he has been brought up to the test of rigid proof, the consciousness of the miserable deficiencies of *any* proofs which he can rely upon repeatedly tortures and agitates him, and he feels as if he would give the world only to be convinced on irrefragable grounds that he is not trusting to a delusion of his own brain. And when he is least troubled with this consciousness of the sandy basis on which he is standing, and directs all his efforts to prayer, meditation, and contemplation of divine things, still he feels like one who is shooting arrows into the dark, and aims he knows not where. He stands, as it were, upon the edge of a beetling precipice; before him is the vast, immeasurable expanse of ether, but all overspread with a dense and impenetrable gloom; he would fain look and see *what* is the mighty landscape that he knows lies spread beneath his feet, who are its inhabitants, to whom he shall call for aid, and where he shall be received when he descends into that boundless region; but in vain he strains his eyes to see, and his ears to catch some clear response to the voice of his cry; here and there a light gleams for a few moments, and he thinks all will be manifest,—but it is gone, and the darkness seems blacker than before; sounds—musical, wild, unearthly—float upwards upon the breeze, and then all is still; and he remains cold, trembling, hoping, fearing; and returns to his own thoughts, to his dry, unsatisfactory knowledge, to reason, to argument, to

self-inspection, as the only means that remain for learning the mysteries that refuse to unfold themselves to his sight.

With us all is different. Our difficulty lies in fastening our attention, and in that alone. The cares and the pleasures, the sorrows and the joys, the excitements and the occupations, of secular life, distract and harass us; while physical weakness occasionally renders all purely mental exertion almost impossible to our enfeebled brain; so that it is at times with considerable difficulty we can enchain our minds, and force our thoughts to be obedient to our will, and pray or meditate with a perfect recollection and composure of spirit. But whensoever we can do this, even in the slightest degree, and if it be only for a few occasional moments in which we force our thoughts away from the excitements which would enslave them, then do we find all clear and open to our intellectual gaze. We are not agitated by doubts; we *know* that we are right; the more we reflect, the more complete is the reasoning on which our religion is based; and the more we test it in practice, the more satisfactorily does it commend itself to our minds, and the more powerful do we find that faculty of faith which we have received. If the whole visible earth and heavens were in a moment to vanish from before our eyes, and God and his Saints and Angels were to appear before us, astounded, awe-struck, and humbled to the dust as we should be, our souls would instantly recognise the ineffable sight as the glorious manifestation of what we had ever been beholding by faith; it would be the very same world of beauty, majesty, and holiness, in whose presence we had been living, while it was still hidden from our carnal vision.*

As especially connected with this feature in the Catholic's practical condition, I may here advert to what I have found to be the real place which the forms and ceremonies of religious worship hold in the Catholic devotions. It is commonly believed that the externals of religion are accounted of far more importance by Catholics than by Protestants; and that we are practically dependent upon the accessories of public functions for the warmth of our religious feelings, in a very excessive degree. Music, painting, architecture, sculpture, incense, vestments, bodily postures, and symbolical ceremonies, are popularly conceived to be almost essential to a Catholic's prayers; or, at

any rate, to be esteemed by us of a value wholly inconsistent with the spiritual character of all true worship. Now, that we think more of them than *many* Protestants do, I most readily admit and maintain. We consider that any *voluntary* neglect of external propriety and decency in the worship of God is a token of the absence of heartfelt love and devotion to his service. We say that it is the very law of our being, that where the heart is truly engaged, we should shew, by our outward posture, gestures, and language, that it is so; just as no man who had a request to make of another, would commence it by turning his back upon him.

Further, we maintain that Christianity leads man to offer the best of all that he possesses to the visible service and honour of his God and Saviour; that as by nature we offer gifts to those we love on earth, not so much for their personal advantage, as for a token and expression of our affection for them, so, by grace, man, redeemed and regenerated, consecrates to the Almighty offerings of all that he himself holds most choice and beautiful, of all that costs him most labour and thought, of all that the loftiest genius can devise most perfect and most lovely. Thus, we say that a gorgeous public function, in which every art and science unite to complete a magnificence such as will captivate the most cold and satisfy the most severe, is but the natural *expression* of the love of the Christian's heart towards Him who gave him all that he enjoys.

Again, it is a Catholic maxim, that outward circumstances, whether ceremonies, music, forms of prayer, or postures of the body of the worshipper himself, act upon the mind within, assist it in its endeavours to realise the truths of religion, and form, in a subordinate sense, channels by which the Spirit of God excites, controls, and strengthens our purely spiritual devotions. All these principles I have found to be recognised by Catholics of every class, as elementary facts in human nature, and not to be rejected without a violation of the laws of common sense and philosophy, as well as of those of ecclesiastical regulation and devout feeling. So far, therefore, it is eminently true that Catholics think more of the externals of religion than most Protestants.

But at the same time, judging both from myself and from what I see in other Catholics of every class, I perceive that Catholic devotion stands far *less* in need of these aids than does Protestant devotion; and that when circumstances compel us, we can dispense with every thing that is outward and visible in our worship of God, with a facility and even a joy, which, to those who know us not, will appear incredible. And not only so; but even when we are in possession of every delightful and appropriate accessory to our devotions, we at

* It will be of course understood that I am not here asserting that the Catholic does not experience those temptations against faith, whether in Catholicism as the only true Christianity, in Christianity itself as a divine revelation, or in the being and goodness of God himself, which are the natural results of human infirmity, and of the snares which the devil places before our minds. These are, however, but temptations, and nothing more; and except when deliberately entertained or yielded to, affect only his lower nature, not touching his regenerate will, or preventing his offering to God the same homage of faith and obedience which he offers at those times when he is most free from such assaults and delusions.

all times think of them, and rest upon them, and put ourselves out of the way in order to enjoy them, so marvellously little, that at times the Catholic almost seems utterly regardless of the common propriety of outward appearances. As far as my experience teaches, persons who have been brought up Catholics can hardly understand the importance which some Protestants attach to the outward forms of devotion; they as naturally dispense with them, when called to do so, as they employ them when occasion offers. They do not refute the common charge of formalism which Protestants bring against them, for the best of all reasons, that they are hardly conscious that it is brought. That religion should *consist* in outward forms, in words, in postures, in rubrics, in ceremonies, or even in fasting and bodily mortification, seems to the Catholic such a palpable absurdity, that he cannot conceive how deeply the Protestant world is convinced that Catholicism is a religion of ceremonies and external acts.

Let the question be put to any average Catholic; let him be asked whether he cannot pray without an image or picture before him, without crossing himself or touching holy water, without being in a particular posture, without using one particular form of words, without being in one particular place; let him be asked whether he thinks prayer consists in saying words, and not in the direction of the thoughts and heart to God; and he will laugh at the person who supposes him capable of such childish and anti-Christian folly, and hardly believe that any man who has the slightest idea of what religion is, should suppose him guilty of such a perversion of the first elements of Christianity. I can most conscientiously declare, for my own part, that I have found the influence of the Catholic system to be such, that while it enables me to spiritualise, so to say, every outward religious form, and to infuse a living meaning alike into the most simple and the most elaborate ceremony; at the same time it has conferred on me a practical power of being independent of all external aids to devotion, when circumstances make them virtually impossible. So far from finding splendour, good taste, refinement, architecture, painting, music, more necessary than before to keep alive the spirit of devotion, and to act as wings on which the soul may mount up from earth to heaven, I have found them far less necessary, or rather, in honest truth, not necessary in the slightest degree.

And what I personally experience, that I see in every one else around me. I see persons, who, while they were members of the Anglican communion, were the loudest in insisting upon the immense importance of splendour and ceremonial in the public worship of God, and who were distracted and tormented in their prayers by every casual violation of strict

propriety, rapidly passing from this slavish condition to a spiritual power and freedom of soul, and enabled to rule instead of being in bondage to outward circumstances. Observers, who are strange to the inward life of Catholic devotion, would be amazed at the extraordinary facility which Catholics possess in praying at all times and in all places, in the midst of noise, and bustle, and movement, which would be utterly fatal to all collected thought in themselves. I would that they who think we are formalists, and abject devotees to that splendour with which we delight to surround our great religious celebrations, would accustom themselves to visit Catholic churches and chapels at various hours in the day, or to associate with Catholics in familiar domestic life. I can assure them, that they would perceive that the soul of the devout Catholic repeatedly communes with her Lord in heaven, with a directness, an energy, and a warmth of feeling, which makes her independent of every thing visible and audible around her, and enables her to pray amid scenes where the best of Protestants would find prayer a simple impossibility. In no one thing is the contrast between a Catholic and a Protestant church more striking than in this, that the former is a place in which persons are seen to pray naturally, at all hours and in all circumstances; during the regular public service, before it begins, after it is over, in union with the officiating priest, or independently of him, in a crowd, in solitude, while the turmoil of workmen fills the air, while a choir or an organist are practising music, while Catholic strangers are reverently walking about, while Protestant strangers are staring and lounging, on a Sunday or a week-day, for ten minutes in the midst of a walk, at a few hurried intervals while the necessities of business cause incessant interruptions, with a book or without a book, standing, sitting, or kneeling, as bodily strength or accommodation may permit;—in every possible circumstance, and under every conceivable disadvantage, a Catholic church displays men, women, and children at prayer, absorbed in their own thoughts, insensible of all that passes around them, and filled with the consciousness that they are in the presence of their God.

Especially is this power of approaching Almighty God at all times in heartfelt prayer to be noticed in churches where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved in the tabernacle upon the altar. The instantaneous and spontaneous homage which the soul of every Catholic pays to the Presence of his Lord in the consecrated species, must indeed be personally experienced in order to be adequately comprehended. It is a thing which cannot be explained in words. How it unites awe with love, fear with tenderness, reverence with joy, and obedience with childlike freedom; how it naturally silences the voice to a whisper, bids the foot tread

gently upon the floor, bends the knee in adoration, and fills the whole soul with a sense of the greatness of God, the blessedness of redemption, and the hatefulness of sin;—all this must be felt to be understood. No tongue can describe it, as nothing but the indwelling grace of the Holy Ghost can confer it. All that can be done is to remind the non-Catholic inquirer, that we have a doctrine which teaches us, that Jesus Christ, the incarnate Son of God, resides day and night upon our altars, imprisoned, as it were, through the excess of his love, and waiting every moment that passes to shed his boundless blessings upon every heart that comes to visit Him in penitence and affection; and to assure him that this is no empty, unpractical dogma, but a belief which is beyond expression dear to our souls, and which exerts an incessant practical influence in those places where He thus resides, to which every sincere Catholic mind delights to yield.

Here, too, I must add a word respecting that singular notion which Protestants entertain with regard to the supposed Catholic rule, that we should always pray in a set form of words, learnt by heart, or read from a book. That Catholics discountenance extempore public prayer in an *assemblage* of persons, except in peculiar circumstances, is most true; and the reasons why they do so will commend themselves to every person of common sense. But that the Catholic is taught to pray only in fixed forms of words in his closet, or even while he is joining in the public services of the Church, is as unmixed an untruth as ever proceeded from anti-Catholic prejudice. Every thing I ever read in a Catholic book, every thing I have ever heard since I became a Catholic, unites in teaching a doctrine the very reverse of this common accusation. I never met with a spiritual treatise which did not expressly declare, that in our secret devotions it is of the utmost importance never to check the free aspirations of the soul to God by any rigid conformity to the forms we ordinarily use; that the best prayers are those which, we may trust, are inspired by the Holy Ghost at the time we pray; and that we should have habitual recourse to set forms only because the human mind is weak and ignorant, and cannot at all times express itself fitly in its own phrases, or recollect all the details in which it is right that it should pray, and praise, and adore, and intercede. Written prayers are to the Catholic a kind of skeleton for his devotions. He is taught to clothe them, precisely as his own personal love and necessities require, with those petitions, those phrases, those prolonged meditations, or those arrow-like ejaculations, which are the natural fruit of his own personal feelings and thoughts. The greatest masters in the spiritual life, while they advise an amount of prayer and meditation during the day which few Protestants would not think outrageously excessive, at the same

time furnish written prayers of the briefest possible character, rather subjects for prayer than actual devotions, and modelled upon the principle on which we may humbly conceive that our blessed Lord himself modelled the prayer He taught us, when He said, "*Thus therefore shall you pray.*"

In immediate connexion with the power of faith in the realities of the invisible universe, it will be natural to state the influence of Catholicism upon the general relationship of the heart towards its God and Saviour. And if I have found that the popular ideas of this influence are deficient in the points to which I have already alluded, still more radically false have I found them in all that pertains to the *feelings* of man towards his Maker. The common opinion of Catholicism is, that its natural result is a sense of mingled slavery and presumptuousness; that it obscures the essentially *filial* relation of man redeemed to his almighty Lord; that it makes religion consist in a sort of bargain between God and man, in which the former sells and the latter purchases heaven by his good works; that it substitutes superstitious dread for reverent fear, and self-trust for self-sacrifice and humility; that it almost obliterates the perfectly gratuitous character of the gift of redemption; and that the very last thing which would enter into a Catholic's mind is to teach and believe that *love* for God is all in all.

In replying to this idea, I first meet it simply with a direct negative in every one of its parts. I speak the opinion of myself and of every Catholic of whose opinions I have any knowledge, when I assert that the feeling of bondage, or slavery, does not enter for a moment into our habitual frame of mind. Strict and absolute as are our ideas of duty, of the necessity of penance, of the value of suffering, they do not in the slightest conceivable measure interfere with that sense of our filial relation to our almighty and all-holy God which lies at the very foundation of our spiritual life, and which pervades our every thought, word, and deed. If there is any one result of reconciliation to the Church which the convert finds more striking than another, it is the sense of reconciliation to *God* through the merits of Jesus Christ, and of the transcending greatness of his love and mercy towards us. We know not what it is to be *afraid* of Almighty God; we see nothing in Him which is not sweet, attractive, touching, and inviting, even to the most abominable of sinners. We fear Him, as every creature must fear its Creator; but we are unconscious of any feeling of being driven from Him, or of having duties imposed upon us which it is impossible to perform. Our confidence in Him is boundless; whatever our sins, whatever the enduring obstinacy of our own evil nature, we know that we only add to our guilt by keeping away from Him and by doubting his mercy. We have but one cause of dread, the know-

ledge of the deceitfulness of our own minds, and of the possibility that, after all our prayers and our efforts, we may still be cheating ourselves, and imagining that we love God, while in reality our hearts are estranged from Him. Peace is so emphatically our possession, that, contrasted with what we perceive to be the general condition of conscientious Protestants, I do not hesitate to say that no man knows what peace with God really is until he enters the fold of the Catholic Church.

The doctrine of the absolute necessity of doing penance for our sins, though forgiven—of making satisfaction for them, after their eternal punishment has been done away with through the atonement of Jesus Christ, either by sufferings in this life or in purgatory, is supposed to be incompatible with that deep sense of joy and happiness which the Bible tells us that Christians reap from their sense of reconciliation to God. And so it will naturally seem to those whose minds are not impressed as ours are with a sense of the awful nature of sin, and of the strictness of the divine law; but nevertheless, theorise as people may, the knowledge that all sin, though forgiven, demands suffering as a satisfaction for its guilt, either here or hereafter, does *not* interfere with the fulness of the Catholic's gladness and peace, or for one moment cloud that sunshine which the hope of seeing God in heaven produces in his soul. For myself, the longer I experience, and the more calmly I examine into, the effects of the doctrine of satisfaction upon the peaceful serenity of the Christian heart, the more clearly do I perceive, the more thankfully do I acquiesce in, its perfect harmony with the boundlessness of that pardon which the death of Christ has procured for all men. And all Catholics say the same thing. Ask them, if you doubt my words, whether the knowledge that purgatory awaits them if they die with one stain of sin remaining on their souls, embitters a single hour of their lives, or calls forth a single murmur against the justice of God who demands such a satisfaction at their hands?

Again: this same doctrine of the value and necessity of suffering, as an expiation of sins which are yet at the same time forgiven, is supposed to foster a notion that man can atone for his own guilt towards God, and to be derogatory to the perfectness of that sacrifice which our blessed Lord offered up for us on the cross. As I am not engaged in an exposition of what Catholic doctrines really are, but in relating their practical influences upon the mind, I shall not stay to shew that they who bring this accusation are entirely ignorant of the true nature of the doctrines they condemn, but rather call the reader's attention to the matter of fact, which he may ascertain for himself by making the inquiry of any Catholic who attends to his religious duties. For myself, I can most truly allege, that whatever

might have been my suspicious of the tendency of the doctrine of satisfaction while I was still a Protestant, no one thought has ever crossed my mind *since* I was a Catholic which tended to disparage the infinite value of the atonement of the eternal Son of God; nor has it ever entered my thoughts to esteem the sufferings of any creature whatsoever as of the slightest value, except that which they *received* from the sufferings and merits of Jesus Christ. Candid Protestants suppose that an intelligent and religious Catholic preserves himself from falling into all kinds of abominations by a perpetual balancing of one doctrine against another, by watching the effect of each separate dogma upon himself, and preventing it from producing that pernicious result which they suppose that it would naturally work if left to itself. Thus, they conceive that the doctrines of human satisfaction and of the perfectness of the atonement of our blessed Lord are naturally antagonistic to one another, and that Catholics are in perpetual peril of sliding into a state of mind which dishonours the mediation of Christ, and makes man his own redeemer. The practical result, on the contrary, shews that this fear is a mere illusion. Every Catholic who knows what the doctrines of his Church really are, is literally unconscious of any such antagonism in his own bosom. I can most solemnly protest, that so far from having found my sense of the *infinite* value of the atonement of Christ encroached upon by my belief in the doctrines of satisfaction and penance, I find that the very reverse is the case. Since I have become a Catholic, my conceptions of the boundlessness of the merits of our blessed Lord, and the utter nothingness of all man's merit, except as communicated from the merits of the sacrifice of the cross, have wonderfully enlarged and deepened, and become unceasingly habitual, and have entered into my every thought, work, and feeling, to such an extent, that the honour I formerly paid to the one atonement of the Eternal Son was comparatively a divided homage and an ignorant faith. And I am not speaking mere rhetorical words, or indulging in controversial exaggeration, when I add that, from all I have learnt and observed since I became a Catholic, I am convinced that the *only* persons in this country who truly realise the infinite value of the sacrifice of Calvary, and who depend upon that sacrifice alone for *every thing* that they possess and every thing they hope for, are the children of the Catholic Church. The incredulous Evangelical or Anglican may smile, and count this a mere effusion of angry declamation; but, on the word of an honest man, I assure them, that could they experience for one single day what are the habitual thoughts, feelings, prayers, and acts of a conscientious Catholic, they would admit the truth of what I say, when I repeat, that the ineffable perfections and meritoriousness of the death of Jesus

Christ, and the complete and never-ceasing natural helplessness and worthlessness of man's works, are comprehended and accepted in the Roman Catholic Church alone.

Such also is unquestionably the practical influence upon the mind of the Catholic doctrines of free-will and the merit of good works. It is the doctrine of the Church that, though we can do nothing whatsoever that is good, not even think a good thought, without the aid of the Holy Spirit of God, yet that, in order to be saved, our will, when set free by grace, must co-operate with the Divine influence, or we shall continue lost in sin. And further, she teaches that it pleases Almighty God, in his infinite condescension, to treat our *good* deeds as meritorious, and to reward them with eternal life, although they are from first to last the work of his Spirit within us, and although, even if we were to become literally sinless, we should be for ever and ever unprofitable servants. And it is commonly supposed that, even granting these doctrines to be true, yet their *tendency* is to conceal the nothingness of man's deeds, to obscure the glory of the atonement offered for our sins, to make us forget the positive sinfulness and infirmities which cling to our holiest thoughts and actions, and to foster a spirit of audacious pride, which makes us think that we are purchasing salvation with a certain payment of our own, and that we do not from first to last owe *all* to the mercy and goodness of God. The most candid Protestants are suspicious of the urgency with which these things are inculcated by Catholic preachers and writers; they are conscious that in their own minds there is an incessant tendency to self-trust, to forgetfulness of their own nothingness and helplessness, and to a distrust of the unlimited promises of spiritual aid which God makes to those who believe. The purely gratuitous character of our salvation, from first to last, is a truth which, though they know to be true, they feel the greatest difficulty in realising. They imagine that the only way by which a Christian can be preserved from this idolatry of self is by a perpetual *balancing* of one doctrine with another—by setting the doctrine of the atonement *against* the doctrine of human merit, and the omnipotence of God *against* the feebleness of man. When, then, they see Catholics never dreaming of this perpetual qualification of truths, but insisting upon each separate doctrine as if it alone were the whole truth of the Gospel, they are staggered and confounded; they cannot conceive how such things can be done, without baneful mischief to the religious character, without fostering the most unchristian sentiments in those who are guided by such rash and careless teaching.

Again, a similar pernicious consequence is attributed to our belief in the efficacy of the intercession of the Saints. I am speaking, of course, of what is supposed by Protestants of

ordinary sense and charity, who are aware that the Catholic does not positively worship the blessed Virgin Mary as God, and that we depend on her prayers, and on those of other saints, simply as prayers offered up for us by our fellow-creatures now in glory. As to those who regard Catholics as necessarily idolaters, polytheists, or such like, I have nothing now to say to them. Their fanatical blindness must be cured, if cured at all, by other means besides calm and rational argument. But it is notorious that, from the most ultra-Romanising Anglican down to the mere shrewd observer in the non-religious world, it is received as an undoubted axiom, that the Roman doctrine and practice with respect to the blessed Virgin and the Saints is *naturally* antagonistic to the doctrine that there is but one essentially meritorious Mediator between God and man. Our very best friends are persuaded that, in order to avoid idolatry, we are forced to be ever explaining away some portion of our creed; that Catholic devotion sways, as it were, from side to side, now verging on a neglect of the Saints and doubts of the advantages to be derived by praying to them, now in imminent peril of dishonouring Almighty God and of depending upon creatures for salvation. It is supposed to be impossible that we should hold any one dogma of our Church in its perfect fulness, or carry it out uncompromisingly to its legitimate consequences, without violating some other article of our faith. In a word, Catholic practice, when good and religious, is believed to be a system of checks and counterbalancing, like the British constitution, in which king, lords, and commons have each a separate interest and separate tendencies, and act together (to use a mathematical phrase) by a composition of opposing forces, just as the earth is kept in its place in the solar system.

This, then, is that striking and universally true fact which I have learnt since I became a Catholic,—that while all other religions are kept from falling into the chaos of infidelity or the madness of fanaticism by such a balancing of their elements as I have described, the nature of Catholic truth is precisely and in every respect the reverse. The result of my personal experience, and of what I see all around me, is a conviction, which every day gains fresh strength, that the Catholic system of doctrine is the only self-consistent scheme of faith in existence. Day by day, and hour by hour, as we practise its rules and act upon its dogmas, the more amazing and divine does its wondrous harmony appear. Throughout its vast range we can detect no one solitary doctrine or custom which may not be carried out fearlessly, energetically, and incessantly to its utmost consequences, and leave no trace of injury to the perfection of the spiritual life. They have but to be correctly *understood*, and there is no shadow of danger of their leading us astray. So far from interfering with one

another, or balancing one another, they are rather each a part of all the rest, a consequence of the rest, an eternally logical deduction from the rest. You cannot touch one of them with irreverent hand, without wounding the susceptibility of the remainder. You cannot doubt the truth of one of them without a measure of unbelief in every one that remains. They act together upon the soul, as friends, not as rivals; their interests, so to say, are one, not many; not only *do* they not serve to antagonise one another, but they *cannot* do so; the more vividly the soul realises one of them, the more brilliant is the light which beams out upon her from all the rest; the more deeply and fervently she meditates upon each separate truth, the more profound is her perception of the truth and glory of the whole system, the more keen her appreciation of its descent from the eternal throne of God.

No man, I repeat, can *be* a consistent Catholic, and not learn to smile at the simplicity which accounts the honour we pay to the Saints to be a derogation from the incommunicable majesty of God. No man can love and honour Mary the mother of Jesus as we love and honour her, without feeling that the more he loves her the more he loves her Son and her Lord, and the more he honours her, the more overwhelming is his sense of the distance which separates her from Him whom she bore. The whole mass of objection, censure, pity, and fear, which the Protestant feels for the Catholic, vanishes like a morning mist when the soul once finds herself *within* that communion whose creed presents such an incomprehensible enigma to those who are without her pale. He perceives at once that he has come into a state in which the apostle's words are fulfilled in a sense of which before he little conceived, "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." Such, with literal exactness, can I declare to be the influence of the Catholic system on those who are within it. I am now unconscious of the very existence of any of those chains which in former days hampered and bound down my intelligence and moral nature. I find myself in the midst of a system which is eminently what I should expect from a revelation of the eternal nature of God; a system, not of servitude but of freedom, in which I am not called to set up one article of my creed against another, to be ever fretting myself with anxiety lest—oh, monstrous supposition!—*truth* lead me into *error*; or to exercise my private critical faculties upon the general spirit which, from its foundation, has animated and ruled the communion to which I belong, in order that I may be wiser than my fathers, and discover doctrines as scientific people discover facts in electricity or geology. I find that all I have to do is to throw myself, with all my powers, into the creed and practical system which is around me—without hesitation, without worldly cau-

tion, without nervous fear lest it fail me or lead me astray; and the more vigorously, deeply, and humbly I do this, the more does its surpassing beauty, its perfect unity amid boundless variety, its harmonious action, and its logical self-consistency, strike upon my mind, and satisfy every aspiration of which my soul is capable.

And the reader may assure himself that in saying this I am but putting into shape and words the consciousness of tens of thousands of his fellow-countrymen. I challenge him to appeal to any tolerably intelligent person among those who have left Protestantism for Catholicism, who may be intellectually capable of explaining the phenomena of his own mind, and to ask him whether I have in the slightest degree overstated the fact when I say, that the various doctrines of Catholicism cohere by mutual relationship, and not by mutual antagonism—that they are one, as the demonstrations of geometry and algebra are one, because each depends for its very existence upon the rest; and not as a system of rules devised for a secular institution or society, by balancing one another, and by correcting one another, under the severe supervision of some external authority, which has power to enforce submission to every rule, and to see that no one regulation is stretched beyond the intentions of its framers. The inherent unity of Catholic doctrine is as complete as that visible ecclesiastical unity which it enjoins on all who obey it.

After touching on one or two more features in Catholic belief and opinion which demand a brief notice, I shall now bring my remarks to a conclusion. The first refers to that excessive credulity and superstitious delight in the marvellous which the unbelieving or philosophic observer imputes to members of the Roman Church. It is imagined that *generally* throughout the Catholic Church there exists an absurd disposition to believe that every little event which is in the slightest degree removed from the run of every-day occurrence is miraculous; while among the more educated classes, however devout they may be, there is a practical disbelief in many things which authority countenances in the vulgar. The *popular* Catholic feeling is supposed to be grovelling, debased, and superstitious to a frightful extent. What, then, is the fact, so far as I have been myself able to judge?

In the first place, it cannot be denied that, among Catholics, as among all mankind, there exists an immense variety of personal character, and that in such a matter as credulity or incredulity, this variety in natural penetration displays itself with especial force. Consequently, we meet with Catholics who, the moment any event is reported to be miraculous, instantly believe that it is so; and we meet with others who are morbidly sensitive to the peril of false belief, and refuse to be convinced

that any thing supernatural has taken place, even upon the most undeniable testimony. But that the former class are confined to the poor and uneducated, and the latter to the rich and cultivated, I absolutely deny, as I equally deny that the general scepticism in the supernatural which the world attributes to *educated* Catholics has the slightest foundation in fact. Doubtless, men who are Catholics only in name—who were brought up Catholics, but by their lives plainly shew that they have no religion at all—delight to display their superiority to what they call the vulgar follies of priests and pious fools. We have Catholics in every rank, from the highest to the very lowest, who are never so pleased as when they can mock at the silliness of a devout believer in the powers of relics, in the gift of healing, or the reality of demoniacal possession. In the peerage and the poorhouse alike, these miserable self-convicting scoffers are to be found; but they are invariably distinguished, not by the superior keenness of their intellects, for they never rise beyond second-rate or third-rate abilities, but by the laxity of their lives, the infrequency of their prayers, and the unwillingness with which they yield to the rules of the Church even that *minimum* of obedience which she exacts under penalty of virtual excommunication.

Among good Catholics, of whatever rank, I have found but one general belief prevailing respecting things professing to be supernatural. All hold the same principle; all believe that miracles are wrought in the present day, sometimes rarely, sometimes frequently; all believe that special graces are sometimes connected with material objects, such as pictures, images, relics, and various devotions. The only variations I have seen have arisen from the difference in different persons' ideas as to what constitutes a sufficient proof that supernatural interference has taken place in any one given instance. Those who know how easily men are deceived in all things, and what great discrimination is necessary to separate the miraculous from the merely marvellous, are naturally most cautious in giving credence to the reports of miraculous events which they hear from time to time; but then they are equally cautious in *denying*, without investigation, that any thing supernatural has really occurred. Others, deeply impressed with the reality of that Divine presence in the Church which can at any moment burst through the ordinary laws of nature, and little experienced in the follies, the ignorance, and the hastiness even of good men, are prone to give an instant assent to every extraordinary story they hear, and, through fear of doing wrong in denying a miracle where it really exists, rush headlong into the equally irrational extreme, of believing a miracle to have *certainly* occurred whenever it is barely *possible* for such a thing to have taken place. Still, the principle is the same

in all alike; all repudiate with horror the feeling which Protestants attribute to educated Catholics. The only distinction that exists among them is in the degree of evidence they require before giving their absolute assent.

That the clergy, and especially the highest authorities in the Church, are in the habit of encouraging an irrational and superstitious belief in the supernatural, so far as my experience goes, is utterly untrue. I have no hesitation in saying, that the whole spirit of Catholic Church *authority* is to throw the greatest doubt upon every professed miracle or marvel, and to refuse approval to any such reports, until searching inquiry has been made. Not that this is done with a feeling of unbelief, but from a sentiment of caution and prudence, from a knowledge that the *safe* side is to leave every private individual to entertain any opinions he chooses, and to lend the sanction of judicial authority only to extraordinary and undeniably proved cases.

I have also found that the *importance* which is attributed to miracles among Catholics is very different from what would popularly be supposed to be their feelings on the subject. They are as far as possible from feeling that nervous, excited interest in every miraculous story which is characteristic of a superstitious disposition. They take a miracle, when even proved beyond a doubt,—to use a common phrase,—wonderfully *coolly*. They see nothing extraordinary or startling in it. They think it quite natural that such things should occasionally occur, and can see nothing astonishing in our blessed Lord's fulfilling his own promises. They feel a deep *interest* in them, just as astronomers are especially interested in the discovery or the return of a comet; they are edified, and their devotions are powerfully quickened. They are not morbidly anxious to talk about them, to boast of them, to relate them to Protestants, to see the persons who have been their subjects. They view them as an integral portion of the vital phenomena of the Church; as consolations to the faithful, rather than as arguments to unbelievers; and to be received with thankfulness, rather than sought after with eagerness. I have never myself had the opportunity of witnessing a miracle, but I have received accounts of them from persons with whom I am intimately acquainted, and who were themselves either eye-witnesses or actually the subjects of the supernatural influence. Three such instances I can at once call to mind, exclusive of those mysterious manifestations of divine power and love, the *Addolorata* and the *Estatica* of the Tyrol, whose circumstances have been more than once made public in accounts for whose rigid accuracy I have had the testimony of several of my own friends. What these were the reader may be interested in learning.

One of these three was the instantaneous cure of the divided tendons of a woman's wrist,

y the application of a relic, and that by a process which continued the miracle through the remainder of her life; for the division between the tendons was not healed, while she regained the perfect use of her hand and arm, the cut of the bone remaining visible to the eye. This was been related to me by two gentlemen who had seen the person repeatedly, and examined her wrist. The medical man who had attended her, though an infidel, had admitted that the cure was supernatural.

Another was related to me by the person who was himself healed, and who is now an officer in the Queen's army, and of whose perfect truthfulness I do not entertain the shadow of a doubt. A wound in the foot, from injudicious treatment, had confined him to his bed for ten weeks, and brought him to the point of death, through exhaustion and spasms of the whole body. He was given up by his medical attendants; and he told me that the foot was so swelled, that he could not himself even see the toes. A certain relic, after the usual prayers, was applied to the wounded part; the swelling *instantly* subsided, and in a quarter of an hour he was dressed and out of doors, and in the enjoyment of perfect health and strength. All this he detailed to me himself, relating it with the same natural simplicity as if he had been relating a cure by common medical means.

The third was the appearance of a woman after death to her husband, informing him that she was in purgatory, and desiring him to do certain things, which I need not detail. Among others, he was to communicate what he told him to my friend, who informed me of the particulars; and this communication comprised an account of what he (the friend of whom I am speaking) had done since her death, and which by no possibility could have been known to any other living being upon earth.

These three cases I briefly mention, not with a view to prove them, though I could do this to any person who wished to make the inquiry, but as facts connected with my experience of Catholicism, and as illustrations of the kind of belief in the supernatural which still prevails among educated Catholics, both of the clergy and the laity.

Lastly, it will be expected that I should relate the practical influence of the Catholic doctrine of the exclusive salvation of members of the Church of Rome. That doctrine, it is known to all tolerably well-informed persons, by no means implies that none but Catholics actually are saved, but that none are saved who have had the means of comprehending the claims of the Catholic Church upon their obedience. Well or ill understood, however, it is certain that no one dogma of Catholicism is more hateful to Protestants than this. It galls them, wounds them, and at times stimulates them to an almost frantic hatred of the

Catholic Church; as if our opinion made the slightest difference to them and their real state before God. And even the most reasonable are painfully anxious to know what we do feel respecting our Protestant fellow-creatures, and what change takes place in the mind of a convert towards those whose views he formerly shared.

It cannot be concealed, then, that the instantaneous result of a submission to the Church is an entire change of sentiment towards every possible denomination of Protestantism, and an alienation of *spiritual* feeling from those with whom once we ardently sympathised. The moment I entered the Church, the Anglican Establishment became to me as nothing more than what a dream is to a waking man. A gulf—wide, deep, and impenetrable—separated my present from my past interests. What they most valued, I looked upon as a delusion; their principles I accounted to be logical absurdities; their hopes baseless; their strength weakness; their faith mere fancy. Whatever might be my hope that such and such persons among them were guiltless in the sight of God, because they really *could not* see the truth, I ceased to feel the slightest interest in their opinions, their system, their conduct,—except so far as it indicated a tendency to Catholicism, and created hopes that they might do as I had done.

In other respects, the Christianity (so-called) of Protestant Europe merely occupies a place in my interests in conjunction with its political systems, and all other human institutions. It is a subject for study, for interest, for knowledge, for history, for controversy, for pity, for indignation; but my deep and real spiritual interests are as rigidly confined within the limits of the Catholic Church, as the island of Great Britain is girt in by the waves of the seas that surround her.

But all this generates no feeling of hostility towards individual Protestants, and not the slightest disregard of their wishes or happiness. In all subjects in which religious principles, hopes, and fears do not enter, they are to me the same as before; while my interest in their everlasting welfare, and the depth of my sorrow for their condition, become greater every day. As to their state as individuals in the sight of God, I know nothing, nor do I venture to speculate, except so far as to hope for the best. And such I find to be the ordinary feelings of Catholics towards Protestants. As for regarding Protestantism with respect, or treating the theories of Romanising Anglicans as any thing but the phantoms of a diseased imagination, Catholics never dream of it. But when they come to think or speak upon the probability that any one single person is in a state of invincible ignorance, and therefore perhaps accepted by God as a true Christian, they invariably abstain from any conclusion. They know that God alone sees men's hearts,

knows their difficulties, or can judge them with strict justice. Such I have found to be the universal sentiment of Catholics, call it tolerance, or call it intolerance, as we may. Undoubtedly there are wide differences amongst us as to the amount of real piety which probably does exist among Protestants. Some Catholics, both clergy and laity, believe that very many Protestants, who have no means of learning the truth, are so sincerely devoted to God, and love Him with so pure a love, that they will be saved. Others think that almost all the tokens of piety we see in the Protestant world are mere outward appearances, and that *the whole heart* of the Protestant is rarely, if ever, given up to the service of God. In such a subject, every man naturally has his own opinion, and every man judges very much by the kind of persons he has himself met with in the Protestant body.

For myself, I hardly know how either to hope or fear for any one, even of those of whom I know the most. I see so much that is undeniably good, mixed up with symptoms which seem to indicate radical mischief in the heart; and with all my fervent anxieties to believe that great is the number of Protestants who will be accepted at the last, I can detect such rare signs of the love of God (without which none can be saved), that my thoughts respecting seemingly-religious Protestants oscillate between hope and fear, between a conviction that they *cannot* know the truth, and a fearful perception that they *will not* know it. A familiarity, too, with true Catholic piety renders the eye far more keen than before in detecting real religion from its counterfeits. The mind that has come to know the genuine Christian character as it is manifested in the Church, perceives a falling short in the very elements of the spiritual life in those whom it was once wont to look up to with reverence and admiration. Not that we come to look upon our Protestant friends as hypocrites and deceivers. Far from it. We give them as much credit as ever for being what they seem. But we see that they deceive themselves; that they are living in the midst of a spiritual atmosphere which blinds their eyes to their shortcomings, and induces them to mistake morality, amiableness, and a sacrifice of *half* the heart to God, for that entire consecration of the whole man, without which all else is vain. We recognise a spirit of the most presumptuous private judgment, where formerly we saw only a deference to authority; we see a trust in self, in bodily austerities, in forms and words, and a forgetfulness that all these are worthless without pure love, where before we thought that this outward religion was the token of a genuine religion of the heart within; we see a disposition to make a compromise with the world, to adopt its maxims, to shrink from consequences, to close the eyes to truth, to oppose the true Church at all risks

and by unscrupulous means, to overlook facts, to pervert reasonings, and to cling to the temporal advantages of Protestantism, in minds which in other days we accounted sincere, truth-seeking, and almost saintly in their devotion. And therefore, fervent as is our desire to believe all that is kind and charitable of those we have left behind, we cannot blind ourselves to the manifest tokens that their ordinary spirit is not the spirit of Christ; and that, whatever be the unknown exceptions, he who would find the true spiritual life of the follower of Jesus Christ, must seek it in the Catholic Church alone.

Such, then, is my experience of the effects of this mysterious and dreaded faith; and such the facts which lie open to the sight of every careful observer. I came, forced by my convictions, and almost against my will, into this mighty community, whose embrace I had all my life dreaded as something paralysing, enslaving, and torturing. No sooner, however, could I look around me, and mark what presented itself to my eyes, than I saw that I was in a world where all was as satisfying as it was new. For the first time, I met with a body of men and women, who could talk and act as Christians, without cant, without restraint, without formality, without hypocrisy. After years and years of disappointment, in which the more deeply I saw into the hearts and lives of Protestants of every class, the more clearly I perceived that the religion they professed had *not* become their second nature, but was a thing put on, which did not fit them, which confined their movements, and gave them an outward look, while it was not wrought into the depths of their being,—after years and years of this disappointment, in which the contrast between the Bible which they praised, and the spirit of their own lives, and the doctrines they preached, struck me more bitterly each succeeding day,—at length, I found myself in the midst of a race with whom Christianity was not a rule, but a principle; not a restraint, but a second nature; not a bondage, but a freedom; in which it had precisely that effect which it claims to produce upon man; in which, not a few hours, or an occasional day, was set apart for religion, but in which *life* was religious; in which men spoke at all hours, and in all occupations, of religious things, naturally, as men speak of secular things in which they are deeply interested; in which religious thoughts and short prayers were found not incompatible with the necessary duties and pleasures which fill up the round of existence; and in which, the more deeply I was enabled to penetrate below the surface, the more genuine was the goodness I found, and the more inexhaustible I perceived to be those treasures of grace which divine goodness places at the disposal (so to say) of every soul that seeks them within this favoured communion.

And now, when so long a period has elapsed since my first submission to the Church, that every thing like a sense of novelty has long passed away, and I have tested experimentally the value of all that she has to offer; now that I can employ her means of grace, and take a part in the working of her system, with all that ease and readiness of action which long practice alone can bestow; the more profound is my sense of her divine origin, of the divine power which resides in her, and of the boundless variety and perfection of the blessings she has to bestow. The more I know her, the more complete do I perceive to be her correspondence to what she professes to be. She is exactly what the one Church of Christ is proclaimed to be in Scripture, and nothing less and nothing more. She makes her children what she promises, with a literal fulfilment of her words, but she has no indulgence for the dreams of fanaticism, or for the theories of those who would have the Church of Christ to be fashioned after their model, and not Christ's model. For those who would really ascertain what her doctrines are, nothing is easier of comprehension, and nothing can more abundantly repay the study of a whole life. Her moral system, elaborate as it is, and adapted to almost every emergency which the boldest imagination can conceive, is found in practice to be as simple and direct in its operation as the elementary laws of the physical system of the universe. Wherever she is touched, grace flows forth; wherever she is leant upon, she puts forth an arm to support those who trust her; wherever she is tried in argument, she comes forth more gloriously 'unassailable, the more rigorously she is tested by proofs, and the more thoroughly she is known as to facts; and wherever she is tried by personal experience, she displays her adaptation to all the wants, the aspirations, the sins, the infirmities, and the powers of the soul of man.

Truly can I say with the patriarch, "The Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. This

is no other but the house of God, and the gate of heaven." The Catholic Church *can* be nothing less than the spiritual body of Jesus Christ. Nothing less than that adorable Presence, before which the angels veil their faces, can make her what she is, to those who are within her fold. Argument is needed no longer. The scoffings of the infidel, the objections of the Protestant, the sneers of the man of the world, pass over their heads, as clouds over a mountain-peak, and leave them calm and undisturbed, with their feet resting upon the Rock of ages. They *know* in whom they have believed. They have passed from speculation to action, and found that all is real, genuine, life-giving, and enduring. Such, with all my sense of the awful mysteriousness of the world which is still invisible, of the fallaciousness of human knowledge, and of the argumentative points which controversy will ever urge against the claims of the Catholic Church,—such is the result of my experience of her aspect towards those who repose upon her bosom, in order that they may gaze upon the lineaments of her countenance. As a child that rests upon its parent's breast, pressed to her heart with a tenderness that nothing less than a mother can bestow, and from that place of peace and security looks up into her eyes, and there reads the love which is its sweetest joy, so do I watch the aspect of her who has clasped me in her arms, and sustains me that I should not fall, and know that she is indeed the *mother* of my soul. I know only one fear, the fear that my heart may be faithless to Him who has bestowed on me this unspeakable blessing; I know only one mystery, which the more I think upon it, the more incomprehensible does it appear—the mystery of that calling which brought *me* into this home of rest, while millions and millions are still driven to and fro in the turbulent ocean of the world, without rudder and without compass, without helmsman and without anchor, to drift before the gale upon the fatal shore.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF AUGUSTUS WILLIAM VON SCHLEGEL.*

AUGUSTUS WILLIAM SCHLEGEL was born at Hanover in the year 1767. His father, Adolphus Schlegel, was a minister of the Lutheran Church, distinguished for his eloquence in the pulpit, as well as for some poetical composi-

tions, especially some fables, which are still esteemed. His uncle John Henry Schlegel was the first German translator of Thomson's *Seasons* and Young's *Night Thoughts*; and his uncle Elias Schlegel was a dramatic writer of distinction, some of whose plays are yet acted. Thus was Augustus William Schlegel (to borrow Burke's expression) "rocked and dandled into a poet." His elementary education he received partly at home, partly at the public schools; but he and his younger brother Frederick were much indebted to the training they received from their excellent mother, who was a woman of a very superior mind. To the study of the ancient languages, Augustus

* The materials for the following sketch of the Life and Writings of Augustus von Schlegel are drawn partly from our own personal recollections of this accomplished scholar, our acquaintance with whom has enabled us to give to the world various particulars not within the reach of his former biographers; and partly from the brief memoirs already published in the *Biographie des Vivans* (Paris, 1820); the *Conversations-Lexicon* (Leipsic, 1820); and the *Biographie Universelle* (Paris, 1837). The account of Augustus Schlegel, written by M. Parisot, in the last-mentioned of the three, is tolerably fair; but the same writer's sketch of Frederick Schlegel abounds in errors and misrepresentations.

joined that of French, English, Italian, and Spanish; and in these he early obtained that extraordinary proficiency which was to lay one of the foundations of his future fame.

Having completed his school-studies, he was sent by his parents to Göttingen, to prosecute the study of theology. This university was then in a most flourishing condition; and the celebrated Heyne, who, with as much taste as learning, was infusing a new life into the pursuit of classical literature, soon attracted the attention of the youthful Schlegel. He early found that he had a more decided vocation for literature than for theology; and he devoted himself with undivided zeal to the study of the *belles lettres*. Heyne assigned to him the task of drawing up an index to his edition of Virgil, which he executed with great skill. His first publication was an historical sketch of German versification; and this was soon followed by a dissertation on the geography of Homer, for which he gained a prize. It is remarkable that he here put forth an opinion on the Pelasgi, which thirty years afterwards he had occasion to maintain and develop in his critique on Niebuhr's Roman History. If the reader will turn to Gibbon's Diary, he will there see the favourable notice which our learned historian took of Schlegel's youthful essay.

Various poetical pieces, which our author published in 1790 and 1791 in the Göttingen *Almanac of the Muses*, drew upon him public attention, and called forth a favourable notice from the distinguished poet Bürger, the author of *Leonora*. In a sonnet addressed to his youthful friend, Bürger encourages him to cultivate the metre immortalised by Petrarch, and predicts his future poetical fame. In 1791, Schlegel published a review of Goethe's *Tasso*, which, by its taste, elegance, and solidity of judgment, announced the future greatness of the critic.

About this time he had the misfortune to lose his father, and the narrowness of his means now forced him to undertake a tutorship in the family of a wealthy Dutch banker of the name of Müller. With this banker he repaired to Amsterdam, where he remained for four years, devoted to the study of ancient and modern literature, publishing very little during that time, but preparing the materials for future works. In 1795 he returned from Holland, and inserted in the *Horen* (a journal edited by Schiller) a translation of portions of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, together with various critiques, among which we may mention as particularly deserving of notice those on poetry, on versification, and one on Romeo and Juliet (his first critical essay on Shakspeare).

In the year 1786, Schlegel published a metrical translation of Romeo and Juliet—the first of that dramatic series which was to in-

tertwine his name with our great poet, and confer on him a portion of his immortality. On the circumstances attending that translation, we ourselves had the pleasure of receiving from the lips of Schlegel himself the following particulars:—"Romeo and Juliet," said he, "was the first play of Shakspeare I translated. Before it was published, I read the MS. to Goethe and Schiller. They were enchanted with it; they said it opened a new poetical world to their view. Schiller had known Shakspeare's plays only from some defective German translations; and although Goethe possessed a good acquaintance with English literature, he was not sufficiently versed in your language to enjoy all the beauties of Shakspeare's poetry. Besides, the good editions of your great dramatic poet had not then long appeared. My translation of Romeo and Juliet," he continued to say, "had an extraordinary success. I continued my version of Shakspeare, and at last acquired such facility in translation, that I was sometimes able to strike off a whole play in three weeks. As the translation had met with such success I asked my publisher to allow me an additional remuneration out of the large profits he had received. My request he refused; so I went to law with him; but as the words of the contract were in his favour, I was cast. But from that time I never more translated another play of Shakspeare's. One half only of his dramas were translated by me, till my friend Tieck completed the version."

This translation of Shakspeare is matchless in correctness, power, elegance, flexibility, and poetical spirit and harmony. Not only the metre, but even the very rhythm and cadence of the original are frequently rendered by the translator. Yet so severe a judge was Schlegel even of his own performances, that on one occasion he said to us: "The German language is so polysyllabic that often I was not able to give back the cadence—the vibration, if I may so speak—of Shakspeare's verse."

In the year 1798 our author founded the journal entitled the *Athenæum*. In the editorship of this critical journal he was assisted by his younger brother Frederick, who had already acquired great celebrity by his essays and larger works on classical literature; by Tieck, whose romances and poems had allotted him a high place in the German Parnassus; and by Novalis, who then gave the promise of those great poetical and philosophical powers which were never to reach maturity. In this journal the Schlegels now developed that æsthetical system which was to accomplish so great a revolution in German taste. The works of ancient and modern literature, as well as the various contemporary productions of Germany, England, France, and Italy, were analysed, discussed, and appreciated; and the learning, taste, philosophy, and eloquence that

the journal displayed soon procured it a wide circulation and extensive influence. This journal was continued for three years, from 1798 to 1801. In 1802 the two brothers published a work entitled *The Characteristics*, which contained some of the most excellent and profound pieces of criticism that had yet appeared in the German language. This æsthetic system may be thus briefly described.

The sense of beauty is innate in man. Hence there are universal laws of the beautiful, which all nations recognise. But those laws are modified according to the religion, the manners, the customs, the civil institutions, the moral and physical circumstances of different nations. Thus the law of unity here prevails—but variety in unity; unity in progressive development. The symbol is the first expression of human thought. Out of the symbol grew the myth, which is only the symbol developed and explained, or frequently perverted and obscured. The saga is the foundation of epic poetry; from the saga the epos drew its substance. The sacred hymn is the first fountain of lyric poesy, which expands by degrees into the religious and patriotic ode; and from the ode, as can be proved historically was the case with the Greeks, came forth the gorgeous tragedy. With the epos are connected the various kinds of didactic poetry; with the ode, the elegy, the ballad, the song, and the lay; and with the tragedy, all the different species of dramatic writing.

Frederick Schlegel shews further, how these three main genera of poetry, with all their subordinate species, have their roots in human psychology, and correspond to the three component parts of man—mind, soul, and body. The ode, which is the organ for the outpouring of human feelings, answers to the soul; the epos, which has to unfold and explain the course of events, and the operations of Divine and human agency, corresponds to the mind; and the tragedy, which has to deal with the delineation of character, and the visible workings of inner passions and emotions, aided by scenic exposition and mimic representation, corresponds to the body as well as to the mind and soul of man; it is the most *corporeal* form of poetry.

The Schlegels defined with admirable precision the different species of poetry; pointed out the nature and object of each, and traced the relations which one bore to the other. The analogies too which exist between poetry and the other fine arts, they elucidated with elaborate skill. Thus, as they shewed, lyric poetry is akin to music—dramatic poetry to sculpture—and the epos to painting.

The system of literature and art that prevailed among the ancient Greeks and Romans received from our critics the name of *classicism*; and that system which reigns among the moderns, as being a compound of Germanic

and Roman elements, blended and harmonised by Christianity, was denominated by them *romanticism*.

The ideal of Greek art was more towards material beauty; that of Christian is more towards moral or spiritual beauty. In the former, as the ideal was less sublime, so success was less difficult of attainment; in the latter, as the ideal is far loftier, as well as more various in its kind, the artist has far greater difficulties to grapple with.

As heathen art was more occupied with the form than with the soul of man, it evinced a marked predilection for sculpture. On the other hand, Christian art having to deal more with spiritual expression than with the representation of corporeal grace, is more at home in painting. So truly is this the case, that the first Greek sculptors directed their attention exclusively to the delineation of form, and neglected the expression of sentiment; till in course of time these great artists stamped on their marbles the expression of a sublime ideal. The Christian painters, on the other hand, began by depicting all the loftier emotions of the soul, and were too careless in respect to the graces of the human form, till, in the fifteenth century, Angelico da Fiesole, Fra Bartolommeo, Van Eyck, Hemmelinck, Perugino, and lastly, Raffael (in his first period), restored in their matchless creations the equilibrium between spiritual and bodily beauty.

The period when literature and art flourish is the period when religion and morals still retain their influence over the community, and political freedom is not yet annihilated; for though *individual genius* too often prostitutes its powers to the subversion of those greatest of blessings, yet so long as the *community* is not totally corrupted; the standard of pure taste as well as of moral right and wrong is not lost. But when an irreligious sophistry and licentiousness of morals and political despotism debase the heart, pervert the sense of right and wrong, and undermine the foundations of public and private life, then invariably are the notions of the beautiful vitiated, and decay commences in all the productions of art and letters. To cite but two examples, such a decline is apparent among the ancient Greeks in the age of Euripides and of the godless sophists who exercised so baneful an influence over his poetry; and among the modern French, in the irreligious writers of the eighteenth century, who prepared that reign of intellectual barbarism, as well as of moral and political anarchy, that accompanied, and for a long time followed, the Revolution of 1789.

Prior to the Schlegels, ancient literature in Germany had been too exclusively cultivated, and modern letters too much neglected. The commentaries of Heyne, the translations of Voss, the criticisms of Lessing, and the poetry of Goethe, especially his wonderful

drama of *Iphigenia in Tauris*, had infused new life into the study of classical poetry. Herder had, indeed, given some beautiful critiques and translations of Spanish poetry, and so prepared the way for the labours of our author and his brother. This estrangement from the literature of other nations, especially of the Catholic south, was a necessary result of the Reformation, as well as of the general intellectual barbarism that prevailed in Germany during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Nor can our critics be said to have taken up the cause of modern poetry with any one-sided predilection, for their just and enlightened appreciation of ancient literature was equalled only by their consummate acquaintance with it. No one like them had ever taught the Germans to understand and feel so profoundly the beauties of Homer, Pindar, Æschylus, and Sophocles; but this admiration did not prevent them from directing the fervent homage of their countrymen to the glorious shades of Dante, Tasso, Camoens, Cervantes, Calderon, and Shakspeare. The gulf between ancient and modern art was thus filled up, and the exclusive pretensions of the admirers of either reconciled and adjusted.

Nor did these great philosophical critics think it beneath them to pay attention to the metrical forms of poetry. They proved that there was a close connexion between the spirit and the form of art. Thus in Greek and Roman poetry, where quantity is the predominant principle of versification, rhyme would be misplaced; but in the modern languages, where the verse is determined, not by quantity, but by accentuation, rhyme is in most cases needful to fill up the deficiency.*

Our critics shew the signification of the different measures of ancient and modern poetry; and how these were determined by the genius of the language, as well as by the nature of the subjects to which they were applied. The adaptation of the hexameter verse to epic poetry, and of the trimeter to the tragic dialogue, together with the meaning of the various choral measures for the outpouring of human passions or the oracular denunciations of divine vengeance, is admirably pointed out by A.W. Schlegel. In the selection of these metres, the artist was guided by a sure instinct, as well as by traditional usage. But it was the object of these critics to explain the meaning of this usage, and the reasonableness of this instinct.

Such is a brief outline of the æsthetic system of the Schlegels;—a system which is to be traced out partly in their elaborate treatises, partly in occasional reviews and short critiques.

In 1802 our author published his *Anthology*,

* The Germans, though their language affords much more facility for versification, are compelled in their tragedies to resort to our rhymeless iambic, or blank verse.

or a translation of the choicest odes and sonnets from Dante, Petrarca, Boccaccio, Tasso, Guarini, Camoens, Monte-Mayor, and Cervantes. The translations are beautifully executed. The flowers of southern poetry thus transplanted to the northern clime of Germany, retain all their exquisite fragrance and delicate bloom.

In consequence of the death of his wife, daughter of the celebrated Michaelis, Schlegel left the university of Jena, where he had been professor for some years, and repaired to Berlin, where he soon opened a course of lectures on literature and the fine arts;—a course that was attended by the *élite* of the society of that capital. Here he published a tragedy called *Ion*, the subject of which was taken from Euripides, but treated quite in an original manner. This poem led to a smart controversy between the author, Benhardt, and Schiller. Our author next gave the world a series of translations from the plays of the great Spanish poet Calderon, extending from 1803 to 1809. The most celebrated of these dramatic pieces are the “Constant Prince” and the “Devotion to the Cross.” This translation, where, from the great difference of the German and Spanish languages, as well as of their metres, Schlegel had to wrestle with still greater difficulties than in his version of Shakspeare, was equally successful. On reading those masterpieces, so long concealed from the eye of Europe, Schiller is said to have exclaimed, “How many faults would Goethe and myself have avoided, had we earlier known Calderon!” The judgment which Frederick Schlegel, in his *History of Literature*, has pronounced on these translations, is confirmed by the public voice of Germany. “On the poetical form,” says he, “of our higher drama, the translations of Shakspeare and Calderon, executed by A.W. Schlegel, with, as is universally acknowledged, such consummate mastery in poetic diction and the most varied forms of versification,—these translations, I say, have at two different periods exerted the most decisive influence; and this model of a lofty poetical style has furnished a new standard for criticism.”*

The original lyric poetry of our author is remarkable for elegance of fancy, grace, flexibility and vigour of diction, and melody and variety of rhythm. Nature, art, love, friendship, the classical myth, the mediæval legend, are the objects he delights to sing. As to diction and versification, these poems are unmatched in the German language, except by the great Goethe. Whether Schlegel adopt ancient or modern, grave or light metres,—whether he employ the classical hexameter or the English rhymeless iambic, the light measures of the ballad or the long

* *Geschichte der Literatur*, pp. 314, 15, vol. xi. 2d ed. 1822.

drawn out music of the sonnet, we find his numbers characterised by the same ease, grace, variety, and sweetness.

His imagination, though not of the highest order, was yet rich and vigorous; but his temper of mind was somewhat cold and sarcastic. Perhaps the qualities which rendered him one of the greatest of critics—the extreme acuteness of perception, the exquisite nicety of discrimination—were hardly compatible with the *mens divini*—the holy frenzy of inspiration necessary for the highest order of poetry. Dante and Shakspeare, in the depth of their mighty souls, felt the laws of the beautiful; with an immortal instinct they acted up to them; but if called upon, they could not, like the Schlegels, have clearly “rendered an account of the faith that was in them.”

Schlegel is the great colourist of poetry. The defect in his poems is the want of heartiness—the want of earnest, fervent feeling. With all his talent, with all his mastery of diction, with all his exquisite skill in versification, we miss those warm sentiments of religion and patriotism that inspired and animated the writings of the great masters of romantic poetry. What was with them the mightiest of all concerns, was to him a mere sport of amateurship. The faith which was to them the fountain of perennial beauty as well as of life, he never knew. The outward grandeur of the Catholic Church he admired; but as he never entered within her sacred porch, her inner sense he never apprehended. He played with the outward forms of Catholicism. Hence, in depth of feeling and tenderness of piety, his poetry can sustain no comparison with that of his friend Novalis, who, though a Protestant, realised so much of the spirit of our religion. And although his brother Frederick had not the same musical ear, nor the same practised skill in versification, his poems have the higher charm of earnest thought and strong religious sentiment.

One of the finest poetical pieces of our author is that entitled “The Alliance between the Church and the Fine Arts.” This poem has given rise to a beautiful fresco-painting by Zimmerman in the Pinacothek of Munich. There is another vigorous poem, entitled “Rome,” but which, like the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, breathes too exclusive a worship of the ancient and pagan capital. The hexameters, in which it is composed, are considered the finest in the German language. Our author also wrote a series of beautiful sonnets on the masterpieces of Christian painting in the gallery of Dresden, which he visited in the year 1800. They are severally entitled the “Ave Maria,” “The Birth of Christ,” “The Holy Family,” the “Mater Dolorosa,” the “Assumption of the Virgin,” “The Mo-

ther of God in her glory.” The first sonnet is, we believe, after a painting by Andrea del Sarto.

If the reader will excuse our imperfect attempt at a translation with occasional rhymes, he will be gratified with the following version of two of these sonnets of our author, the one entitled “Ave Maria,” the other “Mater Dolorosa.”

AVE MARIA.

Humility her only garb, behold,
In evening's shade, the Virgin at her cell:
She knows not God elects her for his bride,
Yet in her bosom doth reflection dwell.
But lo! a palm-branch bearing in his hand,
Alights a youth in luminous garb array'd,
His brow encircled with a radiant joy,
While a soft trembling stealeth o'er the maid.
Mary, all hail! exclaims the angelic word,
Telling the message wondrous, potent, blest,
How Power celestial will o'ershadow her!
And she, with arms reclin'd upon her breast,
Where in its inmost depths is stirring love,
Saith, Be it done as wills my Lord above!

MATER DOLOROSA.

On bloody altar for the Lamb prepar'd
The holy Victim hangs in agony;
And his repentant brethren to embrace,
Christ spreads his hands on cross uplifted high.
A look benign He casts upon that band
Of true ones who attend in speechless dread;
They gaze in longing sorrow on that brow,
For glance of solace their dear Lord may shed.
Now Death's pale horror wraps the Mother's brow;
Bedimm'd the lustre of her tearless eye;
Her mute lips can no longer breathe a prayer.
As erst the holy seer did prophesy—
Such mortal anguish woman never knew—
A sword of sorrow shall thy soul pierce through.

It was in 1804, during his abode at Berlin, that Schlegel made the acquaintance of Madame de Staël. This passionate enthusiast, who wandered from city to city, lost in the admiration of art and nature, and kindling herself an admiration equally intense, was much struck with the originality and depth of Schlegel's genius, as well as with the extent of his acquisitions. Her brilliant conversation and fascinating manners, as well as the lively interest she took in Schlegel's literary labours and speculations, made a deep impression on his heart. He aspired to a place in her affections which he was never destined to obtain, and was soon taught to consider her as a friend, and no more. He consented to take the situation of tutor to her son, and in this capacity he attended her in her journeys from Germany to France, from France to Italy, and from Italy to Switzerland, dragged, a willing captive, to the triumphant car of Corinna. The friendship which he had thus formed with Madame de Staël, by introducing him into the highest circles of aristocratic and diplomatic life, as well as by furnishing him with more frequent opportunities of visiting foreign countries, gave him doubtless a larger experience of human life, and brought within his reach more abundant

sources of learned observation, and even poetic inspiration, than usually fall to the lot of a German professor. But, on the other hand, the situation which Schlegel held in the house of his friend was scarcely consistent with his dignity; and, despite of all the kindness, as well as deference, with which he was treated by the hostess, he had occasionally to endure at Coppet annoyances which, to one who possessed in a more than ordinary degree the failings of the "irritable genus," must have been peculiarly irksome.* But in another way was this intimacy attended with injurious effects to our author; for, in the opinion of some, it tended to cool that admiration for the Catholic Church which is apparent in his early writings. Madame de Staël, deistical in her youth, had in her later life approximated to Christianity, of which she had formed some loose, vague notions, entertaining to the last, however, a true Genevan hostility to the Catholic Church. On one who, like A. W. von Schlegel, had ever regarded Catholicism from the mere æsthetic point of view, and whose admiration for its outward beauties had never risen to an apprehension of its inner sense, the influence of Madame de Staël could not be other wise than most pernicious. As it is, he belonged to the number of those, not uncommon in our age, who, as the holy nun of Dalmen observed in her visions, were attracted by the beautiful and fragrant flowers that bloom in the garden of the Church, but linger outside its walls, and decline to enter within its sacred enclosure.

In 1802 died one of the most distinguished ornaments of the romantic school, Novalis von Hardenberg, carried off in the flower of his youth. In him the Schlegels lost an intimate friend, and Germany a genius, immature indeed, but of whom it is difficult to say whether the philosophical or the poetical endowments were the most extraordinary. From the fervent piety and strong yearnings after Catholic truth which pervade his poetry and the fragments of his prose, there is little doubt that, had his life been spared, he would have accompanied or followed his bosom friend Frederick Schlegel, with whom he had such strong intellectual affinities, in his accession to the Catholic Church.

Prior to leaving Berlin, our author had engaged in a very warm literary controversy with Kotzebue, Immermann, and others, whose writings depraved the taste as much as they corrupted the morals of their countrymen.

* One of these annoyances, according to M. Parisot, the author of a biographical article on A. W. Schlegel in the *Biographie Universelle* (Paris, 1847), was, that many of the strangers who visited Coppet, and who at that early period had never heard the name of Schlegel, conceived that all the elevated views which, in conversation, the German put forth on art and literature, were inspired by the lady of the house, whose fame as a *bel esprit* was, from the very beginning of the present century, widely spread over most European countries.

During his stay in France, Schlegel published an essay in the French language, which excited the greatest sensation among the Parisian critics. It was entitled *Comparaison des deux Phédres* (being a comparison between the Phædra of Euripides and the Phædra of Racine), and though, like all the author's essays in the French language, written with great elegance, it was characterised by an excessive severity of tone. His criticism on the great French tragedians, just in many respects, was, as we shall later see, sometimes carried to a degree of systematic harshness that defeated its own purpose, and retarded the progress of his literary doctrines among the French.

In 1808 our author accompanied Madame de Staël on a tour to Vienna, where he met with a very flattering reception. It was on this occasion, before a brilliant and numerous auditory, he delivered those famous Lectures on Dramatic Literature which excited so prodigious a sensation, and have been translated into almost all the European languages.* In this work the author concentrated and developed many of those æsthetic principles which had before been scattered over a variety of essays, reviews, and smaller treatises. This course of Lectures is his masterpiece, surpassed by none of his later productions. On this admirable work, so well known to many of our readers, and so highly appreciated by our ablest critics, such as a Coleridge and a Gifford, it is unnecessary for us to descant. The extensive acquaintance with classical and modern literatures which it displayed, the depth and originality of the critical observations, the delicacy of the perceptions, and the elegance and vigour of the style, rank it among the greatest productions of German literature. In fact, as a work of literary criticism it was unrivalled, till Frederick Schlegel published four years afterwards, his *Succinct History of Ancient and Modern Literature*, which, from its plan, could not enter into detailed criticism but which, when it treated the matters discussed in the Dramatic Lectures, rose superior to it in philosophy and eloquence. It is, in fact, one of the most stupendous efforts of human thought and learning. But it is scarcely fair to compare works so dissimilar in their plan.

In the work of A. W. Schlegel, the Greek the English, the Spanish, the Italian, and the French dramas are successively analysed and appreciated with admirable skill and taste. Among others, the criticism on Shakspeare is the finest in any language, and, as is avowed by many an Englishman, tended to reveal to our people the mysteries of his genius. The

* In the year 1814 Mr. Black published a most able English translation of this work, which we have heard commended by Schlegel himself. After passing through two large editions, it was reprinted last year by Bohn.

defective principles on which the French tragedy is constructed are ably pointed out; but the judgment pronounced is in general marked by an excessive severity. The author terminated his lectures with a patriotic address, which, in the then circumstances of Germany, was not unattended with personal danger.

He now proceeded to Hanover, which was under French domination, on a visit to his mother and relatives. From thence he returned, by way of France, to Coppet, where, however, in 1810, his abode was disturbed by the denunciations of the Prefect of the Lemane, who represented him to his government as one entertaining sentiments of hostility to the French nation.

He took refuge in Berne; but here he was informed by the authorities, that even if he obtained letters of naturalisation, he could not be protected against the machinations of French diplomacy. Madame de Staël herself was compelled to leave her château at Coppet, in consequence of the menaces of Napoleon. Schlegel joined her, and accompanied his friend in her long journey through Tyrol, Austria, Galicia, Finland, Russia, and Sweden. From Stockholm Madame de Staël took shipping for England; but Schlegel remained at the court of Bernadotte, King of Sweden, from whom he had received a most gracious welcome. This was the decisive moment when, towards the end of the year 1812, after the defeat of the French in Russia, Bernadotte seceded from the alliance with Buonaparte. At the Swedish court Schlegel published two political pamphlets, which excited a great sensation at the time, and gave earnest of his talents in a sphere wherein they had not been hitherto exerted. The first was entitled, *The Continental System, and its relations with Sweden* (Hamburg, 1813); the second, *Letters and Despatches intercepted by Parties detached from the combined Army of Northern Germany*, and which the editor accompanied with notes (Hanover, 1814). Both these pamphlets were written in defence of the new anti-Gallic policy adopted by the Swedish court, and which entirely concurred with those generous patriotic views in behalf of the cause of German freedom and independence that, to his honour, Schlegel had long espoused. During the campaigns of 1813 and 1814 he was attached to the headquarters of the Crown Prince of Sweden, to whom he acted as secretary. Here his life forms the exact counterpart to his brother Frederick's, who was also secretary to the Archduke Charles of Austria in the campaign of 1809, and, after the peace, filled an important diplomatic post at the Diet of Frankfort. In the beginning of the year 1814, Schlegel proceeded to London, where, from his political sentiments, as well as from his great literary

reputation, he was most favourably received. Thence he accompanied Madame de Staël to France, where he made a stay of considerable length at Paris.

In the year 1814 Madame de Neckar-Sausure had published a translation of his Dramatic Lectures, which, had it not been for the extreme severity of the critiques on the great dramatic writers of France, would have sooner reached the circulation it has since attained. But in the year 1814, the French, partly from national self-love, partly from the want of a profound knowledge of the true spirit of the antique, and partly from their ignorance of the literature of other Christian nations, were wedded to a false and narrow-minded classicism. In this critical system the eternal laws of the beautiful are confounded with certain local, temporary, and accidental types; and the great truths on which this system is based are narrowed and vitiated by exclusive prejudices. The licentious literature engendered by the Revolution, and where (independently of all moral considerations, and regarding the subject purely from the æsthetic point of view) distortion of character was mistaken for truth of representation, and violation of rhythm and barbarism of diction for poetic freedom—this revolutionary literature, we say, naturally sought to overturn what was sound and excellent, as well as what was defective and vicious, in classicism—its eternal truths, as well as its adopted errors. Hence we can understand why, at the commencement of the present century, the most eminent spirits in France—among others, a judicious critic like Geoffroy, and a profound philosopher like De Bonald,—labouring, however, under an unfortunate ignorance of foreign models, should have clung to the poetical traditions and precedents of the seventeenth century, as the sole asylum of safety amid the literary barbarism with which their country was menaced. The profound, comprehensive æsthetic system of the Schlegels was well calculated to furnish the poets and scholars of France with a clue in this labyrinth of difficulties, and to shew how the claims of the past and the present were to be reconciled. For in the revolutionary literature there was an instinct of truth; itself was the manifestation of a desire after a purer, truer, and more vigorous exposition of modern feelings and ideas in poetry than was to be found in the correct, beautiful, but frequently frigid models of the reign of Louis XIV. The new literary anarchy in France, however, could be as little restrained by the arbitrary canons of a Boileau, which had exerted an injurious influence on the poetry of his own age,* as the political anarchy could

* To this yoke, however, the poets of that age submitted, not without an occasional murmur. Racine said on one occasion, "Boileau is a very good man, but understands little about poetry."

be checked by the revival of the absolutism of the seventeenth century.

But the salutary revolution which the Dramatic Lectures were calculated to accomplish in the literary taste of France was in a great degree prevented by the harshness of criticism already noticed.* The name of Schlegel became highly unpopular in France; he was called a literary Domitian; and when, many years afterwards, he was proposed as a member of the *Société Asiatique* at Paris, his nomination was opposed, but in vain, by some members, on the ground, that a man who had so depreciated the masterpieces of the French stage was unworthy of forming part of any literary association of Frenchmen.

It was not till the year 1829 the evil was repaired by the translation of the *History of Ancient and Modern Literature*, by F. Schlegel. This work, though in a defective translation, wrought, according to the avowal of the French themselves, quite a reform in their literary criticism. (See *L'Université Catholique*, vol. ii. p. 372.) For while holding the same literary doctrines as his brother, Frederick Schlegel was yet more equitable to Corneille and Racine, shewing that if those great poets had more thrown aside mythology, and written other plays in the spirit of the *Cid* and of *Athalie*, they would have founded a true Christian drama in France. Moreover, he does full justice to the beautiful diction of Racine, which, he says, is even more highly wrought than that of Virgil in the Latin, and of Milton in the English tongue.

As the æsthetic doctrines of the Schlegels became better known and appreciated in France, the war between the classicists and the romanticists, which had been carried on with much acrimony during the Restoration, and which was founded in mutual misunderstandings, prejudices, and errors, was by degrees allayed. But as practice ever precedes theory, and artists anticipate critics, France produced long before her Aristarchs had adjusted their quarrels, two genuine romantic poets, who with the most classical purity and elegance of diction, and the most correct melody of rhythm, combine the utmost boldness of fancy, fervour of feeling, and the truest and most vivid exposition of Christian ideas and sentiments. We mean, Chateaubriand in his prose tales and romances, and Lamartine† in his early lyric poems. These two distinguished writers well indemnified France for those frigid imitations of the antique or of the dramatists

of the seventeenth century, which were long in vogue on the one hand, and for those incoherent and extravagant but pretentious rhapsodies on the other, which have since brought disgrace on the word romantic.

In 1815 Schlegel undertook a second journey into Italy, and made a considerable stay in Tuscany, where he devoted himself to the study of Roman and Etrurian antiquities. On his return in the year 1816, he published in the *Quarterly Review* of Heidelberg, a critique on Niebuhr's *Roman History*, which, indeed, from its length, may be termed a treatise.

In this he combats very strongly the theory of the existence of Roman epics, brought forward by the historian to explain many of the marvellous occurrences in the primitive history of Rome. The critique displays great archæological learning, and contains many solid and ingenious observations, and compelled Niebuhr to retract many of his assertions. It is generally admitted, however, that Schlegel too systematically depreciated the vernacular literature of Rome, and assigned too large an influence to Hellenic civilisation over the Roman mind. A sarcastic tone ran through the critique, which gave excessive umbrage to the haughty spirit of Niebuhr, and laid the foundation of future hostility between these two distinguished men. The most culpable opinion, however, expressed by Niebuhr—the doctrine of the Autochthones, which so justly excited the indignation of a British reviewer, and which should have called down the lash of Schlegel, the latter not only passes over, but absolutely defends, though he denies the necessity of its application to the early settlement of Italy.

Though our author's religious notions, to say the least, were of a very questionable character, still he had the decency on almost all occasions to shew an outward respect for the Christian revelation. It has therefore given us extreme pain to find, in the new edition of his works by Professor Böcking, a review of Humboldt's *Travels in America*, which was never published in his lifetime, and which, in support of the doctrine of the Autochthones, thrown out in the critique on Niebuhr, advances arguments on the creation of man so impious, and withal so frivolous and childish, that the better heathen philosophers would have rejected them with disdain. Among other things, the existence of inhabited islands in the middle of the ocean at a vast distance from any continent, is gravely brought forward as a proof that mankind have not descended from a single couple! Let us hear the refutation of this idle and impious opinion by the author's illustrious brother:

"To recur now (says F. Schlegel) to the example already given of an island situated in the middle of the ocean, with its savage inhabitants, and their miserable fishing boats; the real solution, as experience has really

* In his criticisms on the French poets it cannot be denied that Schlegel was sometimes actuated by a too systematic spirit of exclusion. Thus when he met Lord Byron at Coppet, he told the British poet, "I am meditating a piece of vengeance against the French. I will prove to them that their Molière is nothing more than a farce-writer." See Moore's *Life of Byron*. This is not the spirit in which a literary judge should enter upon his office.

† The latter, alas! how fallen in every respect!

proved of this apparent difficulty, is, on a nearer acquaintance with the subject, easily found. If, for example, the language and traditions of this rude, savage, or at least degraded tribe are minutely studied and investigated, then so striking a resemblance and affinity will be found with the languages and traditions of the races in either of the remotely situated continents, that the most sceptical mind will hardly entertain a doubt respecting the common origin of both; for this community in language and traditions is too strong, too strikingly evident, to be ascribed with any degree of probability to the sport of accident. This truth now once firmly established (for a community of language, tradition, and race among all the nations of the earth is a truth almost unanimously received and acknowledged by those historical inquirers most versed in nature and most learned in philology of the present age), it becomes a mere matter of indifference, or one at least of minor importance, how and in what way this originally savage, or at least barbarised tribe first arrived hither," &c.*

In 1817, shortly after Schlegel's return from Italy, occurred the death of his old and valued friend Madame de Staël. As a token of her friendship, and in gratitude for the care he had bestowed on the education of her son, Auguste de Staël, she left him a very handsome legacy. After the decease of his friend, Schlegel had no longer any inducement to absent himself from his own country, and therefore gladly accepted the offer of a chair in the University of Bonn, which the King of Prussia had just remodelled on a new plan.

He remained at Paris but a few months, in order to superintend, in common with the Duc de Broglie and Auguste de Staël, the publication of Madame de Staël's *Considérations sur la Révolution Française*; that fatal legacy which, in the words of the illustrious De Bonald, the daughter of Neckar bequeathed to her country.

As soon as this work had issued from the press, Schlegel took his departure for the University of Bonn, where he received two or three professorships, among others, that of Sanscrit literature, and he thus came into the receipt of considerable emoluments. He now found himself in a circle of distinguished scholars and writers worthy in every respect of co-operating with him. The chairs of philosophy, history, archæology, classical literature, and canon law were filled by eminent men, like Windischmann, Brandis, Niebuhr, Näke, Welcker, and Walter; some belonging to the Catholic, others to the Protestant Church. Schlegel having called the attention of the Prussian Government to the necessity of establishing a Sanscrit press for the use of the University, was commissioned by that munificent patron of literature, the late King of Prussia, to repair to Paris to have a set of Devanagari characters cast.

At the commencement of this century, Frederick Schlegel, discerning the immense advantages which would accrue to the cause of religion, philosophy, and philology from a di-

ligent prosecution of Sanscrit literature, repaired to Paris, and there, after immense labour and difficulty, acquired great proficiency in that very difficult tongue. The result of his labours he gave to the world in his beautiful work, *The Language and Wisdom of the Hindoos*, which, teeming with learned research and original observation on the general affinity of languages, the peculiar genius of the Sanscrit tongue, the mythology, poetry, and philosophical systems of the Indians, first attracted the attention of continental scholars to a field of learning already cultivated with such distinguished success by the British academicians of Calcutta, especially by those eminent men Sir William Jones, Wilkins, and Colebrooke. The variety of important literary, historical, and philosophical inquiries wherein F. Schlegel was subsequently engaged, rendered it impossible for him to do more than occasionally prosecute the Sanscrit researches. But the seed he scattered in the Germanic soil, his brother William resolved to bring to maturity. The four years subsequent to the general peace he devoted in secret to an assiduous study of the Indian language and literature; and so, in 1818, was qualified to fill the Sanscrit chair of Bonn with brilliant success. Indian literature henceforth became his favourite pursuit, and almost exclusively engrossed the last thirty years of his life.

Shortly after his nomination to the professorial chair at Bonn, Schlegel was united in marriage to the daughter of the notorious Rationalist of Heidelberg, Dr. Paulus. This marriage, however, was very unfortunate; for very shortly after its celebration, a separation ensued; the lady retired to the parental roof, and never more returned to the society of her husband.

In the summer of 1819, Schlegel proceeded to Paris, where, under his personal inspection, the Devanagari characters were carefully set at the royal printing-press of that city. On his return to Bonn, he began the publication of a periodical entitled *The Indian Library*, six numbers of which, constituting two thick octavo volumes, appeared from the year 1820 to 1826. It was conducted almost exclusively by himself, and abounds with able disquisitions on comparative philology, elegant translations of fragments of Sanscrit poetry, and interesting dissertations on the antiquities, literature, and arts of India. Among other articles we may particularly advert to the long and elaborate essay on the "Elephant," considered in respect to its natural history, its historical relations with man, and its place in the mythology and arts of the Hindoos. Diversified learning, critical acumen, and elegant observation, characterise this and many other essays in this journal.

Schlegel carried on an active correspondence with the most distinguished Orientalists

* Philosophy of History, by F. Schlegel (Robertson's Trans.), 5th edit. p. 73. Bohn, London, 1847.

of Germany, France, and England, and made frequent journeys to Paris, London, Haylibury, Oxford, and Cambridge, in order to examine and collate the Sanscrit manuscripts and works with which the valuable libraries of those cities and colleges abound. He next gave an edition of the *Bhagavat-Gita*, after a careful collation of the text, accompanying the original with a clear, graceful, Latin translation, and appending critical and explanatory notes. The *Bhagavat-Gita* is a philosophical episode in the great old Indian epic of the *Maha-Bharata*, already known to the English reader by the excellent translation which our learned orientalist Mr. Wilkins executed many years ago.

Our author next undertook the gigantic task of editing the other old Indian epic—the *Ramayana*, which, with the text, the Latin translation, and the notes, was designed to occupy seven good-sized octavo volumes. The greater part of this laborious undertaking he happily lived to see accomplished.

When Schlegel opened his course of Sanscrit literature at Bonn, his brother and professors Bopp and Franke were the only men in Germany conversant with that very difficult language. From the University of Bonn have since come forth the most distinguished Sanscrit scholars—a Lassen,* a Rosen, a Windischmann the younger, and others.

The study of Sanscrit literature, so diligently prosecuted in our age by a certain number of scholars in Germany and France, and by our own academicians in London and Calcutta, has been attended with many and manifold advantages to the cause of comparative philology, æsthetics, and sacred and profane history. In the first place, it has opened to us a language of the most copious and refined vocabulary and the most elaborate grammatical structure, the parent of that noble stock of tongues—the Persian, the Greek, the Latin, and the German. It has brought before us examples of epic and dramatic poetry superior to any productions of Oriental literature, and inferior only to the Greek models. It has revealed to our astonished gaze, systems of philosophy not less subtle and profound than the sages of Hellas unfolded; and although as far as our researches have hitherto extended, the art and science of history seem never to have been much cultivated by the Hindoos, still their literature casts much light

on the primitive ages of the world. And among the scholars of the present century, who devoted themselves to the cultivation of this literature, none have been more eminent than Frederick Schlegel, who first scattered in Germany the seed of Sanscrit learning, and his brother William, who brought that seed to maturity.

In the midst of his Sanscrit researches, Schlegel frequently delivered to the students of Bonn courses of lectures on the history of German literature, as well as on diverse subjects connected with classical studies. The writer of these pages has attended some of these lectures on German literature, which were evidently delivered without much preparation, and when the veteran critic often put forth in the most finished language many an acute remark and ingenious perception. In the year 1827, our author delivered at Berlin a course of Lectures on the History of the Fine Arts; a work that has been much admired, that has been translated into the French language, but which we have not had an opportunity of perusing.

During the long period of his abode at Bonn, Schlegel published a variety of essays and articles, sometimes in the German, sometimes in the French periodicals. Among the most remarkable of these essays we may notice a series that appeared in the Berlin *Almanac* from the years 1829 to 1834, concerning the knowledge we at present possess of India; and a long article in the Paris *Revue des deux Mondes*, containing a vindication of the Catholicity of Dante against the attacks of a certain M. Rosetti, who, in his work entitled *Sullo Spirito antipapale che produsse la Riforma*, pretended that Dante, together with Petrarch and Boccaccio, was a secret partisan of the Albigensian sect, who wrote his works in a double sense. It would be impossible to particularise all the remarkable essays, whether on comparative philology or on æsthetics, which this universal scholar and prolific genius continued to pour forth, even to the last days of his life.

Loaded with honours, and decorated with orders from the different courts of Germany, in the possession of a competent fortune and a brilliant reputation, Schlegel passed the last years of his life in the utmost serenity, and died in the year 1845, at the advanced age of seventy-eight.

In our next number we shall give specimens of the author's style, as well as of his æsthetic doctrines, taken from such of his writings as are least known to the English reader.

* Mr. Lassen has succeeded Schlegel in the chair of Sanscrit literature at the above-named University. As his master directed his attention chiefly to the old Indian epic poems, the *Ramayana* and the *Maha Bharata*; so Lassen has been mostly occupied with the Vedas, or sacred books, the primitive source of all Indian literature. He is often accounted the ablest of living Sanscrit scholars.

THE staff of newly-appointed Professors for the Irish Colleges is now before the public; and with all their advantages and temptations, these much-assailed institutions are about to commence their efforts for the instruction of the youth of Ireland. What they will prove to be in the end, we cannot tell; and we suspect their founders know as little of the matter as we do. Lord John Russell *promises* arrangements which are to be satisfactory to Catholics, though to what kind of Catholics he has not thought proper to announce. In the mean time we see no signs whatever of such a modification of the original plan as will make it acceptable to the Holy See, and to all men of penetration, who, like Pius IX., consider that education divorced from religion is a thing unfit for Christians.

We cannot help thinking, however, that there are, perhaps, many Catholics, both in England and Ireland, and those not bad Catholics, but good and zealous Catholics, who have been rather silenced than convinced by the Papal censure of these establishments. Men who are deeply impressed with the great value of a liberal education at the present juncture, and who are familiar with the obstacles which still make the acquisition of a good Catholic education in Ireland for the laity almost an impossibility, are sometimes so little alive to the ineradicable evils which beset this new College scheme, that they regret the Pope's condemnation, and would gladly hail such information as should shew them that it was not binding upon Catholics in any rigid and absolute interpretation of its injunctions. Whether or not it be so, we are not now about to discuss. There is another point of view, which we conceive would at once decide the question, even if his Holiness had never uttered a syllable upon the subject. We are ourselves convinced that a non-religious education is not only an undesirable thing, but a thing literally impossible. It is no education at all. It is either *anti*-religious, or it is an imposture. It is indeed a marvel to us that any man of sincere piety and of moderate information and thought should ever dignify a mass of secular instruction by the noble title of an education, or overlook the fact, that it must needs omit almost every one of those subjects in which it is *most* necessary that the minds of the young should be thoroughly cultivated.

It was the old complaint against Oxford and Cambridge, that their course of study and the system of their examinations tended to foster a superficial and narrow knowledge of comparatively unimportant subjects, in place of imparting that general strength and power of thought, and that accuracy and depth of knowledge in things essentially great and influential, which alone deserves the name of true education. Those venerable seminaries were ac-

cused—and to a considerable extent with justice—of substituting the study of language for the study of mankind; of busying themselves with the outside forms and customs of the past, to the neglect of every thing which fitted a man to take his place among his contemporaries with all his faculties disciplined to the highest practicable point of perfection; of narrowing the subjects of study within preposterously straitened limits; and altogether of shirking all that was real, great, efficacious, and ennobling in the culture of man's intelligence. Let us have *men*, it was said, and not pedants; let us teach what antiquity thought, felt, and did, and not merely in what words antiquity expressed itself; let us open to the young mind the whole course of human thought and action in every age and country, and especially in all those subjects which most intimately concern us as individual Englishmen of the nineteenth century; let us habituate the expanding intellect to profound thought, and lay before it the sources of human knowledge, and the laws by which the mind itself is governed; let us form the taste, and elevate the imagination, and make the understanding vigorous and independent; in a word, let us compel every person who asks a degree at our hands to apply himself to such a course of study as shall strengthen his natural faculties to the utmost limit of which they are capable, and communicate a large amount of that species of knowledge which shall be practically valuable in after-life.

Such was the charge brought against the old Universities, and such was practically their working, notwithstanding the fact that they professed to uphold *some* religion, and to base all their education upon the doctrines of the Established Church. Notwithstanding the infusion of some few elements of the religious idea, Oxford and Cambridge were to a great extent non-religious seminaries; and it was only when circumstances quickened their dormant theological zeal into something like life and action, that their general education improved in vital reality, and they sent forth men more thoroughly armed to fight the battle of life in the world. When the heats of religious controversy were lulled, they subsided into nurseries of mere scholars, instead of seminaries for the cultivation of the mind in all its various powers. And such, apart from all perils to faith and morality, must be the inevitable result of every system which would commence the work of education by simply excluding the recollection that man has a soul, and that men in every age have believed in some religion, either false or true. The more consistently the authorities in such institutions follow out their own fundamental principles, the more powerless will be their system to educate the intelligence of man.

For what is education, meaning only that portion of it which is apart from moral training; and whose object is the cultivation of the faculties, and the imparting useful and necessary information? Is it not the study of *man*, as well as the study of physical nature, and of the laws of space and quantity? Is it the study of language alone, and not of thoughts and passions and actions? Are we, because we are Catholics, to content ourselves with an imitation of that very folly which we cast in the teeth of Oxford and Cambridge tutors, and fancy that we are fully cultivating the faculties and storing the memory when we have familiarised ourselves with the laws of Greek metre, or the refinements of Attic oratory? Surely the most hasty glance shews us at once that no liberal education worthy the name can be conferred without the study of history, of moral and metaphysical philosophy, of poetry, of political economy, and of every one of those various branches of thought in which we are brought directly into contact with the *mind* of man, whether generally, as that which constitutes our common nature, or individually and nationally, as it has exerted its powers in times past in ten thousand variations of circumstances.

But, let us ask, by what conceivable eliminating process is the existence and influence of Christianity, and of other religions, to be banished from the thoughts and opinions of a young man who is thus studying both man and mankind, in their essence and in their history? Who can study for a single day without having some opinion or other on theological topics, either for or against some one creed and some one religious practice? Who can investigate the heathen mythology, the chronology of ancient times, the metaphysical and moral systems of Greece, of the East, of the schoolmen, of modern France, Germany, and England, the history of any one nation, the progress of civilisation, the laws of political economy, the nature and powers of the poetic faculty, the influence and true spirit of the fine arts and music, or any one single subject in which man, with all his emotions, his weaknesses, his hopes, and his fears, is concerned, without incessantly trenching upon the domain of religious belief, and without forming some ideas as to religious truth and falsehood? It is an insult to our understanding to tell us to communicate a purely secular education, or to examine thoroughly into a young man's course of study and mental cultivation, and yet to avoid all allusion to theology, and to put no interpretation upon men's characters and conduct in accordance with our own personal views.

Take any one of those subjects on which the Irish Colleges *ought* to instruct and to examine every person who seeks education at their hands. Suppose we are entering upon the subject of philology,—to mention a case apparently far removed from theological specu-

lations,—and are tracing the history and origin of any language; and suppose, as would often be natural, that the question of the origin of *all* language is brought forward, and the person examined is asked for a probable and philosophical opinion on the point; in a moment we are launched upon some of the profoundest metaphysico-theological subjects. Those who are familiar with the present course of philosophical and religious controversy among the ablest minds in France, will see at once that it is impossible to express any one opinion on this apparently unimportant subject, without committing oneself to a chain of argument, which, according as it is afterwards followed up by such or such facts and views, issues *necessarily* either in Atheism, Deism, Latitudinarianism, ordinary Protestantism, or Catholicism. We are not putting a hypothetical case; we are stating a fact, when we say that even on a purely philological question it is frequently impossible to hold any one philosophical view without at the same time embracing a tendency towards some one religious system or other.

Or suppose a teacher is sketching the history of modern European civilisation, is it not plain that he cannot utter a sentence without bearing in mind the religious state of Europe, and the influence which Catholicism and Protestantism have exercised upon succeeding generations? And to say that in such a case he would be called upon simply to state a series of historical facts, unbiassed by any private religious convictions of his own, is simple nonsense. No man *can* do such a thing; and of course no man ever did, or ever will do such a thing. It is trifling to bid a man narrate history apart from his own personal sentiments. The facts of history are not like the facts of algebra, on which no person in his senses can doubt. In historical inquiries our data as to facts are so often of that merely suggestive character, that it is utterly hopeless to form any opinion as to what really happened, and of the actual course of events, and of the characters of the personages concerned in them, except by filling up the void by our own personal ideas, as to what was naturally to be expected under the circumstances. Take any one particular period, and see whether it is within the limits of possibility that we should not colour both its details and its grand features with the hues of our own feelings and opinions. Conceive an honest Catholic writing the same account of the Crusades as an honest Protestant would write. Conceive the character of the Emperor Julian the apostate drawn the same by a Christian and a Freethinker. Conceive Henry the Eighth, Cranmer, Queen Elizabeth, Pope Gregory the Ninth, Innocent the Third, Galileo, John Knox, Charles the First, Louis the Ninth of France, or even George the Third of England, described in precisely similar terms, as to facts, by a Puseyite, an Evangelical, a Catholic, a Quaker, a Tory, and a Radical.

The thing is too ludicrous for serious refutation. If a professor is not to give utterance to his religious and political partialities and aversions, in all consistency the whole history of the human race ought to be banished from the lecture-room.

Or, again, in the science of political economy, who can steer clear, either in giving information, in asking questions, or replying to them, of some opinion or other with respect to the influence of monasticism upon the economical condition of every nation where it exists, or has existed? It is well known to those who have had opportunities of acquainting themselves with the religious state of Great Britain and Ireland, that there is considerable probability that a strong reaction in favour of the monastic orders may soon take place in this country, and indeed that monks and nuns are already rapidly multiplying amongst us. Now, the influence of these religious orders upon the agriculture and the general disposal of the wealth of the people, and upon the condition of the poor, either for good or for evil, is unquestionably so powerful, that (not to mention the bearings of the question of religious endowments upon the leasing and possession of all property generally) a political economist who omits to touch upon this feature of the Catholic religion in connexion with his science, might as reasonably cut out from his text-books and expositions every word which bore upon the poor laws or the increase of population.

Again, if a thesis for an essay on the influence and proper uses of the imagination were proposed to a candidate for a degree, in the name of all honesty, let us ask how the subject is to be fairly treated if religion is to be excluded from all thought or name. There is scarcely a sect on earth which does not more or less call in to its aid the poetic and imaginative faculties: some in a very slight degree; others, like the Catholic Church, regarding poetry as pre-eminently the type and handmaid of the Christian faith, and employing in a thousand varied forms the resources of art in her public and private devotions. In truth, poetic thoughts cannot be severed from religious thoughts. In Pagan times, poetic and religious ideas merged incessantly into one another by an imperceptible gradation; and even such modern poets as Lord Byron, who may be regarded as the very personification of the anti-religious spirit, involuntarily do homage to the irresistible force of the religious sentiment in moulding the thoughts and aspirations of humanity.

We need not, however, specify more proofs of the impossibility of banishing the religious element from education. We all *have* opinions one way or other. We all look back upon past history, and study morals and metaphysics, and cultivate our own faculties generally, under a belief that one thing is true and another false; that one religious system tends to produce bad

men, and another good men; and we have no more power either to communicate knowledge, to put questions, or to answer them, without regard to these our personal convictions, than we should have to write a history of the British constitution without once naming the House of Commons.

The working of the University of London has already supplied an illustration of what we are now advancing. It started, and has hitherto existed, on the supposition, not merely that it was desirable, but that it was possible, to educate the mind without touching upon theological questions, that is, without touching upon man himself. And hence, in many respects, it is a failure. The examiners of candidates for degrees in arts, if honest, either dare not ask the questions they ought to ask, lest they lead to a theological reply; or they so modify what they ask, as to deprive the whole procedure of all spirit, influence, and vitality. So far from distancing Oxford and Cambridge in the intellectual race, they are behind them. They are driven to take refuge in verbal niceties, trivial criticisms, unimportant historical events, uninfluential biographies, sham philosophy, stiff logic, cold and hollow metaphysics, while they cease not (unconsciously) to inculcate the audacious untruth, that man can be studied apart from his religion. This is the true secret of the slow progress of the London University examinations. They are "content to dwell in decencies for ever." They are not realities at all; they are shams. They are solemn impostures, in which a pretence is made to inquire how far a youth has studied history, philosophy, and imaginative literature, and in which no *bonâ fide* inquiry is really made. The examiners and the examined are like regiments of soldiers, all armed for the fight, with standards flying, and trumpets blowing, and drums beating, who, as soon as they reach the battlefield, courteously salute one another, and play a game at single-stick. They beat about the bush, and make a vast pretence of learning and profoundness of thought, and display a superb array of names and books, and quote like Johnson's dictionary; but there is nothing solid or genuine beneath it all; the mind is unfurnished, the judgment is not strengthened, the inward spirit is not armed for the true battle of life, but is in peril of going forth into the world to be imposed upon and overcome by the first keen, vigorous, and well-informed intellect it meets with.

And such will be the fate of these Irish Colleges, unless they assume an attitude of positive hostility to all religion, or fall exclusively under the influence of some one definite religious creed. They must either falsify their own professions, or sink at once into an empty, artificial system of trivialities. If they do not aim directly at making their pupils Catholics, or Protestants, or Atheists, they must make them dull, useless pedants, votaries of philology

and heartless criticism, of mathematical and physical science alone. If *this* is counted education, we have nothing more to say to those who so esteem it. We wish them joy of their pos-

session, only warning them that they must see mankind go by and leave them dreaming in their delusion.

Reviews.

THE CLAPHAM SECT.—EVANGELICALISM.

Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography. By the Right Hon. Sir James Stephen, K.C.B. London, Longmans.

THE room in Lord Teignmouth's house at Clapham, where the Bible Society was first planned, is now a Catholic chapel. Where Wilberforce and Thornton, Zachary Macaulay and Granville Sharpe, gossiped, dined, devised schemes for the abolition of slavery, articles for the *Christian Observer*, and machinery for scattering printed Bibles all over the world,—there now kneels the cowed monk, adoring the blessed Sacrament of the altar, invoking Mary's intercession, and praying for the souls in purgatory. Such are the mutations in human things.

And the destiny of Lord Teignmouth's dining-room is but a type of what is taking place wherever the name of Christ is yet known. The middle of the 19th century, when English interpreters of prophecy fondly hoped to see the Papacy disappear, has beheld Pius IX. issuing an encyclical letter for the purpose of making the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception an article of faith, claiming to the very utmost every spiritual right and power which his boldest predecessors enjoyed, and receiving from tens of millions of souls throughout Christendom a homage and an obedience which are all the more signally impressive from the fury with which a section of his own Italian subjects have revolted against his temporal claims. The old struggle is being fought, with the old results. Many become infidel, and many become Catholic. She who is universal and not national, gains in one kingdom what she loses in another. The fiercer the onslaught of her foes, the closer does she draw the ranks of her faithful soldiers. The more baneful the treachery of her false friends, the more determined the energies of her loving children. Men of the world, men of the study, men who know the Church only from without, imagine that she is failing and perishing away; while they who are within her fold, and share her hopes and fears, are glad with triumphant joy, and were never more hopeful and devoted to her service than now.

Curious, therefore, it is at such a time to read the vaticinations of men, who, like the ex-mismanager of the Colonial Office, come forward to inform mankind that "the day

is not distant when the old 'Clapham Sect' will assume the form, and be hailed by the glorious title, of the Universal Church." Yet such is Sir James Stephen's deliberate opinion, now promulgated in the *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography*, which he has just reprinted, with considerable additions and supposed improvements, from the *Edinburgh Review*. Following the example of his more distinguished coadjutors, he has collected into two volumes a series of articles in which he expounds his peculiar views on the characters of Hildebrand, St. Francis of Assisi, the founders of Jesuitism, Luther, the French Benedictines, the Port-Royalists, Baxter, Wilberforce, Isaac Taylor, and the *coryphæi* of what he calls, after Sydney Smith, the Clapham Sect. All these productions bear the impress of what Sir James considers the only true, philosophical, and enlightened view of Christianity and Christians. They are designed to convince the world that, from Gregory VII. to John Lord Teignmouth, all are more or less pious Christians, and all more or less ambitious self-seekers or unphilosophical fools. From the heights of his critical throne, he patronises them all alike,—praising them all, pitying them all, admonishing them all, professing himself a follower of none, and a cordial partaker in the creed of none. In florid, laboured, and pretentious sentences, he dispenses even-handed justice to Papist and Protestant, Rome and Clapham; and winds up with an "Epilogue," or exposition of his own doctrinal ideas, in which the only intelligible opinion which we can discover, amid a cloud of rhetorical antitheses, is, a denial of the eternity of future punishments.

Sir James Stephen's *Essays* are, however, by no means altogether worthless. He is a clever man, and a fluent, and he has a tolerably keen eye for the ridiculous, and is not by any means ill-natured or uncharitable, though given to patronising and sneering. He has also read a good many books, mixed a good deal in society, and thought a little for himself. What he needs is, a definite religious creed of his own, good taste, modesty, and some little real knowledge of the principles and practices of Catholics. Now and then he says a good thing, points a clever sarcasm, describes a character with vivid brilliancy, introduces a happy allusion or metaphor, or vigorously up-

sets some silly popular prejudice. He himself is a sort of cross-breed between a Clapham Evangelical and an Edinburgh Reviewer, retaining, we must confess, some of the worst features of both his parents. His semi-scepticism in all dogmatic religion, his contemptuous pity for the frailties even of those whom he most extols, and the entire absence of that intense, self-forgetting earnestness which renders even religious error respectable, make his writings offensive to every religious mind, and disgust us, even while we admit that they have done much good towards the demolition of many vulgar anti-Catholic prejudices. Happily for mankind, such persons as Sir James Stephen are not common in any age. Hybrids, whether among birds and beasts, or in the human mind, are not self-propagating. The world divides itself into parties who are in earnest about something, who take one side, and make up their minds that there is such a thing as truth upon earth, if only it could be got at; and that those who on the whole agree, must act together with as united an action as if they did not differ in minute details. While, therefore, we are glad to see the public disabused of any of their old delusions by men of the Macaulay and Stephen stamp, we neither expect nor wish to see them common; and for the same reason we shall not trouble ourselves to examine into the various vagaries of the volumes before us; but after an extract or two from the Essay on the Clapham Sect, shall proceed at once to lay before our readers a sketch of the character of that numerous body of Protestants who are here so denominated, and whose doctrinal system is styled "Evangelicalism." All English Catholics ought to be acquainted with its phenomena and peculiarities for this one momentous reason, that although the *heart* of the sect has already decayed, its notions and habits of thought still survive in a very large portion of the more serious-minded people of this country.

Our first extract is Sir James Stephen's portrait of Isaac Milner, Dean of Carlisle and head of Queen's College, Cambridge. It is the best of all his sketches of the Clapham party, more vivid and life-like, and less encumbered with vague philosophy and awkward patronising.

"Isaac Milner was no ordinary person. His body (the very image of the informing mind) was athletic and capacious, yet coarse and clumsy withal, and alive, far more than is usual with the giant brood, to every vicissitude of pleasure and of pain. His muscular and his nervous structure seemed to belong to two different men, or rather to be of different sexes. The sense of vast physical power was unattended by animal courage; and the consciousness of great intellectual strength animated him to no arduous undertakings. Robust as he was and omnivorous, he was haunted by imaginary maladies and ideal dangers; shuddering at the east wind, and flying to a hiding-place at the sound of thunder. In the pursuit of knowledge he was as an elephant forcing his way

through saplings, and bending them to his purpose with a proboscis alike firm and flexible; yet at the next moment obeying the feeblest hand, alarmed by the most transient blaze, and turned out of his way by the first mournful gong or joyous cymbal. He was a kind of Ajax-Andromache, combining such might with such sensibility as made him at once admirable, loveable, and inefficient. Call at the lodge at Queen's in the evening, and you heard him with stentorian lungs tumbling out masses of knowledge, illuminated by remarks so pungent, and embellished with stories, illustrations, gestures, and phrases so broad and unceremonious, that you half expected the appearance of the Lady Margaret, to remind the master of the house that she had built that long gallery, and those oriel windows, for meditation and studious silence. Call again in the morning, and you found him broken-hearted over some of the sorrows to which flesh is heir, or agitated by some collegiate controversy, or debating with his apothecary how many scruples of senna should enter into his next draught, as though life and death were in the balances. Thus erratic in all his pursuits, and responsive to every outward impression, he failed in that stern perseverance, without which none may become the teachers, the rulers, or the benefactors of mankind, and with which perhaps but few can be much courted as companions, or much loved as friends.

"But so to be loved and courted should not be regarded as a mere selfish luxury. A wise and good man, and such was Isaac Milner, will regard popular acceptance as an advantage convertible to many excellent uses; and so he considered it. His great talents were his social talents. In talk, ever ready, even animated, and usually pregnant with profound meaning, he found the law, and fulfilled the end, of his sublimary existence. He talked with children (his chosen associates) inimitably. It was like a theological lecture from Bunyan, or a geographical discourse from De Foe. He talked with the great and the rich, as one who was their equal in wealth, and their superior in worship. He talked with pugilists, musicians, and graziers, at once to learn and to interpret the mysteries of their several crafts. He talked with physicians, to convince them that their art was empirical. He talked with politicians, to rouse them to the dangers of Catholic emancipation. He talked on paper to his correspondents pleasantly and affectionately, though, on the chapter of his own affections, too abundantly. He talked also to his chosen and intimate friends, but not in the same fitful strain. To them, from the abundance of the heart, he spoke on the theme which alone gave any unity of design to the otherwise incongruous habits of his life; and which alone harmonised the passages, droll and melancholy, pompous and affectionate, bustling and energetic, of which it was composed. It was that theme which engages the latest thoughts of all men—the retrospect and the prospect; the mystery within, and the dread presence without; the struggle, and the triumph, and the fearful vengeance; and whatever else is involved in the relations which subsist between mortal man and the eternal Source of his existence. To search into those relations, and into the duties and hopes and fears flowing from them, was the end which Isaac Milner still proposed to himself, under all his ever-varying moods. From his brother he had derived the theological tenets, for the dissemination of which the History of the Church had been written. Reposing in them with inflexible constancy, he drew from them hopes which, notwithstanding his constitutional infirmities, imparted dignity to his character and peace to his closing hours. He was the intellectual chief of his party, and the members of it resorted to him at Cambridge, there to dispel doubts, and thence to bring back responses, oracular, authoritative, and profound. Nor could they have made a better choice; for to his capacity, learning, and colloquial eloquence, he added a most absolute sincerity and good faith. He had an instinct which could detect at a glance, and a temper which loathed, all manner of cant and false pretension;

and he estimated at their real worth the several kinds of religious theatricals, liveries, and freemasonries.

"Kind-hearted, talkative, wise old man! from the slumbers of many bygone years, how easy is it to raise his image—joyful, as when he exulted over his exorcism of the clothes-tearing ghost of Sawston; or jocund, as when he chuckled over the remembrance of the hearty box he inflicted on the ears of Lord Archibald Hamilton, who, in all the pride of pugilism, had defied the assault of unscientific knuckles; or grandiloquent, as when he reviewed the glories of his first vice-chancellorship, in which he had expelled from the senate Lucius Catilina Frend; or the triumphs of his second consulate, when, having thundered his philippics against Marcus Antonius Brown, he was hailed as *Pater Academicæ*. Well, he is gone! and Alma Mater has still her heads of houses, men of renown; but if once again the table could be spread in that hospitable old dining-room at Queen's, with the facetious Dean at the head of it, there is not among the incomparable wranglers and conversing encyclopædias of them all, any one who would be fit to sit over against him as croupier."

The portrait of Lord Teignmouth is also drawn with great gusto, and *from the life*.

"As Mr. Carlyle has it," says Sir James, "he was a noticeable man. While Napoleon had been founding an empire in Europe, he had been ruling an empire in Asia. The greatest of commercial corporations had made him their viceroy. The greatest of religious societies had made him their head. He was a man of letters too, and a man of hair-breadth escapes and strange adventures. He had been the friend of Sir William Jones, the associate of Warren Hastings, the adviser of Henry Dundas, and the choice of William Pitt when he had a trust to confer, superior in splendour, perhaps in importance, to his own. So, at least, said the chronicles of those times; but his own appearance seemed to say the contrary. If the *fascæ* had really once been borne before the quiet, everyday-looking gentleman who was to be seen walking with his children on Clapham Common, or holding petty sessions of the peace for the benefit of his neighbours there, then Clapham Common had totally misconceived what manner of men Governors-general are. The idea of the Common was as magnificent as that of a Lord Mayor in the mind of Martinus Scriblerus. But a glance at our Arungzebe, in the Clapham coach, was enough to dispel the illusion. How a man who had sat on the Musnud of Calcutta could now sit so patiently between Messrs. Smith and Brown of St. Mildred's, Cornhill, and listen to them on the Paving-rate question with such genuine and good-humoured interest, was a question which long exercised the faith and the tongues of the Commoners, and which has ever since remained one of the dark problems of parochial history.

"Lord Teignmouth was an estimable, accomplished, and religious man, on whom Providence bestowed extraordinary gifts of fortune, without any extraordinary gifts of nature. He was exalted to one of the highest places of the earth, but was not endowed with the genius or the magnanimity for which such places afford their meet exercise and full development. The roll of British viceroys in India includes other names than those of the Immortals. Clive, Hastings, and Wellesley transmitted empire, but could not transmit imperial minds, to Amherst, or to Minto, or to Shore. He was not one of those who enlarge our conceptions of the powers occasionally confided to man. He rose to the summit of delegated dominion, without any sublime endurance or heroic daring. He wrote many speculations, political, moral, and religious; but without rendering more clear our knowledge of the actual condition of mankind, or our conjectures respecting what awaits them. He also wrote many verses; but can scarcely ever have awakened an echo in the hearts of others. The eminence of his position suggested comparisons which it would otherwise have been unmeaning to form. There is not room for many great men in any age or in

any dynasty; and he who, in the age of Napoleon and the dynasty of Clive, ruled with spotless virtue, and aimed only to consolidate the conquests of his predecessors, might justly deprecate the disparaging remark, that he was not cast in their gigantic mould. But the good Vespasian must always be prepared for invidious allusions to the mighty Julius. * * *

"Returning a third time to his native land, Lord Teignmouth fell into the routine of common duties and of common pleasures, with the ease of a man who had taken no delight in the pomp or in the exercise of power, but whose heart had been with his home and with his books, even while nabobs and rajahs were prostrating themselves before him. He became eminent at the Quarter-Sessions, took down again the volumes in which Parr had lectured him, thinned out his shrubberies, visited at country-seats and watering-places, watched over his family and his poor neighbours, sent letters of good advice to his sons (to the perusal of which the public are now invited with perhaps more of filial than of fraternal piety), and, in short, lived the life so pleasant in reality, so tedious in description, of a well-educated English gentleman, of moderate fortune, moderate desires, and refined tastes; with a fruitful vine on the walls of his house, and many olive-branches round about his table.

"If, as all Englishmen believe, this is the happiest condition of human existence, it illustrates the remark, that happiness is a serious, not to say a heavy thing. The exhibition of it in these volumes is rather amiable than exhilarating. India-House traditions tell, that when a young aspirant for distinction there requested one of the Chairs to inform him what was the proper style of writing political despatches, the Chair made answer, 'The style we prefer is the *humdrum*.' This preference for the humdrum, enjoined perhaps by the same high authority, clung to Lord Teignmouth even after his return to Europe. He wrote as if to baffle the critics, and lived as if to perplex the biographers. A foreigner amongst us might perhaps have sketched him as a specimen of a class peculiar to England. But the portrait is too familiar for exhibition to English eyes, though none is dearer to English hearts. Who that has contemplated and loved (as who has not?) the wise, cheerful, and affectionate head of some large household, filling up without hurry or lassitude the wide circle of domestic, neighbourly, and magisterial duties, and aiming at nothing more—let him say whether the second Lord Teignmouth could have rendered animating in description the tranquil years which the first Lord Teignmouth probably found the most grateful of his life in reality."

With these agreeable extracts, we dismiss Sir James, and turn to the peculiarities of the party of whose leaders he has constituted himself the biographer, not, we suspect, very much to the gratification of their theological posterity.

In the Clapham coterie the doctrinal system of Whitfield, Wesley, Scott, Romaine, and Newton, made its first alliance with gentlemanliness, worldly shrewdness, good taste, and comfortable moderation. There it first learned to meet the hostile spirit of the ungodly world with a courteous bow, a bland smile, and a proffered shake of the hand. There it first aimed at making religion agreeable to the half-converted, at employing the machinery of societies, and the follies and elegancies of secular life, for the furtherance of what it, still conscientiously, accounted the true gospel of Jesus Christ. There it received homage from Members of Parliament, reckoned up a balance at its banker's, and en-

hired itself on the shelves of a Piccadilly publisher. There it held converse with Oxford and Cambridge, with Deans and Bishops, with Lords, and with Ladies, and with Right Honourables. There also it embodied in one vast organised institution that elementary absurdity, from which it derived so much of its first influence, and by the exposure of whose hollowiness it will ultimately be wiped away from the face of the earth.

At Clapham either lived, or met in frequent friendly conclave, Wilberforce, the good, energetic, volatile, clever, and unimaginative; Feignmouth, the heavy and the respectable; Thornton, the didactic and the munificent; Gisborne, the retiring and studious; Sharpe, the Ordinance clerk, and expounder of the Apocalypse; Macaulay, the energetic, enduring, and self-devoted; Bowdler, the amiable and the literary; Stephen, Wilberforce's brother-in-law; Simeon, the founder of the Simeonites at Cambridge; and Dean Milner, also of Cambridge, the ablest and most independent-minded man of them all. There at Clapham, these men combined to make Evangelicalism respectable, and to give it a name and place in the English nation. Patiently, and perhaps thankfully, they endured the witticisms and angry attacks of Sydney Smith, Theodore Hook, and all that unholy race, who hated the religion of Clapham because it was a zealous religion; and though boasting of not one great intellect, not one hero, not one man of commanding eloquence, not one poet, not one man of learning, and scarcely one of keen logical powers, they gradually advanced, till in the present day we have seen one of their followers sitting on the throne once filled by A'Becket, and preaching as its Archbishop in Canterbury Cathedral.

All these leaders whom we have named are now gone from this life, and a new generation is forgetting them. Of their sons, many have continued the work their sires commenced, have secularised Evangelicalism more and more, and have assimilated it with lenient hand to the doctrinal views of the old Anglican High Churchmen. Others have flung aside the creed of their fathers, and been foremost in denouncing the Clapham denomination, calling themselves Anglo-Catholics, abhorring the Bible Society, seeking vainly to propitiate that Rome which Clapham deemed to be Babylon, and because Rome will not own them, throwing themselves back upon some imaginary era of the past, when they suppose Popes were no Popes at all, and the Blessed Virgin Mary was treated only with cold respect. Some few, also, have learned from Evangelicalism itself to embrace the very creed of Rome with all their souls, to submit to her claims, and profess to have found, in what the world calls her sorceries, those very pure and saving truths which Evan-

gelicalism has felt after, and felt after in vain.

As a party—an organised, disciplined, united, energetic, and self-consistent body—the Evangelicals of Clapham and their comrades are now no more. They have fraternised with the decent moral-seeming world; are mixed up with it, with various degrees of assimilation, and with more or less tincture of the opinions of High-Church Anglicanism. The old race has degenerated, and would scarcely recognise its legitimate progeny in the men and women of this day. Far better were the parents than the children. There was that in Clapham which had a right to the power it won in its generation. There was piety, we believe, true, and honest, and candid, according to its knowledge; and a genuine persevering determination to propagate what it counted the Gospel amongst all men, at any cost save that of perfect self-sacrifice or martyrdom. If the excellent men of Clapham were not saints, we cannot in our hearts class them with the world that lieth in wickedness. In their way they fought for the Cross against its foes; and in sending Bibles all over the world, they honestly took what they considered scriptural means for making men Christians. Good, amiable, benevolent, and gentlemanly souls! peace be to their memory, though they did believe that the English Bible, as translated by King James's translators, was literally the Word of God, and that all mankind can read, as they can eat, by nature. They did their work in a godless age, witnessing for the truth that time is short, and judgment follows death, and eternity is long, and that Jesus Christ died to save sinners, and that they who scorn Him now shall not reign with Him hereafter. They denounced Rome, because they accounted her antichrist; and if they were so simple-minded as to suppose that St. Paul's Epistles and all the difficult texts in the Gospels can be comprehended by housemaids and ploughboys, they were yet far from conceiving that the Fathers were *more* easy than the Bible to the unlearned, and from bidding those who had not time even to read the one volume of the Scriptures, betake themselves to forty or fifty volumes of Greek and Latin patristic theology, in order to learn how they might save their souls.

Evangelicalism was, indeed, like the Tractarianism which followed it, an effort of the uninstructed but conscientious mind of England to devise some true and living practical religion. It was the work of a class of men, who to a determined and honest character united a conviction that the gospel of Jesus Christ *must* include certain elements of doctrine and practice, or else it would be no Gospel at all. It was the attempt to grasp and systematise certain traditional fragments of Catholicism, which had never become wholly

obscured in the national mind, however Protestantised, which were embodied in many parts of the Book of Common Prayer, and which a careful study of the New Testament, even unaided by any respect for tradition, shewed to the candid reader to be unquestionably contained in its sacred pages. Of course, like a landscape half visible through the haziness of a fog, the entire field of Christian doctrine was invisible to men thus situated; and even when they caught a glimpse of certain truths, they saw them so indistinctly, so completely torn asunder from one another, and from other truths wholly unperceived, that when they sought to reproduce what they beheld in any thing like systematic shape, they distorted and bedaubed it, so that they who knew only the pure truth of the Gospel could hardly recognise its lineaments, or account it any thing better than a mere human invention. The dogmas of Evangelicalism thus bore as nearly as might be the very same relation to the Catholic faith which is to be assigned to the Anglicanism of the last twenty years. Both systems were partially true; both forced upon the attention of the unwilling age some mighty truths concerning God and the soul; both were erroneous by perversion and omission, quite as much as by definite falsehood and an anticatholic, antichristian spirit. Each did its work in its day. Each prepared the national mind for better gifts than itself could confer. Each attacked some abhorred custom, theory, or prejudice, which lay in the way of an acceptance of the Catholic faith, whenever that faith itself should be brought prominently forward before the nation's eye. Of the personal character of the promoters of the two systems, from Scott and Thornton down to those good men who died before the Oxford movement had come to full maturity, we say nothing. We know not their hearts, or how far they were inspired by a pure love to their almost unknown God, or by mere natural zeal and philanthropy. To Him alone who created them, and who has now judged them, are they known, though we venture to express a hope that, like the patriarchs of old, "all these died according to faith, not having received the promises, but beholding them afar off." Our concern is with their opinions, and with their opinions alone.

The first great truth which Evangelicalism proclaimed, and which, more than any other of its ideas, drew upon it the hatred of men of the world, was the essential difference between the two classes of which mankind is made up. It was a doctrine connected with the very vital blood of the system, that a life passed in conformity with the natural desires and feelings of the human heart is hateful to God, and that without a fundamental change into another state of mind and action, no person can be saved, to whatever Christian denomination he

may belong. This it was which roused all the gall and bitterness of the parties who mocked, who misrepresented, who detested, and who pretended to despise the Evangelicals, for despise them in reality they rarely did. It was this doctrine of *conversion*, or *regeneration*, as they often called it, meaning the same thing by both of these terms, which made Clapham a byword with the frivolous, the sensual, and the profane. True it was that Evangelicalism could scarcely touch a truth without caricaturing it, and that the morbid excesses to which it carried its disciples were as ludicrous as they were mournful. Still, this was not that which made Wilberforce a butt for the pleasantry of Sheridan, or Thomas Scott the abhorrence of nearly the whole bench of Bishops. The Church of England and the Dissenting world together, in those days, united in flattering each other that all men would be saved (except, perhaps, Papists); that there was no radical distinction in the heart between one class of men and another; that it was merely a question between harmless venial infirmity and high rational piety; that though possibly a few murderers, housebreakers, sheep-stealers, and others of the low and vulgar herd, might be damned—a word, by the way, which was rarely heard in sermons of the day, being exclusively employed in giving force to polite conversation—yet that nobody need trouble himself much about his soul, and that the only real danger lay in trying to be "righteous overmuch." Against this fatal snare the Evangelical and Methodist connexions set themselves to preach and write, in season and out of season; and it was because they thus insisted upon the truth that every person who is *in* this state of neglect of God must pass *out* of it, if he would be saved, that a storm of sarcasm and detestation was rained down upon their heads, the echoes of whose beating have but recently died away.

That they should pervert the weighty truth which they thus announced, and accompany it with all sorts of absurdities, was but natural. Those who have no infallible guide to correct their aberrations, no traditional system of action to mould their daily conduct, and no living examples in whose steps to follow, necessarily commit some sort of folly every day they live; and the more earnest they are, the more extravagant the excesses to which their disciples are prone. Thus Evangelicalism rapidly embraced the monstrous delusion that a line can be drawn by man between the converted and the unconverted. They took to establishing a new sect in the Establishment, in which every individual was supposed to be a truly pious Christian, while all without its pale were unregenerate and heirs of perdition. Men of sense and experience in other affairs were found to acquiesce in an idea, that whoever believed in the Lu-

eran doctrine of justification was on the straight road to heaven, and that every body who played at cards or went to the theatre was a child of Satan. Not content with teaching that amusements in themselves innocent were to be avoided when they did moral harm to others, or to the persons who indulged in them, they invented a strange interpretation of the apostolic injunction against conformity to the world, and denounced various things as evil for no other reason than that *worldly people* upheld them. Like all sectarians, they became intolerably intolerant, adopted a Shibboleth by which they were known to one another, and discarded ordinary language in speaking of spiritual things. They set up an *Index Expurgatorius*, in which they classed all books and preachers who refused to conform to their precise ideas of theology and morality. They required of their followers that every man should be able to specify the day and hour of his conversion, and narrate the circumstances under which he had been "regenerated," accounting an inability to do this to be a token that no "saving change" had yet taken place, and that the poor ignorant creature was still in a state of nature, and an enemy of God. These and other corruptions, exaggerations, and falsities, were to be found in various degrees of prominence in nearly every adherent to their party, and tended in no slight degree to strengthen the hands of their opponents, and to diminish the positive benefit which Evangelicalism in other respects conferred upon this country.

In immediate connexion with their doctrine of conversion, was the urgency with which they insisted on the necessity of *loving* God, as distinguished from fearing Him, and from serving Him under a cold sense of duty. Before Wesley preached, and Evangelicalism was systematised, the little religious feeling which remained in this country contented itself with aiming at the cultivation of the outward decencies of life, and the perfunctory performance of a few prayers and devotional observances. The great elementary truth of all religion, that love to God lies at the root of all acceptable service, was scarcely recognised, even in theory; and they who would make it a prominent feature in their teaching, were scouted as fanatics and insane. Here, then, is another of the truths of Christianity which Evangelicalism recalled. It declared that love is not fear; and that a man who serves God outwardly, without loving Him in the depths of his soul, is still an outcast from the Divine favour. It proclaimed in sermons, in hymns, in essays, in conversations, that God exacts from us a feeling towards Himself which is of the very same nature as the affection with which we regard our dearest friends on earth; that religion lies in the heart; and the religion of the heart is

a religion of love, and not a religion of servile dread.

So far, indeed, all was well. Evangelicalism did but repeat what Moses had taught to the Jews, what our Blessed Lord again taught to his disciples, and what Catholics are ever taught as the foundation of their personal religion. But it stayed not here. Ignorant of the history of the Christian Church, blind to a large proportion of the sacred Scriptures, and knowing nothing of the philosophy of human motives and human emotions, the Evangelical party overlooked the connexion which exists between the workings of Christian love and those of Christian fear, and of the obligation under which men lie to serve God by *obedience* to an absolute and irreversible law. They encouraged one another to believe that the one great work of a religious person should be to work incessantly upon the *feeling* of love, by every possible outward stimulant; and that to cultivate ideas of duty and obligation was the conduct of a barren legalist, of a stranger to the true Gospel of Jesus Christ. Morality, as such, they placed very nearly on a level with positive sin. They could see nothing of the tendency of outward good actions, done with a good intention, though imperfect, to react upon the soul within, and gradually to purify its inmost motives and affections. They followed a course precisely similar to that of a man of sickly constitution, who, instead of strengthening himself by careful diet, strict regimen, and regular exercise, flies to stimulating medicines, to wine, brandy, and hot condiments, in the fallacious hope that by *forcing* his feeble energies to a brief and violent action, he communicates to them that inherent strength which, in reality, he is destroying. Their devotional system, notwithstanding the mixture of truth and good sense which was infused into it by its wisest followers, was, on the whole, a system of spiritual intoxication, in which excitement was mistaken for feeling, comfort for holiness, and enjoyment for peace with God.

Mortifications of every kind they, of course, practically scouted and condemned. Here and there some little token might be detected in one of the more reasonable and independent of the school, that he was not utterly insensible to the declarations of the Bible on the mortification of the body; but as a class, they derided and abhorred the very name. With a hopeless obtuseness of perception they persisted in maintaining that the only mortification which was to be practised by Christians was an abstinence from sin; that fasting was legal, Jewish, tending to spiritual pride, and (worse than all) Popish. A Christian, they said, should fast from sin, and from nothing else; and abstinence from what is in itself lawful, for the sake of spiritualising the soul,

was a practice which they detested with all the fierceness of a thorough devotee to the pleasures of the world.

Another true doctrine, also near akin to the doctrine of conversion, which Evangelicalism brought prominently forward, was that which declares that man in himself is radically corrupt and sinful; and nothing whatever that is good can be accomplished by him, except by the grace of the Holy Ghost. The popular religionism of the age when Evangelicalism first sprung to life, practically denied that man is sinful and helpless. The old-fashioned clergy and laity, of the better sort, taught a positive Pelagianism. The word *grace* was almost hateful in their nostrils; and they accounted self-dependence to be the very essence of Christian morals. That man, from first to last, can do *nothing* without a spiritual influence, and that a practical sense of this helplessness is one of the most difficult works to which the Christian is called, they counted a glaring paradox, a fanatical deceit. Then came the Evangelical party, and rushing to the opposite extreme, denied that man must co-operate with God in his own salvation. With all the shallowness of self-taught religionists, they could not seize one truth in their grasp without tearing it away from others to which it was necessarily allied. They brandished one doctrine wildly to and fro, till the eyes of the spectators were bewildered, and could see nothing else in the Christian system. Text they flung against text, till the religious world came devoutly to believe that the great use of one half of the New Testament is to contradict and counteract the errors of the other half. They could not comprehend how man could be helpless *without* grace, and yet be a free agent *with* grace. They could not conceive how Almighty God could move a sinner's heart, without forcing it to be saved in spite of itself. They could not be persuaded that any thing but grace was necessary, because without grace every thing else was worthless.

The natural result followed. The end of their system was, that they denied a sanctifying power, even to the grace of God itself. Never was there a class of well-disposed persons who displayed more obstinate unbelief in the omnipotent influences of the Holy Spirit in the soul. Never has the world seen a heretical sect which was more rootedly sceptical in the supernatural, or more unwilling to yield to the Hand of God, in the Church, the world, and the individual soul, the homage which is its due. Not taking the necessary means to cherish the gifts which God gave, and imagining that all a man has to do is to sit still and suffer the grace of God to flow into the heart, as rain sinks into the ground, they necessarily were grievously disappointed at the miserably small results which followed upon

such wonderful commencements, and were amazed to find that after all the boundless promises of Scripture, Evangelicals themselves were very far short of saints after the apostolic pattern. Those who dealt honestly with their own consciences, could not but perceive that sin had still an awful power over them, and that, however much they might hope, and pray, and stimulate themselves with books, sermons, and public meetings, the fire of Christian love would burn faint and dim, and the older they grew the less seemed their progress towards perfection.

Then was developed one of the most odious features in Evangelicalism. The whole school was divided into two classes; one confined chiefly to the Wesleyan Methodists, the other embracing the Evangelicals in the Establishment, and among the Baptists, Independents, and Calvinistic Methodists. The former assumed that the glorious promises of Scripture *were* completely fulfilled in their own case, in spite of the miserable sinfulness which yet remained in their minds; the latter took to explaining away those promises themselves, and declared that such is the corruption of the heart of man, that not even the indwelling of Omnipotence can really sanctify it, or make its holiness perfect. The world beheld two monstrous anomalies existing side by side, in that class which boasted that it was the salt of the earth. In one section, every fanatical excess of spiritual pride was displayed in a presumptuous supposition that men and women, whose sins were open to the face of day, were spotless, perfected saints; in the other, a sect whose especial mark it was, that they attributed their conversion to the grace of God, and protested that they alone *were* converted, displayed a positive hatred to the very idea that any thing approaching to perfect sanctity could be attained by regenerate man. So bitter has been the detestation of the Evangelical body of the doctrine of Christian perfection, even in its purest truth, that the Wesleyans, who have always maintained it with more or less exaggeration and consistency, have never thoroughly fraternised with the rest of the Evangelical party, whether in the pale of the Establishment or in the ranks of the Dissenters.

The doctrine of the atonement of our blessed Lord was another distinguishing feature in the Evangelical creed. That the cross of Christ had disappeared from the Anglican communion, and from Protestantism in general, before the days of Wesley, is commonly admitted by the most zealous Protestants of the present time. England could hardly be said to be ashamed of the cross, or to deny the cross; for she scarcely knew of its existence. The great truth that when a sin has been committed, nothing less than the blood of the Son of God can wash away its guilt, was sim-

ply forgotten. Here and there it was found existing in words, and perhaps occasionally was really believed. But at the time we speak of, the religion of this country was nothing but a clumsy imitation of heathen morality. The people were Pagans, without the little truth which existed in Paganism. The doctrine of atonement did remain in the rites and creed of the heathen world, however distorted and misunderstood. But in British Protestantism, as a whole, it was found only in name. The popular faith may be summed up in a sentence. It was nothing more than universal salvation for all, and every man his own Saviour. It was a practical Socinianism, without the philosophical pretences of Socinianism, and dressed up in the old Catholic creeds and prayers which remained in the Anglican Book of Common Prayer.

Into the ears of this slumbering people the Evangelical party then thundered the doctrine of the atonement, with all the false deductions and perversions which were to be expected from men who had picked it up from fragments of Catholic tradition, or from the pages of the Bible interpreted by their own skill. Pulpit after pulpit resounded with the cry that man could *not* be his own Saviour; and that if he trusted to himself for pardon for his sins, he would infallibly be lost. The preaching of this one doctrine was declared to be the Gospel, the essence of every thing that was "evangelical;" and according as it became the prominent topic in any Protestant minister's mouth, so far was he accounted a converted person, a child of grace, a member of the Church of Christ. In connexion with the atonement of the Cross, the Evangelicals revived the constant enforcement of the Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, so far as they understood it, and became more zealous for the maintenance of the Athanasian Creed, and such other old Catholic formularies as yet remained in their public devotions.

But mark the extraordinary aberrations and self-contradictions with which this revival of the doctrine of the Cross was accompanied. First, the chief ground on which it was inculcated, and by which it was supposed to be proved, was this:—that the awakened sinner could not find peace for his soul except by believing that his guilt was transferred to an atoning Saviour. The one clinging, suicidal element of the whole system, its subjectiveness, was in no instance more strangely displayed than in its mode of upholding the doctrine before us. Unable—(naturally)—to *prove* the dogma by any thing external; having no living authority to go by; and, with all their professed belief in the clearness of the Scriptures, puzzled by the arguments of Socinians; they entrenched themselves in the recesses of their own agitated consciences,

and declared that the doctrine of the atonement *must* be true, because, otherwise, man could not find comfort and rest for his soul, or believe himself forgiven. Awe-struck at the sight of their sins, and trembling as the self-convicted sinner ever does before the holiness of God, they desired to believe in the existence of an all-perfect atonement, and accounted their desire to be a proof that such atonement had been offered up by Jesus Christ. Unable to repose on truth, as such; ignorant of that infallible guide which for seventeen centuries had been pointing to Christ, and saying, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world;" they were not satisfied with recognising in their inmost yearnings an *indication* of what was true; they must needs account such yearnings an irrefragable proof, and were fain to rest their faith, not upon the word of God, but upon the passionate emotions of their own groaning hearts.

For this very same reason they have agreed to regard the Divinity of our Lord as an essential doctrine of the Gospel. The popular Evangelical proof of the Divinity of Christ has always been a deduction from the doctrine of the atonement. Thus they have constantly argued:—Man is a sinner; therefore his sins *must* be atoned for: but none but a divine Redeemer *could* atone for them; *therefore* Jesus Christ is the Son of God. And accordingly, it has ever been one of the most shocking sights which the sect has presented to the Catholic observer, that they cared for the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ almost entirely because without it they thought they could enjoy no comfort of soul. Of the adoring, reverent, affectionate worship which the Catholic heart pays to Jesus Christ, not only because He is our Redeemer, but because He is our God, we do not scruple to declare that the best of the Evangelicals are scarcely conscious. They *value* the doctrine of his Godhead, because they deem it essential to their own hopes of mercy. Self with them is not only, as with all sinners, the first consideration that moves them to piety; it is the last, the only consideration to which they aspire.

Hence it is that it is so extremely rare to meet with a Protestant who has any consistent ideas upon the natures of Jesus Christ at all. Destitute alike of divine faith and of a clear and intelligent Church authority to set truth before him, he seeks in his own inward experiences the tests of all things that are. Instead of viewing truth as it is, in all its eternal, objective reality, he is ever referring his opinions to his feelings, and fixing his thoughts upon those topics which seem most immediately to bear upon his inward peace and spiritual enjoyment. Thus his ideas of the true union of the divine and human natures in our Lord are so vague and undefined,

that he incessantly utters sentiments which are wholly inconsistent with his professed creed. With all the aids to orthodoxy which the ministers and laity of the Anglican Church possess in their authorised formularies, there is scarcely one of them who truly comprehends the doctrine of the Incarnation and its consequences. One of their most learned Bishops (the tutor of the present Sir Robert Peel) declared publicly at Oxford that two-thirds of the Anglican clergy were Nestorians. An Evangelical preacher who does not speak of our blessed Lord in such a way as not to betray his want of faith in his true Divinity, is as rare as one who believes Catholics to be Christians.

The mode in which Evangelicalism supposes that the atonement of Christ is made efficacious to the saving of the soul is another of the corruptions with which it overlaid the momentous truth which it enforced upon the world. One and all, Evangelicals of every shade agreed in supposing that what specially makes a man a Christian is his renunciation of all merit in himself, his conviction that he is a lost sinner without Christ, and that if he reposes with confidence in the merits of Christ for mercy he will certainly be saved. This they have from the first asserted to be the very essence of the Gospel. That repentance, including love and good works, is the *condition* on which the sinner is made partaker of the benefit of the atonement, they never would admit. If they will tolerate the word "condition" at all (which they rarely do), they allow that *faith* is the only condition, meaning by faith this self-renunciation and confidence in Christ which we have just described. So strange are the follies of the unassisted intellect of man, that an enormous class of persons are found, at one moment to magnify the effects of Divine grace in the soul, and at the next to call the good works done through that grace filthy rags; in one breath to maintain that salvation is *not* conditional, in the next that faith is its condition, and in a third that love and holiness *are not* its conditions. Professing to glorify the atonement of Jesus Christ, they fancy that they most honour it when they allow it least efficacy, and when they maintain that the meritoriousness of the works of a Saviour is *not* shared by those good works which that Saviour himself enables his people to perform, which are the fruits of his passion, and which are performed by the members of a body of which He himself is literally the Head.

Wonderful, indeed, is the contrast between the deductions which the Catholic draws from the doctrine of the atonement of the Son of God, and those of Evangelicalism. Agreeing together in believing that we owe every thing to the cross of Christ, and that the merits and powers of that cross are infinite, because He

who sacrificed Himself was the eternal God, the Catholic and the Evangelical are wide as the east is from the west in the conclusions which they hold to be involved in this fundamental article of their creeds. The Catholic holds that the atonement of Jesus is so efficacious in its consequences, that every soul that partakes its benefits shares in *all things* the character of Him who offered it. He believes that the good works which that atonement enables him to perform are necessarily meritorious, by virtue of the merits of Christ; that as Christ saved us by suffering, so we save ourselves, by virtue of membership with Him, by our own suffering; that as the value of that atonement is boundless, so the power which it possesses to sanctify the sinner's soul is boundless also. With the Evangelical, on the contrary, the Cross remains comparatively a barren and powerless manifestation of Divine love and vengeance. It is supposed to do nothing for the sinner but secure him pardon, leaving him personally as vile, or nearly as vile, as before. The sinner is thought to be united to his crucified Lord by a sort of nominal, metaphorical union, which, so far from placing the redeemed in precisely the same condition as the Redeemer, enforces so rigorous a separation, that the sinner is actually supposed to encroach upon the honour and rights of his Saviour if he claims to be like Him and to share his cross in all things. The Evangelical misinterpretations of the doctrine of the atonement positively set the mercy of God in opposition to his holiness, and would have us believe that the cross is most honoured when it is least efficacious. The union of Christ with his people is reduced to a figure of speech; and they who proclaim that it is real, and not a figment, are branded with the reproach of men who would derogate from the fulness of the satisfaction which the Son of God offered to his Father for us.

Hence, also, Evangelicalism blotted out the doctrine of a future judgment from the Protestant's creed. Good works having nothing to do with a man's salvation, what need remained there for a judgment? The quaint and silly device which the modern followers of Luther had invented respecting the value of a Christian life, in place of the still more audacious heresy of their leader, was nevertheless wholly inconsistent with the belief in a judgment according to works. Luther, not being troubled with scrupulousness, whenever he found a text in Scripture palpably contradicting his favourite theory, hesitated not a moment to toss it aside as worthless. Thus, St. James's Epistle was rejected by the German Reformer as an epistle of straw, because it said plainly that a man is not justified by faith only. But the Clapham Lutherans, being as much more pious as they were less logical than the hero they worshipped, could

not persuade themselves to treat any portion of the Scriptures with such open dishonour; and therefore Evangelicalism gladly embraced the notion that when St. James said that a man is justified by works, he meant that he is justified before men; that is, that he thus shewed to his fellow-creatures that he had saving faith! One would have thought, indeed, that so preposterous and impudent a perversion of the whole context of the passage in question would have been rejected with scorn by men of any pretensions to sincerity and intelligence, who could read the Bible for themselves. But not so; Clapham studied the New Testament with a preconceived interpretation, and reserved its common sense for secular affairs; and with one voice the sect gave in its adhesion to this transparent piece of foolishness, and saved St. James's title to inspiration by admitting that he wrote nonsense! The good works of the Christian accordingly formed no part of his title to heaven in the Evangelical scheme; and the age saw the curious phenomenon of an immense sect upholding the study of the Bible as the great cure for the ills of humanity, and at the same time denying that one doctrine, of a judgment according to works, which, perhaps more clearly than any other, is enforced in the sacred pages.

Such, again, was the singular delusion which Evangelicalism propagated on the subject of mediation. Because Christ is the only Mediator who, by his own original merits, can stand between the sinner and his God, a foolish generation was persuaded to believe that we dishonour Him when we trust to obtain any blessing through the prayers of the Saints. This, indeed, was no new phantasy, as, indeed, the whole system was not really new, being nothing but a revived and modified Lutheranism; but it was insisted upon with renewed vigour and anti-Catholic vehemence, in immediate connexion with that doctrine of the atonement which Evangelicalism put prominently forward. The stupidity with which the popular mind of this country still persists in fancying that the Catholic doctrine of the intercession of the Saints interferes with our faith in the atonement of Christ, as the sole source of grace and merit to man, is in a great measure the result of the infatuated blindness with which the Evangelical party perverted the real truths which they did possess and teach to their generation. Were it not, indeed, for our knowledge of the incurable dullness of mankind, and of the moral inability under which all Protestants lie when they would use their intellects freely in spiritual things, we should see in the Evangelical ideas on the subject of mediation a proof that they were wilful deceivers and hypocrites, rather than, as they were, self-deceivers and dealers in scraps of theological doctrine.

One more instance of the mixture of truth and error in the scheme of Evangelicalism, we must mention before concluding. What the *prayers* of this country were a century ago, may be estimated from its morality. The prayer of the heart, or, in other words, all real prayer, was well nigh extinct in Protestantism. Forms of prayer had been perverted from their original purpose, until it was supposed that none but fanatics could think of praying without a book. The repetition of certain words was accounted to be the most important portion of an "address to the Deity," as it was the fashion to denominate the cry of the Christian soul; and the comfortable, pleasure-loving world was of opinion that the heart and the will might very safely be left to take care of themselves. Against this dreadful state of things Evangelicalism set its face with unshaken determination. It denounced formalism in every possible shape and variation. It rung in the ears of an age that was deaf to the voice of God, the elementary truth, that prayer is essentially an act of the soul and of the heart; that the repetition of words, when the affections are not with them, is a mockery of religion and an insult to the Almighty.

But it would not, or rather could not, stay here. Even when it had no such mischievous intention, its practical result was a disparagement of all written prayers whatsoever. It so excessively overstated what was true, and so blindly mixed it up with error, that in reality it discouraged prayer, and made it morally impossible, as much as it encouraged it and purified it. Ignorant, as in so many other points, of all but the most superficial facts in the soul, it was almost unconscious that the acceptableness of a prayer lies in the *will* of him who prays, and not in the exact amount of attention or emotion which his faculties can at the moment command. They could not comprehend how the repetition of a pre-composed form of supplication, when the *intention* is steadfastly and honestly directed to its utterance, with a direct wish and desire to obtain the blessings which the form entreats, is truly acceptable to God when the mind continues calm, or even when it finds it scarcely possible to control its *thoughts* and fix them upon spiritual things. Unless the soul was so excited as to feel herself fervent; unless she, as she thought, glowed under the contemplation of the Divine mercy, and was sensibly horror-struck at the thought of her own sins, they would scarcely admit that she prayed at all. In prayer, and in the whole history of the spiritual life, this strange sect measured its progress by its sensibility, by its emotions, by its enjoyment of religious exercises, and not by the fixedness of the purpose with which its *will* sought God, or by the steadfastness with which it endured trial and

temptation from year to year. It treated itself just as a valetudinarian who is for ever physicking himself, and brooding over his healthy or unhealthy symptoms. Having no scientific knowledge of the diseases of the soul, and judging of maladies and remedies like an amateur doctor, it incessantly mistook morbid symptoms for symptoms of the energy of health. It drugged itself with elixirs and panaceas, whose only effect was a still further irritability in the spiritual system, destructive of all healthy, lasting vigour of constitution.

With a like fatal perverseness it set itself to attack the few remaining sentiments of reverence for sacraments which yet lingered dormant in the English mind. The Evangelicals were in horror at the sight of men and women of notoriously evil lives counting themselves Christians and heirs of heaven because they had been—as they said—regenerated in baptism. A damnable delusion (as in truth it was) they proclaimed it, for a person who lived without God in the world to suppose he could be saved without a radical change in his heart. And almost equally was their zeal roused to indignation when they observed the effects of the common notion, that the benefits of the Lord's Supper had little or nothing to do with the faith and repentance of the receiver. Accordingly, with little or no disguise, they denounced all belief in sacramental grace as an accursed Popish snare for souls. If a man believed in baptismal regeneration, it was enough to mark him as an unconverted heathen. Nothing could convince Clapham that such a person had any true idea of spiritual religion, or of that change of heart without which the natural man cannot be saved. So, too, the remnant of belief in some mysterious presence of our Lord in the consecrated eucharistic species became an offence in the nostrils of Evangelicalism. It was condemned as a relic of soul-destroying Popery, which induced sinners to trust to be saved by swallowing a piece of wafer. The whole realm of the Established Church was rent into two parties; one who despised sacraments, the other who respected them; and the unlucky Book of Common Prayer, which all professed to regard, became the battle-field of Protestant controversy.

Such was the religion of the Clapham sect, in its errors and in its truths. It was indubitably the work of honest and religiously disposed men; of men who, in comparison with the ordinary men of the age, were something like saints and confessors. It was a witness for the claims of Almighty God, and the worth of the soul. Self-contradictory, hollow, and self-applauding as it was, we cannot doubt that it did a good work in its day; and while we smile at its follies, and are indignant at its excesses, we view with unmixed disgust the savage attacks and bitter sneers

with which it was encountered by the witty, the profligate, and the worldly-minded. Open as it laid itself to ridicule, ludicrous as were its pretensions to infallibility and inspiration, shallow as was its theology, and comfortable its ideas of repentance and self-mortification, it was not on these accounts that it was hated, misrepresented, and vilified. It was abhorred because of its truths, and not because of its absurdities and its errors.

Its final results are not yet developed. Those results, we firmly believe, will be the conversion of large numbers of Englishmen and Englishwomen of all ranks to the Catholic Church. Its immediate results were seen in the rise of Oxford Tractarianism, which was a necessary consequence of the reaction of the minds of thinking men, and of the increase of learning and knowledge of the Scriptures in the Evangelical party itself. Both together, Evangelicalism and Tractarianism, have combined to prepare the way for Catholicism. Each forced upon the mind of the country certain momentous Christian truths, though scarcely in a single instance did they present these truths unalloyed by some corruption. Neither the one party nor the other understood adequately the meaning of their own words, or grasped the full spiritual significance of the doctrines they proclaimed. Nor could either party conciliate or comprehend the other. From the first they stood in antagonism; and to this day they in their hearts detest one another perhaps *more* than they detest Catholicism. Certain it is, at least, that as individuals they often have personally a greater dislike of each other, and a greater suspicion of each other's sincerity and religion, than of the sincerity and religiousness of individual Catholics.

To those who have at heart the conversion of England to her ancient faith, the record of the advance and decay of Evangelicalism is pregnant with interest and instruction. If aught were wanting to shew us *how* the mind of a nation is to be moved, it is to be seen in the history of this singular class of separatists. Those who have studied Scripture controversy, and the natural history of the soul, need not that we should prove to them that England is not to be converted by an exposure of the errors of her present creed, but by an exhibition of the pure truths of Christianity. But if any proof were called for from the chronicles of the past, it is here at hand in the story of this self-styled gospel of the Anglo-Lutherans. How did they fight, and struggle, and conquer? What was it that bore them on, amid a tempest of controversy, satire, and personal animosity, until their enemies bowed before them, until their system established itself on the throne of a Queen Consort, was respected in the palaces of prelates, and triumphed in the two ancient Universities of the

land? What was it that gave the Evangelical preacher an influence in every parish where he came, against which wealth, prejudice, ancient custom, Anglican divinity, and lukewarmness, fought in vain? We who look on from afar perceive in a moment that it was its truths, and not its errors, which won it this striking victory. In a certain clumsy, vehement, practical way it solved the awful mystery of human life. It seized upon that frightful reality, the existence of which none dare deny—*sin*—and fastening the soul's thoughts upon it, it bade her shudder and be dismayed; and then it held out what seemed a remedy sent down from the throne of God, and which, if it was not the true eternal remedy which God did send, was yet a palliation of the anguish of the soul, and not a mockery or an opiate, like the hated pleasures of sense, and the delusions of ambition. A great energetic nation beheld what seemed the cross of Christ held out to them for their worship; some circumstances did certainly attend it, which commended it to their veneration; it was professedly not a system of compromise, or of this world; the world rather abhorred it and cast it out as vile; its effects, such as they were, were immediate, powerful, exciting, and often enduring; one opponent after another bit the dust before its advance, or hastened to swell the conqueror's train; and thus, for want of something better, England took up with this strange compound of heaven and earth, of Christianity and infidelity, and believed it to be the very gospel of Jesus Christ, which alone can save the soul.

And thus, too, alone can Catholicism march forwards, and place its feet upon the necks of those who stand in its path and defy it to the contest. It must triumph by the manifestation of its own divine perfections, and not by cold unattractive onslaught upon the follies that surround it. This people is sick to its heart of doubt, error, disputation, and unbelief. It knows already that Protestantism is *not* all that it claims to be, and it will find no satisfaction in being convinced that it is in truth an imposture. A sick man wants medicine, and not a proof that he is ill and dying. The soul longs to know truth, and not to be certified that she is in error. Shew a man that Protestantism is a tissue of absurdities, and what has he gained towards salvation and the knowledge of God? Nothing. So far as you have gone you have only unhinged his mind, shattered his old religious habits, and taught him to disbelieve. Not by such a process as this was the Gospel instilled into the minds of the Jews and old Pagans by our Lord and his Apostles. They commended themselves to men's consciences by the manifestation of the truth. Open the New Testament any where, and see how few traces there are of any thing that can be called controversy; how little time

comparatively they devoted to an exposure of the follies and inconsistencies of obstinate Judaism. They went straight to men's souls, to their hearts, to their consciences. They came expounding a new, perfect, glorious, self-consistent system of faith and morals, which found an instant response in the hearts of men, because it seemed to solve the awful problems which agitated their thoughts, and relieved the pangs which pierced their souls.

And thus is it that England must now be awakened. She wants a clear, definite, practical religion of some sort or other. She hardly knows what she wants; she could not tell, if questioned, what she desires. All she knows is, that she desires something that is real, honest, open, and efficacious to the soul. We are all a practical nation. We do not go on principles, or arguments, or logical proofs. To prove Catholicism from Scripture, to the mass of the people, is as useless as it is contradictory to Catholicism itself. Our first principle is, that the private judgment *cannot* understand Scripture, that it is a fallacious guide to the individual inquirer. What an astounding absurdity, then, to act as if the judgment of the individual *were* competent to find its religion from the Bible by argument and study! Of all the self-contradictions in terms, the most foolish is popular Catholic controversy based on texts of Scripture. Is a congregation capable of a critical inquiry into the meaning of obscure passages in the Bible, or is it not? If it is, then Protestantism is true, after all; and if it is not, how ridiculous to act as if it was. When a Protestant preacher shews to a gaping audience that the Pope is antichrist by texts out of the Apocalypse, we laugh at him in private, and shew him up in public; and then are guilty of the very same folly ourselves, by trying to convert Protestants to Catholicism by Scripture texts.

Congregational Bible controversy is almost always a waste of words. Here and there a Protestant is to be found who is intellectually and morally competent to enter into a scriptural argument; but, as a rule, Protestants are hopelessly incompetent for any thing of the kind, simply because they *are* Protestants. The Bible is not theirs; it is ours. It was written for the use of the Church, for the instruction and edification of the faithful; and not for the conversion of unbelievers. St. Paul wrote his epistles to Christians, and not to Jews and Pagans. Therefore, of all things, if we would convert England, let us give up arguing with them from Bible texts, and study the Bible for our own private instruction and edification. It was not meant for the conversion of heretics; and though Protestants choose to make it the sole foundation of their own creed, Almighty God will never bless its use to any purpose for which

He did not design it. Our wisdom will be to display the doctrines, morality, and system of the Catholic Church exactly as they stand, to the eyes and the souls of men. We must forget that there is such a thing as theological controversy going on among the learned, and unfold the mysteries of salvation in all their celestial loveliness to the yearning heart of the sinner. We must shew to him what our religion is in its completeness and in its details, in its grounds and in its developments; we must point out to him how it is every thing that his utmost aspirations can desire; we must drive it home to his conscience, while we explain its nature to his intelligence; we must neither force it down, nor exaggerate it in certain particulars, nor profess that we ourselves are different from what we are; we must act in faith, in faith that our creed is in very deed the Word of God; and that being

such, it is a two-edged sword, that will pierce to the very depths of the soul of man, and divide them with a wound that Almighty grace alone can heal. When men have difficulties, we must explain them; when an individual is puzzled by a difficult text, we must interpret it to him; but we may rest assured that it is not theological difficulties, nor difficult texts, which keep this country in the meshes of Protestantism, but a want of a knowledge of what Catholicism is, and what Catholics are. The one great proof of Catholicism to the English mind will be, that it does for the soul and for society what no other religion can do. Already it has learned that Protestantism is helpless, and contains at least as much error as truth; and it waits only to perceive that the old faith can do that which all other religions profess to do in vain, and it will give up to it every heart that is honest and sincere.

CATHOLICISM AND CIVILISATION.

Protestantism and Catholicity compared in their Effects on the Civilisation of Europe.

Written in Spanish by the Rev. J. Balmez.

Translated from the French Version by C. J. Hanford and R. Kershaw. London, Burns.

THIS is just one of those books of which one is tempted to say, while reading it, that it is *that one* contribution towards the conversion of Englishmen to the faith which is needed more than any other. But then one's mind turns on so many other such services, which each individually seem for the moment *more* needed than any other, that one is obliged, in a certain degree, to modify one's sentiment, and say only that it is *one* of those contributions most of all needed at the present time.

Let us for a moment pass in review some of these services, which are so indispensably necessary, if we desire that Catholicism shall make real and effective progress in this Saxon land of ours, that no others can possibly be more so; for it so happens that such a review will in itself throw some considerable light on the question treated by M. Balmez, besides that other advantage of saving ourselves from any one-sided estimation of the value of his labours.

In the first place, if the masses are in any degree to be indoctrinated with real and vital Catholicity, it is absolutely indispensable that the Church shall be set up in the very midst of them, and shall pursue them into those dark and fearful lurking-places where misery in this Protestant country is compelled to skulk and hide itself. It is indispensably necessary that preaching and the confessional shall be brought to their doors and forced on their reluctant attention. This is that noble work,

already in progress, of which we may fearlessly assert, that even had our present Bishop performed no other of his inestimable services to the Church, the mere fact of the earnest support and encouragement he has given to this holy enterprise is sufficient to make the period of his rule a memorable period in the English Church to the latest generations.

Another service equally indispensable is the retaining in their first fervour those who *are* converted (whether from Protestantism or from vice), and penetrating them with a continually deeper knowledge and understanding of their religion. If we look to foreign countries, we shall find a vast mass of traditional usage and observance there prevalent, which to the multitude of men is the very life of their Catholicism, the very vehicle by which religious doctrine is brought home to their mind. It is idle to suppose that mere propositions, even if learnt, can have any real power of impressing religious truth, except in those very rare cases where the highest powers of philosophical abstraction are to be found: Catholic doctrine is retained in the mind by Catholic devotional practices, and cannot by possibility be retained in any other way. And yet hitherto there has been here in England as nearly as possible nothing of the kind. Let any one stay for two or three hours of the morning or evening in some large French or Belgian church, and compare what goes on there with the scene in our London chapels, and he will see, to a certain extent, what we mean: it is as the exterior of some quite different religion. Nor is there any hope of our English people being imbued with a really Catholic spirit until these popular devotions are deeply ingrained into their

minds. In vain will be the labour of *converting*, unless it be carried forward and seconded by the labour of *edifying* and *indoctrinating*. This seems the sort of service which the Oratorian body is in fair course of performing at the present time, wherever they may be established.

And then, over and above both these, another no less indispensably necessary undertaking is the carrying out a good and complete system of education for the young. And here, too, we are able to point to an auspicious commencement of the task, in the labours of the Catholic Poor-School Committee.

But were it only for the purpose of giving security and permanence to whatever good effects may be produced on the great masses of men by these and similar measures, there is another particular no less indispensably necessary than any one of the above, viz. that a Catholic *literature* shall start into existence—that Catholics shall act, in a manner and degree not unworthy of their cause, on the mind and intelligence of the country. We are not dreaming of any thing so ideal as a speedy conversion of the whole English educated classes; we speak only of a *due* and *proportionate* place being obtained in literature for the Catholic cause. Considering, for instance, the present current of English thought (as far as may be judged from the publications of the day), such undertakings as the following would seem to be of first-rate necessity:—some adequate exposition of the origin of man's ideas, and the ground of certitude, such as may include a full exposition and defence of Catholic principles on the subject of *faith*;—some analysis of the human mind, its phenomena, its powers, its emotions, such as may shew the deep and true harmony between Catholic morality and the nature of man, and the irreconcilable variance which exists between the latter and any antagonist moral scheme;—some general exposition of Catholic doctrine, which, without professing the completeness, and exhaustiveness, and profundity of a long series of scholastic treatises, shall yet be far different from the mere dry skeleton of a compendium; an exposition which shall be so full, so instinct with life and with interest, as to give the world, nay, even the multitude of Catholics themselves, some fair idea how vast, how comprehensive, how absorbing in interest, how supernatural in aspect, how consistent in statement and in thought, is that wonderful scheme of theology witnessed by the Church.

Now, among the subjects whose treatment is thus called for by the present posture of the English mind, there is no one in every respect more appropriate to the present age than that handled by Balmez. A deeper and more real study of history is the peculiar in-

tellectual characteristic of the day; indeed, it may be said with truth, that now for the first time is history assuming the shape of a *science* at all. Shall the cultivation of this science be left exclusively in Protestant hands, or shall Catholics also treat it from their higher and truer point of view? Balmez's work is an answer to this question.

Before entering, however, upon our quotations from this admirable treatise, it will be important to meet one preliminary objection, to which our last observations will inevitably give birth. The very fact that in history and in other kindred subjects Protestants have been in the field before Catholics, will itself be to many minds a convincing proof that Protestantism is more intellectual than Catholicism. Indeed, as we rather fancy, the great body of Protestants, in England at least, honestly and *bonâ fide* believe that Catholics would themselves admit this; they believe that Catholics claim, indeed, and not unjustly, the pre-eminence in the fine arts, and generally in appeals to the affections and the imagination, but that Catholics themselves blame Protestantism for being *too* intellectual.

There are various causes of this strange Protestant delusion. One is, a misapprehension of our doctrine, or rather, perhaps, of their own doctrine, concerning *faith*. But on this head they should be reminded (1), that *we* hold as strongly as *they* can hold it, the principle that contradictions cannot be true; that if two premisses be admitted, the legitimate conclusion from them must be admitted also; and that it is impossible to push too far this process of inference and deduction: (2), that *they*, as well as *we*, admit that there are some truths which it is neither unintellectual nor illogical to admit *without* reasoning; unless, indeed, they profess that they can *prove* the trustworthiness of their intellectual faculties, a more grotesque *petitio principii* than we are at all inclined to lay to their charge: and (3), that, in consequence, the whole dispute between them and us turns on the question, *what* are the truths which should be so admitted, and what is the foundation of certitude in regard to those truths; a controversy on which there is no *primâ facie* presumption whatever that their opinion is more just than ours, and therefore no *primâ facie* imputation whatever against the soundness and free vigour of the Catholic intellect.

But another very common reason for the Protestant mistake above mentioned, is that to which we have been referring, viz. that, of those studies which alone come prominently before their notice, Protestants are notoriously and avowedly more diligent and successful cultivators than Catholics, have been earlier in the field, and more constant in their labours. And this objection is both sufficiently important and sufficiently connected with the present

work, to justify us in occupying a few pages in its refutation.

We observe, then, in the first place, that even were the facts of the case stronger than Protestants so much as allege, even were these historical and critical studies the *exclusive* property of Protestants, there are other studies which are quite as exclusively the property of Catholics; and studies, too, which all must admit to call forth fully as great powers of mind: *we* should say far greater.

Consider, for instance, the science of dogmatic theology. The gifts of mind which have been displayed from the first ages of Christianity, in analysing to their very depths the supernatural doctrines committed to the Church's keeping, viewing them in their relations to each other, and again in their relations to the human soul, and carrying them forward by degrees more and more nearly to the full limit of their moral and intellectual consequences;—these gifts, we say, have been expended on a subject which Protestants could never by possibility have handled, for the simple reason that they have never agreed as to what the said revealed doctrines *are*. Catholics have started, as from a first point, from a position to which Protestants look forward as to an unattainable goal. We Catholics first believe, then we analyse, compare, deduce; Protestants cannot analyse, compare, deduce, because they do *not* first believe. Nor do we think that any one of ordinary candour and of competent judgment can possibly study such works as the dogmatical treatises of St. Athanasius and St. Augustine, or of St. Thomas, or of Suarez and De Lugo, without admitting that the intellect is kept by them at the very highest point of tension, and that the philosophical subtlety and comprehensiveness displayed are truly astonishing. But Protestants, with all their complaints of Catholic one-sidedness, do *not* study profound Catholic treatises; and hence their preposterous ignorance of our religion.

Consider, again, what we call ascetic theology. That deep knowledge of the human mind which is necessary for spiritual *direction*, and that almost magical intuition into the innermost recesses of the heart which an eminent director possesses; where shall we look for their parallel among Protestants? all the phenomena, *e.g.* which relate to St. Ignatius's Spiritual Exercises, and their miraculous efficacy, from the day of their revelation down to the very present time. How, indeed, can it be expected that Protestants shall study the means of guiding the human soul into perfection, when, differing from each other on every conceivable *positive* doctrine, they all agree with each other on this *negative* one, viz. that what we call perfection is fanaticism and superstition; that to be removed so far above the nature of brutes as a Catholic

ascetic is removed, is *ipso facto* degrading and revolting; and that he who makes it his one care in this life to prepare his soul for heaven, is proved, without further evidence, to be a fit object for the most biting contempt and ridicule. And similar remarks may be made on the Catholic science of *morals*. The Protestant world is still disputing whether divorce is lawful, whether almsgiving is a duty, whether duelling is a sin: a Protestant science of morals, therefore, would be a precisely parallel phenomenon to a science of mathematics built up by those who are yet in doubt whether things equal to the same are equal to one another, whether two straight lines can or cannot enclose a space, whether all right angles are necessarily equal.

This, then, is our first observation: that these three great branches of theology are so many sciences, which are as exclusively the property of Catholics as any others can possibly be of Protestants; and that mental endowments to the full as admirable have been displayed in their treatment as Protestants have shewn in their more kindred pursuits of historical criticism or of physical philosophy. We next proceed to remark, that the fact of Catholics not having been so zealous or so early in these latter studies as Protestants, can afford no presumption that Catholicism offers any difficulty to the progress of these studies, whether in its doctrines or in the character of mind which it forms, because the fact itself is at once accounted for on very obvious principles; for, if Catholicism be believed as true, it follows that those theological sciences above mentioned are *far more worthy of a rational being's pursuit than any other*. Suppose a mathematician had discovered and proved to his own undoubting satisfaction an important and pregnant truth; would he take great interest in setting to work to prove the same truth in every different way he could think of? Such a course would speak but little for his mathematical enthusiasm. Rather, he would at once make this truth the basis of fresh investigations, the starting-point of a new field of science. And in like manner Catholics, having a deep conviction of the truth of their religion,—a conviction which fresh argument can neither increase nor diminish,—feel the natural employment of their mind to be the ever aiming at a continually deeper apprehension of the doctrines of that religion, their mutual relations, and their ultimate results. It is very natural for those who have not found the truth to be very busy in searching for it; but those who have it must be excused if they prefer enjoying and making much of it. In politics, it is a matter of continual remark, that those who have no fixed position or pursuit readily become malcontents, and obtain an influence out of all proportion to their number; for the simple reason

that *they* have nothing to do but to *attack*, while sober people have fifty thousand things to do apart from *defending*, and wish to go in peace and quietness about their every-day work. In like manner, a devout Catholic would hardly of his own choice and pleasure occupy himself in verbal criticism of the Bible, or in a historical analysis of Christianity, because he has far more interesting matter for his mind to work upon. On those studies he comes *second*, not *first*, into the field; he comes when summoned by Protestant attacks, and not before.

We admit, however, that there is a branch of historical pursuit which is not covered by these remarks. It is a matter of real interest and importance to study, *e. g.* the history of Christendom, with the view of tracking out the effect produced upon society by Christianity and the Christian Church. Yet, in proportion as a Christian's heart is in his religion, even this becomes a matter of secondary interest; for in looking on the face of society, even in the best times, he no longer looks upon Christianity in its pure, unadulterated, supernatural beauty, but as sullied and corrupted by the human channel through which it passes. What is the history of the world at the best times, but, in the main, a history of sin? What is the tracing of cause and effect in the world's affairs, but the tracing, for the most part, of the various effects of sin? It is only natural, therefore, that those should be the more eager and the more successful labourers in this toil, who have no keen appreciation of the odiousness of sin, no ardent aspirations after the beauty of holiness, no such longings after heaven as to make the contemplation of this world an insipid and odious task. Though, in saying this, we are far from meaning to deny that history and political economy have a real indefeasible claim on the attention of Catholics, because the temporal welfare of the world is most closely connected with the spiritual; we only mean, that the holier a Catholic is, the greater will be the sacrifice of feeling involved in this necessary duty.

It cannot, then, we think, be a matter of surprise, that the founders and chief writers of the new historical school shall have been Protestants. But the study having been started, it is of primary importance that Catholics shall bear in it their full part. "Every age," says our author most truly (p. xiv.), "has its own peculiar wants; and it is much to be wished that all Catholic writers were convinced that the complete examination of these questions is one of the most urgent necessities of the times in which we live. Bellarmine and Bossuet have done what was required for their times; we ought to do the same with ours." And the obligation is immeasurable which we owe to such a writer as Balmez for condescending to this necessary yet unattractive

work. Nor, in treating of history at all, could he possibly have chosen his subject better; for the particular question proposed by our author in his title-page is the main battlefield whereon Catholics and Protestants have to join issue.

Now, before a single Catholic entered upon the subject (except, indeed, the illustrious De Maistre, who may almost be considered the founder of the school), it had been admitted by all the later Protestant writers that the *medieval* Church was an unspeakable boon to Europe, or rather, indeed, the very governing and organising principle of European civilisation. This was the united sentiment, not only of such writers as M. Comte and Mr. J. Mill, who are more or less dissatisfied with the whole course of events since the Reformation, but also not less of such as Guizot and Thierry, who are more simply admirers of the present era. Nay, even Mr. Macaulay, who is very far from being imbued with equally deep historical principles, and who seems really unable, with all his efforts, so much as to understand disinterested religious enthusiasm,—even he tells us that it is difficult to know whether Catholicism or Protestantism have conferred on England the greater blessings. But while so much has been admitted, there is one point on which all Protestants are agreed, viz. that at the era of the Reformation the old religion was effete; that the mind of Europe could no longer be restrained in leading-strings; and that the Reformation was the irresistible outbreak of the indignant human intellect, which would be coerced no longer. M. Balmez is most admirable in his reply on this the turning-point of the controversy. He denies that there was any essential difference between the Reformation and the innumerable brood of earlier heresies, or that the rebellion of Luther was in any other sense the mark of mental independence than was the rebellion of Arius and Nestorius.

"If men have wandered so much in the definition and explanation of Protestantism, it is because they have not sufficiently observed that it is not only a fact common to all ages of the history of the Church, but that its importance and its particular characteristics are owing to the epoch when it arose. This simple consideration, founded on the constant testimony of history, clears up every thing; we have no longer to seek in the doctrines of Protestantism for any thing singular or extraordinary; all its characteristics prove that it was born in Europe, and in the sixteenth century. I shall develop these ideas, not by fanciful reasonings or gratuitous suppositions, but by adducing facts which nobody can deny.

"It is indisputable that the principle of submission to authority in matters of faith has always encountered a vigorous resistance in the human mind. I shall not point out here the causes of this resistance; I propose to do so in the course of this work; I shall content myself at present with stating this fact, and reminding those who may be inclined to call it in question, that the history of the Church has always been accompanied by the history of heresies. This fact has presented dif-

ferent phases according to the changes of time and place. Sometimes making a rude mixture of Judaism and Christianity, sometimes combining the doctrines of Jesus Christ with the dreams of the East, or corrupting the purity of faith by the subtleties and chicaneries of Grecian sophistry; this fact presents us with as many different aspects as there are conditions of the mind of man. But we always find in it two general characteristics, which clearly shew that it has always had the same origin, notwithstanding the variation in its object and in the nature of its results: these two characteristics are, hatred of the authority of the Church, and the spirit of sect.

"All ages have seen sects oppose the authority of the Church, and establish as dogmas the errors of their founders; it was natural for the same thing to happen in the sixteenth century. Now, if that age had been an exception to the general rule, it seems to me, looking at the nature of the human mind, that we should have had to answer this very difficult question, How is it possible that no sect appeared in that age? I say, therefore, since as soon as error was preached in the sixteenth century, whatever may have been its origin, occasion, and pretext, as soon as a certain number of followers assembled around its banner, forthwith Protestantism makes its appearance, in all its extent, with its transcendent importance, its divisions, and sub-divisions; I see it with boldness and energy make a general attack on all the doctrines and discipline taught and observed by the Church. In place of Luther, Zuinglius, and Calvin, let us suppose Arius, Nestorius, and Pelagius; in place of the errors of the former, let them teach the errors of the latter; it will all lead to the same result. The errors will excite sympathy; they will find defenders; they will animate enthusiasts; they will spread, they will be propagated with the rapidity of fire, they will be diffused, they will throw sparks in all directions; they will all be defended with a shew of knowledge and erudition; creeds will change unceasingly; a thousand professions of faith will be drawn up; the liturgy will be altered,—will be destroyed; the bonds of discipline will be broken; we shall have to sum up all in one word, Protestantism.

"How did it happen that the evil in the sixteenth century was necessarily so extensive, so great, and so important? It was because the society of that time was different from any other that had preceded it; that which at other times would only have produced a partial fire, necessarily caused in the sixteenth century a frightful conflagration. Europe was then composed of a number of immense states, cast, so to speak, in the same mould, resembling each other in ideas, in manners, in laws, and institutions, drawn together incessantly by an active communication which was kept up alternately by rival and common interests; knowledge found in the Latin language an easy means of suffusion; in fine, most important of all, there had become general over all Europe a rapid means of disseminating ideas and feelings, a creation which had flashed from the human mind like a miraculous illumination, a presage of colossal destinies, viz. the press.

"Such is the activity of the mind of man, and the ardour with which it embraces all sorts of innovation, that when once the standard of error was planted, a multitude of partisans were sure to rally round it. The yoke of authority once thrown off, in countries where investigation was so active, where so many discussions were carried on, where ideas were in such a state of effervescence, and where all the sciences began to germinate, it was impossible for the restless mind of man to remain fixed on any point, and a swarm of sects were necessarily produced. There is no middle path; either civilised nations must remain Catholic, or run through all the forms of error. If they do not attach themselves firmly to the anchor of truth, we shall see them make a general attack upon it, we shall see them assail it in itself, in all that it teaches, in all that it prescribes. A man of free and active mind will remain tranquil in the peaceful regions of truth, or he will seek for it with

restlessness and disquietude. If he find only false principles to rest on,—if he feel the ground move under his feet, he will change his position every moment, he will jump from error to error, and precipitate himself from one abyss to another. To live amid errors, and be contented with them, to transmit error from generation to generation, without modification or change, is peculiar to those who vegetate in debasement and ignorance; there the mind of man is not active, because it is asleep.

"From the point of view where we have now placed ourselves, we can see Protestantism such as it is. From this commanding position we see every thing in its place, and it is possible for us to appreciate its dimensions, to perceive its relations, calculate its influence, and explain its anomalies. Men there assume their true position; as they are seen in close proximity with the great mass of events, they appear in the picture as very small figures, for which others may be substituted without inconvenience; which may be placed nearer or farther off, and of whom the features and complexion are not of any consequence. Of what importance, then, are the energy of character, the passion, and boldness of Luther, the literary polish of Melancthon, and the sophistical talents of Calvin? We are convinced, that to lay stress upon all this is to lose our time, and explain nothing.

"What were these men, and the other coryphæi of Protestantism? Was there any thing really extraordinary about them? We shall find men like them everywhere. There are some among them who did not surpass mediocrity; and it may be said of almost all, that if they had not obtained an unhappy celebrity, they would hardly have been celebrated at all. Why, then, did they effect such great things? They found a mass of combustibles, and they set them on fire. Certainly this was not difficult, and yet it was all they did. When I see Luther, mad with pride, commit those extravagances which were the subject of so many lamentations on the part of his friends—when I see him grossly insult all who oppose him, put himself in a passion, and vomit forth a torrent of impure words against all those who do not humble themselves in his presence, I am scarcely moved by any other feeling than pity. This man, who had the extraordinary mania of calling himself the *Notharius Dei*, became delirious; but he breathed, and his breath was followed by a terrible conflagration: it was because a powder-magazine was at hand, on which he threw a spark. Nevertheless, like a man blinded by insanity, he cried out, 'Behold my power! I breathe, and my breath puts the world in flames!'

"The Reformation,' says M. Guizot, 'was a great attempt at the liberation of the human thought—an uprising of the mind of man.' This attempt, according to M. Guizot, arose out of the energetic movement given to the human mind, and the state of inaction into which the Roman Church had fallen; it arose from this, that the human mind advanced rapidly and impetuously, while the Church remained stationary. Explanations of this kind, and this one in particular, are very apt to draw admirers and proselytes; these ideas are high, and placed on a level so lofty and extended, that they cannot be looked at close by the generality of readers; and, moreover, they appear in brilliant imagery, which blinds the sight and prejudices the judgment.

"That which restrains the freedom of thought, as understood by M. Guizot and the Protestants, is, authority in matters of faith: it is, then, against this authority that the uprising of the mind declared itself; or, in other words, the mind rebelled, because it advanced, while the Church, immovable in her doctrines, was, according to the expression of M. Guizot, 'in a stationary state.'

"Whatever may be the disposition of mind of M. Guizot towards the dogmas of the Catholic Church, he ought, as a philosopher, to have seen that it was a great mistake to point out as the distinctive characteristic of one period, that which had been at every time a glorious title for the Church. For more than eighteen hundred

years the Church has been stationary in her dogmas, and it is no equivocal proof that she possesses the truth: the truth is unchangeable, because it is one.

"What the Church was in the sixteenth century, she had been before, and she has been since. She had nothing particular, she adopted no new characteristic. The reason, then, by which it is attempted to explain this phenomenon, viz. the uprising of the mind, cannot advance the explanation a single step; and if this be the reason why M. Guizot compares the Church to governments grown old, we will tell him that she has had this old age from her cradle. M. Guizot, as if he had himself felt the weakness of his reasoning, presents his thoughts in groups, and as it were *pêle-mêle*; he parades before the eyes of his readers ideas of different kinds, without taking pains to classify or distinguish them; one would be inclined to think that he meant to distract them by variety, and confound them by mixture. Judging, indeed, from the context of his discourse, the epithets *inert* and *stationary*, which he applies to the Church, do not appear, according to his intention, to relate to matters of faith; and he gives us to understand that he speaks rather of the pretensions of the Church with regard to politics and state economy. He has taken pains elsewhere, to repel, as calumnies, the charges of tyranny and intolerance which have been so often made against the court of Rome.

"We find here an incoherence of ideas which was not to be expected in so clear a mind; and as many persons may hardly be inclined to believe how far this incoherence extends, it is necessary to give his words literally: they will shew us into what inconsistencies great minds can fall when they are placed in a false position. 'The government of the human mind, the spiritual power,' says M. Guizot, 'had fallen into an inert and stationary condition. The political influence of the Church, of the Court of Rome, was much diminished; European society no longer was ruled by it; it had passed under the control of lay governments. Nevertheless, the spiritual power preserved all its pretensions, all its *éclat*, all its external importance. There happened in this respect what has more than once happened to old governments. The greater part of the complaints made against it were hardly better founded.' It is evident that M. Guizot, in this passage, does not point out any thing which is at all connected with liberty, any thing which is not quite of another kind: why does he not do so? The Court of Rome, he tells us, had seen its political influence diminished, and yet it preserved its pretensions; the direction of European society no longer belonged to it, but Rome kept its pomp and its external importance. Is any thing here meant besides the rivalries of which political affairs had been the subject? Did M. Guizot forget what he himself said some pages before, viz. that it did not appear to him to be reasonable to assign the rivalry of kings with the ecclesiastical power as the cause of Protestantism, and that such a cause was not adequate to the extent and importance of the event?

"Although all this has no direct connexion with freedom of thought, still, if any one be inclined to attribute the uprising of the mind to the intolerance of the Court of Rome, let him listen to M. Guizot: 'It is not true,' says he, 'that in the sixteenth century the Court of Rome was very tyrannical; that abuses, properly so called, were then more numerous, more crying, than they had been at other times; never, perhaps, on the contrary, had the ecclesiastical power been more easy, more tolerant, more disposed to let things go their own way. Provided that it was not itself called in question, provided that the rights which it had formerly enjoyed were allowed in theory, that the same existence was secured, and the same tributes were paid to it, it would willingly have allowed the human mind to remain at peace, if the human mind had done the same in respect to it.'

"Thus M. Guizot seems to have forgotten what he had urged with the view of shewing that the Protestant Reformation was a great attempt at the liberation of

human thought—a rebellion of the mind of man. He does not allege any thing which was an obstacle to the freedom of man's thoughts; and he himself acknowledges that there was nothing to provoke this rebellion, as, for example, intolerance or cruelty; he has himself just told us that the ecclesiastical government of the sixteenth century, far from being tyrannical, was easy and tolerant, and that, if left to itself, it would willingly have allowed the human mind to remain tranquil.

"It is, then, evident, that the great attempt at the liberation of the human mind is, in M. Guizot's mouth, only a vague, undefined expression,—a brilliant veil with which he seems to have wished to cover the cradle of Protestantism, even at the risk of being inconsistent with his own opinions. He reverts to the political rivalries which he before rejected. Abuses have no importance in his eyes; he cannot find in them the real cause; and he forgets what he had just asserted in the preceding lecture, viz. that if necessary reform had been made in time, the religious revolution might have been avoided. He tries to give a picture of the obstacles to the liberty of thought, and endeavours to rise to the general considerations, which embrace all the importance and influences of the human mind; but he stops at *éclat*, at *external importance*, and *political rivalries*; he lowers his flight to the level of tributes and services.

"This incoherence of ideas, this weakness of reasoning, and forgetfulness of assertions previously made, will appear strange only to those who are accustomed rather to admire the high flights of talented men than to study their aberrations. It is true that M. Guizot was in a position in which it was very difficult to avoid being dazzled and deceived. If it be true that we cannot observe attentively what passes on the ground around us without narrowing our view of the horizon,—if this method leads the observer to form a collection of isolated facts rather than compare general maxims, it is not less certain that, by extending our observations over a larger space, we run the risk of many delusions. Too great generalisation borders on hypothesis and fancy. The mind, when taking an immoderate flight in order to get a general view of things, no longer sees them as they really are; perhaps sometimes even loses sight of them altogether. Therefore it is that the loftiest minds should frequently remember the words of Bacon: 'We do not want wings, but lead.' Too impartial not to confess that abuses had been exaggerated,—too good a philosopher not to see that they could not have had so great an effect,—M. Guizot, who was prevented by his sense of dignity and decency from joining the crowd who incessantly raise the cry of cruelty and intolerance, has made an effort to do justice to the Church of Rome; but, unfortunately, his prejudices against the Church would not allow him to see things in their true light. He was aware that the origin of Protestantism must be sought in the human mind itself; but, knowing the age and epoch when he was speaking, he thought it was necessary to propitiate his audience by frequent appeals to liberty, in order that his discourse might be well received. This is the reason why, after having tempered the bitterness of his reproaches against the Church by a few soft words, he reserves all that is noble, grand, and generous, for the ideas which produced the Reformation, and throws on the Church all the shadows of the picture.

"While acknowledging that the principal cause of Protestantism is to be found in the human mind, it is easy to abstain from these unjust comparisons; and M. Guizot might have avoided the inconsistency to which we have alluded. He might have discovered the origin of the fact in the character of the human mind; he might, at the same time, have shewn the greatness and importance of it, while simply explaining the nature and position of the societies in which it appeared. In fine, he might have observed that it was no *extraordinary effort*, but a mere repetition of what has happened in every age; and a phenomenon, the character of which depended on the particular state of the atmosphere in which it was produced.

"This way of considering Protestantism as an ordinary event, increased and developed by the circumstances in which it arose, appears to me to be as philosophical as it is little attended to. I shall support it by another observation, which will supply us with reasons and examples at the same time.

"The state of modern society for 300 years has been such, that all the events that have occurred have acquired a *character of generalisation, and consequently an importance, which distinguishes them from all the events of a similar kind which occurred at other times and in a different social state.* If we examine the history of antiquity, we shall see that all the events therein occurring were isolated in some sort from each other; this was what rendered them less beneficial when they were good, and less injurious when they were bad. Carthage, Rome, Sparta, Athens, all these nations more or less advanced in the career of civilisation, each followed their own path, and progressed in a different way. Ideas, manners, political constitutions succeeded each other, without our being able to perceive any influence of the ideas of one nation on those of another, or of the manners of one nation on those of another; we do not find any evidence of a tendency to bring nations to one common centre. We also remark that, except when forced to intermix, ancient nations could be a long time in close proximity without losing their peculiarities, or suffering any important change by the contact.

"Observe how different is the state of things in Europe in modern times. *A revolution in one country affects all others; an idea sent forth from the schools agitates nations and alarms governments. Nothing is isolated, every thing is general, and acquires by expansion a terrible force. It is impossible to study the history of one nation without seeing all the others make their appearance on the stage;* and we cannot study the history of a science or an art without discovering a thousand connexions with objects which do not belong to science or to art.

"All nations are connected, objects are assimilated, relations increase. The affairs of one nation are interesting to all the others, and they wish to take part in them. This is the reason why the idea of *non-intervention* in politics is, and always will be, impracticable; it is, indeed, natural for us to interfere in that in which we are interested.

"These examples, although taken from things of a different kind, appear to me very well calculated to illustrate my idea of the religious events of that period. Protestantism, it is true, is thereby stripped of the philosophic mantle by which it has been covered from its infancy; it loses all right to be considered as full of foresight, magnificent projects, and high destinies, from its cradle; but I do not see that its importance and extent are thereby diminished; the fact itself, in a word, is unimpaired, but the real cause of the imposing aspect in which it has presented itself to the world is explained.

"Every thing, in this point of view, is seen in its just dimensions; individuals are scarcely perceived, and abuses appear only what they really are—opportunities and pretexes; vast plans, lofty and generous ideas, and efforts at independence of mind, are only gratuitous suppositions. Thence ambition, war, the rivalry of kings, take their position as causes more or less influential, but always in the second rank. All the causes are estimated at their real value; in fine, the principal cause being once pointed out, it is acknowledged that the fact was sure to be accompanied in its development by a multitude of subordinate agents. There remains still an important question in this matter, viz. what was the cause of the hatred, or rather the feeling of exasperation, on the part of sectarians against Rome? Was it owing to some great abuse, some great wrong on the part of Rome? There is but one answer to make, viz. that in a storm, the waves always dash with fury against the immovable rock which resists them.

"So far from attributing to abuses all the influence which has been assigned to them on the birth and de-

velopment of Protestantism, I am convinced, on the contrary, that all imaginable legitimate reforms, and the greatest degree of willingness on the part of the Church-authorities to comply with every exigence, would not have been able to prevent that unhappy event.

"He has paid little attention to the extreme inconsistency and fickleness of the human mind, and studied its history to little purpose, who does not recognise in the event of the sixteenth century one of those great calamities, which God alone can avert by a special intervention of his Providence."

The reader, we hope, will excuse the length of the quotation, in consideration of the extreme importance of the subject. We will add another, on the parallel question, Is it in any sense true that the doctrine of *authority* fetters the intellect?

"We will now enter fully into the examination of this difficulty; we will take the Catholic principle, and analyse it with the eye of impartial philosophy. With this principle before us, we will survey the whole field of science, and consult the testimony of the greatest men. If we find that it has ever been opposed to the genuine development of any one branch of learning; if, on visiting the tombs where repose the most illustrious, they tell us that the principle of submission to authority chained down their intellects, obscured their imaginations, and withered their hearts,—we will then acknowledge that Protestants are right in the reproaches which they are constantly directing against the Catholic religion on this subject. God, man, society, nature, the entire creation—such are the objects on which our minds can be occupied; beyond the sphere of these objects we cannot reach, for they embrace infinity—there is nothing beyond them. Well, then, the Catholic principle opposes no obstacle to the mind's progress. Whether as regards God or man, society or nature, it imposes no shackles, places no obstacle in the way of the human mind; instead of checking this progress, it rather serves as a lofty beacon, which, far from interfering with the mariner's liberty, guides him in safety amid the obscurity of night.

"How does the Catholic principle oppose the freedom of the human mind in any thing relating to the Divinity? Protestants surely will not tell us that there is any thing at all wrong in the idea which the Catholic religion gives of God. Agreeing with us on the idea of a Being eternal, immutable, infinite, the Creator of heaven and earth, just, holy, full of goodness, a Rewarder of the good, and a Punisher of the wicked, they admit this to be the only reasonable idea of God that can be presented to the mind of man. To this idea the Catholic religion unites an incomprehensible, profound, and ineffable mystery, veiled from the sight of weak mortals,—the august mystery of the Trinity; but on this point Protestants cannot reproach us, unless they are prepared to avow themselves Socinians. The Lutherans, the Calvinists, the Anglicans, and many other sects, condemn, as well as we do, those who deny this august mystery. We may remark here, that Calvin had Michael Servetus burned at Geneva for his heretical doctrines on the Trinity. I am well aware of the ravages that Socinianism has made among the separated Churches, where the spirit and the right of private judgment in matters of faith have converted Christians into unbelieving philosophers; but, notwithstanding this, the mystery of the Trinity was long respected by the leading Protestant sects, and is so yet, externally at least, by the greater part of them.

"In any case, I cannot see how this mystery shackles human reason in its contemplation of the Divinity. Does it prevent it from going forth into immensity? What limit does it fix to the infinite ocean of light and being implied in the word *God*? Does it in the least obscure this splendour? When the mind of man, soaring above the regions of creation, and detaching itself from the body that would bear it down, abandons itself

to the delights of sublime meditation on the infinite Being, Creator of heaven and earth, does this august mystery stop him in his heavenward flight? Ask the innumerable volumes written on the Divinity, eloquent and irrefragable testimonies of liberty enjoyed by the human mind wherever Catholicism prevails. The doctrines of Catholicism relative to the Divinity may be considered under two aspects; either as having reference to mysteries above our comprehension, or as touching what is within the reach of reason. As regards mysteries, their abode is in a region so sublime, they appertain to an order of things so superior to any created thought, that the mind, even after the most extensive, most profound, and, at the same time, the most free investigations, is unable, without the aid of revelation, to form even the most remote idea of these ineffable wonders. How can things that never meet, which are of a totally distinct order, and which are an immense distance apart, interfere with each other? The intellect can fix upon one of them by means of meditation, can lose itself in contemplating it, without even thinking of the other. Can the moon's orbit come into contact with the remotest of the fixed stars?

"Do you fear that the revelation of a mystery may limit the sphere of your reason's operations? Are you apprehensive lest, in wandering through immensity, you may be smothered in the narrowness of your reason? Was space wanted for the genius of Descartes, of Gassendi, of Mallebranchius? Did these men complain that their intellects were limited, imprisoned? Why, indeed, should they complain (I speak not of them only, but of all the great minds of modern times who have treated of the Divinity), when they cannot but own that they are indebted to Catholicism for the most splendid and sublime ideas that enrich their writings? The philosophers of antiquity, in their treatises on the Divinity, are at an immense distance below the least eminent of our metaphysical theologians. What would Plato himself be compared to Lewis of Granada, Louis de Léon, Fenelon, or Bossuet? Before Christianity appeared upon earth, before the faith of the Chair of St. Peter had taken possession of the world, the primitive ideas on the Divinity having been effaced, the human mind wandered amongst a thousand errors, a thousand monstrous fancies; feeling the necessity of a God, man substituted for the Supreme Being the creation of his own imagination. But ever since the ineffable splendour, descending from the bosom of the Father of light, has shone upon the whole earth, ideas of the Divinity have remained so fixed, clear, and simple, and at the same time so lofty and sublime, that human reason has obtained a wider range; the veil which concealed the origin of the universe has been withdrawn; the world's destiny has been marked out, and man has received the key that explains the wonders which fill and surround him. Protestants have felt the force of this truth; their aversion for every thing Catholic was almost fanatical; yet, generally speaking, they may be said to have respected the idea of the Divinity. On this point, of all others, the spirit of innovation has been felt the least. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? The God of the Catholics was too great to be replaced by any other. Newton and Leibnitz, embracing heaven and earth in their speculations, could say nothing new of the Author of so many wonders, nothing but what had already been taught by the Catholic religion.

"Well had it been for Protestants if, whilst in the midst of their wanderings they had preserved this precious treasure, they had faithfully followed the example of their predecessors, and had rejected that monstrous philosophy which threatens us with the revival of all errors ancient and modern, beginning with the substitution of a monstrous Pantheism for the sublime Deity of Christianity. Let those Protestants who are friends of truth, jealous of the honour of their communion, devoted to their country's welfare, and interested in the future prospects of mankind, be warned in time. If Pantheism should prevail, it will not be the spiritualist but the naturalist philosophers who will triumph. The

German philosophers may in vain seek refuge in abstraction and enigmas, in vain condemn the sensualist philosophy of the last century; a God confounded with nature is not God; a God identified with every thing is nothing; Pantheism is a deification of the universe, that is, a denial of God.

"What sorrowful reflections suggest themselves to us when we consider the direction now taken by the minds of men in different parts of Europe, and more especially in Germany! Catholics long since told them they would begin with resistance to authority by denying a dogma, but would end by a denial of all, and fall into Atheism; and the course of ideas during the last three centuries has fully confirmed the truth of the prediction. Strange! that German philosophy should aim at producing a reaction against the materialist school, and with all its spiritualism end in Pantheism. Providence, it would seem, has ordained that the soil which has produced so many errors should be barren of truth. Out of the Church all is unsteadiness and confusion; materialism ending in Atheism, wild idealism and fantastic spiritualism resulting in Pantheism! Verily, God still abhors pride, and repeats the terrible chastisement of the confusion of tongues. Catholicism triumphs the while; but mourns in the midst of her triumphs.

"I do not see either how it can be that Catholicism impedes the operation of the intellect as regards the study of man. What does the Church require of us on this point? What does she teach on the subject? How far extends the circle embracing the doctrines we are forbidden to call in question?

"Philosophers are divided into two schools, the materialists and the spiritualists. The former assert that the human soul is only a portion of matter, which, by a certain modification, produces in us what we call thought and will: the latter maintain that the energy accompanying thought and will is incompatible with the inertness of matter; that what is divisible, composed of divers parts, and consequently of divers entities, could not harmonise with the simple unity essential to a being that thinks, wills, reasons with itself upon every thing, and possesses the profound consciousness of individuality. For these reasons they assert that the contrary opinion is false and absurd; and they ground their opinion upon a variety of considerations. The Catholic Church intervenes in the dispute, and says: 'The soul of man is not corporeal, it is a spirit; you cannot be both a Catholic and a materialist.' But ask the Catholic Church by what systems you are to explain the ideas, the sensations, the acts of the will, and human feelings,—and she will tell you that on these matters you are perfectly free to hold what you consider most in accordance with reason; that faith does not descend to particular questions appertaining to the affairs of this world, which God himself delivered to the consideration of men. Before the light of the Gospel shone upon the world, the schools of philosophy were in the most profound ignorance on the subject of our origin and our destiny; none of the philosophers could explain the profound contradictions that are found in man; none of them succeeded in pointing out the cause of that strange mixture of greatness and littleness, of goodness and malice, of knowledge and ignorance, of excellence and baseness. But religion came forth, and said: 'Man is the work of God; his destiny is to be for evermore united with God; for him the earth is a place of exile only; man is no longer what he was when he came forth from the hands of his Creator; the whole human race is subjected to the consequences of a great fall.' Now I would defy all philosophers, ancient and modern, to shew wherein the obligation of believing these things militates in the slightest degree against the progress of true philosophy.

"So far, indeed, are the doctrines of Catholicism from checking philosophical progress, that they are, on the contrary, a most fruitful source of this progress in every respect. If we wish to make progress in any of the sciences, it is no slight advantage for the intellect to have a safe and firm axis around which it may revolve;

it is a fortunate thing to be enabled to avoid at the very outset in the intellectual race, a multitude of questions which would entangle us in inextricable labyrinths, or from which we could not escape without falling into most lamentable absurdities; in a word, when we approach the investigation of these questions, we ought to consider ourselves happy in finding them resolved beforehand in their most important points, and in knowing where the truth lies, and where the danger of falling into error. The philosopher's position is then that of a man who, sure of the existence of a mine in a certain spot, does not waste his time in searching after it, but, knowing his ground, all his researches and labours are profitable from the first. This is the cause of the vast advantage which in these matters modern philosophers possess over those of antiquity: the ancients had to grope in the dark; the moderns, preceded by brilliant lights, advance with a firm and sure step, and march straight to their destination. They may boast incessantly that they set aside revelation, that they hold it in disdain, perhaps that they even openly attack it. Even in this case religion enlightens them, and often guides their steps; for there are a thousand splendid ideas for which they are indebted to religion, and which they cannot erase from their minds; ideas which they have found in books, learned in catechisms, and sucked in with their milk; ideas which they hear uttered by every one around them, which are spread every where, and which impregnate with their vivifying and beneficent influence the atmosphere they breathe. In repudiating religion, these same moderns are carrying ingratitude to great lengths; for at the very moment they insult her, they are profiting by her favours."

The Reformation, then, has conferred no boon on civilisation by emancipating men's minds from authority: let us now see the positive *obstacles* opposed by that event to social progress.

"These reflections naturally lead me to point out another fault which Protestantism has committed. When breaking the unity of European civilisation, it introduced discord into the bosom of that civilisation, and weakened the physical and moral action which it exercised on the rest of the world. Europe was apparently destined to civilise the whole world. The superiority of her intelligence, the preponderance of her strength, the superabundance of her population, her enterprising and valiant character, her transports of generosity and heroism, her communicating and propagating spirit, seemed to call her to diffuse her ideas, feelings, laws, manners, and institutions to the four quarters of the universe. How does it happen that she has not realised this destiny? How does it happen that barbarism is still found at her gates, and that Islamism still maintains itself in one of the finest climates and countries of Europe? Asia, with her want of moving power, weakness, despotism, and degradation of women; Asia, with all the disgraces of humanity, lies under our eyes; and scarcely have we done any thing which gives reason to hope that she will emerge from her degraded state. Asia Minor, the coasts of Palestine, Egypt, and the whole of Africa, are before us in a deplorable condition—a degradation which excites pity, and forms a melancholy contrast with the great recollections of history. America, after four centuries of incessant communication with us, is still so much behindhand that a great part of her intellectual powers and the resources with which nature has furnished her, remain until this day to be improved. How does it happen that Europe, full of life, rich in means of all kinds, overflowing with vigour and energy, has remained within the narrow limits in which she still is? If we pay deep attention to this melancholy phenomenon, a phenomenon with which it is very strange that the philosophy of history has not occupied itself, we shall find the cause. The entire cause thereof is the want of unity; her external action has been without concert, and consequently without efficacy. Men con-

stantly vaunt the utility of association; they point out how necessary it is to obtain grand results, and they do not dream that because this principle applies to nations as well as to individuals, nations, like individuals, cannot accomplish great works without conforming to this general law. When an assemblage of nations of the same origin, and subject for many ages to the same influence, have reached the development of their civilisation under the guidance and control of a common idea, among them association becomes a real necessity; they form a family of brothers; now, among brothers, division and discord have worse results than among strangers.

"I do not pretend to say that the nations of Europe could have attained to so perfect a concord, that perpetual peace would have been established among them, and that perfect harmony would have eventually presided over all their undertakings with respect to the other countries of the globe; but without giving way to beautiful illusions, the reality whereof is beyond the bounds of possibility, we may nevertheless, and without hazard of contradiction, say, that, in spite of particular differences between nation and nation, in spite of the greater or less degree of opposition between external and internal interests, Europe could have kept and perpetuated in her own breast a civilising idea which, raising itself above all the misery and littleness of human passions, would have placed her in a condition to acquire a greater ascendancy and a stronger and more useful influence over the other nations of the world. Amid the interminable series of wars and calamities which afflicted Europe during the fluctuations of the barbarous nations, this unity of thought existed; and it was owing to it that order in the end came out of confusion, and that light conquered darkness. In the long struggle of Christianity against Islamism, whether in Europe, Asia, or Africa, this same unity of thought enabled Christian civilisation to triumph, in spite of the rivalries of kings and the excesses of the people. While this unity existed, Europe preserved a transforming power which made all that it touched become European sooner or later.

"The heart is grieved at the sight of the disastrous event which broke this precious unity, by diverting the course of our civilisation and destroying its fertilising power. One can hardly observe without pain, not to say without anger, that the appearance of Protestantism was exactly coincident with the critical moment when the nations of Europe, about at length, to reap the fruits of long ages of continued labour and unheard-of efforts, appeared to the world full of vigour, energy, and splendour. Putting forth gigantic strength, they discovered new worlds, and placed one hand on the East and the other on the West. Vasco de Gama had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, he had shewed the way to the East Indies, and opened communication with unknown nations. Christopher Columbus, with the fleet of Isabella, ploughed the Western seas, discovered a new world, and planted the standard of Castille in unheard-of lands. Ferdinand Cortez, at the head of a handful of brave men, penetrated to the heart of the new continent, and took possession of its capital; his arms, which the natives had not yet seen, made him appear like a God launching his lightnings. Europe every where displayed extreme activity; a spirit of enterprise was developed in all hearts; the hour had come when the nations of Europe were about to see open before them a new horizon of power and grandeur, the limits whereof were invisible to the eye. Magellan discovered the strait which united the east and west; and Sebastian d'Elcano, returning to the Spanish coasts, after having made the tour of the world, seemed to be the sublime personification of European civilisation taking possession of the universe. At one extremity of Europe, the Crescent still shows itself powerful and threatening, like a dark figure appearing in the corner of a splendid picture: but fear nothing; its armies have been driven from Granada, the Christian host is encamped on the coast of Africa, the standard of Castille floats on the walls of Oran, and in the heart of Spain grows up in silence the wonderful child, who, when he has but just laid aside the playthings of his age,

will frustrate the last efforts of the Moors of that country by the triumphs of Alpujarres, and shortly after will break the Mussulman power for ever on the waves of Lipanto.

"The development of mind kept pace with the increase of power. Erasmus examined all the sources of knowledge, astonished the world by his talents and his earning, and spread his fame in triumph from one end of Europe to the other. The distinguished Spaniard, Louis Vives, rivalled the *savant* of Rotterdam, and undertook nothing less than to regenerate the sciences, and give a new direction to the human mind. In Italy, the schools of philosophy were in a state of fermentation, and they seized with avidity the new lights brought from Constantinople. In the same country, the genius of Dante and Petrarch was continued in their illustrious successors; the land of Tasso resounded with his accents, like the nightingale announcing the coming of the dawn; while Spain, intoxicated with her triumphs, and transported with pride at the sight of her conquests, sang like a soldier who, after victory, reposes on a heap of trophies. What could resist such superiority, such brilliant *éclat*, such great power? Europe, already secure against all her enemies, enjoying a prosperity which must every day increase, put in possession of laws and institutions better than any which had been before seen, and whereof the completion and perfection could not fail to come with the slow progress of time: Europe, we say, in a condition so prosperous, replete with noble hopes, was about to commence the work of civilising the world. Even the discoveries which were every day made, indicated that the happy moment had arrived. The fleets, together with warriors, transported apostolic missionaries, whose hands were about to scatter in the new countries the precious seed, whence, in the progress of time, was to grow up the tree under whose shadow new nations were to find shelter. Thus was the noble work begun, which, favoured by Providence, was about to civilise America, Africa, and Asia.

"But the voice of the apostate who was about to cast discord into the bosoms of fraternal nations already resounded in the heart of Germany. The dispute begins, minds are excited, the irritation reaches its height, an appeal is made to arms, blood flows in torrents, and the man who had been commissioned by hell to scatter this cloud of calamities over the earth, contemplating before his death the dreadful fruit of his labours, can insult the sorrows of the human race with a cruel and impudent smile. Such do we figure to ourselves the genius of evil leaving his dark abode and his throne in the midst of horrors. He suddenly appears on the face of the globe, his hand sheds desolation and tears on all sides; he casts a look over the devastation which he has made, and then buries himself in eternal darkness.

"By extending itself over Europe, the schism of Luther weakened in a deplorable manner the action of Europeans on the other nations of the world; the flattering hopes which had been conceived were dissipated in a moment, and became no more than a golden dream. Henceforth, the largest part of our intellectual, moral, and physical powers were condemned to be employed and sadly wasted in a struggle which armed brethren against brethren. The nations which had preserved Catholicism were compelled to concentrate all their resources, power, and energy, in order to make head against the impious attacks which the new sectaries made upon them by the press or by force of arms. The nations among whom the contagion of the new errors had been propagated were thrown into a sort of giddiness; they had no other enemies but the Catholics, and they considered only one enterprise worthy of their efforts—the degradation and destruction of the Roman See. Their thoughts no longer tended towards the invention of means to improve the lot of the human race; the immense field which had been thrown open to noble ambition by the recent discoveries no longer merited attention; for them there was only one holy work—that of destroying the authority of the Roman Pontiff."

M. Balmez's chief adversary is M. Guizot;

and so mercilessly does he handle that able and generous, though pedantic, historian, that the latter seems a very dwarf in the hands of a giant. The very circumstance, however, of the wide extent of our author's labours, and the admirable manner in which he does his work, presents a difficulty in the way of the reviewer; the difficulty, namely, of *selection*. We cannot do better, indeed, than give the headings of his various chapters, that our readers may see the variety and the extreme interest of the ground over which he has travelled.

The name and nature of Protestantism—The causes of Protestantism—Extraordinary phenomenon in the Catholic Church—Of Protestantism and the human mind—Instinct of faith in the sciences—Different religious wants of nations; mathematics; moral sciences—Indifference and fanaticism—Fanaticism; its definition; fanaticism in the Catholic Church—Incredulity and religious indifference in Europe the fruits of Protestantism—Causes of the continued existence of Protestantism—The positive doctrines of Protestantism are repugnant to the instinct of civilisation—Effects which the introduction of Protestantism into Spain would have produced—Protestantism and Catholicity in their relation to social progress; preliminary *coup d'œil*—Did there exist, at the time when Christianity appeared, another principle of regeneration?—Difficulties which Christianity had to overcome in the work of social regeneration; slavery: could it have been destroyed more speedily than it was by Christianity?—Ideas and manners of antiquity respecting slavery; the Church begins by improving the condition of slaves—Means used by the Church to enfranchise slaves—Doctrines of St. Augustin and St. Thomas of Aquin on the subject of slavery; recapitulation—Contrast between the two kinds of civilisation—Of the individual; of the feeling of individuality out of Christianity—How the individual became absorbed by the ancient society—Of the progress of individuality under the influence of Catholicity—Of the family; monogamy; marriage-tie indissoluble—The passion of love—Of virginity in its social aspect—Of chivalry, and the manners of the barbarians in their influence on the condition of woman—Of the public conscience in general—Of the principle of the public conscience according to Montesquieu; honour; virtue—On the different influence of Protestantism and Catholicism on the public conscience—Of gentleness of manners in general—Of the amelioration of manners by the action of the Church—Of the development of public beneficence in Europe—Of tolerance in matters of religion—Of the right of coercion in general—Of the Inquisition in Spain—Second period of the Inquisition in Spain—Religious institutions in themselves—Religious institutions in history; the early solitaries—Religious institutions in the East—Religious institutions in the history of the West—Of religious institutions during the second half of the middle ages in the West; the military orders—Europe in the thirteenth century—Religious orders for the redemption of captives—Universal advance of civilisation impeded by Protestantism—The Jesuits—The future of religious institutions; their present necessity—Religion and liberty—The origin of society, according to Catholic theologians—Of Divine law, according to Catholic doctors—The transmission of power, according to Catholic doctors—On the freedom of language under the Spanish monarchy—Of the faculties of the civil power—On resistance to the civil power—On resistance to *de facto* governments—How it is allowed to resist the civil power—On political society in the sixteenth century—On monarchy in the sixteenth century—On aristocracy in the sixteenth century—On democracy in the sixteenth century—Value of different political forms; character of monarchy in Europe—How

monarchy was strengthened in Europe—Two sorts of democracy—Contest between the three social elements—Political doctrines before the appearance of Protestantism—Of political doctrines in Spain—Political liberty and religious intolerance—Unity in faith reconciled with political liberty—Intellectual development under the influence of Catholicism—Historical analysis of intellectual development—Religion and the human intellect in Europe—Progress of the human mind from the eleventh century to the present time.

It will be considered, perhaps, a mark of singular perversity on our part, if, instead of dwelling on any of the all-important subjects M. Balmez has discussed, we say a few words on one of the very few, bearing on his general purpose, which he has omitted. But the fact is, that we hope our readers will all study him at first hand, and we despair of making any part of his argument clearer by words of ours; and, on the other hand, as being a Spaniard, he has said extremely little on the particular case of *England*.

Now it so happens that our countrymen ordinarily bring forward the case of England as a palmary argument for the salutary effects of Protestantism on civilisation: nay, since the late disturbances on the Continent, the fact that England has been hitherto at peace has been constantly attributed to her pure Protestantism; except only so far as the exuberant loyalty just now in fashion, even among those of the most radical principles, has led many to ascribe the same good effects to the personal character of Queen Victoria. It is literally true that the *Examiner* newspaper, to mention only one authority, has gravely maintained this extraordinary position; forgetful of the very arguments by which it has itself continually shewn how little effect the personal character of the English monarch can possibly have.

It seems important, therefore, to throw out a few hints, with the view of determining whether English civilisation be indeed in so enviable a state as is here supposed; and especially how far the *labouring classes* have their sympathies or their interests bound up with that civilisation. For no one will doubt that the higher and middle classes in England are extremely well provided for; and that to members of these classes it is a matter of real thankfulness that, under the security of English laws, we have been saved from suffering under fearful convulsions, such as those which the Continent has lately witnessed. Rather, indeed, it is one of our very accusations against Protestant civilisation, that it is thus cruelly one-sided. Now we believe it is an undoubted fact, that the great body of English artisans and labourers are doomed to an amount of ceaseless and exhausting toil, unexampled in any other country in the world. Would it then, indeed, be a favourable sign, if they were so attached to existing institutions as many represent them to be? What would it shew, except that the love of mere mechanical

work and mere routine has so enslaved the minds of Englishmen, that they have no taste, no aspirations, for a higher state of existence? Yet surely, in proportion as men rise above the level of the beasts, they would far prefer even the distresses and sufferings which have been the temporary fruit of foreign disturbances, to the brutish and ignominious stagnation of the English labourer.

"The majority of Englishmen and Americans," says Mr. J. Mill,* "*have no life but in their work; that alone stands between them and ennui. Either from original temperament, climate, or want of development, they are too deficient in senses to enjoy mere existence in repose; and scarcely any pleasure or amusement is pleasure or amusement to them. Except, therefore, those that are alive to some of the nobler interests of humanity (a small minority in all countries), they have little to distract their attention from work, or to divide the dominion over them with the one propensity which is the passion with those who have no other, and the satisfaction of which comprises all that they imagine of success in life—the desire of growing richer and getting on in the world. This last characteristic belongs chiefly to those who are in a condition superior to day-labourers; but the absence of any taste for amusement or enjoyment of repose, is common to all classes. Whether from this or any other cause, the national steadiness and persistency of labour extends to the most improvident of the English working classes—those who never think of saving or improving their condition. It has become the habit of the country, and life in England is more governed by habit, and less by personal inclination and will, than in any other country, except perhaps China or Japan. The effect is, that where hard labour is the thing required, there are no labourers like the English; though in natural intelligence, and even in manual dexterity, they have many superiors.*"

And a little further on he quotes the following from the evidence of M. Escher of Zurich, an employer of two thousand working men:

"The Italians' quickness of perception is shewn in rapidly comprehending any new descriptions of labour put into their hands, in a power of quickly comprehending the meaning of their employer, of adapting themselves to new circumstances, much beyond what any other classes have. The French workmen have the like characteristics, only in a somewhat lower degree. The English, Swiss, German, and Dutch workmen, we find, have all much lower comprehension. As workmen only, the preference is undoubtedly due to the English; because, as we find them, they are all trained to special branches, on which they have had comparatively superior training, and have concentrated all their thoughts. . . . The English workmen, whilst in respect to the work to which they have been specially trained they are the most skilful, are in conduct the most disorderly, debauched, and unruly, and least respectable and trustworthy, of any nation whatsoever whom we have employed; and in saying this I express the experience of every manufacturer on the Continent to whom I have spoken, and especially of the English manufacturers, who make the loudest complaints."

Is this a character of mind which does credit to English civilisation? or does it tend to recommend Protestant English, in comparison with Catholic Italians, Belgians, and French; even though the former, from having no higher aspirations, were contented with those institutions which have made them what they are? But it should be observed, that

* Principles of Political Economy, vol. i. p. 124.

Catholic priests, who see more than any other class the real working of the popular mind, give a most different account of their feeling; and tell us that disaffection exists among them in the most alarming degree, and is, moreover, so widely and rapidly growing, as to cause the most gloomy apprehensions for the future.

But let us fix our minds on a still more serious phenomenon. If there is one fact more characteristic than another of modern English civilisation, it is the crowding of those vast multitudes into our towns. What is the usual condition of these multitudes? Protestants shrink from so much as examining into the question. Just as those who live in the neighbourhood of some foul and pestilential gathering are afraid even to have it moved, lest the very stirring of it should suffocate and stifle them; so do the statesmen and the Protestant religionists of the day, however honourably philanthropic their wishes and intentions, draw back in alarm unspeakable from the very idea of penetrating into the innermost recesses of those dens of vice and misery; and thus they know not in detail, as the Catholic priest knows, the unimaginable moral horrors there rampant, the almost necessity of fearful sin in which the miserable inhabitants are plunged. Here, indeed, is a remarkable feature of our boasted civilisation! The very workmen whose hands produce the luxuries which we enjoy, whose lives are expended in removing us from all approach of pain and discomfort, are in that fearful condition of wretchedness and of vice, which both Protest-

antism and worldly statesmanship, conscious of their miserable impotence, take refuge in *ignoring*. *But the Catholic Church is already awake*. Not twenty years have passed since her political thralldom was removed, and she is already active in mitigating and aiming to remove those evils which, had she been free, could never have arisen. Already—as we mentioned at the beginning of this article—already is she in the field, with her various artifices of holy love; and if we are to be saved from some unutterably fearful outbreak, if the appalling evils of a Protestant civilisation are in any real degree to be mitigated, England will be indebted for this to the blessing of God upon the labours of that Church which she for so many years persecuted and oppressed.

And now, having said so much in the way of suggesting a supplementary chapter to M. Balmez's work, we heartily recommend our readers to its careful study. Even on Protestants we have a strong claim that they shall give it their deep and careful attention, and answer it if they can. Great is the debt of the Catholic body to the public-spirited translators;* and we can only hope that, until English Catholics produce such works at home, there may be an unfailing series of similar importations from abroad.

* As the work will, we fully hope, soon come to a second edition, we wish to point out to the translators a rather serious misprint which occurs in p. 17. Instead of "the God-man," the printers have given "the God-made man."

ENGLAND IN THE DAYS OF WICLIF.

England in the Days of Wiclif. By the Rev. H. S. M. Hubert, M.A., Vicar of Croxton, Norfolk. London, Longmans.

THIS is a funny book, though funniness is not that quality which its author would probably expect to find predicated of his production. Good Mr. Hubert is a country parson, of the unmitigated sort, guiltless alike of learning, theology, and wit. He has read about two books and a quarter—namely, Le Bas's *Life of Wiclif*, Langland's *Vision of Piers Ploughman*, and some parts of the Bible, besides a few odds and ends; and having done so, he has conceived the idea of writing a book himself, for the purpose of bearing his testimony against the wickedness of mankind in general, and of the fourteenth and nineteenth centuries in particular.

The plan of his book is, as we have said, singularly funny. It consists of fourteen sections, denominated chapters, but being in reality so many sermons, adapted to the information and capacities of a congregation of Norfolk squireens, farmers, and labouring men. The texts consist of extracts from Wiclif and his

biographer Le Bas, and from the curious old *Vision of the caustic Langland*. The sermon, or "improvement," consists of Mr. Hubert's opinions of the shocking evils of Popery and Papists, of the eminently "scriptural" character of the "formularies of the Church of England," and of the vice and wickedness of the clergy and laity of the said Church of England even in this present day. In truth, were we to judge by our author's honest indignation against the luxuries, the selfishness, the avarice, the simony, the licentiousness of his own fellow-clergy and their flocks, we should suppose that, in his eyes, Protestantism was as bad as Popery, and the "scriptural formularies" to which he so repeatedly refers (and against which *we* have not a word to say, considering that they come from Catholic sources) so many wasted words. Our readers will thus see that Mr. Hubert is far from being a thoroughly dishonest or uncandid man. On the contrary, we dare say he is a very exemplary and excellent person. He also readily admits the existence of true piety amongst individuals of the old English Catholic Church, just as he

regards many modern Protestants as truly "converted characters." We only take exception to his writing a book at all on any such subject as that which he has chosen, without something like decent preparation for his task, and without ascertaining what is the distinction between history and sermon writing. The fact that he has (as he informs us, and as we fully believe) been victimised by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners is no valid ground for writing a book on a subject of which he knows little more than nothing, however candid may be his general judgment, or however burning his zeal.

As a testimony against the corruptions of the class which he represents, his work is, nevertheless, somewhat curious. He tells us that the cholera, the potato blight, and other recent visitations, are to be attributed to the secularised character of the Anglican clergy, to their being made justices of the peace (which, he justly says, is far less excusable now than in Catholic times), to their pluralities, to the small stipends paid to curates, to the enormous accumulations of Church-property made by Bishops and their families, and so forth.

Then, again, he considers that the epicurism and luxuriousness of the fourteenth century are paralleled by the present luxury of Oxford and Cambridge. His great instance in point is the expenditure at the latter University on occasion of the installation of Prince Albert as its Chancellor! Certainly the writer of the following paragraphs must be one of the simplest of men.

"The great extravagance of the University of Cambridge, in providing entertainments of the extremest luxury on the occasion of the installation of Prince Albert, is a painful instance in point. When that lavish expenditure was made, but a few short months had elapsed since the desolating effects of famine in one part of the kingdom, and the high prices of corn in every part, had spread gloom and fearful foreboding throughout the country, and a solemn fast had been ordained to implore Divine forgiveness of our great and manifold transgressions; and yet, after the brief interval of a few short months, the higher members of the University of Cambridge (a large majority of whom are clergymen) vied with even the sumptuous entertainments of the court in a spirit of almost unlimited luxury.

"Not in college only, but out of college also, a fearful example of wasteful extravagance was given on that occasion, and the tables at the public breakfast were so laden with delicate luxuries, that the price of two guineas is said to have been demanded for each ticket of admission.

"When so many poor creatures were literally starving for lack of necessary food, who that reads his Bible with any degree of attention can doubt that these glaring acts of extravagant waste, and such as these, have largely contributed to bring down the righteous judgments of the Almighty upon the people of this land?

"Let it not be urged in excuse that such costly entertainments were necessary as a testimony of the loyalty of the University; for if the entertainments had been conducted upon a far simpler and more economical scale, we can readily believe that her most gracious Majesty, anxious as she is for the welfare of her subjects, would have regarded them with greater favour

than the expensive banquets which were spread for her and her royal consort. And may we not believe that the Queen would have considered the higher clergy of that University were better fulfilling their duty to the young students, and to the country at large, by giving an example of frugality, which, coming from such a body, would have added great weight to the exhortations of pious clergymen, in their earnest endeavours to induce the people of this country to return to a more simple and inexpensive mode of living; and to put an end to that heartless luxury which has so large a share in laying waste, with a grim and desolating destruction, the thin and emaciated frames of thousands of poor workmen and their families in England, who cannot procure a sufficient supply of daily food?"

The following we commend to all young gentlemen and ladies not too much given to industry and self-denial:

"There cannot be a stronger proof that idleness is the rule, and diligence the exception, among young men of high rank and wealth, than the fact that no one of the sons of the higher aristocracy was found (out of so many sons of the great landowners in the House of Commons) of sufficient information and business habits to take the lead of the Protectionist party on the decease of the late Lord George Bentinck.

"The truth is, that at the Universities the fashionable modes of thought among young men of wealth and high rank is in favour of idleness; indeed, the majority of such young men would look upon it as quite a degradation to become hard students; they may be often heard to boast that they knew much less on leaving the University than when they entered upon their academical course; and, whilst at college, they may not unfrequently be heard to boast of not having opened a book for a long time.

"That idleness is a very crying sin, and provocative in a very great degree of the Divine judgments, is evident to those who impartially consider the numerous other vices to which it invariably leads, since

'Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.'

"Then, again, let the helpless indolence in which many females of the more wealthy section of the middle class be considered. How many females in middle life, instead of being brought up to be industrious in household affairs, are helpless as the highest ladies in the land, and therefore stand in need of a lady's maid to wait upon them! How many of such females are rendered totally unfit for any useful employment in after life by the *unsuitable* education which they receive! Instead of being skilled in domestic economy, and well taught how to make the most of every thing, many are fit only to sit in a drawing-room and do fancy knitting, play on the piano, and read the last new novel; and then in order to support such idleness in persons who ought to have been brought up to habits of industry, what a frightful amount of other sins is committed! For in order that they may indulge in such fine lady habits, more servants must be kept, the household expenses necessarily become greater, and the poor are consequently ground down and oppressed in order to meet those expenses."

Mr. Hubert's own personal story is too curious not to be given at length. We commend it to all our readers' attention.

"The fearful amount of luxury prevalent among the richly benefited clergy cannot be more strikingly manifested than by reference to the auctioneers' catalogues of the sale of the effects of some of these epicurean divines after their decease; wherein it is not uncommon to see advertised a stock of wines of the choicest vintages, and in quantity sufficiently large to set up a considerable wine-merchant, contrasting widely with the sorry figure made by the theological books in the catalogue, which are often not only few in number, but for

the most part of a hunger-bitten and jejune description.

"Nothing is clearer than that oppression of the poor as one of the crying sins which provoked the judgments of God against our countrymen in the fourteenth century; and it is equally clear to every impartial observer, that oppression of the poor is one of the most crying sins of our times, and one which has had a large share in provoking the judgments of God against us.

"The Ecclesiastical Commissioners most grievously oppressed the poor clergy, when they voted one hundred and thirty thousand pounds for the palaces and the purchase of estates for half a dozen of the Bishops, and laid out the enormous sum of *fifty-three thousand pounds* in a mansion and estate for the diocese of Lincoln alone.

"Now, when it is recollected that the vast sums of money which have been thus prodigally squandered could have raised the incomes of many hundreds of poor incumbents to two hundred pounds a year, which are now less than one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and have left nine thousand pounds on an average for each Bishop's palace (a sum amply sufficient for all desirable splendour in an episcopal residence), what can be a more cruel oppression than that which leaves those hundreds of poor incumbents to their sufferings, and lavishes so extravagant and vast a sum in a baleful and destructive magnificence? But let us notice another feature of the case, which renders this oppression of the poor clergy still more grinding and grievously painful. The sumptuous episcopal palaces, and in the case of Lincoln the estate and palace, were *free gifts* to the sees, without costing the Bishops one farthing; whereas but a few years ago an Act of Parliament was passed giving the Bishops power to *compel* every incumbent to borrow money on his living to build a parsonage, even if his income was ever so little above one hundred pounds a year; and requiring him at the same time to repay one thirtieth part of the principal, and the interest on the whole amount, for thirty years; a regulation which has the effect of grinding poor incumbents, who have been compelled to borrow and build, to the very dust, since the annual sum above mentioned is raised by them with the greatest difficulty.

"No doubt it is desirable that there should be a suitable residence for the Bishop in every diocese, as it is equally desirable that there should be a residence for the clergyman in every parish; but who, I would ask, stands most in need of receiving his residence as a *free gift*—the poor incumbent, who is ground down to the earth by the weight of poverty, or the rich Bishop, the owner of 'purple, palaces, and preferment.'

"And yet such has been the practice of giving to the rich and grinding down the poor, that the Bishops whose ample revenues render them well able to borrow money at interest on their sees, to be repaid by instalments, to build their palaces, have received their residences as a free gift; whilst the poor broken-spirited incumbent, who can scarcely with the severest struggle make both ends meet, has been *compelled* to borrow money on his stipend, and to repay it by an annual payment, in which the interest and a thirtieth part of the principal

together amount to so heavy a sum compared with his small income, that his spirit is crushed beneath the pressure.

"The old proverb about carrying coals to Newcastle never received a more significant and grievous illustration than in the case now under consideration.

"But there is a still darker shade to be added to the picture ere it is rendered complete, and can stand out in all its true and faithful proportions; and that is, if the average sum of nine thousand pounds only had been spent upon each Bishop's palace, instead of the enormous sums above mentioned, there would not only have been amply sufficient funds to bestow each new palace as a free gift to each of the Bishops in want of a residence, but likewise to bestow a suitable glebe house, *as a free gift also*, upon each poor incumbent in want of one. But as these are transactions which are done by a body of men to whom the country looks up with reverence, such a statement as the foregoing must appear almost incredible to men of the world, although the facts of the case are undeniable. As general statements, moreover, how glaring soever the abuse, are not unfrequently looked upon as overdrawn and exaggerated, the grievousness of the abuse fails to make that impression upon the public mind which is necessary for its correction, unless corroborated by a well-authenticated instance; and as I feel the uselessness of dealing in generalities, I will adduce my own case as an instance in point.

"As my own income somewhat exceeds a hundred a year, I was compelled to build a parsonage by the provisions of the Act of Parliament above mentioned. To do this I was obliged to borrow four years' income on mortgage of my living, and even that sum was not nearly sufficient for the completion of the vicarage-house. With an income of such narrow limits, I find the annual payment of the interest and one thirtieth part of the principal of the sum borrowed in the highest degree onerous and oppressive; but from this there can be no relief.

"The parish, when I was instituted about nine years ago, had been for many years most grievously and ruinously neglected, and the spiritual condition of many of the people was consequently very bad. Since that time I have, after a very hard struggle, been able, with the assistance of a grant from the Committee of Council and the National Society, to effect the building of the schoolrooms for the children of the poor; and notwithstanding the oppressive burden of the above-mentioned annual payment on account of the parsonage-house, I have now no less than half of the entire annual expenses of the schools to pay out of my own pocket; and I have no other choice than either to make that payment out of my small and heavily burdened pittance, or to shut up the schools altogether, and so to lose almost the only opportunity I now have of promoting the moral and religious welfare of the people—namely, the education of the young; since a large portion of the grown-up poor people left the Church during the years of the long neglected state of the parish, and many of the more serious of them having *then* become Dissenters, will not *now* return to the Church."

DAVID COPPERFIELD AND CON GREGAN.

The Personal History, Adventures, Experience, and Observation of David Copperfield the Younger, of Blunderstone Rookery (which he never meant to be published on any account). By Charles Dickens. Parts I. to IV. Bradbury and Evans.

Con Gregan, the Irish Gil Blas. Parts I. to VIII. London, Orr and Co.

THERE is as much difference between Mr. Dickens' later books and his *Sketches by Boz*,

as between Wilkie's pseudo-Spanish pictures and "The Blind Fiddler" or "The Rabbit on the Wall." He has become the most *mannered* of popular writers; and though his popularity, that is, the sale of his new works, increases rather than diminishes, we suspect that his readers are of a lower class than in the days of *Pickwick* and *Oliver Twist*.

David Copperfield, with all the rest of its fantastic title, is hitherto a reproduction of

various portions of Mr. Dickens' recent stories and his Christmas books, new in form rather than in idea or in characters. It has all its author's quaint affectation, all his minute observation of the queer, strange, eccentric, and outward peculiarities of individuals, with just that addition of painting from the great facts of *humanity* itself which redeems his inventions from being sheer farces or outrageous impossibilities. The child Copperfield is a resuscitated Paul Dombey, who relates his adventures (besides much that happened before he was born) in the now stereotyped style of Mr. Dickens. So far, indeed, as Copperfield is a Paul Dombey, so far is he different from his author's ordinary creations; for we have always looked upon little Paul as one of Mr. Dickens' best and truest sketches. The little David is thus an interesting child enough; and many of the scenes into which he is brought are as amusing as others are (to our taste) disagreeable and unnatural.

Oddities of some sort or other make up the chief part of the rest of the characters. In no other of his stories has Mr. Dickens given us more of those strange compounds of ultra-benevolence and queer personal singularities, which are usually confined to the scenes of a farce, but whose general type Mr. Dickens has made familiar to tens of thousands who never were within the walls of a playhouse. On the whole the story is entertaining, and, as in all its author's other tales, has many a stray bit of true painting mixed up with the caricature which is its general defect. The following extract sketches a style of living just calculated to display Mr. Dickens' powers of observing to the best advantage.

"The carrier's horse was the laziest horse in the world, I should hope, and shuffled along with his head down, as if he liked to keep the people waiting to whom the packages were directed. I fancied, indeed, that he sometimes chuckled audibly over this reflection, but the carrier said he was only troubled with a cough.

"The carrier had a way of keeping his head down, like his horse, and of drooping sleepily forward as he drove, with one of his arms on each of his knees. I say 'drove,' but it struck me that the cart would have gone to Yarmouth quite as well without him, for the horse did all that; and as to conversation, he had no idea of it but whistling.

"Peggotty had a basket of refreshments on her knee, which would have lasted us out handsomely if we had been going to London by the same conveyance. We ate a good deal, and slept a good deal. Peggotty always went to sleep with her chin upon the handle of the basket, her hold of which never relaxed; and I could not have believed unless I had heard her do it, that one defenceless woman could have snored so much.

"We made so many deviations up and down lanes, and were such a long time delivering a bedstead at a public-house, and calling at other places, that I was quite tired, and very glad, when we saw Yarmouth. It looked rather spongy and soppy I thought, as I carried my eye over the great dull waste that lay across the river; and I could not help wondering, if the world were really as round as my geography-book said, how any part of it came to be so flat. But I reflected that Yarmouth might be situated at one of the poles; which would account for it.

"As we drew a little nearer, and saw the whole ad-

jacent prospect lying a straight low line under the sky, I hinted to Peggotty that a mound or so might have improved it; and also that if the land had been a little more separated from the sea, and the town and the tide had not been quite so much mixed up, like toast and water, it would have been nicer. But Peggotty said, with greater emphasis than usual, that we must take things as we found them, and that, for her part, she was proud to call herself a Yarmouth bloater.

"When we got into the street (which was strange enough to me), and smelt the fish and pitch and oakum and tar, and saw the sailors walking about, and the carts jingling up and down over the stones, I felt that I had done so busy a place an injustice, and said as much to Peggotty, who heard my expressions of delight with great complacency, and told me it was well known (I suppose to those who had the good fortune to be born bloaters) that Yarmouth was, upon the whole, the finest place in the universe.

"Here's my Am!" screamed Peggotty, 'grewed out of knowledge!'

"He was waiting for us, in fact, at the public house, and asked me how I found myself, like an old acquaintance. I did not feel, at first, that I knew him as well as he knew me, because he had never come to our house since the night I was born, and naturally had the advantage of me. But our intimacy was much advanced by his taking me on his back to carry me home. He was now a huge, strong fellow of six feet high, broad in proportion, and round-shouldered; but with a simpering boy's face and curly light hair that gave him quite a sheepish look. He was dressed in a can vass jacket, and a pair of such very stiff trousers, that they would have stood quite as well alone, without an legs in them. And you couldn't so properly have said he wore a hat, as that he was covered in a-top, like an old building, with something pitchy.

"Ham carrying me on his back and a small box of ours under his arm, and Peggotty carrying another small box of ours, we turned down lanes bestrewn with bits of chips and little hillocks of sand, and went past gas works, rope-walks, boat-builders' yards, ship-wrights' yards, ship-breakers' yards, caulkers' yards, riggers' lofts, smiths' forges, and a great litter of such places; until we came out upon the dull waste I had already seen at a distance; when Ham said, 'Yon's our house Mas'r Davy!'

"I looked in all directions, as far as I could stare over the wilderness, and away at the sea, and away at the river, but no house could I make out. There was a black barge, or some other kind of superannuated boat not far off, high and dry on the ground, with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney, and smoking very cosily; but nothing else in the way of a habitation that was visible to me.

"That's not it?" said I. "That ship-looking thing?"

"That's it, Mas'r Davy," returned Ham.

"If it had been Aladdin's palace, roc's egg and all I suppose I could not have been more charmed with the romantic idea of living in it. There was a delightful door cut in the side, and it was roofed in, and there were little windows in it; but the wonderful charm of it was, that it was a real boat, which had no doubt been upon the water hundreds of times, and which had never been intended to be lived in, on dry land. That was the captivation of it to me. If it had ever been meant to be lived in, I might have thought it small, inconvenient, or lonely; but never having been designed for any such use, it became a perfect abode.

"It was beautifully clean inside, and as tidy as possible. There was a table, and a Dutch clock, and chest of drawers, and on the chest of drawers there was a tea-tray with a painting on it of a lady with a parasol taking a walk with a military-looking child who was trundling a hoop. The tray was kept from tumbling down by a Bible; and the tray, if it had tumbled down, would have smashed a quantity of cups and saucers at

a teapot that were grouped around the book. On the walls there were some common coloured pictures, framed and glazed, of scripture subjects, such as I have never seen since in the hands of pedlars without seeing the whole interior of Peggotty's brother's house again, at one view. Abraham in red going to sacrifice Isaac in blue, and Daniel in yellow cast into a den of green lions, were the most prominent of these. Over the little mantel-shelf was a picture of the Sarah Jane, ugger, built at Sunderland, with a real little wooden stern stuck on to it—a work of art combining composition with carpentry,—which I considered to be one of the most enviable possessions that the world could afford. There were some hooks in the beams of the ceiling, the use of which I did not divine then; and some lockers and boxes and conveniences of that sort, which served for seats and eked out the chairs.

"All this I saw in the first glance after I crossed the threshold—childlike, according to my theory—and then Peggotty opened a little door and shewed me my bedroom. It was the completest and most desirable bedroom ever seen—in the stern of the vessel; with a little window, where the rudder used to go through; a little looking-glass, just the right height for me, nailed against the wall, and framed with oyster-shells; a little bed, which there was just room enough to get into; and a nosegay of seaweed in a blue mug on the table. The walls were whitewashed as white as milk, and the patchwork counterpane made my eyes quite ache with its brightness. One thing I particularly noticed in this delightful house was the smell of fish; which was so searching, that when I took out my pocket-handkerchief to wipe my nose I found it smelt exactly as if it had crapped up a lobster. On my imparting this discovery in confidence to Peggotty, she informed me that her brother dealt in lobsters, crabs, and crawfish; and I afterwards found that a heap of these creatures, in a state of wonderful conglomeration with one another, and never leaving off pinching whatever they laid hold of, were usually to be found in a little wooden outhouse where the pots and kettles were kept."

Con Greogan is the work of a hand we do not recognise. Its title is unfortunate. The *Irish Gil Blas* suggests scenes of licentiousness and an utter want of principle, which can scarcely be laid to the charge of the numbers which have yet appeared. The ground of the story is in many respects new, and if judiciously tilled, will furnish forth a very readable and curious series of adventures. In an early number the hero crosses the Atlantic, and we find him in company less hackneyed than that which supplies the staple of most novels and tales. His adventures are told with spirit, though they want relief, and now and then are overdone and exaggerated. On the whole, however, *Con Greogan* shews a good deal of ability, and is readable enough.

Here is a scene only too painfully true:

"If I say that the Lower Town of Quebec is the St. Giles's of the metropolis, I convey but a very faint notion indeed of that terrible locality. I have seen life in some of its least attractive situations. I am not ignorant of the liberties of Dublin, and the Claddagh of Galway; I have passed more time than I care to mention in the Isle St. Louis of Paris; while the Leopoldstadt of Vienna and the Ghetto of Rome are tolerably familiar to me; but still, for wickedness in its most unwashed state, I give the palm to the Lower Town of Quebec.

"The population, originally French, became gradually intermixed with emigrants, most of whom came from Ireland, and who, having expended the little means they could scrape together for the voyage, firmly be-

lieving that once landed in America gold was a 'chimera' not worth troubling one's head about,—they were unable to go farther, and either became labourers in the city, or, as the market grew speedily overstocked, sunk down into a state of pauperism, the very counterpart of that they had left on the other side of the ocean. Their turbulence, their drunkenness, the reckless violence of all their habits, at first shocked and then terrified the poor timid Canadians—of all people the most submissive and yielding—so that very soon feeling how impossible it was to maintain co-partnership with such associates, they left the neighbourhood, and abandoned the field to the new race. Intermarriages had, however, taken place to a great extent; from which, and the daily intercourse with the natives, a species of language came to be spoken, which was currently called French; but which might, certainly with equal propriety, be called Cherokee. Of course this new tongue modified itself with the exigencies of those who spoke it; and as the French ingredient declined, the Milesian preponderated, till at length it became far more Irish than French.

"Nothing assists barbarism like a dialect adapted to its own wants. Slang is infinitely more conducive to the propagation of vice than is generally believed; it is the 'paper currency' of iniquity, and each man issues as much as he likes. If I wanted an evidence of this fact, I should 'call up' the place I am speaking of, where the very jargon at once defied civilisation and ignored the 'schoolmaster.' The authorities, either regarding the task as too hopeless, or too dangerous, or too troublesome, seemed to slur over the existence of this infamous locality; it is not impossible that they saw with some satisfaction, that wickedness had selected its only peculiar and appropriate territory, and that they had left this den of vice, as Yankee farmers are accustomed to leave a spot of tall grass to attract the snakes, by way of preventing them scattering and spreading over a larger surface.

"As each emigrant-ship arrived, hosts of these idlers of the Lower Town beset the newly-landed strangers, and by their voice and accent imposed upon the poor wanderers. The very tones of the old country were a magic the new comers could not withstand, after weeks of voyaging that seemed like years of travel. Whatever reminded them of the country they had quitted, ay,—strange inconsistency of the human heart—of the land they had left for very hopelessness, touched their hearts, and moved them to the very tenderest emotions. To trade on this susceptibility became a recognised livelihood; so that the quays were crowded with idle vagabonds, who sought out the prey with as much skill as a West-end waiter displays in detecting the rank of a new arrival.

"This filthy locality, too, contained all the lodging-houses resorted to by the emigrants, who were easily persuaded to follow their 'countryman' wherever he might lead. Here were spent the days—sometimes, unhappily, the weeks—before they could fix upon the part of the country to which they should bend their steps; and here, but too often, were wasted in excess and debauchery the little hoards that had cost years to accumulate, till further progress became impossible; and the stranger who landed but a few weeks back full of strong hope, sunk down into the degraded condition of those who had been his ruin, the old story—the dupe become blackleg.

"It were well if deceit and falsehood,—if heartless treachery and calculating baseness, were all that went forward here. But not so; crimes of every character were rife also; and not an inhabitant of the city, with money or character, would have, for any consideration, put foot within this district after nightfall. The very cries that broke upon the stillness of the night were often heard in the Upper Town; and whenever a shriek of agony arose, or the heart-rending cry for help, prudent citizens would close the window, and say, 'It is some of the Irish in the Lower Town,'—a comprehensive statement, that needed no commentary.

"Towards this present locality I now hastened, with a kind of instinctive sense that I had some claims on the sanctuary. It chanced that an emigrant-ship which had arrived that evening was just disembarking its passengers; mingling with the throng of which, I entered the filthy and narrow lanes of this Alsatia. The new arrivals were all Irish, and, as usual, were heralded by parties of the resident population, eagerly canvassing them for this or that lodging-house. Had not my own troubles been enough for me, I should have felt interested in the strange contrast between the simple peasant first stepping on a foreign shore, and the shrewd roguery of him who proposed guidance, and who doubtless had himself once been as unsuspecting and artless as those he now cajoled and endeavoured to dupe.

"I soon saw that single individuals were accounted of little consequence; the claim of the various lodging-houses were as family hotels, perhaps; so that I mixed myself up with a group of some eight or ten, whose voices sounded pleasantly, for in the dark I had no other indication to suggest a preference.

"I was not long in establishing a footing, so far as talking went, with one of this party—an old, very old man, whose greatest anxiety was to know, first, if there was any Ingins where we were going? and secondly, if I had ever heard of his grandson, Dan Cullinane? The first doubt I solved for him frankly and freely, that an Indian wouldn't dare to shew his nose where we were walking; and as to the second, I hesitated, promising to refer to 'my tablets' when I came to the light, for I thought the name was familiar to me.

"He was a shoemaker by trade," said the old man, 'and a better never left Ireland; he was 'prentice to ould Finucane in Ennis, and might have done well, if he hadn't the turn for Americay.'

"But he'll do better here, rely upon it," said I, inviting some further disclosures; 'I'm certain he's not disappointed with having coming out.'

"No, indeed; glory be to God! he's doing finely; and 'twas that persuaded my son Joe to sell the little place and come here,—and a wonderful long way it is!"

"After expending a few generalities on sea voyages in general, with a cursory glance at naval architecture, from Noah's 'square' stern, down to the modern 'round' innovation, we again returned to Dan, for whom I already conceived a strong interest.

"And is it far to New Orleans from this?" said the old man, who, I perceived, was struck by the air of sagacity in my discourse.

"New Orleans! why that's in the States, a thousand miles away!"

"Oh! murder, murder!" cried the old fellow, wringing his hands; 'and ain't we in the States?'

"No," said I; 'this is Canada.'

"Joe! Joe!" cried he, pulling his son by the collar, 'listen to this, acushla. Oh, murder, murder! we're kilt and destroyed intirely!'

"What is it, father?" said a tall, powerfully built man, who spoke in a low but resolute voice; 'what ails you?'

"Tell him, darlint,—tell him!" said the old man, not able to utter his griefs.

"It seems," said I, 'that you believed yourselves in the States; now this is not so. This is British America—Lower Canada.'

"Isn't it Quaybec?" said he, standing full in front of me.

"It is Quebec; but still that is Canada."

"And it's ten thousand miles from Dan!" said the old fellow, whose cries were almost suffocating him.

"Whisht, father, and let me talk," said the son; 'do you know New Orleans?'

"Perfectly—every street of it," said I, with an effrontery the darkness aided considerably.

"And how far is't from here?"

"Something like thirteen or fourteen hundred miles, at a rough guess."

"Oh, th' eternal villain! if I had him by the neck!" cried Joe, as he struck the ground a blow with his

blackthorn which certainly would not have improved the human face divine; 'he towld me they were a few miles asunder—an easy day's walk!'

"Who said so?" asked I.

"The chap on Eden Quay, in Dublin, where we took our passage."

The hotels of America are famous throughout the whole travelling world for carrying European conveniences to a more than European extent; but here is a specimen of landlord, such as never was "raised" on this side the great ocean.

"After a brief halt, I again resumed the road, which led through a close pine-forest, and, however much praised, was any thing but a good surface to travel on. 'Charcoal,' however, made light of such difficulties and picked her steps over holes and stumps with the caution of a trapper, detecting with a rare instinct the safe ground, and never venturing on spots where any difficulty or danger existed. I left her to herself, and it was curious to see that whenever a short interval of better footway intervened, she would, as if to 'make play,' as the jockeys call it, strike out in a long swinging canter, 'pulling up' to the walk the moment the uneven surface admonished her to caution.

"As day broke the road improved, so that I was able to push along at a better pace, and by breakfast time I found myself at a low, poor-looking log-house called 'Brazos.' A picture, representing Texas as a young child receiving some admirable counsel from a very matronly lady with thirteen stars on her petticoat, flaunted over the door, with the motto, 'Filial Affection, and Candy Flip at all hours.'

"A large dull-eyed man, in a flannel pea-jacket and loose trousers to match, was seated in a rocking-chair at the door, smoking an enormous cigar, a little charm-circle of expectation seeming to defend him from the assaults of the vulgar. A huge can of cider stood beside him, and a piece of Indian corn bread. He eyed me with the coolest unconcern as I dismounted, nor did he shew the slightest sign of welcome.

"This is an inn, I believe, friend?" said I, saluting him.—"I take it to be a hotel," said he, in a voice very like a yawn.

"And the landlord—where is he?"—"Where he ought to be—at his own door, a-smokin' his own rear in!"

"Is there an ostler to be found? I want to refresh my horse, and get some breakfast for myself too!"—"There an't none."

"No help?"—"Never was."

"That's singular, I fancy. I fancy."—"No it an't."

"Why, what do travellers do with their cattle then?"—"There bean't none."

"No cattle?"—"No travellers."

"No travellers! and this the high road between two considerable towns!"—"It an't."

"Why, surely this is the road to Austin?"—"It an't."

"Then this is not Brazos?"—"It be Upper Brazos."

"There are two of them, then; and the other, suppose, is on the Austin road?"—He nodded.

"What a piece of business!" sighed I; 'and how far have I come astray?'—"A good bit."

"A mile or two?"—"Twenty."

"Will you be kind enough to be a little more communicative, and just say where this road leads to; if can join the Austin road without turning back again and where?"

"Had I propounded any one of these queries, it just possible I might have had an answer; but, in zeal, I outwitted myself. I drew my cheque for a large amount, and consequently was refused payment altogether.

"Well," said I, after a long and vain wait for an answer, 'what am I to do with my horse? There is stable, I hope?'—"There an't," said he, with a grunt.

"So that I can't bait my beast?"—"No!"

"Bad enough! can I have something to eat myself? a cup of coffee——" A rude burst of laughter stopped me, and the flannel man actually shook with the drollery of his own thoughts. "It bea'n't Astor House, I reckon!" said he, wiping his eyes.

"Not very like it, certainly," said I, smiling.—"What o' that? Who says it ought to be like it?" said he; and his fishy eyes flared up, and his yellow cheeks grew orange with anger. "I an't very like old Hickory, I s'ppose! and maybe I don't want to be! I'm a free Texan! I an't a nigger nor a blue-nose! I an't one of your Old Country slaves, that black King George's boots, and ask leave to pay his taxes! I an't!"

"And I," said I, assuming an imitation of his tone, for experiment's sake; "I am no lazy, rocking-chair, whittling, tobacco-chewing Texan; but a traveller, able and willing to pay for his accommodation, and who will have it, too!"—"Will ye? Will ye, then?" cried he, springing up with an agility I could not have believed possible; while rushing into the hut, he reappeared with a long Kentucky rifle, and a bayonet a-top of it. "Ye han't long to seek your man, if ye want a flash of powder! Come out into the bush and 'see it out,' I say!"

"The tone of this challenge was too insulting not to call for at least the semblance of acceptance, and so, fastening my mare to a huge staple beside the door, I unslung my rifle, and cried, 'Come along, my friend, I'm quite ready for you!'"

"Nothing daunted at my apparent willingness, he threw back the hammer of his lock, and said, 'Hark

ye, young un'! You can't give me a cap or two? mine are considerable rusty!'"

"The request was rather singular, but its oddity was its success; and so, opening a small case in the stock of my rifle, I gave him some.

"Ah, them's real chaps—the true 'tin jackets,' as we used to say at St. Louis!" cried he; his tongue seeming wonderfully loosened by the theme. "Now, lad, let's see if one of your bullets fit this bore; she's a heavy one, and carries twenty to the pound; and I've nothing in her now but some loose chips of iron for the bears."

"Loose chips of iron for the bears! thought I; did ever mortal hear such a barbarian! 'You don't fancy, friend, I came here to supply you with lead and powder, to be used upon myself, too! I supposed when you asked me to come out into the bush, that you had every thing a gentleman ought to have for such a purpose.'

"Well, I never seed the like of that!" exclaimed he, striking the ground with the butt end of his piece. "If we don't stand at four guns' length——" "We'll do no such thing, friend," said I, shouldering my piece, and advancing towards him. "I never meant to offend you; nor have you any object in wounding, mayhap killing, me. Let me have something to eat; I'll pay for it freely, and go my ways."

"What on airth is it, eh?" said he, looking puzzled. "Why that's one of Colt's rifles! you'd have picked me down at two hundred yards, sure as my name is Gabriel!"—"I know it!" said I, coolly; "and how much the better or the happier should I have been, had I done so?"

Ecclesiastical Register.

PROGRESS OF THE POPE'S RESTORATION.

PIUS IX. has been gradually resuming the exercise of his authority in the holy city, the French army continuing to support it in every (apparently) possible way.

On the 21st of July, General Oudinot thus replied to Cardinal Tosti, on the occasion of that prelate expressing the thanks of the College of Cardinals to him, on the threshold of the Basilica of the Vatican, during the solemnities celebrated for the restoration of the Pope's temporal power.

"Eminence, while personifying in me the army I command, you render me a signal honour; but you attribute to me a much too important part in the happy event which has been accomplished. The restoration of the temporal power of the Holy Father is the work of all France. We soldiers have only been the instruments of a holy and generous cause. To our Government all the merit of this enterprise is due, and to Divine Providence we owe its success. We have never doubted the sympathy of the Romans for our France; and, although the entrance to this beautiful city was disputed to us, we knew perfectly well that it was under an oppressive and foreign yoke. From the instant you have been freed from this tyranny, when you have been able to manifest your sentiments, you gave free vent to your respect for the Holy Father and for religion. I have received numerous addresses and warm manifestations demanding the return of his Holiness. In hoisting to-day the Pontifical flag on the Castle of St. Angelo, we only satisfy our private wishes and those of the whole Catholic world. The services which the French army has been able to render to religion and social order are now fully compensated. Our ambition is satisfied, since we have obtained the confidence of your fellow-countrymen, as well as the sympathy and esteem of the Catholic populations. You finished your speech with the cry of 'Long live France!' I shall terminate thus, 'Long live religion and the Holy Father!'"

On the 17th the Pope issued the following proclamation:

"PIUS P.P. IX. TO HIS BELOVED SUBJECTS.

"The Almighty has raised his hand and commanded the tempestuous waters of anarchy and impiety to stop. He has guided Catholic armies in sustaining the rights—unanimously agreed on—of the common faith, of the Holy See, and of our sovereignty. Eternal praises be given to Him who, in the midst of his ire, has not forgotten clemency.

"Beloved subjects, in the whirlwind of such disastrous vicissitudes, our heart has deplored the evils which have fallen on the Church, on religion, and on you; but it has never forgotten the love which it has borne to you, and which it will ever bear. We hail with satisfaction the day when we are to return amongst you. We will return with the most lively desire to bear to you comfort and consolation, and with the intention of occupying ourselves, with all our strength, for your good—applying serious remedies to grave evils, consoling our good subjects, who, whilst they expect from us such institutions as will satisfy their wants, desire, as we desire, sufficient guarantees to be established for the independence of the High Pontificate, so necessary for the repose of the Catholic world.

"Without delay, for the reorganisation of public affairs we are about to name a commission, which, furnished with full powers, and aided by a ministry, will regulate the government of the state.

"May the blessing of God, which we have ever implored, even when distant from you, and which to-day with greater fervour we implore, light upon you; and for the greater comfort of our soul we hope that all those who at present are unable to enjoy the fruits of their treason may be convinced of their errors, and be also entitled to consideration and mercy by a speedy and sincere repentance.

"*Gaeta*, July 17, 1849.

"PIUS P.P. IX."

On the 21st the following documents appeared in the *Roman Journal*:

"Expeditionary Corps of the Mediterranean,
Head Quarters of Rome, July 18.

"Monsignor—The ordinary course of justice has been interrupted for some months. The ordinance of the General Commissioner of Grace and Justice was intended to remedy that state of things, equally injurious to the interests of the Roman population, and those of public morality. His Holiness alone has the right of fixing the limits of the jurisdiction, and I could only adopt very temporary measures, in order to leave full liberty of action to the administration which the Holy Father will speedily institute. It has been, moreover, agreed that cases belonging to the Ecclesiastical Tribunals should be reserved. It hence follows, Monsignor, that the rights of your jurisdiction cannot be attacked, and I will be the first to defend them against any encroachments that may be attempted.

"The General-in-chief, OUDINOT DE REGGIO.

"To the Viceregent of Rome."

"The General-in-chief, considering the importance of ascertaining the real situation of the public libraries, and the spoliation that might have been committed to their prejudice, decrees:—Art. 1. A commission is instituted to examine and report on the present state of the libraries belonging to the great establishments of Rome. Art. 2. The following persons are named members of that commission:—Messrs. Marino, Prefect of the Apostolical Records; Commander Visconti, Keeper of the Ancient Documents; Legot, Secretary and Librarian to the Academy of France; Castellini, Professor of the University.

"Rome, July 21."

The *Giornale di Roma* of the 1st August announced the arrival there of Cardinals Della Genga Sermattei, Vannicelli Casoni, and Altieri, whom his Holiness the Pope had named members of the Commission of Government. General Oudinot addressed the following general order of the day, defining the present situation:—

"GENERAL ORDER.

"For the purpose of organising with the greatest possible speed the different services of the state, the Sovereign Pontiff has named a Governmental Commission, which is charged with the composition of a ministry, and which has established its residence at the Quirinal. The members of that Commission are their Eminences Cardinals della Genga, Vannicelli, and Altieri.

"The high functions his Holiness has conferred on the Governmental Commission enables the General-in-chief to restore to the Pontifical Government the powers which the events of war had in part united with the military command.

"From this day, therefore, the Holy Father, or his representatives, take back the entire administration of the country.

"Public security remains, nevertheless, under the special guarantee of the French army. The Governor of Rome continues to exercise in the capital all the authority required by the exceptional military situation established by the decree of the 4th of July.

"The Roman troops that are in the provinces occupied by the French army remain under the superior orders of the General-in-chief.

"Charged with restoring social order in the Pontifical States, the army retains therein all the means of action which are necessary for the accomplishment of the great mission that France has entrusted to it in the double interest of the Roman people and the temporal authority of the Sovereign Pontiff.

"The General-in-chief, OUDINOT DE REGGIO.

"Rome, Aug. 3."

The Commission immediately published the following manifesto:

"The Government Commission of State, in the name of his Holiness Pope Pius IX., happily reigning, to all his subjects of his temporal dominions:—

"Divine Providence has delivered the people of the whole Pontifical State, and especially those of the city of Rome, the seat and centre of our most holy religion, from the tempestuous whirlwind of the blindest and most wicked passions, by the invincible and glorious arm of the Catholic forces. Therefore, the Holy Father, faithful to his promise, announced by his venerated *Motu proprio*, given at Gaeta on the 17th of last month, sends us now among you with full powers, in order to repair by the best means, and as soon as possible, the serious evils produced by anarchy and the despotism of a few men. Our first care shall be that religion and morality be respected by all as the basis and foundation of every social bond, that justice have its full and regular course for every one distinctly, and that the administration of public matters may receive the organisation and improvement which are so necessary after the unworthy misrule exercised by demagogues without sense or name. To obtain these very important results, we shall seek the advice of persons distinguished for their intelligence and zeal, and for the general confidence they enjoy, which contributes so much to the success of affairs. The regular order of matters requires that there shall be called to the direction of each Ministry men of integrity and experience in the branch to which they are to devote their attention with the greatest alacrity; therefore, we shall name without delay those who shall direct the affairs of the Interior and Police, those of Justice, Finance, and Arms, as well as Public Works and Commerce; while Foreign Affairs shall remain in the hands of the Most Eminent Cardinal Pro-Secretary of State, who, during his absence, shall have a substitute at Rome for ordinary matters. Thus may, as we hope, confidence be restored among every class and order of persons, while the Holy Father, in his really beneficent mind, is considering the means of granting such improvements and institutions as are compatible with his most elevated dignity and power of Supreme Pontiff, with the nature of this State, the preservation of which interests the whole Catholic world, and with the real wants of his beloved subjects.

"Rome, from our residence of the Quirinal Palace, August 1.

"G. Cardinal DELLA GENGA SERMATTEI.

"L. Cardinal VANNICELLI CASONI.

"L. Cardinal ALTIERI."

They also issued a decree relative to the paper circulation, which made a great sensation. The meaning of it is, that the Papal Government recognises all the paper money issued by the Pope, and 600,000 dollars put into circulation immediately after his departure; and that it reduces by 35 per cent all the notes since issued by the Republic. The decree is as follows:—

"The nullity of the laws and acts of the so-called Provisional and Republican Governments would have of itself rendered null and void the paper money placed by them in circulation for the purpose of sustaining their usurpation, and prolonging their idle and fatal resistance.

"Still the mind of the Holy Father, profoundly moved by the losses which might fall on honest citizens, and the ruin that might come on worthy families, and especially those of the poorest and most indigent class, but still having in view the necessity of conciliating the interests of commerce, has thought proper to decree as follows:—

"Art. 1. Remains confirmed—and, consequently, it will continue its due circulation—all the paper money to the letter O, of which his Holiness had authorised the emission.

"2. All the other bonds and notes of the Republican and Provisional Governments shall be acknowledged at the rate of 65 per cent of their nominal value.

"3. The Government will provide as soon as possible for the withdrawal of the bonds, and their being changed to notes of a more regular form, for the purpose of inspiring greater confidence in the public and in commerce.

cial affairs. The Government will at the same time make every effort to substitute a metallic currency for such part as may not cause great sacrifices.

"4. The paper money issued by provinces or districts may continue its course in the respective localities, but without any guarantee on the part of the Government.

"Cardinal DELLA GENGA.

"Cardinal VANNICELLI.

"Cardinal ALTIERI.

"Rome, from our residence in the Quirinal, Aug. 3."

The following order has been issued in reference to the public offices:—

"For the purpose of duly providing for the regular course of civil, criminal, and administrative justice, it is ordered as follows:—

"Art. 1. All laws and regulations relative to public employes emanating since the 16th of November, 1848, are null and void.

"2. The renewal of mortgage inscriptions remain suspended until further orders.

"3. The Pontifical tribunals existing previous to that period are renewed, and all arising from the illegitimate power are dissolved.

"4. All servants dismissed for refusing to act under the late Government are restored to their posts as they existed on the 16th of November, 1848; and all those who were promoted return in like manner to their original destination.

"5. A council will be formed for the purpose of examining into the character and conduct of public employes in every branch until the definitive pleasure of the Sovereign respecting them be made known.

"6. All provincial municipalities are for the present dissolved, and the presidents of the communal departments will provide temporarily for the public wants.

"Cardinal DELLA GENGA.

"VANNICELLI.

"ALTIERI.

"Rome, from our residence in the Quirinal Palace, August 3."

OPENING OF THE CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, FARM STREET, LONDON.

THIS church was opened with solemn Mass, *coram Pontifice*, on the 31st of July. The position and form of the site are greatly against the general design of the building, but they have been got over by the architect, Mr. Scoles, with considerable skill, and the church is really beautiful. It has no screen, and the chancel decorations (by Mr. Bulmer) are thus distinctly visible. They are more chaste and subdued in tone than is common with some of our modern Gothic decorations, and, to our taste, more satisfactory. The confessionals are, we have little doubt, the best constructed in England; and, instead of an eye-sore, are pleasing features in the church; and what is better still, are ventilated and large, and consequently healthy.

The Right Rev. Drs. Wiseman, Wareing, and Brown (of Wales), were present, and many clergy. Dr. Wiseman preached in the morning, and Dr. Brown in the evening. On the following Sunday, Father Faber, of the Oratory, preached in the morning, and Mr. Oakeley in the evening.

CLAPHAM—THE REDEMPTORISTS.

ON Thursday, the 2d ult., took place the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the church about to be erected by the Redemptorists and Fathers, under the patronage of our Lady of Victories and St. Alphonsus Liguori, on ground con-

tiguous to the house occupied by them in Park-road, Clapham.

A large tent and a temporary altar were erected for the occasion. About half-past eleven o'clock the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman, attended by a number of the clergy in procession, commenced the ceremony according to the forms prescribed by the *Pontificale Romanum*. Having blessed the holy water and the stone, recited the Litany of the Saints, and placed a bottle containing the several coins of the realm, and a document describing the several particulars, he fixed the stone in its resting-place. He then, accompanied by the clergy in processional order, went round the foundations of the church, blessing them and sprinkling them with holy water. Having returned to the altar, he made a brief address, explanatory of the various parts of the ceremony which he had just performed. He alluded to the blessings that had been promised in the Church's name to all who should partake in this good work, whether by aiding it with their purse or actually assisting in the erection. He exhorted the workmen, many of whom he saw present, who were to assist in its erection, to remember that the blessing of God had been that day called down upon them, by the solemn prayers of the Church, and that the work which they were about to be engaged in was the work of God; he trusted, therefore, that they would conduct themselves with propriety; that no quarrelling, no improper language or conduct should be witnessed among them during its erection.

His lordship concluded by appealing warmly to the charity of the Catholics to aid in this good work the holy men who had come from a foreign country to plant again the blessings of the true religion in this our country.

After the Pontifical Benediction, High Mass commenced.

The church, a Gothic one, large and handsome, is to be built by Mr. Wardell.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, BURNLEY.

THIS large and striking church was opened on the 2d August by the Right Rev. Drs. Brown and Sharples. It is 164 feet long inside, 58 wide in the nave, and 85 at the transepts, and will accommodate more than 1200 persons. Mr. Hadfield, of Sheffield, is the architect; and the decorations, as far as completed, are by Mr. Bulmer. We shall rejoice to hear that all that yet remains to be done is finished as satisfactorily as what is already accomplished.

PROFESSORS APPOINTED TO THE IRISH COLLEGES.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, BELFAST.

THE Greek Language.—Rev. Frederic H. Ringwood, formerly Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, Senior Moderator in Classics and Ethics at the degree examination in 1837, Berkely Professor of Greek in the University of Dublin, editor of "A Selection from the Remains of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschos."

The Latin Language.—C. Macdougall, formerly Professor Elect of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh; author of an "Inaugural Lecture on the Study of the Oriental Languages," and of a Critical Essay on a work of Albertus Van Hengel.

History and English Literature.—George L. Craik, LL.D., editor and one of the principal writers of the "Pictorial History of England;" author of the "Pur-

suit of Knowledge under Difficulties," "The New Zealanders," "Sketches of the History of Learning and Literature in England," "Spenser and his Poetry," "Bacon, his Writings and Philosophy," "The Romance of the Peirage," and other works.

Logic and Metaphysics.—Robert Blakey, A.M., author of "An Essay on Logic," "A History of the Philosophy of Mind," and other works.

Mathematics.—W. Parkinson Wilson, B.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; Senior Wrangler and Senior Smith's Prizeman at the degree examination in 1847.

Natural Philosophy.—J. Stavelley, LL.D., M.R.I.A. Science Gold Medallist of Trinity College, Dublin; late Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Belfast Institution; author of Original Scientific Memoirs in the "Transactions" of the Royal Irish Academy.

Chemistry.—Thomas Andrews, M.D., F.R.S., M.R.I.A., Vice-President of Queen's College, Belfast.

Anatomy and Physiology.—Alexander Carte, M.D. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, late Demonstrator of Anatomy in Trinity College, and Conservator of the Museum in the College of Surgeons in Ireland.

Natural History.—George Dickin, M.D., Lecturer on Zoology and Botany in the University and King's College of Aberdeen; author of numerous contributions to botanical science, published in various scientific periodicals.

Modern Languages.—M. T. Frings, Ph. D., formerly Professor of the French Language and Literature in the Grauen Kloster, and Friedrich Wilhelm Gymnasia, at Berlin; author of a Grammar of the French language for the use of Germans, and other educational works.

Mineralogy and Geology.—F. M'Coy, author of a work on the fossils of carboniferous limestone of Ireland, and on the Irish silurian system.

Jurisprudence and Political Economy.—W. Neilson Hancock, LL.D., barrister-at-law, Archbishop Whately's Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin, and author of various lectures and essays on political economy.

English Law.—Echlin Molyneux, barrister-at-law, Professor of Equity to the Dublin Law Institute.

Civil Engineering.—John Godwin, C.E., engineer to the Ulster, the Belfast and County Down, and other railway companies.

Agriculture.—John F. Hodges, M.D., late Professor of Chemistry to the Royal Belfast Institution.

The Irish Language.—John O'Donovan, M.R.I.A., author of an Irish Grammar, and editor of various works published by the Archaeological Society.

Practice of Medicine.—John C. Ferguson, M.D., late Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine to the King and Queen's College of Physicians; Physician in ordinary to Sir P. Dunn's Hospital.

Practice of Surgery.—Alexander Gordon, M.D., late Professor of Surgery in the Royal Belfast Institution.

Materia Medica.—Thomas O'Meara, M.D., formerly University Medical Scholar, University of London.

Midwifery.—William Burden, M.D.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CORK.

The Greek Language.—John Ryall, LL.D., Vice-President of the Queen's College, Cork.

The Latin Language.—Bunnell Lewis, M.A., Fellow of the University of London.

History and English Literature.—Rev. Charles Darley, A.M.

Logic and Metaphysics.—George Sydney Read, M.A., Fellow of St. Mary Hall, Oxford.

Mathematics.—George Boole, author of numerous memoirs on mathematical subjects published in the "Cambridge Mathematical Journal."

Natural Philosophy.—George Frederick Shaw, A.M., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.

Chemistry.—J. Blyth, M.D., late Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester.

Anatomy and Physiology.—Hugh Carlisle, M.D.

Natural History.—William Hinks, LL.D., formerly Professor in the Manchester College, York.

Modern Languages.—Raymond de Vericour, formerly Professor in the University of Paris; author of "Milton et la Poésie Epique," "Rapport sur les Instituts de Fellenburg," a work on "Modern French Literature," Translation of Guizot's "Civilisation of Europe."

Mineralogy and Geology.—James Nicol, Secretary to the Geological Society of London, author of Prize Essays on the Geology of Peeblesshire and Roxburghshire, of a "History of Iceland, Greenland, and the Feroe Islands, with an account of their Natural History," a "Treatise on Mineralogy," and other works.

Jurisprudence and Political Economy.—R. Horner Mills, A.B., late Professor of Political Economy in the Glasgow Commercial College.

English Law.—Francis A. Walsh, barrister-at-law.

Civil Engineering.—C. B. Lane, A.B., Fellow of the Royal Institute of Civil Engineers of London, late Resident Engineer to the Birmingham and Oxford Railway.

Agriculture.—Edmund Murphy, B.A., editor of "The Agricultural and Industrial Journal."

The Irish Language.—Owen Connellan, translator of "The Annals of the Four Masters," and author of an Irish Grammar.

Practice of Medicine.—D. C. O'Connor, M.D.

Surgery.—Denis B. Bullen, M.D. one of the Surgeons to the North Infirmary, Cork.

Materia Medica.—A. Fleming, M.D.

Midwifery.—J. A. Harvey, M.D.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, GALWAY.

The Greek Language.—William Edward Hearn, Scholar of T.C.D.

The Latin Language.—William Nesbitt, formerly Scholar of T.C.D.

History and English Literature.—Edward Berwick, Vice-President of Queen's College, Galway.

Logic and Metaphysics.—Thomas William Moffatt, Head Master of the Classical Department of the Royal Academical Institution, Belfast.

Mathematics.—Michael Roberts, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Dublin; author of "Mathematical Memoirs communicated to the Academy of Science of Paris."

Natural Philosophy.—John Mulcahy, A.B., of the University of Dublin, obtained the gold medal in 1829.

Chemistry.—E. Ronalds, M.D., Lecturer on Chemistry in the Middlesex Hospital; editor of "Knapp's Applied Chemistry," and of the "Journal of the Chemical Society."

Anatomy and Physiology.—Croker King, M.D., M.R.I.A.; Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, Professor of Anatomy to the Royal Dublin Society.

Natural History.—A. G. Melville, M.D.; formerly Demonstrator of Anatomy to the University of Dublin.

Modern Languages.—A. Bensbach, graduate in medicine of the University of Heidelberg; author of a Sketch of German Literature, &c.

Mineralogy and Geology.—William King, late curator of the Newcastle Museum, and Lecturer on Geology.

Jurisprudence and Political Economy.—Denis Caulfield Heron, barrister-at-law.

English Law.—Hugh Law, barrister-at-law.

Civil Engineering.—Thomas Deane, of St. Peter's College, Cambridge.

Agriculture.—Thomas Skilling, formerly Agriculturist to the Board of Education, Principal and Manager of a School of Agriculture, at Ardfray, near Galway.

Irish Language.—Cornelius Mahony.

Practice of Medicine.—N. Colahan, M.D.

Surgery.—James V. Browne, M.D., Member of the College of Surgeons of Ireland, A.B. T.C.D.

Materia Medica.—Simon M'Coy, M.D., Lecturer on the Theory and Practice of Surgery, and Examiner in Materia Medica in the Royal College of Surgeons.

LIST OF OFFICE-BEARERS IN THE QUEEN'S COLLEGES.

Queen's College, Belfast.—Registrar, W. T. C. Allen; Librarian, James M'Adam; Bursar, Alexander Dickey.

Queen's College, Cork.—Registrar, Francis Albani; Librarian, Henry Hennessy; Bursar, Edward Fitzgerald.

Queen's College, Galway.—Registrar, Bernard O'Flaherty; Librarian, James Hardiman; Bursar, P. G. Fitzgerald.

EXTRAORDINARY AFFAIR AT MACAO.

(From the Overland China Mail.)

FRIDAY, June the 8th, was expected to be a gay day at Macao, and a large concourse had assembled to witness the regatta, when other events of a more serious nature superseded all interest in it.

Mr. James Summers, teacher in the Colonial Chaplain's school at Hongkong, arrived in the Canton steamer at Macao on Thursday afternoon, shortly after five o'clock. On coming on shore he proceeded to Senate Square, where the procession of Corpus Christi was passing, the whole concourse of people, including Protestant spectators, being uncovered, except Mr. Summers, who, when warned both by his own countrymen and by a priest, having declined the alternative of withdrawing, naturally attracted particular attention, and became the object of indignant remark to the people engaged in the ceremony.

The thing coming to the notice of the Colonial Secretary, he acquainted the Governor (Senhor do Amaral), who sent an orderly corporal to request Mr. Summers to take his hat off. This he did, but immediately placed it more firmly on his head; and as he could not speak the language, looked defiance at the soldier, who reported the circumstance to the Governor. His Excellency thereupon ordered that Mr. Summers, who still remained among the crowd, should be arrested and taken to the guard-house, which was done accordingly.

The room where he was put and kept all night is the one upstairs usually occupied by the officer on duty, and faces the Praya Grande. Whilst there Mr. Summers addressed the Governor as follows:—

"Thursday, June 7.

"To his Excellency the Governor of Macao.—Being a stranger in Macao, and being unacquainted with the customs of Protestants in Roman Catholic countries, either of conforming to their ceremonies or retiring from the street in which they were being performed, and being, as a Protestant, unable to perform any act of reverence to the Host, I kept on my hat; but had I known the custom of keeping away, I should have done so, and so kept myself out of this place, from which I pray you to release me.—I am, your Excellency, your respectful and obedient servant, J. SUMMERS."

We are not aware that any notice was taken of this note; but next morning the writer was delivered over to the Judge, who, at the end of the interview, ordered Mr. Summers to be taken to the Salla Livre, or Free Hall of the Civil Prison, to await the proceedings of the Attorney-General.

As a very mistaken notion prevails respecting the place of confinement, it may be proper here to state, from personal inspection, that it is distinct from the common prison, into which it has been believed, on his own assurance, Mr. Summers was thrown. An outside flight of twenty steps conducts to an upper story, divided, half-way to the ceiling, by a slight wooden partition, into two apartments, the inner of which, occupied by Mr. Summers, measures 24 feet by 16, having three large windows without bars, looking to the courtyard and the public street. Its furniture consists of six arm-chairs, such as the Governor himself sits upon, and two tables, with a sleeping berth boarded off. The outer apartment, to which Mr. Summers had free access, measures 33 feet by 16, the entire stretch being 57 feet.

To this place Mr. Summers was brought about ten o'clock on Friday forenoon; and both the windows and front door, as usual, being open, Mr. Summers, after sitting a few minutes, jumped up from his seat, put his hat on his head, and ran down stairs to the street-door, which was also open. There he was stopped by the sentry, though, had he been a little more deliberate, he might perhaps have effected his escape. Having been brought back, he made the gaoler understand that he had got no breakfast, and that functionary therefore provided for him a repast, consisting of roast fowl, potatoes, bread, and tea. Whilst it was preparing, Mr. Summers having observed Mr. Mancel Pereira, the Procurador or Chinese Magistrate, passing, called him, and descended to the street-door for the purpose of having a letter sent on board the Canton to Captain Staveley, who had been his fellow-passenger from Hongkong. This Mr. Pereira undertook to do, and must have lost no time about it, for Captain Staveley arrived as Mr. Summers had finished breakfast.

The interview with Captain Staveley may have lasted ten minutes; and after it was over, Mr. Summers wrote the following appeal to Mr. P. S. Forbes:

"Friday, June 8, 1849.

"Dear Sir,—Hearing that you are American consul in Macao, I take the liberty to write a line to you, as the English have no consul here, beseeching your intercession with the Governor for my release from this place. I live in Hongkong with her Majesty's chaplain, the Rev. V. Stanton, and I came here in the Canton yesterday evening, and, through ignorance, proceeded through a street in which the procession of the Host was moving; and as I am a Protestant, I did not pay any reverence to it; but had I known their strictness on this point, I would not have entered the street. The Governor ordered me to the guard-house, in which I remained all night, and this morning they have brought me to the common jail, having kept me without food or other convenience twenty hours, which, considering the ignorance on my part, or, I may say, inadvertence, in turning into the street—for I had just come on shore, and was entirely unacquainted with the place—should be sufficient punishment. If I could be brought before a court of justice and explain the whole, and apologise for the offence it gave, I cannot think they would keep me here. If you would kindly do what is in your power for me I should ever feel greatly obliged. I am known to the American consul at Canton, Dr. Parker.

"With an apology for the liberty I take,—I remain, dear sir, your obedient humble servant,

"JAMES SUMMERS,

"Please to excuse the paper, &c,

"To — Forbes, Esq., American Consul in Macao."

We believe this letter was seen by Captains Keppel and Troubridge, and may have accelerated their exertions for the release of Mr. Summers; for they were then, and may be even now, unaware that it was written after an ample breakfast, and that the place of confinement was not the common prison.

Upon receipt of Mr. Summers's letter, Captain Staveley met Captains Keppel and Troubridge, and these three officers immediately proceeded to the Governor's to demand the release of Mr. Summers. The Governor, addressing Captain Keppel, said, "My dear captain, do you ask the liberation of this person as a favour? for if so, I shall immediately take the responsibility of using my influence with the judge." To which Captain Keppel replied, that he did not ask it as a favour, but demanded it as a right. "Then," said the Governor, "you consider me in the wrong?" "Yes," was the reply. "That," rejoined the Governor, "is a point for my sovereign to determine;" and seeing the position taken up, he added, that Mr. Summers must be considered as being in the hands of the constituted authorities, to be dealt with according to the law of the country. Captains Keppel, Troubridge, and Staveley then withdrew; and shortly afterwards the following official

letter was sent to the Governor, dated on board the *Mæander*, though, from the distance at which that vessel was anchored, and the short time that had elapsed, it must have been written within a few doors of Government House :

"H.B.M.S. *Mæander*, Macao Roads, June 8, 1849.

"Sir,—As I understand from the personal interview I have just had with your Excellency in the presence of Captain Troubridge of H.B.M.S. *Amazon*, and Captain Staveley, A.D.C. to the Major-General commanding the troops at Hong Kong, that Mr. Summers, a British subject, resident of Hong Kong, has been put in the common jail by your Excellency's order, for not taking off his hat in obedience to your order, conveyed by a soldier, on the occasion of the Host passing, and your Excellency having entirely separated the supposed offence from any religious aspect, by distinctly stating that he was committed to jail for not obeying your order to take his hat off, I deem it my duty as Senior Naval Officer of her Britannic Majesty's Ships in China, to demand his immediate release, and a full explanation of the circumstances which led to his imprisonment, for the information of her Britannic Majesty's Government. I have, &c.

HENRY KEPPEL,

"Captain and Senior Naval Officer."

This was immediately acknowledged in a note from *Senhor de Amaral*. This interview and correspondence must have taken place before one o'clock, as shortly after that hour the Governor went in his barge, as arranged, to the U.S. ship *Plymouth*, anchored about three miles off, for the purpose of witnessing the regatta, of which his Excellency was patron.

In less than three hours afterwards, a strong body of marines and seamen, fully armed, was landed at the Governor's wharf. Captain Keppel, who was on board the *Canton steamer*, as one of the umpires of the race then going on, observing the boats of the squadron on their way, hastily deputed a friend to act for him, and went ashore with Captain Staveley. They arrived about the same time as the first man-of-war's boat, but from the arrangements for a surprise already made on shore, it was considered unnecessary to wait for additional force, and the detachment was forthwith put under the orders of Captain Staveley, who, instead of proceeding by the Governor's Lane towards Senate Square, conducted the men through an uninhabited dwelling-house, the doors of which had been opened for the purpose by direction of Mr. Patrick Stewart. Thus the party got safely into Rua de Sé, at a bend in the street leading to, and about eighty paces from, the Senate House, in front of which a sentry, a stripling of nineteen, was walking with fixed bayonet, but unloaded musket. Hearing the sound of footsteps, he turned round, and was in the act of biting the end of a cartridge, with the intention of loading, when the party rushed upon him, wrenched off his bayonet, having the keys of the ammunition-box attached, and by a blow on the arm, compelled him to drop his musket. Captain Staveley then called out, "Don't kill the poor man!" and he was released. His assailants turned into the lobby of the Senate House, and fired up the staircase and at the roof, where thirteen distinct marks of shots are to be seen, besides one space in the wall where the lime is so much broken that the individual shots there cannot be counted. One ball fired upwards pierced the roof, and passing through the *Salla de Entrada*, or entrance hall of the Senate Chamber, upstairs, lodged in the wall of that room. Fortunately no one was in the room or on the stairs at the time; but in the courtyard behind, Private *Rogue Barrache* was standing at the door of the armourer's shop, talking to that person about the repair of a buckle. The place is right in front of the second flight of steps, which, however, screen the view from the lobby. The soldier had just come off guard at one of the forts, and still wore his cap and jacket, but was without arms. Alarmed by the firing, he, with the armourer, ran to a gate opening to the yard, and

being thus visible from below, was fired at and shot through the chest. He staggered backwards to the yard, where he fell, and immediately expired.

The sentry at the street-gate heard the firing, and observing one party with fixed bayonets approaching, and another behind loading their muskets, gave the alarm to the corporal's guard of six men, who had just finished dinner. The sentry's musket being unloaded, he presented his bayonet, but was immediately surrounded and disarmed. The corporal, on the first alarm, went to the gate, and seeing the marines approaching, ran for his arms to the guard-house, where the men were taking a siesta after dinner. The marines having by this time encountered the sentry, the corporal hurried upstairs to secure the door of the *Salla Livre*, which, as has been already stated, generally stands open. In the outer apartment he observed Mr. Summers with his hat on, and his traps at hand, apparently ready for a start. He (Summers) rushed upon the corporal while in the act of shutting the door, grasped him by the throat, and attempted to pull him down; and so far succeeded as to prevent the door being bolted. It was then pushed open from the outside, and several shots were fired into the room, leaving six marks on the walls, and narrowly missing the gaoler as he retreated into his own house. (The gaoler's misfortunes, however, did not end here, for his daughter in her alarm fell over a window, and is now in a dying state.) The corporal escaped the danger, from being warned by a person who, through a loophole of an inner room, cried out that the marines were raising their muskets, and about to fire.

A person dressed in a white jacket, supposed from the description to have been Captain Staveley, took Mr. Summers by the arm and led him away.

The Governor of Macao, as already stated, being patron of the races, and having no reason to believe that aggressive measures would be adopted—least of all in his absence—had, shortly after one o'clock, in sight of Captain Keppel and other officers, proceeded on board the American flag-ship *Plymouth*, lying about three miles out. Information of what had taken place reached him through his aide-de-camp, about half-past four p.m., after which he despatched that officer with a statement of what had occurred, for the information of the Governor of Hong Kong, aware of course that his Excellency had no power to interfere with the naval commander.

Captains Keppel, Troubridge, Hay, and Staveley had been engaged to dine on shore to meet the Governor, but they sent apologies, and immediately after the races were over, went on board their ships, the *Columbine* and *Medea* starting immediately for Hongkong, and the *Mæander* next morning for Manila, leaving the *Amazon* at anchor. Next afternoon (the 9th) the following letter from Captain Keppel was handed to the Governor's Secretary by an officer of the *Amazon*, who declined to wait until it was taken to his Excellency :—

"Her Britannic Majesty's Ship *Mæander*,
Macao Roads, 8th June, 1849.

"Sir—Finding by the tenor of your Excellency's reply to my requisition for the immediate liberation of Mr. Summers, that you had not the slightest intention of complying therewith, and hearing from yourself that you had not the power to control the judge to whom you had delivered him, I regret the necessity I was under of removing him from the gaol.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your Excellency's most obedient servant,

HENRY KEPPEL,

Captain of H.B.M.'s Ship *Mæander*,
and Senior Naval Officer.

"His Excellency Joao Maria Ferreira do Amaral, Governor, &c., Macao."

This letter, though dated the 8th, was not received until nearly four o'clock on the afternoon of the 9th.

It only remains to add, that the soldier who was shot, after being laid out in the *Salla de Entrada* of the

Senate House, was buried with great solemnity on Saturday evening, officers of the garrison bearing the pall, and the Governor and a private of Barrache's company being chief mourners.

STATE OF THE ROMAN MONUMENTS AFTER THE FRENCH SIEGE, DESCRIBED BY AN EYEWITNESS.

(From the Spectator.)

THE periodicals of Italy have lately published such precise information regarding the destruction of the works of art and of the monuments of Rome, that one is naturally inclined to believe them. It must be observed, however, that the Italian press is greatly distinguished for exaggeration, if not for an utter disregard for truth. During the French siege of Rome each day brought forth some sad intelligence. A barbarous shot had just injured the immortal frescoes of Raphael Sanzio; another had shivered the horse of Phidias to pieces; a shell exploded in the Spada Palace and pulverised the antique statue of Pompey the Great; the Corsini Gallery was half ruined; the chef-d'œuvre of Guido, his charming Aurora, was also reported to have been severely damaged; even those eternal ruins of old Rome, which had resisted the invasion of so many barbarous tribes of Goths and Visigoths, were felled to the ground by the artillery of civilised France! Let not the lover of the fine arts sigh too deeply: the old monuments of Rome are still erect, beautiful, uninjured! The frescoes of Raphael and Michelangiolo in the Vatican are untouched, and shine forth in their wonted magnificence. A musket-ball came through the window of the room "of the Battle of Constantine," designed by Raphael and coloured by his illustrious pupil, but merely erased the half of the letter *τ* in the inscription "SIXTRUS V. Pont:". Two other balls penetrated the long gallery of tapestry; one fell on the floor, the other at the foot of the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," of which Hampton Court possesses the noble cartoon. Some cannon-balls fell on St. Peter's and various parts of the Vatican, but did no harm of any consequence. The Capitol received several shots, notwithstanding its distance from the Janiculum; but here again we have no monuments to deplore. The splendid bronze statue of Marc Aurelius, placed in the middle of the open court, was especially exposed to danger; and the Romans, who were erecting hundreds of useless barricades in the streets, did nothing for the protection of the finest bronze extant; but Marc Aurelius and his proud charger escaped unhurt. A twenty-four pounder fell on the roof of the Aurora of Guido Reni, without causing any mischief. The horse of Phidias is still entire, and rearing in the air on Mount Quirinal. The galleries of Doria Borghese, Sciarra, Rospigliosi, Barberini, Albani, Ludovisi, have not suffered either from shot, shell, or thief. A shell exploded between the floor of the second story and the ceiling of the first in the Corsini Palace, with the sole injury of an old chair. The Farnesina, the pride of Raphael and of his wealthy patron Ghigi, placed immediately below the breaching batteries of the French, was in very great peril; many shots fell around the house, but not one penetrated this sanctuary of art. The Farnese Palace, on the opposite side of the Tiber, was somewhat battered by shots, its walls and roof slightly injured; but the admirable frescoes of Annibal Carracci within, are in their pristine freshness, beauty, and integrity. The Pompey statue, close by, certainly made a miraculous escape: some thirty shots struck the walls of this palace, several broke through the massive structure, and bounded from side to side in the very room where the statue stands; yet Pompey is unharmed. In the Costiguti Palace a shot destroyed an insignificant landscape of G. Poussin, which was painted above the window. The noble frescoes of Guercino, Domenichino, and Poussin, however, are unhurt. It must be satisfactory to General

Oudinot that Poussin was a Frenchman! Several churches, public buildings, and private houses in Rome, were injured by shells and balls; but the damage done is not serious. Even the church of St. Peter in Montorio, which the *Times* says is ruined, can be easily repaired. This church contains only two fine works of art, and, by good fortune, the only two which have escaped injury—the Temple of Bramante, and the fine fresco by Sebastian del Piombo. Nearly every other picture in the church is destroyed, or greatly damaged. We must not attribute the destruction here entirely to the French; for Garibaldi's soldiers occupied the church, and left behind them proofs of reckless damage. Thus, Rome has little to weep over, and the fame of MM. Oudinot and Vaillant is not darkened by the dust of falling monuments of imperishable memory. But if we bend our way through the gates of the old Roman walls, what sad, what frightful, what useless havoc appears! Hundreds of houses levelled to the ground—not a tree spared! The lovely Villa Borghese has lost half its charms; even the little villa where Raphael lived is now no more. Nor was Michelangiolo's summer retreat more fortunate. This immense sacrifice of property was committed by the Romans themselves, for the better defence of the city.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS ON THE AFFAIRS OF VENICE.

THE Archbishop of Paris has addressed a long letter to the Minister of Foreign Affairs on the subject of Venice. The Most Reverend Prelate expresses his disinclination to meddle in the temporal affairs of nations, but says that he considers the case of Venice as a question of justice, of humanity, and of civilisation. After expressing his opinions as to the justice of the claims of Venice on the consideration and sympathies of Austria, he proceeds as follows:

"Austria refuses all concession, and all promise of a constitution; she no longer listens to the timid representations of the Powers; she refuses to negotiate. She will only dictate to the rebel city the conditions of its present and future existence. And what are those conditions? Are they admissible? are they tolerable? Is there any thing in her conduct towards Venice in which the slightest generosity is to be seen? Does she not impose on that unfortunate city the necessity of choosing between dishonour and despair? To surrender at discretion and unconditionally; to burden the people with an enormous load of debt under which they cannot fail to fall; to drive from the city 500 officers of the marine, with their families, and to send them without resources into exile; to select among the first citizens forty victims to whom the pardon of the amnesty shall not be applied; to re-establish an unbridled and unlimited military despotism, with an indefinite state of siege, accompanied by daily executions and arbitrary taxes. Such, it is said, are the conditions of Austria; this is the manner in which she punishes crime in a people who dared, at a particular moment, to take advantage of the state of Italy, and of some favourable circumstances, to remember their former existence, and to wish to be themselves again. Venice cannot accept such conditions, and she is resolved to bury herself beneath her ruins rather than subscribe to them. Can France, can civilised Europe permit them to be imposed? There is, then, no longer any union, any mutual responsibility, between nations. There are no longer any secondary rights—the eternal ones of justice and of humanity. There are no longer any of the inviolable principles which guarantee the dignity and liberty of a people. I am aware that the answer of political men will be, We have only two plans to adopt; either to allow Austria to abuse her victory, or to declare war against her. Policy shrinks, and perhaps rightly, from adopting the latter course. I, for my part, believe that there is a middle course to be pursued, and that the influence*of

France might be used to a certain point without the effusion of blood. France is powerful, and may use lofty language when, apart from all private interests, she makes herself the defender of the weak and the oppressed. It is a part which becomes France, and, in my opinion, England also. If these two powers were to act in concert in the matter, would Austria, notwithstanding her known obstinacy, long resist? Would she threaten war? Would she seek to make fresh enemies when she finds so much difficulty in resisting those which she already has? That she would push things to the last extremity, if required to do any thing dishonourable to her, may be comprehended; but when she is only asked not to be too cruel and too inexorable towards an unfortunate people, become by the force of arms and the play of revolutions an integral part of the empire, who can credit that she will obstinately refuse it? This work is worthy of France. Evil be to the Government who shall witness with a dry eye the agony and death of a vanquished people. What does history already say, and what will posterity for ever say, of those who allowed the destruction and partition of Poland? Venice, doubtless, is of less importance; but the right of a small state is not less sacred than that of a large one. To labour for the salvation of Venice, or at least to prevent its total ruin, would be also worthy of the minister who at this moment directs our foreign affairs. His heart, so noble and so open to the inspirations of true liberty, must be filled with sympathy for such misfortune. Let him not allow it to be one day said, that the French diplomacy under his ministry did not make a last effort to stop the perilous designs of Austria, and save the Venetian state from a complete loss. I do not speak of the promises made to Venice, of the hopes that have been held out to her, and of the support even which has been given to her. I only speak of France, of the interests of her glory and of her dignity. I speak also of the glory of a minister who is dear to us. I conjure him to turn his eyes towards the Adriatic, or rather towards Venice. There are in that city envoys from Vienna rejected and abandoned. Let him come to their aid, let him take their interests in hand, and he is sure to acquire imperishable claims to the gratitude of all who love justice and hate iniquity."

THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE ABBEY OF SOLESMES.*

(From the Tablet.)

THE Abbey of Solesmes has principally aimed, in its publications, at three objects of research—Archæology, Liturgical Studies, and History. Its first work, *Les Origines Romaines*, regarded the first monuments of Christian Rome. Complaints have been made of the interruption of this remarkable work; but the studies were continuing in silence, journeys to Rome were developing the primitive plan, and at the moment when one might more than ever have despaired of the execution, a new volume gave us an agreeable surprise. The *History of St. Cecilia*, which was published in the stormy year of 1848 by the illustrious Abbot of Solesmes, is a genuine episode to the *Origines Romaines*, uniting at once the most rigorous accuracy of historical research to the fertile and instructed imagination of a Chateaubriand. A curious book may be mentioned, which we owe to Dom de Bannier. Having to translate one of the most interesting compositions of the middle age, the *Meditations* ascribed to St. Bonaventure, he has abandoned the modern French language as

* For the materials of the following account of the literary labours of the Benedictine Abbey of Solesmes, we are indebted to papers furnished us by the worthy Religious of that Order who are at present in England collecting subscriptions for the great series of patristic works which the monastery contemplates issuing under the title of "*Spicilegium Solesmense*." We cannot suppose that so noble an undertaking will be suffered to languish for want of support in this country.

too stiff and refined, and has interpreted the pious contemplative in the language of Amyot and St. Francis de Sales. The attempt is perhaps a little too bold; but assuredly those who take an interest in such matters will not be displeased that so spirited a work has been given to the world.

Liturgical studies have been the real field of the new Benedictines of France, and the scene of controversies which have hardly been stayed by the revolution of February and the pestilence. The Roman Liturgy is carrying the day in France. All the attempts that have been made to arrest its development have only contributed to accelerate it, and we can already foresee the moment when almost the entire Church of France will be united in public prayer with the whole Catholic world. On this grave and peaceful revolution the reader may study with abundant profit the *Institutions Liturgiques* of Dom Guéranger, his *Année Liturgique*, his letter *Sur le Droit Liturgique* to the Archbishop of Rheims, his reply to Mgr. d'Astros, and his correspondence with the last Bishop of Orleans, who died so unexpectedly whilst a member of the Constituent Assembly.

M. Melchior du Lac is another distinguished member of this Order, who, though he has not actually published any thing of his own, has added much light to the researches of others.

As to those literary labours which require patient study, long preparation, and great literary resources, one may suppose that, after the example of their fathers, the French Benedictines have deemed it right to proceed with a slow maturity. We know that important labours are being prepared, and that at the present moment the members of the Abbey of Solesmes are in England collecting the titles and documents which concern the continuation of the *Gallia Christiana*. Nevertheless, we may mention further a monography, or history of St. Leger, by Dom Pitra, which has just received the formal commendations of the Institute of France, in a report edited by M. de Normand, in the name of the Committee of Examination.

In the course of searching throughout a great number of libraries and archives for the materials of the *Gallia Christiana*, the same good fortune has happened to the new Benedictines as to their predecessors of the Congregation of St. Maur, namely, the discovery of a great number of important inedited works of the most ancient authors. These discoveries formerly obtained for the learned world the *Spicilegium* of d'Achery, the *Analecta* of Mabillon, the *Anecdota Græca* of Montfaucon, the *Thesaurus Anecdotorum*, and the *Amplissima Collectio Monumentorum*.

We are happy to have to announce a sixth collection, under the title of *Spicilegium Solesmense*, which will form a continuation of the above. The publications will comprise more than five hundred authors, wholly or partly inedited, and nearly all ready for publication. A first series of five volumes will contain in general the writers who lived from the second to the tenth century after Christ. The second series will stop with the writers of the twelfth century inclusively. Each author will be accompanied with an historical and critical notice; the text, collated with the best mss., will only have such notes as are indispensable. The collected observations will form the prolegomena to each volume, and some dissertations will be added on the most important questions. All the publications will be in Latin; the Greek texts carefully translated. Among the writers, portions of whose works will occur, we may mention the following, selected from a much larger list that appears in the prospectus kindly forwarded to us:—SS. Melito, Hippolytus, Paulinus of Trèves, Patrick, Nilus of Constantinople, Avitus of Vienne, Venerable Bede, Egbert, &c. &c.; Alcuin, Eginhard, Florus Diaconus, Hincmar, Rabanus Maurus, Scotus Erigena, Walafrius Strabo, &c. &c.

The second series, comprehending inedited authors of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, will be opened

by the entire annals of St. Vedast. Among the names of this division are Gerbert, Remi of Auxerre, St. Gauzin of Toul, St. Odilo, Guillaume de Champeaux, Peter of Celles, Peter the Venerable, St. Bernard, Petrus Cantor of Paris, Abelard, Yvo of Chartres, Honorius of Autun, Stephen Langton, Richard de Saint Victor, St. Thomas of Canterbury, &c. &c.

The first series will begin in 1850, and the volumes will be published yearly; the second series, if the subscriptions be encouraging, may be issued simultaneously with the first. The price of each volume, large quarto, of 500 or 600 pages, will be only 10s. for the first 500 subscribers. It will be 15s. for the rest, and one volume cannot be sold separately under 20s. Subscriptions cannot be made except for a series of five volumes.

THE ROMAN PAPER-MONEY.—To shew you to what a state the monetary circulation is reduced, (says the *Times* correspondent,) I have only to mention that at no *café* can you obtain coppers for a ten bajocchi note—namely, fivepence; and instead of coin you receive another promissory note from the owner of the *café* for your change. I have several of these bits of paper to

produce; and even at the day theatre, for your bank-note of tenpence you receive a promise to pay for threepence—the place only costing seven. Such has been the legacy left by the Republic to the infatuated Romans. Property to the amount of 1,000,000*l.* has been destroyed in preparing the city for a defence which was never to be made, and all the gold, silver, and copper coin has been removed. “God and the people” and the one paul notes remain. Such is your consolation, O city of the Cæsars.

THE SULTAN AND THE ARMENIAN MONKS AT ROME.—The following letter has been addressed by the Sultan Abdul Medjid to Padre Arsenio, Superior of the Armenian Monks:—“We have been apprised that the Armenian Catholic Monks of the order of Anthony, established at Rome near the Vatican, and esteemed for a length of time amongst the most faithful subjects of our empire, are using every effort in their power to procure their co-religionists, our subjects, the advantages of education and morality, the foundation of wisdom and happiness. We have spontaneously sent to the said monastery the portrait of our person, our imperial cypher, and our imperial standard, to give them a proof of our satisfaction and of our special protection.”

Historic Chronicle.

THE Queen's visit to Ireland has evoked a hearty burst of enthusiastic loyalty from all classes of Irishmen and Irishwomen. Our space precludes us from giving more than a brief account of her progress. The Queen first landed at Cove; here, there is unanimous testimony that the personal reception of the Queen was as warm a one as even Irishmen could possibly give. The poorer sort “wished her Honour more power, that she might do more good, and God bless her.” A Repealer was seen in full uniform of Repeal loading a solitary cannon, and firing it with the most exuberant demonstrations of loyalty. After an address from the Corporation, her Majesty and Prince Albert re-embarked, and steamed up the river to Cork; the beauty of the scenery attracting their especial attention. On the way, the yacht was hailed by a humble procession of fishermen's boats; the Queen stopped, and the fishermen presented a large salmon to her Majesty. Arriving at Cork, the Queen received the authorities, and bestowed the honour of knighthood on the Mayor. The Royal party then landed, and made the procession through Cork; every where it met a people rejoicing to transports at her Majesty's personal visit to the “ould country.” The procession ended, the party re-embarked about seven o'clock; and the Queen's yacht swept rapidly down the river to her station, leaving the crowd of steamers which started with her in a long wake behind. Next day she sailed for Dublin, but anchored for the night in Waterford Bay.

On arriving at Dublin, at early dawn, the royal squadron was totally enveloped in a crowded mass of floating spectators. About nine o'clock the Lord Lieutenant and the chief officers of state proceeded on board. At ten the Queen landed. At the instant the Queen's foot pressed the shore, the royal standard swept aloft, and spread itself to the breeze; a guard of honour presented arms, the populace shouted, and the heavy 68-pounders of the ships shook the earth with a tremendous salute. On Tuesday, she made a tour of Dublin, to see its public buildings, beginning with the bank, formerly the seat of the Irish Parliament.

At the National Model Schools in Marlborough Street, her Majesty was received by Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Murray, the Catholic Archbishop, the Rev. Dr. Henry, President of Queen's College, Belfast, and the other Commissioners of Education; several noblemen and clergymen, both Protestant and Catholic, being also present. In the infant school, two hundred and fifty children were seated in the gallery, maintaining a wondering silence at the visitors. This scene seemed to be one that especially moved the Queen's sympathies, and she shewed her pleasure in a marked manner. The Lord Lieutenant formally introduced Dr. Murray and Dr. Henry to the Queen and Prince Albert. In the girls' school, Dr. Whately “took occasion to draw her Majesty's attention to the general lesson, inculcating charity and good-will towards all men, which was suspended on the wall.” The Queen cast her eye over it, and then entered into animated conversation with the Archbishop.

Her Majesty held a court and levee at the Castle. Deputations with addresses were presented from the Corporation of Dublin, the University and Trinity College, the Archbishops and Bishops of the Irish portion of the United Church, the Archbishops and Bishops professing the Catholic religion in Ireland, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, the Association of Non-subscribing Presbyterians in Ireland, and from the Society of Friends in Ireland. The address of the University recalled to memory that “it was under the house of Brunswick that those great legislative changes were made which raised Ireland from the position of a dependent province, to be, as she stands at this day, a mighty and co-ordinate member of the United Empire.” The Presbyterian address was more explicit on the topic thus alluded to; promising that “we and our people will continue to support the legislative union of your Majesty's kingdoms.” The address of the Protestant hierarchy spake with gratitude of the influence which the Queen's religious observances and domestic virtues were calculated to exercise on the high circles surrounding the Crown.

That of the Catholic hierarchy remembered that the Queen's "illustrious father was the warm advocate of civil and religious liberty at a time when those blessings were denied to the great body of the people;" and assured her Majesty, from intimate knowledge of their devoted people, that their flocks love their Queen, and pray God to pour down on her family the richest blessings of Heaven. The Non-subscribing Presbyterians offered their hearty support "to promote education without distinction of party or creed." The Society of Friends, though restrained by their religious principles from uniting in some of the public "demonstrations of joy," yet "participated in the satisfaction" afforded by the first visit of their beloved Sovereign: "we are sensible," they say, "of the privilege we enjoy in the protection of a government administered under thy gentle sway." Suitable replies were read by the Queen to each of the addresses. Those who had the privilege of the entrée were first admitted. The Archbishop of Dublin and Archbishop Murray, with several Bishops of both Churches, were among this number. The general levee was then held, and was prodigiously numerous; the whole number attending the levee was nearly 3000, exclusively of the numerous deputations. After paying a visit to the Duke of Leinster, the Queen left Dublin for Belfast. She was accompanied to the water's edge by a distinguished company. Her Majesty affectionately saluted Prince George of Cambridge and Lady Clarendon, and shook hands warmly with the Lord Lieutenant and the venerable Sir Edward Blakeney; and then, with a general farewell to the rest, she stepped on board her yacht. On approaching the extremity of the pier near the lighthouse, where the people were most thickly congregated, the Queen suddenly left the two ladies-in-waiting with whom she was conversing, ran with agility along the deck, and climbed the steep paddle-box to join Prince Albert, who did not notice her till she was nearly at his side. Reaching him, and taking his arm, she waved her right hand towards the people on the piers. She appeared to give some order to the commandant; the paddles immediately ceased to move, and the vessel merely floated on. The royal standard was lowered in courtesy to the cheering thousands on shore; and this stately obeisance was repeated five times.

The Queen next visited Belfast, where the same enthusiasm was manifested, and at last reached Balmoral, passing through Glasgow on her way. She has knighted the Mayor of Belfast, and the Provost of Glasgow, and bestowed a Baronetcy on the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and Lord Clarendon is to be made a Marquis.

The ravages of Cholera have been great during the past month throughout the whole empire; the mortality in the metropolis, from this cause alone, averaging 1000 a week.

In Canada the feeling against the Government seems on the increase. A large and influential party openly avow their desire for annexation with the United States, while public opinion in many parts of the Union is in favour of the measure; not, however, they say, with a hostile feeling towards England, but from a belief that it will be found conducive to the interests of all parties.

The strong feeling of the Cape colonists against the introduction of convicts has induced the governor to send a remonstrance to Earl Grey, in

which, after pointing out the flourishing state of the colony, and the high morality of the settlers, he adverts to the disasters which will accrue from making it a penal settlement, against the strongly expressed will of the people.

Louis Napoleon has visited the chief towns of France, and elicited a warm feeling in his favour, not, however, approaching to any thing like an encouragement to a *coup d'état*, but in recognition of the firmness and moderation of his government.

Peace has been definitively concluded between Sardinia and Austria, on terms mutually honourable; and the ex-king Charles Albert has died at Lisbon, after intense suffering. The news of his decease made a mournful impression upon the inhabitants of Turin.

The state of siege at Berlin was terminated by decree immediately after the elections, which proved almost uniformly favourable to the moderate constitutional party.

The reports from Hungary are becoming less vague. Since the Russian intervention the position of the Hungarian generals has become daily more critical, and notwithstanding the gallant and heroic efforts of the whole nation, the immense superiority in numbers of the allied force has been too manifest to allow any doubt as to the eventual result.

Public opinion has expressed itself strongly in favour of Hungary both in this country and America, but it has been confined to speeches: and though Lord Palmerston has admitted the abstract injustice of Russian interference, no further steps have been taken. From intelligence but just received, there appears no doubt that Georgey and a large number of Hungarian troops have surrendered to the Russians. Whether this arises from any disposition on the part of the Court of Vienna to change its policy, or from the hopelessness of further continuing the contest is not yet known.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"An Anglican Clergyman."—An article on the subject requested by our Correspondent is in preparation, and will shortly appear.

NOTICE

To Subscribers to the Rambler.

In order to meet the convenience of some of our Country Subscribers, who wish to receive their copies of the RAMBLER by post, and at as low a cost as possible, a Quarterly Edition of the Journal will for the future be issued, on the first days of January, April, July, and October, and comprising the current and two immediately preceding Monthly Number. They will be stitched together in one wrapper, and thus be sent by post for Sixpence only, in addition to the selling price of Four Shillings and Sixpence.

Each Monthly Number of the RAMBLER contains so large a quantity of matter, that three such numbers are nearly equal to two numbers of the ordinary Quarterly Reviews. The Quarterly Edition will thus be by far the cheapest quarterly publication in the kingdom, giving to its readers for 4s. 6d. near as much matter as others give for 12s.

The first Quarterly Part of the RAMBLER, containing the Monthly Numbers for May, June, and July (which commence the Fourth Volume, now progress), is now ready, and will be forwarded on application to the Publisher, or by any Bookseller Town or Country.

The Rambler,

A JOURNAL AND REVIEW OF HOME AND FOREIGN LITERATURE,
POLITICS, SCIENCE, MUSIC, AND THE FINE ARTS.

VOL. IV.

OCTOBER 1849.

PART XXII.

MONEY PROSPECTS.

It is a fact, not always sufficiently borne in mind, that the Sacrament of Orders does not confer a power of going without one's dinner. The most exemplary priest—often to his great discomfort—is in possession of a body as well as of a soul. Even a saint must eat, drink, take physic (when he is ill), wear a coat, a hat, shoes, and the like, go to bed, and pay rent, taxes, and wages. However little it may fall in with our *beau idéal* of sanctity to see a holy man helping himself to a slice of mutton, or being measured by his tailor for a pair of new trousers, it is certain that these mundane concomitants of life are as necessary to his existence as to that of the fattest of aldermen or the most fastidious of lords.

It is another fact, quite as palpable as the above, that at the present moment the Catholic Church in England has no means at her immediate disposal for the support of a sufficient number of clergy, owing to this impossibility of their feeding upon air, or sleeping exposed to all the winds of heaven. Utterly disproportionate as are the numbers of the priesthood to the urgent wants of the Catholic population of this country, even those we have are not adequately provided for; and much less does there seem to be any prospect of increase in the sources of clerical income from any of its old-established channels. As matters now stand, it cannot be denied that one of the most obstinate hindrances to the building of new churches, is found in the fear that is entertained that they will rob the clergy attached to those already in existence of the scanty means on which they now contrive with difficulty to live. While the Protestant world believes that the pockets of the Catholic laity are a kind of Anglo-California, from which, at the bidding of an exacting priesthood, torrents of gold flow forth in perennial streams; while it is supposed that our doctrines are so antichristian, and our laymen and laywomen so wealthy, and at the same time so eager to buy salvation for their souls, that the confessional is a sort of tax-gatherer's *sanctum*, where gold and notes are demanded from willing penitents, as the price of the pardon of sins; while—oh, equally ab-

surd supposition!—they fancy that, however bad we are in other respects, at least in self-denying almsgiving we are a pattern to all mankind;—at this very moment there is scarcely a new church built which does not cause many an anxious hour both to its own clergy and to the clergy of the nearest chapels or churches, as to how bread and cheese, and decent clothing, is to be found for those who minister at the altar of God.

It will scarcely be denied, indeed, that on the system we have long pursued, it has been found a matter of greater difficulty to support the clergy and the services of new churches, than to build new churches themselves, even of a superb and costly character. As our clergy are not given to trumpet forth their personal difficulties and wants to the world, it would be impossible to say in how many of the noble buildings which we have raised during the last fifteen or twenty years, the priests who serve them are practically provided for as clergymen and gentlemen on the most moderate scale of reasonable propriety. Nevertheless we may say without fear of contradiction, that, in a vast number of instances, the present means of the priesthood stand out in startling contrast to the splendour of the walls within which they minister, and that gorgeous vestments enshroud private pockets that never yet were weighed down with a well-filled purse. In fact, the clergy are often the losers by the visible glories that surround them. Even where they have not squeezed out sums of surprising amount from their own limited incomes to make up the deficiencies in the building expenses, nothing is more common than to find a church burdened with debts all but overwhelming, and which hang like a millstone around the necks of those who are called to undertake its charge. Most truly was it lately said by Dr. Sharples, that the personal pecuniary sacrifices made by the clergy in promoting the cause of religion and education lie at the very root of the spread of Catholicism in this country. A class of men with incomes averaging scarcely ninety pounds a year have raised not less than 40,000*l.* during the last few years in the

holy work. Truly they have their reward; but it is not paid to them in that coin which passes current in *this* world.

Nor can we as yet discern signs that this unhappy state of affairs is now at length passing away. Whatever be the root of the evil, the axe is not yet laid to it. Our difficulties increase, instead of diminishing. We do not even stand still where we were, but get more involved every year. The sources on which we have hitherto depended do not even pour forth streams as large as they have been wont to yield. The ground is worked to exhaustion, and there is no new soil brought under cultivation. When we have courage to open our eyes, and look facts in the face, there is scarcely a large town in England where matters are not growing worse instead of better. Doubtless here and there are exceptions; the south is generally in a worse condition than the north, and perhaps the west than the east; but *we know* that, could the affairs of the most prosperous districts be published in a business-like shape, the Catholic body would be astounded at the extent to which its mismanagement of its affairs had run, and every man of ordinary prudence would admit the necessity of an instant reform of some kind or other. Every where the same story will be found repeated; churches have been multiplied, and no adequate provision made either for the clergy of those which already existed, or for those of the new and more attractive buildings, raised by a zeal not always guided by prudence and discretion.

London is, of course, the place to which every body turns at once for an illustration of almost every thing he may wish to illustrate. Let us, then, look to London as an instance of what we have been alleging. Every one knows that in London the more wealthy Catholics, from the aristocracy down to the tradesmen, are congregated in one or two localities, even more exclusively than is the case with the various denominations of Protestants. Outside these more favoured spots poverty contends single-handed with pauperism, and the Catholic congregations consist almost solely of the poorest of the poor. Now, what has been our system in respect to the building of churches and chapels in London? and how do their revenues now stand? In that portion of the vast city where the richer Catholics are dwelling, not less than eight churches and chapels now exist, of which *scarcely half* supply their clergy with a decent maintenance. From Lincoln's Inn Fields on the east, to Portman Square on the north-west, and Chelsea on the south-west, we find the Sardinian Chapel, the Oratory, the New Church of the Jesuits, the Bavarian Chapel, the Spanish Chapel, the French Chapel, St. John's Wood and Chelsea Chapels. Add to this the attraction which

St. George's, on the other side of the Thames, proves to many who have well-stored purses, and we see that, so far as the wealthier classes are concerned, there is room and more than room for them all.

What, then, is the pecuniary condition of these "fashionable places of worship," to use an odious Protestant term? It is a fact that no human eye, at present, foresees how they are all much longer to be kept open. The Oratory and the Jesuits' Church threaten to finish the business which has been so long impending. Money becomes scarcer every day, and the present system shews not a solitary sign of yielding more abundant returns. Gigantic and awful as is the population of poor Catholics who are crowded thickly even in the midst of this the most wealthy portion of Catholic London, and loud as is the call for at least double the number of churches in this very spot, the very eight which now exist are placed in the hateful position of rivals to one another; the altar of one can only be adorned by robbing another of its funds; the clergy of one can only pay their tailors' and butchers bills by putting their hands in the pockets of their neighbouring brothers in the priesthood.

These things, indeed, are so sad and melancholy, that many persons will perhaps condemn us for even alluding to them in our pages. Timid and cautious people would fain go on still whitewashing the trembling wall and persuading the lookers on that it would stand another century at the least. Other would say that these things are not fit for the public ear; that we are blazoning forth our shame to the world, and dishonouring our religion in the eyes of Protestants. To all such we have only to say, that if silence would cure the mischief, our pen should have been bound down for ever. But silence will *not* heal the maladies of London, or of any other part of all England. Painful and perhaps humiliating as it may be, we must endure the exposure as the only chance that is left us of mastering our difficulties. No evil can be so great as that crash which threatens us, or even as the feeling of universal dissatisfaction and uneasiness which has more or less spread throughout our entire body. There is no shame in confessing our errors, were they much worse than they are; but there *is* shame in cowardly hiding our eyes from impending perils.

Be it observed, further, that we are subject to that same terrible law which threatens in the end to whelm the prosperity of this great nation in one tremendous ruin. The Catholic body, like the English nation in general, is, as a whole, becoming poorer and poorer, while some few individuals are increasing in those monstrous riches which are the token of a decaying commonwealth. Our poor multiply more rapidly than our rich. Those who would give, if they could, are every year

fewer and fewer in proportion to the demands which are made upon them. There is not the slightest chance that the Catholic body should ever become in any sense a wealthy body, at least for generations to come. Pauperism will advance with mighty strides with us, as with all others; our rich will be fewer and richer, our poor poorer and more numerous, till the present social system of this country is cut up root and branch. We must take our present condition of difficulties as—to use a word now fashionable—our normal state. Poverty is the great fact of the Catholic Church in England (as, indeed, in most parts of the world), and our only wisdom will be found in taking it as such, and making it yield those returns which we have failed to wring from any other sources we have hitherto had at our command.

But it is vain and cruel to point out to a man his distresses, unless we can shew what it is that has brought them upon him, and are prepared with some practical tangible remedy. This, then, we will endeavour to do, according to our ability, such as it is.

We have, then, no hesitation in asserting, that the pecuniary difficulties of our time are the consequences of a fundamental error on the part of those who have gone before us, as to the true, wise, and most Catholic system of supporting the clergy and paying the expenses of public worship. Unhappily, with the "wisdom of their ancestors" perpetually in their mouths, the men of the last century did not always possess that wisdom in their brains. To our misfortune, they hit upon a scheme which was unknown alike to the primitive and the mediæval Church, and pushed aside the time-honoured and time-proved system of Catholicism, for the inventions of Protestant Dissenters. For 300 years and more, the Christian Church, as a Church, existed upon the voluntary offerings of the faithful, collected more or less in that method which was specially enjoined by St. Paul, and which, in more modern times, has come to be designated as the "offertory." When the conversion of Constantine brought both wealth, influence, and positive power to the Church, and still more when Europe sank in barbarism, and all that was healing, civilised, and learned remained with the clergy alone, by degrees a universal system of endowments gained possession of Christendom, and the priesthood were every where provided with a permanent support. The great men of mediæval times would no more have thought of building a church without providing for the maintenance of the clergy, than of building a private house without a kitchen. They would have scouted our modern notion of *beginning* a great spiritual work by erecting a magnificent fabric, brilliant with gilding, azure, and vermillion, and a thousand tints from painted windows. They would have gazed with astonishment at the suggestion, that richly

wrought vestments were to be provided for the priests, while their library was unfurnished and their purses empty; while the poor were left untaught, and colleges and universities unfounded and unendowed. We flatter ourselves that we imitate the middle ages in our religious proceedings; but never was there a more unfortunate self-deception. The men of those times would laugh us to scorn, were they now to be recalled to this world, and initiated in the doings of those who boast to be their successors. We fancy that it is our galleries, our lath-and-plaster altar-pieces, our hideous flaring chasubles, which would provoke their smiles; but in truth it would be a far different class of follies which would excite their commiseration. They would not laugh at our *buildings*, as they would laugh at *us*. They would pass by the brick-and-mortar monstrosities which symbolise Catholic taste in so many of our large towns, and fix their keen look of indignation upon the fine ladies and gentlemen, upon the lords and squires and shopkeepers, for whose especial behoof these precious erections have encumbered the ground.

Here, then, is to be sought the cause of our present poverty, and here is its only cure to be found. We must learn to go back to older times, and make use of the experience of the first 1500 years of the Catholic Church, if we would escape something very like bankruptcy, and fulfil our duties to the multiplying myriads who call to us for a supply of those blessings which they can never gain for themselves without our aid. We must recur either to one or other of the old systems, or to both of them combined, as indeed in former times they have often been united in practical working. We must rely either upon the primitive system of weekly collections, with other similar machinery, for the gathering together the alms of the faithful; or we must provide sufficient endowments for every existing and every future church and chapel.

That these methods of supporting the Church's necessities are in every respect unexceptionable, no one will think of denying. The most strenuous opponent of their present revival will hardly assert that *in principle* they are not worthy of all esteem and honour, or deny that they are *essentially* Christian and Catholic, and free from all those monstrous abuses which the bench-renting system invariably entails. The only question with such Catholics as deserve the name will be as to their present applicability. Many a person of sound judgment and unquestionable zeal may be found, who will be content to linger on a little longer, patching up the present scheme to the utmost, and dreading such an utter dislocation of the Catholic fabric from the revival of the older methods, as may well make the most enthusiastic pause in their adoption. Let us, then, see how the matter stands, calmly, and as men

of business, and not as mere enthusiasts or devotees to things long gone by. For revivalism, as such, our readers are well aware that we have little sympathy. If what is old has become inapplicable to present needs, in the name of all that is honest and sensible, let it be consigned for ever to the pages of history, and not interfere with the deep and pressing realities of the actual life in which we now find ourselves. It is only when the novelties for which we have exchanged the systems of our forefathers are proving themselves worthless, that we would recall customs which have long been buried in oblivion, and then only when they fall in with that actual state of things into which they must be introduced. We must not mend a wooden house with vast blocks of stone, much as we may prefer a stone house to a wooden one. If endowments and the offertory are really unfit for the usages and feelings of modern Catholicism, so far as modern Catholicism is *real* Catholicism, we would be the last persons to urge their revival.

We need not stay to prove that we are come to a state of things in which a change in our system is really called for. Every man who will open his eyes wide enough to see, will grant that the question is not one between prosperity with bench-rents, and greater prosperity with endowments and offertories. The question is not one which will divide men into conservatives and reformers. It is one which is sufficient to rouse the most cautious of conservatives to seek a radical reform. We are not speculating on the probable issue of the bench-renting system. It has already done its work, and betrayed its inherent rottenness. It has succeeded in chilling the charitableness of the rich, in extinguishing the spirit of giving in the poor, in overloading our churches with debt, and in reducing the revenues of our clergy to a starvation-point. It gives not one single sign of a renewed life. It yields less and less every year. It tempts us onward to incur fresh incumbrances, to lay out fresh sums in vain hopes of recruiting our finances; it deludes us into the erection of church after church, only to add to the already enormous amount of our debts, and to press more and more heavily upon the energies of our clergy. This, with some few exceptions, has been its result throughout the length and breadth of Catholic Great Britain. In short, we suspect that there is scarcely a priest in the kingdom who would not rejoice to shake it off his shoulders at this very moment, if *any thing* practicable and promising fairly well could be placed in its stead.

If, then, we might venture upon giving advice to those who have the power to give, and to those who have the power to make others give, let not a single stone of any new church be laid upon the ground until provision is

made for the clergy who are to serve it, and for those churches whose present incomes will be disturbed by the action of the new one. If it is not distinctly ascertained that the future congregation will have both the means and the will to furnish *all* that is needed for the current expenses of the new building, with its ministering clergy, let the edifice be rigorously delayed until a proper endowment is provided. If the church is built first, the endowment will *not* come afterwards. The people will have got what *they* want, and they will, as now, permit their priests to bury their difficulties in their own bosoms, and to eke out, by every device, great or little, agreeable or painful, the scanty means which are placed at their disposal.

That it will be more difficult to induce persons to supply endowments than to build churches, we readily admit; and it is for this very reason that we so urgently press their being provided *before* a church is erected. We take, unhappily, more pleasure in bestowing our gifts where something is to be seen in return for our money, than in simply handing it over for the common prosaic necessities of a private individual, however intimately those necessities are connected with the service of God. Our tastes, our personal enjoyment, and, alas! our vanity, is more gratified by spending a couple of thousand pounds in painted windows, gold and silver vessels, organs, and rich embroidery and carving, than in quietly going to a solicitor, and instructing him to draw up the necessary papers for investing the same sum in the hands of trustees for the benefit of some unknown priest, whom perhaps we shall never see, or who, if we did see him, would not be personally agreeable to our private sensibilities. We would not for the world throw a shade of discredit on the vast amount of self-sacrifice which has been exercised in the creation of the many noble and beautiful churches which the last few years have called into existence; but still it can scarcely be doubted that there is *at times* a measure of secular motives and personal gratification mixed up with much that is better and purer, and which makes us now and then take to church-building and decoration quite as much as a hobby, as an act of Christian self-denial, exercised for the sake of Christ, and of the poor of Christ. Those who have had most to do with the raising of funds for the building new churches are but too painfully aware that fancies, whims, and a love for show, will sometimes extract gold and bank-notes to a large amount from pockets which would be ruthlessly buttoned up against calls for schools, or books, or for the permanent support of a hard-working priesthood. We will not, however, call attention at any length to this unfortunate sign of the low spiritual standard which prevails amongst us.

but merely suggest, what indeed every one will think of for himself, that the *benefit* of the sums of money which have been expended in church-building and ornament during the last fifteen or twenty years, would have been at least doubled if one-half of it had been devoted to schools, libraries, schoolmasters, and endowments for the clergy. We only point out the state of the case in order to prove the absolute necessity of providing for that which makes no show, *before* that which captivates the eye or soothes the self-satisfaction of the charitable donors.

In every large congregation, however, we are persuaded that but small endowments are necessary, *provided always that the building is unencumbered with debt*. A building-debt is a dead weight upon the heart and energies of a priest and his people to an extent far greater than can be computed by its actual amount in pounds, shillings, and pence. It is the most *uninteresting* debt that can be conceived. One hates paying for the extravagance of other people. A sovereign contributed to pay the interest of a mortgage seems like a five-pound-note contributed to something not yet begun, or to the daily necessities of a church or a school. Such a debt freezes up the very soul of almsgiving, and the most pious people are tempted almost to prefer a tremendous crash and exposure, followed by a fresh unencumbered start, to this miserable absorption of sums after sums into an abyss dug by those who came before them.

But where there is no debt, every congregation of moderate size *can* support a priest, and pay all the cost of divine worship on a liberal scale, if only such a system be adopted as calls forth the charity of all classes within it. At the lowest possible computation it may be assumed that every family in every congregation can, on the average, contribute twopence weekly towards the service of religion. We do not say every individual, or every adult, or every man, but every *family*. Taking Catholic congregations on the average, we are confident that at least they can give twopence per family every Sunday and day of obligation. Supposing, for instance, that one half of them can give *nothing* (which will rarely indeed be the case), then surely the other half may be expected to give, some threepence, some fourpence, and some fivepence and sixpence per week, so as to raise the *average* to twopence. Those who know what is really given by the Catholic poor, when properly appealed to, will only wonder that we put the estimate so low. They who are acquainted with the sums spent in drink, and by great numbers of the Protestant poor who are under good social influences, will admit that a very little management would double or treble the average twopence in almost any congregation whatsoever; but as we

are most anxious to say nothing which we are not warranted in saying, we will put the average at twopence; that is, at about ten shillings *per annum*, including Sundays and festivals of obligation.

Now we will call a moderate-sized congregation that which numbers about 1500 souls, or, in other words, about 300 families; for whose accommodation, so that all but the sick and their attendants, and very young children, might hear Mass, a church holding 450 persons would be required, the priest saying two Masses on Sundays and great festivals. From such a congregation twopence per week, or ten shillings per annum, would provide a yearly income of 150*l.* for the support of the priest, and the expenses of the altar, and so forth; and such an income every clergyman ought to have at his disposal. Here, then, is a system which, if only carried out, would not only increase to a great extent the means of our present clergy, but would support them in far greater numbers than we now think to be a possibility.

Take, for example, London itself, where there is, on the whole, as large a proportion of the extreme poor of the Catholic body as in most other places, whether in towns or in the country. The Catholic population of London and the suburbs amounts to about 200,000 souls; *i.e.* to about 40,000 families. At an average offering of twopence on Sundays and days of obligation, these families would contribute 20,000*l.* annually for the support of their clergy and for the necessary expenses of divine worship. 20,000*l.* per annum yields 150*l.* apiece per annum to nearly 134 clergy, which is considerably more than double the number who now serve the London missions, and whose average yearly incomes are very far short of 150*l.* In a word, to take the computation at its lowest, Catholic London would easily supply just three times as large an annual income to the clergy as it now yields. This, we say, is the very least that could be expected. It is a sum which would be collected by the Offertory alone, were there a sufficient number of churches, and were our churches once made *the homes of the poor*. Many other engines might be set to work to gather in many another hundred and thousand pounds from those who were more able to give. See only what immense sums are gathered together by the various Protestant associations, both in the Establishment and the Dissenters; and observe that among them the largest proportionate sums are collected from the least wealthy classes. There are literally *several* societies supported by the Evangelical party, and the different Dissenting communions, whose incomes either exceed, or fall little short of, 100,000*l.* annually. And these sums are for the most part the result of collections,

often made periodically, like an Offertory, and by the instrumentality of a complicated system of collectors, whose work is conducted solely on the old Scottish proverb, "Many a little makes a mickle."

Here, therefore, lies our great resource. Here is the mine that only waits to be opened and worked, to yield that copper which is worth so much more than gold. In the social system the same law holds good which governs the literal mines from whence the precious and the useful metals are disembowelled. The true strength of a nation lies in its mines of iron, lead, tin, and copper; the gold mine is a glorious delusion which creates a plethora of artificial wealth, and hastens on an ultimate pauperism. So is it with riches when distributed among rich and poor. It is not from the gold-laden purses that we can extract an enduring revenue; it is to the hard-worked children of poverty, and their humble contributions, that the Church must look for her pecuniary support, as they are her choicest jewels in the sight of that God who is no respecter of persons.

We have before now stated so fully the conditions on which alone we believe that the poor can be taught to offer from their poverty, and the rich more bountifully than they do now from their abundance, that we shall not detain our readers on this branch of our subject. It is enough to say, that we hold it impossible to touch the *heart* either of the rich or poor man, or to arouse the Catholic community to nobler works of self-denial, so long as any distinction between rich and poor, as such, exists in our churches. We shall, however, venture a word or two on what are supposed to be insurmountable objections to the abolition of this distinction in the present state of society. There is, indeed, but one *real* objection to the gradual levelling of all these odious and antichristian separations of caste, which now convert so many Catholic churches and chapels into imitations of Hindoo temples, where those who are all alike in the sight of God are accounted ineradicably vile or noble according to their parentage among men. This one objection is based upon the filthiness of person which prevails among some of the Catholic poor, especially among the poor Irish. And truly it must be admitted, that if there is an olfactory abomination in the world, it is to be found among many of the labouring children of Catholicism. If there is any place where vermin of all sorts are to be encountered, it is in the pens where the ardent sons of the Green Isle are huddled together under a gallery, or in a corner, in a chapel in London, Manchester, or Liverpool. Nor can it be denied that it is too much to expect decently-dressed and properly-washed men and women, whether they be nobles or servants,

to kneel in close contiguity to those intolerable odours which float, and those intolerable insects which jump and crawl, within the walls of our sacred buildings. No one short of a saint almost in ecstasy, who is unaccustomed at home to these olfactory and cuticular torments, can pray with recollectedness and devotion while his nose is assailed with odours fresh from the foulest drains of an unpurified city, and his skin tortured by those diminutive foes whose names we may scarcely venture to put into our respectable journal.

There must, then, be a distinction between the clean and the unclean in our churches. And this, we think, we have a right to require, without the smallest infringement of the principles of Christian equality. Nay, so far would such a distinction be from a real evil, that it would work a very important benefit to our labouring classes. After all, dirtiness is *not* a virtue. A saint derives no portion of his graces from the presence of certain unmentionable vermin in his clothes; nor is the *odour* of sanctity in any degree connected with the exhalations of sewers and dunghills. We confess to a great predilection for well-washed virtue, though not for washy virtue. Let it, then, be said to every person who enters a Catholic church or chapel in a filthy condition, that he must betake himself to one particular portion of the building, set apart for those who will not cleanse themselves and their clothes from all things that annoy the more decent. Few women, indeed, will come under this ban, for it needs little incitement enough to teach the poorest of the female sex to attend to personal appearance, and make herself agreeable in the eyes of the others. It will be chiefly men who will thus sentence themselves to a voluntary banishment from the more cleanly classes of the community; and we are persuaded that, so far from feeling that any injustice is thus done to them, they will for the most part acquiesce in its fairness, and will be stimulated by a very wholesome sense of shame to the cultivation of that excellent quality which Englishmen often account to be next to godliness.

Where chairs are employed instead of fixed benches, there will, with a little management, be small difficulty in preventing any practical annoyances to the more cleanly portion of our congregations. Nor where there are benches, do we believe that any obstacles to such a separation will be found, which will not give way before a little perseverance and tact; and, above all, before a little instruction from the pulpit on the Christian duty of causing annoyance to no one. In fact, a similar system already prevails in many places of public amusement and recreation, both in doors and out of doors, in this and other countries. There is a certain degree of filthiness of person which, by common consent, is

held inadmissible in any place where decent people congregate. No difficulty is found in drawing the line between those who are dirty and those who are not; and no hardship is felt, when a man is shut out from the companionship of others, his equals in rank and wealth, because he will not take the trouble to render himself more like a human being and less like a pig. The poor, we may rely upon it, will acquiesce in every *just* distinction, not only with willingness, but with cordiality. Wherever exclusion from a favoured spot or seat is the punishment of a fault which can be avoided, none are more ready to uphold and enforce it than those whose sense of justice is not marred by the selfishness which riches engender in the soul. And while poverty is not ordinarily a man's fault, filthiness ordinarily is. It is vain to pretend that the poor cannot be clean if they will. They are often filthy now because they choose to be so, and perhaps it is our fault that they do prefer dirt to cleanliness. But when they are resolved to make themselves decent and cleanly, even though in rags, there is not one family out of twenty where personal cleanliness cannot be easily attained to such an extent as shall put an end to all those annoyances which the poor now too often cause to the rich. At this very moment there is many and many an Irish bricklayer's labourer in London who, though his coat may want buttons, and his trousers be covered with patches, is yet perfectly fit to kneel by the side of any Christian gentleman in the kingdom. Only let the men be placed in one part of a church, and the women in another; let the clergy urge upon their people, both in public and in visiting them at home, the duty of personal decency; and let the obstinately unclean be shut out from those who may really be called their betters, to a separate portion of the church by themselves; and we are confident that the present intolerable practice of glorifying the rich at the expense of the poor may be banished without mercy from every church and chapel in the empire.

Some people, indeed, seem to think that a poor Irishman *cannot* be made clean and decent. Yet a more groundless prejudice was never entertained, even against Irishmen. That many *are* filthy, intolerably filthy, we admit; but at the same time we say, that wherever Irishmen and Irishwomen are treated like Christians, and not like dogs and pigs, they will cultivate cleanliness as zealously as the most fastidious Englishman. Take the well-known fact, that the most accomplished laundresses are frequently Irishwomen, and that they have a national pride in their powers over soap-suds, as an instance of the facility with which the abominations of many amongst them may be got rid of. Once make it worth a poor man's while to pay more

attention to his person, and he will speedily become a different being. It is only because he is treated as an inferior creature that he gives himself up to habits which disgust our more sensitive nerves. It is because he is trodden under foot as one of the cattle of the field, that he sinks into a state of physical degradation, to which the condition of sheep and oxen is comparative purity and sweetness.

To the poor, then, we would turn with the fullest confidence that they have only to be appealed to, in order to place our pecuniary affairs on a footing which, compared to our present difficulties, will be one of abundant affluence. Few persons know what is to be obtained from them until he makes the trial, fairly, wisely, and perseveringly. What they are prepared to offer for the service of God was shewn by what they gave during the continuance of the Forty Hours' Devotions in the different churches in London last Lent. The consumption of wax candles for the service of the altar increased at that time to the amount of 400*l.* sterling; and a very large proportion of this was contributed by the poor, who, for the first time in their lives, were invited to approach their merciful Lord, unhindered by barriers of man's setting up. One of the largest dealers in wax candles in the metropolis sold in one day, at that period, nearly 40*l.* worth, almost entirely to the children of toil and penury; so open were their hearts, and so ready to give of their poverty, in honour of Him whom *they* remember, and whom *we* forget, to have been a poor man.

Yes, here is the great truth which has been overlaid and hidden by this unhappy system of modern days. He whom we really wish to serve, notwithstanding all our errors and weaknesses, was Himself one of that very class whom our present habits almost banish from his sacramental presence. Miserable thought, indeed, it is, that were the Redeemer of the world now to visit this land of ours, and appear amidst his children in that humble guise in which He wrought out our salvation, we should shut Him out from approaching that altar on which He gives us his flesh to eat, and either condemn Him to some dark corner amidst those we most despise, or close the doors of his own temple against Him, lest He take the places of those few wealthier ones, on whom we foolishly lean for support, but of whom He said, How hardly shall they enter into the kingdom of heaven!

For ourselves, we have little hope of any great pouring forth of the Divine blessing upon the Catholic Church in this country, until this unhappy blot is wiped away from her practical code of morals. We cannot forget that in the pages of inspiration these warning words occur: "If there shall come into your assembly a man having a golden

ring, in fine apparel, and there shall come in also a poor man in mean attire, and you have respect to him that is clothed with the fine apparel, and shall say to him, Sit thou here well; but say to the poor man, Stand thou there, or sit under my foot-stool: do you not judge within yourselves, and are become judges of unjust thoughts? Hearken, my devout brethren, Hath not God chosen the poor in this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which God hath promised to them that love Him? But ye have dishonoured the poor man." Thus speaks that Word which cannot deceive; there stand the words, *written against us*. They can no more be evaded, than the words, Thou shalt not kill, or, Thou shalt not steal. We may argue, excuse ourselves, reason on the impossibility of obedience to such precepts; we may try to shew that worldly prudence, wisdom, moderation, and forethought, all conspire to defend our conduct;—there stand the words of condemnation, and we cannot escape the sentence they pronounce. It is vain to talk of the exigencies of modern times, and the customs of modern and civilised society; the custom that is branded by the Apostle is as old as Christianity itself. The antichristian, anticatholic spirit worked from the beginning, and from the beginning it was denounced. Eighteen hundred years ago there was a spirit abroad in the Church, which would fain introduce those very evils under which we now groan, and which yet we are foolish enough to uphold; and eighteen hundred years ago the Apostle of Jesus Christ, speaking by the Holy Spirit, condemned in the severest terms this profanation of the house of God.

Are we, then, to expect the favour of the same God while we persist in contravening his plainest commands? What is there in the

England of this day which warrants us in flying in the face of the apostolic injunction? What difficulties have we to contend with from which the primitive Christians were free? Will it be pretended that Catholicism in this kingdom has a more uphill struggle to maintain than it had when St. James wrote? Shall we be told that Christianity itself is changed, and the Gospel modified? Is it fundamental law with respect to wealth and poverty changed, so that Almighty God now values the rich more than the poor? Where is this new religion to be found, which adopts the maxims of political economy as its creed and authorises us to look for a blessing upon labours conducted upon a system that violates the principles which Apostles taught, for which martyrs bled, and which has nurtured all the saints now in glory? Never will the Catholic religion take its place in this people; never shall we escape our pecuniary embarrassments never shall we find ourselves rising again to that exalted standard at which we vainly aim so long as this canker goes on eating into our heart, and blighting our fairest buds and blossoms. It cannot be otherwise, because we cannot look for that aid from Heaven which all good Catholics desire and pray for, so long as we suffer this deep-seated mischief to prey upon our spiritual energies. Christianity emphatically the religion of the poor man, and it is a religion which depends for its success, not upon human means, but upon the grace of God; and so long as we persist in converting *our* Christianity into a religion emphatically for the rich, so long shall we look in vain for the gift of that grace, without which we well know, as Catholics, that human skill and human wisdom are but snares to lure us on to our destruction.

CATHOLIC PAROCHIAL MINISTRATIONS.

AMONG the many phrases to which a change from Protestantism, or Anglicanism, to Catholicism introduces us, may be mentioned that of a "sick-call." We do not remember, as Protestants, to have heard the expression, at least as a familiar one; and we can account for the fact no otherwise than by concluding, that the thing which this phrase betokens is more or less a peculiarity of the Catholic Church. By this we would not insinuate (far from it) that Anglican and Dissenting ministers are universally negligent of the sick poor, for we know of facts to the contrary; still we are inclined to believe that nowhere, except in the Catholic Church, is the visitation of the sick as indispensable and laborious a part of the duty of every clergyman as, for instance, of a medical man; not, of course, so absorb-

ing as in the latter case, because but a part of duty, instead of being the sum of it, but liable to just the same conditions, and involving just the same sacrifices (in kind at least, if not always in degree) of time, rest, and personal convenience. Hence it is that "a sick call" is one of the household words in an establishment of priests. A priest in a large parish has his register of calls and his memorandum of cases, like a doctor, lawyer, or other man of business. That this phenomenon is a part of any religious system external to the Church, we greatly doubt, allowing, as we do, for great and even splendid individual exceptions both in the Establishment and in the Dissenting communities.

Several causes may, as we apprehend, be assigned for this apparent difference between

the Catholic Church and the separated bodies. The first of them is, that the Catholic Church ascribes a far higher value to the concerns of the *soul* than any other religious system, as a system. We hold that, out of the Church, the Dissenters, as a body, have more of this note of the Gospel than the Establishment as a body; and that, in the Establishment, the Evangelicals *had*, and the Puseyites *have*, more of it than any other party. But to compare any of these bodies, or even sections, as a whole, with the Church as a whole, in respect of the importance ascribed to spiritual things, would be simply preposterous. Care for the soul is part of the very essence of the Catholic profession; whereas a man may be a good Protestant who has absolutely nothing of this interest, at least as a prominent and distinctive quality. A good Catholic is characteristically one who "attends to his religion," frequents the sacraments, befriends the poor, and in all ways shews that he is endeavouring to lay up treasure in heaven. A good Protestant, as such, is one who hates the Pope, defends the Reformation, toasts Church and Queen, and votes in Parliament or at elections for the exclusion of Catholics from power and privileges. A good Anglican is one who uses the prayer for the Church militant, preaches (where he can) in a surplice, and supports the Church societies against the latitudinarian ones. A good Dissenter is he who advocates civil and religious liberty, declaims for the separation of Church and State, and promotes the interests of his own "connexion." None of these latter peculiarities, nor any of the same kind, would make what is understood by the term "a good Catholic." Had not the late Mr. O'Connell been a religious man, a zealous maintainer of the *spiritual* rights of the Church, as well as personally an habitual frequenter of the sacraments, a firm friend of the poor, and a lover of the society of zealous and holy priests, all his efforts to secure Catholic emancipation would never have won for him the title of "a good Catholic." Nor is the badge of our religious character any thing outward, like a surplice or a form; any thing political, like a side or a watchword; any hobby or crotchet, however respectable and philanthropic; nor, again, any partial, though, as far as it goes, religious criterion, such as the observance of the Lord's Day, or abstinence from popular amusements; but it is essentially something connected with the other world, and pervading a man's whole character; something, in short, which nothing less spiritual and searching than *sacraments* can impart and preserve.

The same difference is discernible (as we trust) in our literature; at any rate, in our general tone of conversation. We speak with the double experience of converts when we say, that in no respect do Catholics differ more from Protestants of the same class and stamp than in their topics of conversation, and the

manner of discussing them. Take, for example, a party of Catholic priests and a party of Protestant clergymen, and, whatever you might desiderate on our side and find on the other, we will answer for it that the particular feature which you will not miss in the Catholic company, nor find in the Protestant, is the constant (although it may be quite indirect) reference to the other world. We mean this: Catholic priests may not talk of religion, but they will never cease to imply it as a reality; whereas the others will be less apt to imply it, than to talk of it, or some of its forms. Which indicates the deeper and more habitual appreciation of its value we leave others to determine.

Here, too, we may observe, that the very points in our ordinary talk, which would probably startle many a religious Protestant, appear to be intimately connected with this pervading sense of the reality of spiritual things. For example, Catholics are in the habit of speaking familiarly, and almost playfully, about spiritual agency, bad and good, in a way which, according to the peculiar but we are convinced very mistaken notions of reverence which prevail among the best Protestants, might appear "profane." Religion is so mixed up with the thoughts and actions of a Catholic, that he adverts to it in a simple and childlike manner, which, to those who habitually put it out of sight, appears derogatory to its "dignity." But if this difference is evident in the *manner* of dealing with sacred subjects, certainly it is not less perceptible in the *character* of the topics which, on either side, most naturally suggest themselves. We have associated with Anglican clergymen and with Catholic priests, and, after allowing for all exceptions on both sides, we have no question about asserting that the *duties* of the priesthood form a subject of conversation with the Catholic clergy to an extent quite disproportionate with that in which the same class of topics naturally occurs to a party of Protestant ministers. Whether it be that the Established clergy take little interest, as a general rule, in their professional employments, or that they are commonly overworked, and in their seasons of recreation throw off the very recollection of the burden, or that (to use the vulgar phrase) they fear to "smell of the shop," certain we are that, with them, the discussion of the most insignificant forms, or criticism upon their superiors, or examination of the relative merits of parties or party leaders, is apt to supply the place of that natural and healthy interchange of parochial experiences, common among priests of the same order of goodness, which betokens a "heart in their work," a preference of the "kingdom of God and his justice" to any mundane interest, sectarian policy, or party triumph.

But the great cause of the importance attached to the visitation of the sick in the

Catholic Church is the *sacramental* character of the ministrations involved in that office. This circumstance is the most powerful of all stimulants of zeal on both sides, in those who administer and in those who receive. To the sick it gives an interest in the presence of his priest similar (only far superior) to that which a Protestant feels in the visit of his physician. To the priest it suggests a motive to the conquest of repugnances, which could alone be fully adequate to the demands of the occasion; and not this only, but the same cause gives a zest to the ministrations themselves, which at times almost renders them delightful for their own sake. The joy which his presence is found to excite in the abodes of poverty and wretchedness (especially when he is known to have made some sacrifice in order to obey the summons, or to have obeyed it with extraordinary promptitude), the gratitude of weeping relatives, the relief, often sensible and immediate, of the sick or dying sufferer; these accompaniments of a "sick-call" impart a solace to the heart of every faithful priest, which converts a most irksome duty into one of the richest of earthly consolations. Of course, we are here supposing a very favourable instance, but we speak advisedly when we say, that it is any thing but an extraordinary one.

Now it is this, the sacramental nature of our parochial ministrations, which constitutes their great and leading distinction, as compared with any works of the same kind in the Protestant communions. We know something of what are called the more Catholic developments of Anglicanism, as well as of its more ordinary forms, and we can safely affirm that, out of the Church, there can be no approach to the peculiar character of a Catholic "sick-call." There may be true zeal on one side, and high spiritual capacity on the other; there may be real good done, and comfort administered; but the whole transaction, so to speak, is a strictly personal one, depending for its efficacy upon power of character, successfulness of manner, previous relationship between the parties, and other such accidental helps. The minister comes not as priest, but as a "reverend gentleman." He acts not through the Church, but as an individual entitled to respect and confidence; and in the great majority of cases, especially among the poor, his ministrations will be damped by the miserable consciousness that his words are returning to him void—like arrows rebounding from a hard surface, or seed scattered on rocky ground. Nor will this dispiriting consciousness be relieved by the momentary interest or seeming docility of the sick party; for, in truth, it is when couched under the form of sacraments alone that our ministerial acts can penetrate, possess, and transform the languid soul. If any shall be disposed to except from this unfavourable account of Protestant ministrations the power of Holy Communion in the Anglican

Church, we reply that, without entering upon theological questions, which are not here our province, the absence of private confession as the *necessary* preparative to Communion is a defect for which no grace of the Sacrament itself (supposing the highest) can ordinarily supply. A Catholic priest can hardly think without shuddering of the act of giving the Body and Blood of our Lord without some external token of a freedom from mortal sin in the recipient of the adorable Gift! Yet Anglican clergymen are found to "administer the Sacrament," as it is called, to the living and the dying without any painful misgiving on this score. Were we of their number, compelled to witness and to participate in the awful desecrations (and this the worst of all) to which what they call our Lord's Presence is exposed among them, it would be a comparative relief to us to believe, with the majority of their body, that not the reality, but a bare memorial, of that Presence, is conveyed through their ordinance of Holy Communion.

How different is the mutual confidence between priest and penitent, which forms the great encouragement of *our* parochial ministrations! the confidence on the penitent's side, that he receives, not a human consolation, but a divine gift; on the priest's, that this divine gift is conveyed (so far as the assurance can be had) into a worthy receptacle. The Protestant minister, on approaching the sick, must endeavour to excite the requisite dispositions by set addresses of a cold argumentative character, or, if by more affectionate appeals, in words of his own. The priest has a definite act of humiliation to propose, with the consciousness of a power over the soul. "A dispensation of the Gospel has been committed to him;" he knows it, and the penitent also knows it. Weak or strong, eloquent or slow of speech, persuasive or ungainly, he has the comfort, and the other party has the assurance, of knowing that his power is not in himself, but in the commission he bears; and he realises as a practical truth the doctrine which elsewhere lives but in formularies, that the "unworthiness of the minister hinders not the efficacy of the Sacrament." He remits or he retains sin, and in either case cuts short the question which he comes to solve: he *acts*, the other parleys. He does not, as the Protestants say, "read by" the sick, or "pray *to*" them; but he comes into a definite and awful relation with them, as the ambassador of God, and does not leave them as he finds them.

Every Catholic knows what is meant by the "Last Sacraments." As, however, we write for others as well, it may not be superfluous to explain that, by the "Last Sacraments," a Catholic understands the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction, with the Sacrament of Penance, as the previous necessary condition for the worthy reception of both. We may take occasion in a future paper to speak of the na-

ture and effect of these holy rites, and the conditions under which they are administered; illustrating the subject, if possible, from a stray leaf out of a Catholic priest's note-book. Our present object is the more general one of pointing out certain leading differences between the Catholic and Protestant view of parochial ministrations.

The last ground of difference between the two systems which we regard as fundamental is, that of the lights in which the mutual duties of priest and parishioner are viewed respectively in and out of the Catholic Church. The notion of certain acts "binding under sin" is strictly a Catholic one; and this it is which lies at the root of our whole parochial system. Even educated Protestants are not merely so little possessed, but apparently so incapable, of this idea, that a divine like Dr. Wordsworth, and an accomplished author like Mr. Taylor, have each fallen into the strange mistake of supposing, that where St. Ignatius binds his society "under sin," he binds them to commit it! Let it, then, be said, once for all, that to bind under sin, is to oblige in such a way, that sin is involved in a transgression of the law. An obligation of this nature is that which lies on the parish-priest to administer the Sacraments to the sick, and on the sick to have recourse to the Sacraments on the first symptoms of serious illness. Nay, the obligation extends also to the medical attendant, who is bound also under pain of sin to aid the charitable intentions of the Church, by promoting the intercourse of the sick man with his spiritual physician. The sick-call and its response are thus raised from the character of zealous and benevolent impulses into that of necessary duties. The parishioner

who runs, through negligence, the risk of dying without the Sacraments of the Church, or the priest who, on any pretext whatever, refuses or culpably delays to obey the summons, incurs the guilt and penalty of mortal sin. Hence the exposure of life in the service of the sick, which, with us, is a matter of everyday occurrence, is, among Protestants, not certainly unprecedented, but apparently so rare, as, when it occurs, to be remarked as a phenomenon and eulogised as an heroic exploit.*

Besides acting as a perpetual check upon the slothfulness and dilatoriness incident to human nature, this provision of the Church, by which certain acts of charity are made obligatory on both parties, has the further and unspeakable benefit of teaching our priests to regard the sacrifices required by their state as the most ordinary of duties. It can be no great merit to do that which it is a great sin to neglect. Thus the temptations to spiritual pride are cut off; and thus arises that natural and retiring way of doing good, not by fits and starts, on occasions and emergencies, but as a habit and thing of course, which constitutes the sterling virtue of the Catholic Church, which makes her a spectacle beautiful to angels, though deformed in the sight of men; the true counterpart and living image of that Gospel which is no less exactly described as a treasure hidden in a field, than as a city set on a hill.

* Thus Miss Sellon, the benevolent lady at Devonport, has been made the subject of newspaper panegyrics for visiting cholera-patients;—an act of charity so natural and ordinary with us, that a professed religious or a clergyman who should decline it would incur ecclesiastical censures and penalties.

[To be continued.]

CLASSICAL STUDIES AS PURSUED IN THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES.

It is not to be denied, as certainly it is little to be regretted, that the revived-classic age (if we may hazard the expression, and limit it to a particular sense,) is passing away from among us. The external effects of classical studies upon society are less visible now than they were two generations ago. The rapid advance of science, outstripping recent research into pagan antiquity, considerable in itself as the latter has been, has effected a remarkable revolution in the educational notions which formerly prevailed. Our idea of an accomplished man and a scholar is something far beyond that of an accomplished proficient in the dead languages. A laborious student may now edit a Greek play, or publish a new lexicon, without being drawn forth from his obscurity, and created a wondering member of the Episcopal bench, as a reward for his services to literature. To build a Roman villa, or a Greek temple—to adorn a

parterre with vases, or a garden with Mercuries and Venuses—is no longer a proof of a refined taste. To fill churches with burlesque copies of antique statuary, like those which encumber St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, is now thought as barbarous as it was once deemed polite. A Roman *balneum* or a tessellated pavement, a votive altar or a hoard of imperial coins, may now be brought to light without provoking any of those interminable essays and vituperative counter-essays which such an event would inevitably have called forth from the rival literati of the time of Camden and Stukeley. If a railway-cutting lays bare the site of an Anglo-Roman *castrum*, the fact is recorded in the London papers one day, and well-nigh forgotten on the next. Men can now be scholars without being pedants, and intellectual without making themselves learned bores. Conversation does not flay for lack of scraps

from Horace and Ovid. It is even rare to meet with one of the venerable school of classical sexagenarians—superannuated schoolmasters, or college Fellows, who perpetuate pig-tailed wigs, and pay literary compliments to fair author-esses, by turning smart English sonnets into heavy Latin elegiacs, and spout Virgil over their soup at dinner, and Cicero and Seneca in their sermons. Your respectable old classic of 1790 is an excusable bore, simply because he is a curiosity; even though he should take you by the button, make you recount the whole scheme of the last college-examination in which you took a part, and lament that the spread of mathematics has nearly superseded “the good old system of his time.”

Such was the classicality of the last century. We are speaking, of course, of society in general, and not of English Catholics in particular, who were fortunate, in their then depressed condition, if they could obtain any liberal education at all. With the second quarter of the present century commenced a new era of classical literature, and with it a new view of the requirements of education. The change in both respects consisted simply in a more enlarged and philosophical contemplation of the subjects taken in hand. Classical lore was valued in proportion as it could be made available for positive mental improvement, and not merely as imparting an adventitious and glittering lustre to writing and conversation. And thus it began to find its proper place in that cycle of arts and sciences which is now held to constitute a complete education; while at the same time, and for the very same reason, deeper views began to prevail on the study of the classical languages themselves. The superficial and second-hand learning of the *renaissance* gave place to original processes of investigation; the theory of languages was more clearly understood; the connexion of dialects, and the causes which influenced their formation, were more diligently traced, and reduced to fixed laws and principles. The statements of the old scholiasts, lexicographers, etymologists, and philologists, whose authority none had dared to dispute, and few but the most learned had ever examined for themselves, were freely questioned and impugned, and not a few of their traditional dogmas set aside as utterly worthless. The careful collation of ancient mss. cleared the text of the classical authors from an accumulated mass of corruption; so that criticism became almost a definite science, as the knowledge of grammar increased, and its principles were systematised by the collection of facts and the comparison of examples. In a word, the faculty of pure reasoning was at length applied to languages, much in the same way as it had been brought to bear upon the various departments of natural philosophy, and with hardly less brilliant results.

It was in this atmosphere of profound and thoughtful reflection that many English scholars of the present generation, but yet more and greater among the Germans,—our Donaldsons, Arnolds, and Thirlwalls, and their Buttmanns, Hermanns, and Niebuhrs,—were nurtured and matured into that intellectual superiority over their predecessors, which is now conceded to them by common consent. Intermediate between this school and that of the superficial and technical pedants of the revived-classic period, but immeasurably in advance of the latter, was the school of Porson, which has numbered many laborious and painstaking men, both in our own country and on the continent, whose names need not here be enumerated, but to whom classical literature owes much, because they pioneered the way to the principle of minute investigation, and logically deduced consequences from the data obtained. Bentley was before his age, and in that fact his chief claim to classical greatness lies. He did that for Greek which Newton, about the same time, achieved for astronomy. With an acuteness and ingenuity which would have made him distinguished in any age, he was fortunate in having a field before him which was as yet unoccupied. Every thing had to be done for the restoration of Greek literature to its pristine brilliancy; and Bentley effected much, yet left much to be completed by his successors. Germany has since led the way to a still further progress into regions new and unexplored, and was the first to open the mines which, though now perhaps well-nigh exhausted, have been so productively worked by the scholars and critics of that intellectual people, “who surpass all other nations in the power of discerning and understanding the spirits of other climes and times.” England has followed next, and with close steps; leaving the rest of Europe, it must be confessed, very considerably in the rear in this peculiar department.*

It is no paradox to assert, that the combined result of all the labour and talent of modern scholars has been the attainment of a more profound view of the Greek and Latin languages than even the learned men of Athens and Rome possessed in the most flourishing periods of their immortal literature. True it is, that as *dead* languages we can rarely† realise in them the brilliancy, the facility, and the natural gracefulness of composition which the

* France, perhaps the most highly civilised nation in the world, though first in mathematics, certainly ranks only third in classical learning. She has, indeed, produced a few very eminent scholars; but the classical press of that country has no claim to be placed on a par with that of England.

† We say *rarely*, because, in our opinion, it is the-oretically possible for moderns to write fully as good Greek and Latin prose or poetry as any which remains to us, by becoming so thoroughly imbued with the classic spirit as to think and write *as Greeks or Romans*.

ancients themselves intuitively and without effort achieved; for wherever a language is no longer spoken, it ceases to be spontaneous, and becomes artificial. Nevertheless it may be safely assumed, that there are many scholars now living whose aggregate knowledge of Greek and Latin, as a *philosophy*, much surpasses that of any known individuals of ancient times. We now confidently correct the misstatements, reconcile the discrepancies, or contravene the syntactical theories, of the professed grammarians and philologers of old. Antiquity itself never produced a Niebuhr in history, a Hermann in critical acumen, or a Müller in archæology. The whole family of scholiasts and atticiists were unable to shed over their own native Greek the light which has been reflected from a recent analysis of the cognate Sanscrit. It was reserved for our age to know even such simple facts as that the particles *καί* and *ἀν* are but by-forms of the prepositions *κατά* and *ἀνά*. The primary or geometrical meanings of the prepositions themselves, as well as their roots and compositions, were probably unknown to the polished Attic race which used them with such subtlety and nicety of expression.

It is more than doubtful whether Demosthenes could have explained, to the satisfaction of a modern philologist, the theory of the inflection of those verbs with which he used to enchant his delighted audience. It is not likely that it should have occurred to him, obvious as it may now seem, that *δίδομαι*, *δίδουσαι*, *δίδουσαι*, are forms involving the three pronouns *μοι*, *σοι*, and *τοί* (*τῷ*), "a giving in respect to me, to you, and to him," *ἰ.ε.* "I am given, thou art given, he is given." Neither can we suppose him to have been aware that *ἐκότερος* and *ἐκαστος* were but the comparative and superlative of *ἕκας* (the Latin *secus*), of which *ἕκαστι* is the dative, and *ἐνεκα* (*ἐν-ἕκα*) the compound form.* Nay, Homer himself (assuming his personal existence, of which we never could bring ourselves to doubt,) was, in all probability, little aware of forms earlier than, and obsolete in, his time, yet known to modern scholars by their appearance in the Latin.†

* See Donaldson's *New Cratylus*.

† Homer wrote 800 years B.C.; and even at that remote age cognate Latin forms seem to have been in use, though we have now no remnants of Latin literature older than about B.C. 200. We know that the Latin verb reflects the very earliest forms of the Greek: e.g. *τίθηναι* (secondary form *τιθῶ*), *τίθησι*, *τίθητι*, *rego*, *regis*, *regit*; *τίθεμεν*, Lat. *regimus*; *τίθεντι*, Lat. *regunt*; and so on. We detect in *hic* an old pronoun *ἢ* (the English *I*). From the Latin *alius* we deduce the early Greek *ἄλιος*, though we only find it written *ἄλλος*. So *folium* is *φύλλον*, a little scale—a beautiful primitive expression for the leaf of a tree; yet in written Greek it is always *φύλλον*. The old Latin form *pater familias* points to the very remote genitive in *is*, which in after-Greek became *ης*, as *μοῦσης* for *μοῦσα-ης*, and *ἐ* in Latin; though we perceive it also in *manūs* for *manuis*. From the accusatives *patrem* and *matrem* we know that

Thus wide is the scope for inductive reasoning, even in a language for the learning of which many persons suppose nothing more to be required than a good memory and a ready apprehension. To write neat Latin prose, to compose fair Latin verses and harmonious Greek iambics, can no longer be esteemed the perfection of scholarship, however much they may still be appreciated as elegant accomplishments. Of course, even this is a great deal more than a vast number of students ever attain to. The result will vary with circumstances; but the object and aim of classical study should ever be the same, to inform and discipline the mind, not merely to supply food for the imagination, or to give refinement to the taste.

That such is the view taken by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge (and especially by the latter, which must be allowed to have produced the greater scholars of the two), is plain from the course they pursue in the instruction and examination of their youth. It is our intention, in the present paper, to convey some idea of what that course is, and to shew the methods of study which are believed by the most competent and experienced professors to produce the best fruits. If we Catholics are wise, we shall be ready to profit by all that is really excellent in a system which has trained some of the most powerful intellects of our age.

There are three kinds of lectures by which those students who are willing and desirous to learn are assisted in their efforts. These are, public or professorial, college lectures, and instruction by private tuition. Of these, the first and the last are purely voluntary, attendance on the second being (nominally and ordinarily at least) a compulsory duty. And there are two kinds of examinations, by printed papers and *viva voce*. The former predominates at Cambridge, though neither the one nor the other is exclusively adopted.

The general principle of both lectures and examinations is, undoubtedly, to call forth the powers of the mind, rather than to deal in mere facts and details. But there is one characteristic which distinguishes the Cambridge system from what may be called the rival one of Oxford.

It is a common objection brought against the founders of the former school, that it dwells too much on the *language*, and too

the ancient Greek was *πατέρον* and *μήτερον*, though that crude form was very early changed into *πατέρα* and *μητέρα*, the final *ν* evanescing into *α*. Again, we know from the twofold Latin termination *honor* and *honos*, *labor* and *labos*, &c., that the ancientest Greeks pronounced their *os* as *op*, the *σ*, like the *ν*, being a vanishing letter. And so we have both *arboretum* and *arbo-
bustum* from *arbor*, the latter a contraction from *arbo-
setum*. The Greek form of nouns in *op* is actually recorded, and called Doric; but the Dorians preserved the rudest and earliest Pelasgo-Hellenisms.

little on the *matter*, of classical authors. While Oxford men (it is said) are studying history and philosophy, not merely at second hand, but from the actual works of the great writers of antiquity, your Cambridge classic is trifling away his time in analysing moods and tenses, minutely weighing the force of particles, and devoting his chief attention to the profitless art of extracting the nicest and closest equivalent meanings from lines and sentences. Now, this statement is not without its truth, if made with proper limitations; though it is unjust to regard as a radical fault, and as a glaring deficiency, what is, at the utmost, only the tone and tendency of the general classical teaching at Cambridge.

Cambridge is, pre-eminently, the school of close reasoning. Accuracy of thought is there opposed to desultory ideas, and rambling imaginings. Nothing like laxity of expression, carelessness of rendering, or slovenliness of ideas is tolerated. The save-trouble propensity, so prevalent in schools, of giving the *general* sense of a passage (which may often be done almost by guessing) without dwelling upon the individual component words, or attending to their individual force, is counteracted by a rigorous and searching *grammatical* questioning. It is rightly judged, that a minute and close knowledge of the structural formulæ of language is the only way to a perfect and a full appreciation of the writings themselves. Very little words—insignificant monosyllables as they may appear, like the Greek article—are often of vital import to the sense. To neglect them is to lose or pervert the meaning of the writer.

We might quote, as an instance very much to the point, the Protestant Translation of the New Testament, carefully (and on the whole*

* We are, of course, aware that some few passages may be adduced which are liable to the suspicion of unfair rendering. This is nothing more than what learned Protestants think of the Catholic Version. Those who have critically examined both are aware that neither is free from faults. But Catholics are very apt to urge two points against their opponents, on which we should like to say a very few words: first, they have a most exaggerated notion of the *wilful* perversions of the Protestant translation, calling it "poisoned food" and such-like groundless names; and, secondly, they have an idea, arising simply from ignorance, that the Greek copies have been extensively corrupted, while the Latin have been kept pure and intact. The real fact is, that about 30,000 various readings occur in the Greek mss., and about the same number in the Latin. The authorised Latin Vulgate is, of course, a critical edition, in which the best readings are given according to the ability of the editors. Bentley, the great Protestant Greek scholar, had a high opinion of the integrity and accuracy of St. Jerome's Latin recension, and asserted that by a diligent collation of the oldest Greek with the oldest Latin copies, a text might be obtained in which the one should tally exactly with the other. He held that the Latin of Pope Clement's Vulgate was not unfaithfully but unlearnedly edited. We shall give his own words, from his very interesting letters on this subject (*Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 506, London, 1842): "Pope Sixtus and Clemens, at a vast expense, had an

faithfully) but yet incorrectly made from the Greek, the true sense of which is often missed from the imperfect knowledge which then prevailed of the niceties of grammatical structure, the force of particles, and the strict meanings of moods and tenses. Again, in the popular translations into the English language of the Greek and Latin Classics—what an exhibition is there to the eye of a real scholar, even in the best of them, of loose, faulty, and inadequate renderings!—insomuch that in the poets especially there is very frequently the widest departure from the real meaning of the original.

These facts being considered, it is highly expedient that an improved system of classical education should be cultivated in every seminary of sound learning. We must not rest contented with the superficial perusal, once or twice over, of the great works of antiquity. The closest attention should be paid to accuracy of rendering, and to the structure and idioms of the writings, whether easy or difficult, which are placed in the hands of the students. We must get over the habit of disparaging the *minutiæ* of scholarship, as unworthy of the labour which must be expended upon them. When it is understood that the study of the classics involves a philosophy as profound in its kind as that of the exact sciences, and that this can *only* be developed by a thorough discipline in verbal and grammatical lore; when, in fine, we reflect, that while the literature of antiquity delights, informs, and elevates the mind, it is the philosophy of language alone which exerts a *directly* beneficial effect on the reasoning powers: we shall then feel the importance of devoting a not inconsiderable portion of time and attention to the theory of grammatical structure. Till this be thoroughly investigated, we may be sure that our knowledge of classical literature will be but partial and unsatisfactory.

We shall now give some account of the system actually pursued at Cambridge. We repeat, we think it will be found worthy of the consideration of those who are engaged in tuition in our Catholic schools and colleges.

The functions of University professors and those of college lecturers differ principally in the fact of the former being voluntary (*i. e.* attendance upon them not being obligatory) and common to students of all colleges and of assembly of learned divines to recense and adjust the Latin Vulgate, and then enacted their new edition authentic; but I find, though I have not yet discovered any thing done *dolo malo*, they were quite unequal to the affair. They were mere theologians, had no experience in mss., nor made use of good Greek copies, and followed books of five hundred years before those of double that age. Nay, I believe they took these new ones for the older of the two; for it is not every body knows the age of a ms." Bentley, it is well known, had investigated this interesting matter very deeply.

all grades or "standing." When the Regius Professor of Greek—for at Cambridge, strange to say, there is no public Professor of Latin—announces his intention of giving public lectures at a fixed time and place, he puts forth a programme of the subjects which he proposes to discuss and expound; as, for instance, the Plays of Sophocles or of Æschylus, the Odes of Pindar, select Dialogues of Plato, or Orations of Demosthenes, as the case may be. Those who desire to attend the course set down their names, and are entitled to the privilege for a very small payment. The number of the audience, of course, depends on the popularity and reputation of the lecturer, and the practical utility of the subjects selected. Under the most favourable circumstances, the attendance is not large. We have even known the lectures to be postponed *sine die*, from the want of hearers.

The method of instruction is, nevertheless, a remarkably efficient one. The lecturer himself translates his author, adding notes and comments, critical, exegetical, and grammatical, as he may think fit. Of course, he designs his translation to be a model to his hearers, in respect of terseness, accuracy, and felicity of diction. His remarks are copied down on the spot, by way of notes; and thus a valuable commentary on a difficult Greek author may be obtained, impressed on the mind the more strongly from the double process of both hearing it and writing it at once.

The practical objections to this mode of teaching (in itself decidedly one of the best) consist in the absence of any definite requirements on the part of the pupil. He is not asked to translate a line, or to answer a question. He is not examined at the conclusion, to find out how much or how little he has retained of what he has heard. He therefore goes to the lecture unprepared, and perhaps also is indifferent or inattentive to what is said. Now, the college lecturer meets these difficulties in the following ways. In the first place, the attendance in his lecture-room is obligatory; secondly, the students are "put on," or required to translate and answer questions, at the will of the lecturer, and therefore all are expected to have prepared their subject beforehand; thirdly, they are examined in the same subjects at the conclusion of the term, or of the academical year, as well as occasionally during the course of the lectures. Perhaps, however, we shall give the best idea of the nature of a college lecture at Cambridge by a brief sketch of a scene which cannot be familiar to very many of our readers.

As the clock strikes ten on Monday morning (the lectures are held on alternate days), forty or fifty "second-year men" enter the room in their academical costume, each with his books and papers, and take their seats at

the table. Mr. Jones, the lecturer, is a Fellow of the College, a Master of Arts, a first-class man, and a "senior medallist," and consequently enjoys an immense reputation for classical learning, though, perhaps, for nothing else. He is dignified and grave, but is not devoid of a certain dry wit, which excites the louder applause in proportion as it is sparingly exercised. The audience are of all kinds; young and old, gentle and simple, clever and stupid, fast and slow. There is the shrewd industrious tradesman's son, who is expected to carry off the first honours of his year, and there too is the Honourable Mr. Sawney, who is a *little* of a mathematician, but declares he never could see any use in the Greek alphabet, but to mark indeterminate quantities in algebraic computations.

All being seated, Mr. Jones pulls his glossy and voluminous silk gown over his shoulders, draws his chair closer to the table, opens his books, and casts his eye down a list of names lying on his desk. "Mr. Block, will you have the goodness to begin?" he says, in the politest voice possible; and Mr. Block (who happens not to be a genius) proceeds to exhibit his classical powers to the lecturer and his audience.

The subject is the "Antigone" of Sophocles—that celebrated but difficult composition, the earliest which we have from the pen of its great author, and on the elucidation of which so large an amount of modern scholarship has been expended. Mr. Block having discovered (from the opportune hint of a friend sitting next to him) that he is holding his book upside down, rather hastily and confusedly rectifies that slight mistake, and then reads, in a hesitating voice, the following verses, as a preliminary to translating them:

ὅστις δ' ὑπερβᾶς ἢ νόμους ἐιάζειται,
ἢ τοῦπιτάσσειν τοῖς κρατοῦσιν ἐννοεῖ,
οὐκ ἔστ' ἐπαίνου τοῦτον ἐξ ἐμοῦ τυχεῖν.
ἀλλ' ὅν πόλις στήσσει, τοῦδε χρὴ κλῦειν,
καὶ σμικρὰ καὶ δίκαια καὶ τάναντία.

"Very good, sir," says Mr. Jones. "Please to stop there, and translate."

"Whoever being a transgressor breaks the laws,

'Or presumes to command his superiors,

'That man I will never praise.

'But whomsoever the city appoints, him we ought to obey,

'In little things, and great things, and the contrary."

"If I might hazard an opinion," says Mr. Jones, with the peculiar and satirical suavity of a college lecturer, "I should say that translation came out of an English version, rather than from grammar and lexicon. That will never do, sir. Let us see whether we cannot get *rather* nearer to the mind of the author. What is *ὑπερβᾶς*?"

Mr. Block was silent. The friend at his elbow whispered, "Second aorist participle of ὑπερβαίνω."

"Second aorist participle of βαίνω," replies Mr. Block, aloud.

"What does βαίνω mean?"

"To transgress," says Mr. Block, hazarding a conjecture from the passage in the text.

"What is the present participle?"

"βόμενος, sir.—I mean βαίνων."

"Thanks to the suggestion of your friend. (I must trouble you to be quiet, Mr. Wilkinson.) Your ignorance of Greek grammar is perfectly astonishing, Mr. Block. I shall only ask you one more question. You translated δίκαια 'great things.' Do you really suppose that is the meaning of δίκαιος? Did your translation render it so? If it did, take my advice, Mr. Block, and burn it."

"I couldn't take the trouble to look out every little word, sir," says Block. "I don't know much about those little minutiae, thank Heaven."

"What, sir! do you thank Heaven for your ignorance?"

"I do," says Block, rather sulkily.

"Then, sir," replies Mr. Jones, "you have much to be thankful for." At which sarcastic joke there is a general laugh from the audience.

Mr. Jones then proceeds to translate and comment on the verses over which poor Mr. Block had somewhat lamely stumbled.

"But whoever, having overstepped due limits, either acts in defiance of the laws,

'Or thinks of dictating to those in authority,

'It is impossible for that man to get praise from me.

'But whomsoever the city appointed, him we should obey,

'Both in small and in just behests, and in their contraries.'

"That is to say, absolute obedience is due to the supreme powers, whether in matters small or great, just or unjust.

"This principle, gentlemen, of implicit submission to sovereign authority—I might almost say, this Jesuitical principle of acquiescence in what is actually *contrary to justice*, merely because it is commanded—may seem strange in the mouth of a poet who was writing for the applause of a great and enlightened republic, to whom the names of *tyrant* and *king* were ever supremely odious. But the words contain an evident allusion to Pericles, the idol of the people at the time when this play was acted, B.C. 440. Now Pericles professed the liberal and anti-aristocratic policy; yet no man was ever more ambitious of being *the leader* and absolute *προσάτης*, or ruler of the people, than he; and hence his friend Sophocles—using the drama very much as we now use the political press—exhorts the Athenians to fol-

low unreservedly the guidance (especially the military conduct) of their chief, leaving to him the questions of δίκαιον and ἀδίκον in all things.

"There is nothing remarkable in the grammatical construction of the passage, if we except the very peculiar use of the optative σήσειε. The ordinary rules of syntax would require ὃν ἂν σήσῃ—equivalent to *quemcumque constituerit*,—but the optative may be explained either by resolving the relative so as to form a hypothetical proposition,—εἴ τινα πόλις σήσειε,—or by understanding it as a frequentative action in the past sense,—the appointment of an elective ruler, from time to time, being in each instance necessarily *antecedent* to the obedience paid to him by the people.—Mr. Wilkinson, you seem to be very willing to explain difficulties to others, perhaps you will favour us with a translation of the next verses."

Mr. Wilkinson was really a clever man, and performed his task very much better than the luckless Mr. Block.

καὶ τοῦτον ἂν τὸν ἄνδρα θαρσύνῃ ἐγὼ
καλῶς μὲν ἄρχειν, εὖ δ' ἂν ἄρχεσθαι θέλειν
δορὸς τ' ἂν ἐν χειμῶνι προσεταγμένον
μύσειν δίκαιον κἀγαθὸν παραστάνην.

"And that man, I should be confident,

'Would rule discreetly, and be willing to be well ruled;

'And when placed at his post in the storm of war,

'Would keep his ground, an honourable and manly comrade.'

"Very well, sir. Neatly and closely rendered. Can you explain the force of the participle ἂν in the second and third lines? Would you refer it to θαρσύνῃ in the first?"

"It gives a conditional force to the infinitives θέλειν and μύσειν, and must therefore be supplied with ἄρχειν. The sense is, θαρσύνῃ ἂν ἄρχειν ἂν (εἰ καὶ δὲ εἴη), or something to that effect."

"Keep to your reading, Mr. Wilkinson," says Mr. Jones, pleased with the lucid reply, "and we shall have almost as good a scholar in you as your friend Mr. Block promises to be.—The next two or three lines, if you please."

ἀναρχίας δὲ μεῖζον οὐκ ἔστιν κακόν.
αὕτη πόλεις τ' ὄλλυσιν, ἥ δ' ἀναστάτους
αἰήτους τείνησιν ἥ δὲ σὺν μάχῃ δορὸς
προπὰς καταρρήγνυσι.

"But than the absence of authority there is no greater evil.

'This it is which ruins cities, this which overturns

'Families, this which, in the fight of the spear,

'Breaks into rout the ranks.'"

"Very good. Is there any thing peculiar

in the use of αὐτῇ followed by ἥδε in the very same sense?"

"When they occur in juxtaposition," replies Mr. Wilkinson, "ὁὗτος usually refers to what precedes, ἥδε to what follows."

"Like *hic* and *iste*, the one points to an object somewhat further removed from the speaker than the other does. How do you decline ὁὗτος, Mr. Wilkinson?"

"ὁὗτος, αὐτῇ, τοῦτο, τούτου, ταύτης, τούτου"—
"That will do. Now, what is the radical form of these inflexions?"

Mr. Wilkinson was silent.

"Go a-head," says Mr. Block, with a whispored chuckle.

"Was there not such a pronoun as τὸς?" asked the lecturer; "whence the adverb τὰς formed, just as we have ὡς from ὅς, and as τὸς is the correlative of ὅς, and so on?"

"There must have been, sir. I suppose, therefore, that οὗτος is for ὁ τὸς, αὐτῇ for ἡ τῇ, τοῦτο for τὸ τὸν, τούτου for τοῦ τοῦ, and so on."

"Right," said Mr. Jones. "How, then, does ὁ τὸς become οὗτος, ἡ τῇ αὐτῇ, and τὸ τὸν in the neuter τοῦτο?"

"By the insertion of the digamma," replied Mr. Wilkinson, "which is very often represented by the letter υ."

"Right again," replied the lecturer. "How do you understand the phrase τροπὰς καταργήνυσαι?"

"As a short expression for καταργήνυσαι τὸς μαχομένους, ὥστε εἶναι τροπὰς," replied Mr. Wilkinson. "An instance of the brachylogy of the Greeks, whose quick perception could supply words and ideas which we are wont to consider as necessary to be expressed or the completion of a sentence."

It is thus by oral instructions in the nicer shades of meaning, and by proposing questions which may lead to a thoughtful analysis of forms and idioms, that the accurate and intelligent student is trained in the University lecture-room. A dozen lines commented on in the manner above described, will do far more than running over a hundred in a loose and careless way. There is no greater mistake in teaching, than to hurry the bewildered pupil through many and difficult authors, for no other purpose than to impart a general idea of Greek and Latin literature, which in most cases is, in fact, no idea at all. Whenever the more careful but less extensively read student comes into competition with the superficially taught head of some ambitious academy, the latter is pretty sure to be discomfited by the former. The knowledge he has acquired is less permanent, less practical, and less satisfactory in every way. Assuredly it is not by the *amount* but by the *manner* of reading that classical scholarship is estimated. The habit of translating as closely as possible a very few lines at a time—every word both of the original and of the translation

being carefully weighed, and even the order attended to, as not being either arbitrary or capricious, but the result of an intuitive feeling of propriety—is a very profitable exercise. Word for word, line for line, idiom for idiom. In the latter point especially is there scope for talent, and opportunity for improvement in both languages at once. "A literal translation," says the learned author of *Guesses at Truth*, "is better than a loose one; just as a cast from a fine statue is better than an imitation of it. For copies, whether of words or things, must be valuable in proportion to their exactness. In idioms alone the literal rendering cannot be the right one. Hence the difficulty of translations, regarded as works of art, varies in proportion as the books translated are more or less idiomatic; for, in rendering idioms, one can seldom find an equivalent which preserves all the point and grace of the original."

The third method (and by far the most general, though at the same time the most expensive one) adopted in classical teaching at the Universities, is the system of private tuition. Without undergoing a regular training under the instructions of an experienced private tutor, few students attain a very high place in the final examinations. So true it is, that neither by books nor by general oral teaching can knowledge be as readily and effectually imparted as by *particular* and *separate* indoctrination. The teacher must possess that versatility in his profession which can enable him to rise or descend to the exact level of the comprehension, to adapt himself to the quickness or slowness of intellect, of the party under his care. He must, in a manner, make himself at once a master and a fellow-student, by entering into his difficulties, sympathising with his deficiencies, patiently bearing with his tardiness or want of memory. Now, all this is obviously impossible when a lecturer is addressing one and the same discourse to many pupils of varied attainments. It is impossible also in the case of learning from books alone; for books themselves require an interpreter to many, while to others they have but little that is new to communicate.

Hence it seems fair to infer, that without private tuition of some kind, it is unlikely that any very high standard of scholarship can ordinarily be attained. Nor is the expense, the exclusiveness, and the disproportionate advantages which wealth can thereby secure—evils complained of in the working of the University system—inevitable or irremediable. Where competent tutors can be found (as they generally can be if a moderately fair remuneration is allowed for their services), we certainly would say, let them be employed in this most useful capacity. Ten pounds per annum would be well spent, even by a poor student, in obtaining the occasional aid of a private tutor; and

surely there is scarcely one out of all our Catholic colleges in which such a number might not be found willing to avail themselves of such a privilege,* so as to ensure the permanent residence of two or three of the best scholars who have been educated at the place. We do not pretend to give a definite opinion on the general practicableness of such a scheme; we only express our opinion of its great advantages and importance, if placed on a judicious footing, and duly subordinated to the collegiate system, of which it should be but the assistant, and which it must never supersede.

In point of fact, both at Cambridge and Oxford, private tuition is the real source from which the high amount of knowledge frequently acquired in those seminaries is drawn. The private tutors are, on the whole, the best scholars, the cleverest teachers, the most painstaking academics, in the whole of those vast societies. They are at once teachers and learners; they learn while they teach, and perfect themselves while they repeat and expand their own acquired information. There is an emulation, a rivalry, a competition among them, from which the salaried and official college lecturer is entirely exempt. According to his success in teaching, so is the reputation of the private tutor; and according to his popularity is his emolument, for the number of pupils whom he takes is limited but by his own physical capabilities. Doubtless, like many other essentially good things, private tuition at the Universities, when not regulated by high principle, and depraved by a mere love of gain, gives rise to some evils; but these are precisely the evils incident to Protestant establishments, and from which Catholic colleges would be exempt. For it cannot be denied that, in nine cases out of ten, the sums amassed by private tuition are reserved as a special provision in prospect of marrying upon a living. The idea of pursuing this profession simply from a desire to do good, and for a merely remunerative income, it is to be feared, is seldom entertained at either of the Universities.

One of the methods more especially in vogue at Oxford and Cambridge, but particularly at the latter, for training students in sound and accurate classical learning, is, the frequent practice of classical composition. No one who cannot write Greek and Latin prose and verse, in all the approved styles and metres, *as well, on the average, as the ancient authors themselves*,† can hope to carry off the highest

honours. It is a common practice in our times to depreciate classical writing, and especially versification, as though it were a labour ill requited by the result, and of little use in after-life, except, indeed, as an elegant accomplishment or a literary diversion. Others, again, disparage it as a mere *knack*, which, say they, can be attained by schoolboys of sixteen as well as, or better than, by men of matured faculties; and hence they argue that as it is no test of genius, so neither is it any real exercise of ability. The answer is, that the end in view is not to be a writer of classical poetry, which, *per se*, may be nearly or wholly useless; but to acquire an accurate conception of the mind of the classic poets, by endeavouring to realise it in the most efficient manner, namely, by dwelling upon it, imitating it, and becoming thoroughly inspired with it.

Like every thing else in the art of imparting sound classical learning, the usefulness of versification depends greatly on the manner in which it is taught. The mere scribbler of a given number of Latin or Greek verses, in a given time, and on a given subject, will make little progress in any thing but a certain technical facility, if he be kept to the same routine of heartless taskwork for ten years together. It will perhaps, in many cases, be positively injurious. To borrow the word of one of the first classical scholars of the age, "When Latin verses are to be written as a prescribed task; when, according to the custom of many schools, boys are prepared for this accomplishment by being set, in the first instance, to write what are professedly *nonsense verses*, as though stringing long and short syllables together after a certain fashion had a positive value, independent of the subject-matter; when they are trained for years to write compulsorily on a theme imposed by the master: it is not easy to imagine any method better calculated to deaden every spark of genuine poetic feeling. In its stead, boys of quickness acquire a fondness for mere diction: this is the object aimed at—the prize set before them. They ransack Virgil and Horace and Ovid for pretty expressions, and bind up as many as they can in a posy; so that a copy of some fifty lines will often be a cento of such phrases, and contain a greater number of ornamental epithets than a couple of books of the *Eneid*."*

Of course, the aim of the student should be, to imbibe the *spirit* rather than copy the mere phrases of the ancient poets; just as a modern Gothic architect must try rather to recover the principles, and strive after the reality of the old artists, than to copy minute

* So well is this system found to work even in public schools, that the upper boys are often allowed to act as private tutors, for a small payment from each pupil taken under their charge. More commonly, however, the masters take some of the boys as private pupils, quite irrespectively of their public functions.

† We say this advisedly. It is necessary, in fact, to aim constantly at the highest standard, provided that

standard be attainable. We hold that, in this case, is so, and have already expressed our opinion on the effect.

* *Guesses at Truth*, Second Series, 2d edit. p. 103.

the mouldings and ornaments of the old churches. To do this aright, whether in composing verses or designing buildings, we must, first of all, feel a sincere and hearty admiration for what we are striving to reproduce. This is absolutely essential, and is the only real test of ultimate success. The writer of Latin verses or Greek iambics will have whole elegies of Propertius, whole epistles of Ovid, odes of Horace, and speeches from Æschylus and Sophocles, by heart—he will recite them aloud to himself, and be never weary of expatiating on their fascinating harmonies and their fervent eloquence. If he cannot do this spontaneously, he will never be a good versifier. And the converse is true: if he *can* do this, then by writing verses he will do a great deal more,—he will become a real classic poet himself. In that result, the benefit of the practice will be felt; for who can be a classic poet without having a refined and elegant mind, a polished taste, and enlarged and sympathetic feelings?

Thus, then, we may safely conclude, that to learn the art of composition is an essential part of classical study. And we may add, that it is in this peculiar department that the benefit of judicious *private* tuition is especially felt. Every one knows how much pains and how long practice is required before any thing like *correctness* (to say nothing of perfection, or even of elegance) is attained in classical writing, whether it be in original composition or in translating from a given passage into Latin or Greek.* It is also impossible for the writer to judge of his own performance, much less to correct it. Here the functions of the private tutor are indispensable; for he alone can properly discharge the duties of the critical friend in Horace:†

“Vir bonus et prudens versus reprehendit inertes,
Culpabit duos, incompitis illinet atrum
Transverso calamo signum, ambitiosa recidet
Ornamenta, parum claris lucem dare coget,
Arguet ambigue dictum, mutanda notabit;
Fiet Aristarchus.”

We do not, however, mean to say that a very fair practical knowledge of composition in all its varieties may not be acquired by the aid of the many excellent books now commonly in use in public schools and colleges.‡ The instructions given in these are so clear and so copious that they have certainly obviated the necessity of private tuition in their department.

* Of the two, the latter is much the more difficult, both in prose and poetry. At Cambridge, very little original composition is required, except for particular and extraordinary prizes.

† De Art. Poet. 445.

‡ As, for instance, Crombie's *Gymnasium*, Alford's *Προγυμνασματα*, and the Rev. T. K. Arnold's excellent series of school-books. The principle of self-teaching books is now generally adopted both in the dead and the living languages; but these can only facilitate, not supersede, the office of oral teachers. In the former case, private tuition is as essential as is colloquial intercourse in the latter.

Still it may be doubted whether great excellence in classical composition has ever been attained in our times without the particular personal instruction and supervision of a competent master. The *general* teaching of a tutor who overlooks the exercises of a whole class is proved by experience to be inadequate to the end, because a minuteness of detail is requisite in classical criticism which cannot be bestowed in the cursory perusal of perhaps fifty or a hundred exercises, of all degrees of merit, within the short space of two or three days at the utmost.

There is one method which has been attended with very great advantage in some public schools; we mean, that of keeping a book for the express purpose of preserving compositions of the highest merit. At the end of every week or month, the head master returns the writers those exercises (very few in number, of course) which he considers most worthy of a place in the prize-book, the necessary corrections (if any) being made, or passages marked for alteration, in his own handwriting. The numerical value of the exercise is appended in every case, and is copied out, with the exercise, into the book by the successful party in each case. Thus the distinction is much valued and sought after, it being understood that selections from the book may at some future time be published, as in many cases they have been. Whatever objections may be raised against this custom, we have known it work well in producing a careful and painstaking style of composition in the students.* Indeed, we cannot help ob-

* We can hardly sympathise with those who would exclude all literary competition from schools, as having a baneful moral tendency. In reference to this view, we must be pardoned for once more quoting an interesting passage from *Guesses at Truth*, though with a protest against its strongly condemnatory tone. “Alas! it is on this appetite that we rely, on this almost alone, for success, in our modern systems of education. We excite, stimulate, irritate, drug, dram the pupil, and then leave him to do what he pleases, heedless how soon he may break down, so he does but start at a gallop. Nothing can induce a human being to exert himself, except vanity or jealousy: such is our primary axiom; and our deductions are worthy of it. Emulation is the order of the day, emulation in its own name, or under an *alias* as competition: and only look at the wonders it has effected! . . . Emulation is declared to be the only principle we can trust with safety: for principle it is called: although it implies the rejection and denial of all principle—of its efficacy at least, if not of its existence—and is a base compromise between principle and opinion, in which the things of eternity are made to bow down before the wayward notions and passions of the day. . . . *We may clamour as we will about the unchristian practices of the Jesuits: the Jesuits knew too much of Christianity ever to commit such an outrage against its spirit, as to make children pass through the furnace of the new Moloch, emulation.*” (2d series, 2d edition, p. 361.) No one can doubt that there is such a thing as mischievous emulation even in youths, whereby envy and other evil passions are engendered; but how to work a school or college without encouraging a certain amount of literary emulation we know not. That would involve the

serving, that the high standard not unfrequently attained even by schoolboys would surprise those who are accustomed to contempt juvenile efforts in imaginative or intellectual performances, and who have no conception how much may be done by stimulating those efforts,—like the artificial growth of plants in a forcing-house.

If any of our readers have patiently followed our remarks up to this point, we shall be glad to entertain an objection which may possibly be urged against the *Protestant* standard of classical learning which we have put forward in the present paper. "After all," it will be said by some, "what is the *use* of classical studies, especially of Greek? Catholics do not want Greek: they have their Latin Bible and their Latin works on dogmatic theology. Why initiate the young student into the sensualities of the Greek poets and the comic drama?" We have heard these very arguments perpetually urged as an apology for omitting altogether the study of Greek.

Instead of answering them at any great length at present, we must refer to our former remarks on classical education in general. It is, however, so common to hear from the lips of Catholics an energetic defence of the lamentable ignorance of Greek which prevails even amongst ecclesiastics, both at home and abroad, that we shall set down a few points which appear to us to be deserving of all serious consideration.

1. In the first place, can we be insensible to the great disadvantage of intellectual inferiority in any thing? Especially can we afford (to use a plain term) to resign to opponents a science which they value among the first of human accomplishments? to have it said (as it is said, and we fear with truth) that there is scarcely one modern edition of any Greek author,—at least not a single one of any repute,—published by a Catholic either at home or abroad? Are we yet unconscious that, for controversial purposes, Protestant writers have the wide field of Greek literature almost exclusively on their side? That in our theological works, where it occurs at all, it is almost always so incorrectly printed and punctuated as to force the conviction that the language was any thing but familiar to the writer who quotes it?

2. Secondly, it is rather as a subject-matter for philosophical reasoning, as an exercise of thought and memory, than *as a literature*, in the abstract, that Greek is held in such estimation. It is, in fine, pursued rather as

giving up of all prizes and rewards, and even the classing of the pupils according to merit.

* We except, of course, the labours of the Benedictines. Every scholar knows and acknowledges the services which the illustrious Cardinal Mai has rendered both to Greek and Latin literature; but in Italy generally, the study of Greek seems to be almost totally neglected. Even in Germany, all the justly celebrated editions of the Greek authors are from Lutherans.

a means than as an end. It is an excellent mental discipline, not only because its acquirement is difficult, but because it *leads* to reflection almost as a natural consequence of the effort to *learn* it.

3. It is the key, not only to a very large part of our own and of other modern languages, but to nearly the whole vocabulary of scientific terms: insomuch that the language of modern science may be said to be composed almost entirely of ancient Greek.

4. As a matter of fact within every one's observation and experience, a good knowledge of Greek does impart a polish, a conversational facility and elegance, a force and correctness of English style, which seem hardly attainable with equal certainty in any other way.

5. Greek poetry, Greek eloquence, and Greek philosophy, have always exercised a very great influence over the civilised world. They come to us sanctioned by universal esteem. They are in a manner the basis of all literature. We cannot ignore their extraordinary merits, without proving ourselves insensate, and unable to appreciate them. Greek is, in a word, the richest and most perfect language in the world.

As to the objection that Greek writings are of an immoral tendency, it is making a charge to which every literature is equally liable, the English certainly not excepted. Ovid is not worse in Latin than Byron; Aristophanes in Greek than many parts of Shakespeare's Sonnets; Lucian than Fielding; Theocritus than whole volumes of romances and love ditties. On the other hand, there are many Greek authors, of whom Homer is one, so exceedingly pure in thought and expression, that there is hardly an offensive passage to be found in the whole of them, some little allowance, perhaps, being made for the less refined feelings of a remote age. We admit, of course, and lament, that there is a great deal of the worst and most profligate immorality to be found in some of the Greek writers. Yet, so long as there is also a sufficient quantity of sound and good matter, unmixed with evil,* which can be placed in the hands of innocent boyhood, the securities afforded by a Catholic education will always fend off the evil contamination which will arise from an unhalloved tampering with that which is vile.

It is, moreover, alleged against the study of Greek, that it is too difficult, as a language, to repay the pains which must be expended upon it. Perhaps we shall surprise some of our readers by expressing our deliberate conviction that, however difficult Greek may be, it is, on the whole, far less so than Latin. At

* We will take this opportunity of strongly recommending as a school-book for the junior classes the *Fables of Babrius*, lately edited in a cheap and beautiful form by G. C. Lewis, Esq. M.A. (Oxford, 1846.) These fables are of the purest Greek, the most unexceptionable matter, and the most amusing and easy style.

all events, it is generally admitted that the proportion of first-rate Greek scholars to those who are equally proficient in Latin is as ten to one. Whatever the reason of this may be, it affords an answer to the above objection. It is fully as easy to understand Greek as to understand Latin, even though it may require a little more time and pains to master the elementary grammatical principles of the former.*

One very great intellectual benefit attends the study of dead languages in common with that of the exact sciences and of natural philosophy. As we discover the laws of the latter, so we gradually recover the lost principles of the former. In both cases there is a process of true inductive development. Both are indeterminate in their nature, unlimited in their extent. Both, therefore, call forth the highest mental powers in unfolding the latent peculiarities of organisation. What a field for profound research has comparative philology opened to the linguist! How vast the subject of common crude-forms, of case-endings, of verbal inflections! How intricate the relations between languages apparently so different as Latin and Greek! How much is involved in the history even of an alphabet! How curious to have eliminated the proofs of letters pronounced but not written, and of others, conversely, written but not pronounced!† How interesting to make out the history and descent of a race by the etymology of an obscure word!‡ How widely extended is the influ-

ence of monosyllabic roots, the first efforts of the human race in articulating sounds expressive of their wants! How they pervade whole families of languages, through which they may be traced like a thread through the complex windings of a labyrinth!* And lastly, how many are the different departments in a language and its literature, from which every student may select that most congenial to his taste, and prosecute it either alone or collaterally till he has made that peculiar subject his own!

We have said enough to shew that the Greek language is worth the pains of acquiring it, even on the grounds of its affording the best and most copious subject-matter for mental development. We have pleasure in knowing that this conviction is forcing itself upon the founders and conductors of Catholic seminaries, both at home and abroad. The next generation of Catholic clergy will perhaps be little, if at all, behind their Protestant neighbours. Indeed, there is now perhaps not one Catholic school of any eminence in this kingdom into which the elementary study of Greek has not been introduced. At St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, we can ourselves attest the proficiency of the students in the Greek language, as well as the high standard aimed at in the classical examinations, and the excellent character of the authors selected for the lecture-room. These are little if at all below the rule prescribed by the English Universities, as a comparison of the Examination-papers, which we have reprinted for that purpose, will readily shew. It is in composition, we believe, that the chief deficiency will be found on the Catholic side. We shall rejoice when we receive from a Catholic student Latin elegiacs equal in merit to the following, which are taken at random from the productions of a first-class Cambridge man in the year 1846.†

* Greek is certainly more *strange* to a beginner than Latin, chiefly because the latter enters more largely into the composition of modern languages, and is, therefore, more familiar in its vocabulary and idioms. Hence it is easier to learn a *little* Latin than a little Greek. We often see Latin notes and Latin translations to Greek authors, and feel them to be a great assistance. The reverse is never the case: yet it is very credible, that to a good Greek scholar a Greek commentary on a difficult Latin book would prove equally acceptable. So much is there in the conventional use of Latin, which (ecclesiastically speaking at least) has never been really a dead language.

† Thus Bentley discovered the lost digamma from certain metrical deficiencies in Homer. Buttmann and others have found that some Greek letters were occasionally evanescent in sound, though at first expressed in writing. Thus γ in *ἕκτος* or *αἵκτος* for *ἀγῆκτος* (being equivalent to our *y*, as in Italian and Anglo-Saxon). So ν is added or omitted with the third person singular of verbs, with adverbs in *θε*, with dative cases plural, and even in the middle of words, as *μελῖσα* (*μελῖω*) for *μελῖσνα*; in all which cases it was a nasal sound, like the French final *n*. Again, σ vanishes in such forms as *νομῖω* for *νομῖσα*, it being, in fact, a sibilant breathing, which reappears in the kindred language in such words as *super* from *ὑπέρ*, *sex* from *ἕξ*, *sus* from *ὄς*, *sylos* from *ῥήλ*, &c.; φ vanishes in *οἶκοι* for *οἰκόφ*, &c.; χ in *ἰσena* from *χλαῖνα*; and many other instances of the like kind. Among the lost or obsolete letters are the *q* (*κόππα*), the *ts* or *ds* (*σάν*), and the *sp* (*σπῆρ*).

‡ As *Δωριεῖς*, *Highlanders*, from *δα* and *ῥος*, equivalent to the Latin *Tyrrheni* (*Τυρρηνοί*, *Turpanol*, from *τύρσις*, Lat. *turris*, whence Anglo-Saxon *Tor*, a hill). *Αἰολεῖς*, *mixed-men*, from *αἰδός*, *parti-coloured*; *Πέλοψ* (*dark-faced*), and *Πελαργός*, from *πελός*, *swarthy* (Lat. *pullus*), implying an Eastern cast of countenance.

(Donaldson's *Greek Grammar*, p. 2.) For the Pelasgian race was connected with the Indo-Germanic and Caucasian tribes. Hence the legend of Pelops with his ivory shoulder, which plainly points to a strange settler with a dark sun-burnt face, but white skin. And hence, too, we may understand the mysterious story about the two *black* doves at Dodona, which spoke with a human voice (Herodotus, ii. 56), *πελειᾶς* being a word intended to express the female correlative of *Πελαργός*, and the inhabitants of Dodona being notoriously of Pelasgic origin. Modern gipsies seem to be of an oriental caste, not altogether dissimilar either in manners or appearance from the ancient Pelasgi.

* To take a simple example: the root *χα* expressed the idea of containing or enclosing, as we perceive in a great many words, both Greek and Latin: *capio*, *caput*, *cavus*, *casa*, *capax*, *calix*; *χάος*, *χαῖνα*, *χάραν*, *χηλή*, *χηλός*, *χαυδάνω*; *cup*, *catch*, *keep*, *cape*, *cap*, &c. Now the correlative to the idea of *containing* is the simplest element which requires to be *contained* for practical uses, that is, water. Accordingly the root of this is *αχ*, as we see in *aqua*, *ἄχος*, *lacryma*, *Ἀχελῷος*, *Ἀχαια* (sea coast); English *ache*, from *ἄχος*, implying pain moving to tears. There is no end to speculations of this kind, which cannot fail to exercise the faculties of the mind.

* The *Arundines Cami* and the Oxford *Florilegium*

[ORIGINAL.]

Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. (Canto i. 11.)

The western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way:
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravine below,
Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle:
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seem'd fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lack'd they many a banner fair;
For, from their shiver'd brows display'd
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dewdrops' sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green;
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west wind's summer sighs.

[TRANSLATION.]

Hesperii liquido cedentia lumina Phœbi
Marmore planitiem lambere visa soli:
Purpureos apices, saxosa cacumina, flamma
Vivida ut igniferis adluit æquor aquis.
Nigra tamen vallis subter penetralia nullum
Occiduae poterat lucis adire jubar.
Qua via in anfractus cæcis erroribus acta
Culmina difficilis cingit acuta loci.
Culmina nam media caput exseruere ruina,
Ruptaque fulmineæ stant monumenta manus.
Ambit iter ruper, ubi moles plurima, custos
Indigena angustæ præsidiumque viæ.
Quale opus artifices perhibent posuisse priores,
Assyriæque nefas! ædificasse plaga?
At scopolus rimis a vertice fractus hiulcis
Arcis turrigeræ mœnia celsa refert:
Estque ubi multiplici splendent imitata figurâ
Saxa coronatos inde vel inde tholos.
Qualia sunt Eoa insignia—qualia templis
Ornamenta suis ditior Indus amat.
Neve superpositæ desit sua gloria turri
Lucida nativum signa cacumen habet.
Quæ procul abrupti montis frons exhibet, et quæ
Longius inspicunt rura jacentis agri.
Pensilis involuit nitidisque argentea guttis
En! rosa demissas explicat inde comas.
Vixque humiles arbusta solo tollentia ramos
Æstivo zephyri flamine mota nitent.

We give, in conclusion, one or two specimens of Examination-papers, which, however uninteresting to readers in general, form an important appendix to the present subject. We will only observe upon them that, in the highest examinations at Cambridge, but few philological questions are proposed. It is held

will supply those who desire it with many admirable specimens of Greek and Latin poetical composition, by members of the Universities.

that the best proof of scholarship is to translate with accuracy a difficult passage at sight. Such collateral information as may be derived from English books, without any great knowledge of Greek or Latin (and for that reason not inappropriately termed "cram" by the students themselves), is too easily obtained at the present day to be a safe test of actual proficiency in the language.

Classical Examinations: St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, July 1848.

HUMANITIES. SECOND CLASS.—POETRY.

GREEK Homer Iliad VI. XXIV.
LATIN Plautus Captivi.

HOMER.

I.—1. What stories were current among the ancients respecting Homer? What opinion does Herodotus express as to the time when the poet lived?

2. 'Ὀς δ' ἄνεμοι δύο πόντον ὀρίνετον ἰχθυόεντα.
Βορέης καὶ Ζέφυρος, τῷ τε Θρήκηθεν ἄητον
ἐλθόντ' ἐξαπίνης· ἄνωδ' δέ τε κύμα κελαίνον
κορβύεται· πολλὸν δὲ παρέξ ἄλλα φύκος ἔχεναν.

Il. ix. 4-7.

What inference has been drawn from these lines as to the country of Homer? Do you remember any other passages leading to the same conclusion?

3. Who first suggested the Wolfian theory respecting the origin of the Iliad and Odyssey? State briefly the principal arguments brought forward on each side of this question.

4. Is it possible that the whole of the Iliad or Odyssey could have been recited or listened to at one time? What argument to this effect has been drawn from the dramatic representations at Athens?

5. Πόρεν δ' ὅγε σήματα λυγρὰ
γράψας ἐν πίνακι πτυκτῷ θυμοφόρα πολλά.

Il. vi. 168-9.

How have these words been understood? What seems to be Dr. Thirlwall's opinion as to the possibility of the Homeric poems having been originally committed to writing?

6. Trace their history from Peisistratus down to the critical school of Alexandria.

II.—1. What is meant by the Trojan controversy? How far does the Trojan war seem credible? How does Herodotus speculate on the subject?

2. Πρῶτον μὲν βα Χίμαιραν ἀμαμακέτην ἐκέλευσε
πεφνέμεν—
τὸ τρίτον αὖ, κατέπεφνεν Ἀμαζόντας ἀντιάνειρας.

Il. vi. 170.

a. What additions were made by late writers to the story of Bellerophon?

β. What is supposed to have given rise to the fable of the Chimæra?

γ. What is the supposed geographical position of the Amazons? What seems the most probable explanation of the origin of the legend concerning them?

III. 'Αχιλλὸν δ' ἄρ' ἐπεφνε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης,
Τευθρανίδην, ὃς ἐναίεν ἐπικτιμένην ἐν Ἀρίσβρ,
ἄφνειος βίδοισι, φίλος δ' ἦν ἀνθρώποισι
πάντας γὰρ φιλέεσκεν, ὃδ' ἔπι οἰκία ναῖον.

vi. 12-15.

1. Why may the Homeric poems be trusted as drawing a correct picture of the state of society?

2. Do you remember any points of resemblance between the manners described in the Old Testament and in these poems?

3. 'Ὀς δ' ἔθαν ἄνδρ' ἄτη πικρὴν λάβρην, ὅσ' ἐνὶ πάτρῃ
φῶτα κατακτείνας, ἄλλων ἐξέικετο δῆμον,
ἄνδρ' ὃς ἀφνειοῦ, θάμβος δ' ἔχει εισπρόοντας.

xxiv. 480-2.

Translate these lines, and illustrate by examples the custom here alluded to.

IV.—1. At what period of the war does the action of the Iliad commence? What is the central point round which the achievements of the other heroes turn?

Does the burial of Hector carry the action of the poem beyond its appropriate limit?

2. Remark on the interview of Priam and Achilles, and on the character of Achilles as portrayed in the close of the Iliad.

PLAUTUS.

I. State briefly the nature of Comedy. What is meant by comedy of character and comedy of intrigue? Is the union of both necessary for a perfect comedy?

II.—1. When and by whom was the regular drama introduced at Rome? About what time was it fully sanctioned by public authority?

2. Explain the terms *fabula togata*, *palliata*, *praetextata*. Why did the Roman comedians for the most part draw the subject of their pieces from Grecian life?

3. *Foris illic extra scenam fient proelia.*

Nam hoc pæne iniquum est Comico choragio

Conari de subito agere nos Tragediam.

What was the Comicum choragium? What were the chief difficulties against which a Roman poet had to contend in his endeavours to please his audience?

III.—1. State what is known of Plautus, with the most probable dates of his birth and death. Mention some of his most distinguished contemporaries?

2. How do you account for so many plays having been attributed to Plautus? What are the *fabulae Varronianæ*? How many still remain?

3. (a.) Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi. Hor. Ep. ii. 1. 58.

(b.) *At vestri proavi Plautinus et numeros et*

Laudavere sales. Ninium patienter utrumque,

Nec dicam stulte, mirati. Ep. ad Pison. 270-2.

What are the most striking features of the comic talent of Plautus?

How do you understand this judgment of Horace (b.)?

Explain *properare*.

IV. *Et hic quidem, hercle, nisi qui colaphus perpeti*

Potis Parasitus, franque aulas in caput

Vel extra portam trigeminam ad saccum licet.

Quod mihi ne eveniat, nonnullum periculum'st.

i. 1, 20-23.

1. Mark the feet in the above lines. What are the principal metres occurring in Plautus?

2. Give the laws of Latin accent.

3. Are there any reasons for supposing that many words are to be read with an abbreviated form?

V.—1. Distinguish accurately between *hic*, *iste*, *ille*, and the adverbs formed from them.

2. Explain the following words and phrases:—*Duelum*, *peculiaris*, *subducere ratiunculum*, *Genio sacrificare*, *Samia vasa*, *Comici servi*, *inter sacrum saxumque stare*, *optima immo*, as a negative answer, *nihil morantur jam Laconas imi subcelli viros, directum i cor meum*, *ac suspende te*.

July 1849.

HUMANITIES. FIRST CLASS.—RHETORIC.

GREEK *Aristophanes* . . . *Nubes*.

LATIN *Horace* *Satires*, b. i.

ARISTOPHANES.

I.—1. Trace the rise and progress of comedy at Athens, and give the etymology and origin of the terms *κωμῳδία*, *τρυγῳδία*.

2. Mention the most distinguished writers in the old and new comedy.

3. Give Aristotle's definition of comedy. Point out the chief particulars in which ancient comedy differs from that of modern times. What is meant by the *parabasis*?

4. Upon what grounds does Horace seem to deny that a comedy is entitled to be ranked as a poem? How is this view combated by Schlegel?

II.—1. Mention what particulars are known of the life of Aristophanes. Point out the most remarkable characteristics of his style and genius.

2. What was the name and subject of his first dra-

matic production? What was the poet's age at the time of its exhibition?

3. Give the substance of Quintilian's remarks on the writers of the old comedy.

III.—1. What is the meaning of the term *σοφιστής*? By whom was this title first assumed? How can we account for Socrates being introduced by the poet as the representative of the Sophists?

2. ΣΩ. ἀεροβατῶ καὶ περιφρονῶ τὸν ἥλιον. 223.

Xenophon says of Socrates ὅπως δὲ τῶν οὐρανίων ἢ ἑκάστα ὁ θεὸς μηχανᾶται, φροντιστὴν γίνεσθαι ἀπέρτερε. Mem. iv. 7. Which of these accounts more correctly describes the habits and opinions of the philosopher?

3. ΧΟ. ὅτι βρεθνύει τ' ἐν ταῖσιν ὁδοῖς καὶ τῷ φθαλμῷ παραβάλλει, κἀνυπόδητος κακὰ πολλὰ ἀνέχει κἀφ' ἡμῖν σεμνοπροσωπεῖς.

Illustrate this passage from the descriptions of Socrates which his disciples have left us.

4. Socrates asserts in the Apology ἐγὼ δὲ διδάσκαλος μὲν οὐδένος πόποι' ἐγενόμην. xxi. In what sense is this true?

IV.—1. What was the poet's object in the composition of the Clouds?

2. Describe the character and principles of the Sophists of the day, mentioning the names of the most eminent.

3. What celebrated disciple of Socrates is supposed to be represented by Pheidippides, and on what grounds?

V. ΧΟ. ἄλλα τ' εἰ δρᾶν φησιν, ὅμως δ' οὐκ ἄγειν τὰς ἡμέρας

οὐδὲν ὀρθῶς, ἀλλ' ἄνω τε καὶ κάτω κυδοισπᾶν. 594-5.

1. Whence arose the confusion in the calendar here alluded to?

2. By whom, and at what date was the first scientific calendar introduced among the Greeks? Describe the successive improvements which it received.

VI. ΧΟ. ἔλθωμεν λιπαρὰν χθόνα Παλλάδος, εὐάνδρον γαῖν

Κέκροπος ὀψόμενοι πολυήρατον

οὐ σέβας ἀρρήτων ἱερῶν, ἴνα

μυστοδόκος δόμος

ἐν τελεταῖς ἀγίαις ἀναδεικνύται,

οὐρανόις τε θεοῖς δωρήματα. 294-9.

1. Translate this passage. What is meant by *μυστοδόκος δόμος*? Give some account of the rites here alluded to.

2. Explain the construction of verbs of motion, the force of the future participle, and the meaning and construction of *ἴνα*, *ὅπως*, *ὥς*.

3. What peculiarity of construction do you remark in the words *θεοῖς δωρήματα*? Give other examples of this idiom.

VII. Explain the historical allusions in the following passages.

(a.) ΣΤ. τοῖς ἐκ Πύλου ληφθεῖσι, τοῖς Λακωνικοῖς. 187.

(b.) ΣΤ. οἷδ' ὑπὸ γὰρ ἡμῶν παρετάθη καὶ Περικλέους. 212.

VIII. Explain the following words and phrases:

Βεκκεσέληνος, *λημῶν κολοκύνταις*, *σφρογύδονυχαργοκομήτης*, *ἀττικὸν βλεπός*, *τρυγοδαίμων*, *εὐφημεῖν*, *ξυστίς*, *ἐτέον*, *λίαν σταβῆς*, *κόμην ἔχων*.

HORACE.

I.—1. Give the etymology and meaning of the term *Satira*. Had the Greeks any compositions of a similar nature? What was the *σατυρικὴ*?

2. Trace the origin and progress of satire among the Romans, mentioning the date and distinguishing characteristics of each eminent composer.

3. *Hinc omnis pendet Lucilii, hosce secutus*

Mutatis tantum pedibus numerisque. iv. 6-7.

Does Horace here mean to confine the merits of Lucilius to a translation from the old comedy of the Greeks?

II.—1. Give the chief particulars, chronologically arranged, of the life of Horace. What objections are urged against Bentley's chronology of his works? What period is assigned for the publication of the first book of *Satires*?

2. Shew from Quintilian in what estimation Horace

was held by the Romans. Give his character as a satirist, as drawn by Persius. Translate the following allusion to the use made of his works in the Roman schools:

Dummodo non pereat totidem olfecisse lucernas
Quot stabant pueri, quum totus decolor esset
Flaccus et hæc eret nigro fuligo Maroni. Juv. vii. 225.

3. Can Horace be considered an original poet? Quote from his works the poet's own opinion upon this point.

III. . . . At idem quod sale multo
Urbum defricuit charta laudatur eadem.
Nec tamen hoc tribuns dederim quoque cætera;
nam sic
Et Laberi mimos ut pulchra poemata mirer.

x. 3-6.

1. Translate this passage. On what grounds does Horace here and elsewhere condemn the early Roman poets?

Is it probable that there ever existed at Rome a more original class of poets than those whose works have come down to us?

2. What were the mimes of Laberius? Is any portion of these compositions extant?

IV. Ventum erat ad Vestæ, quarta jam parte diei
Preterita, et casu, tunc respondere vadato
Debebat: quod nunc fecisset, perdere litem.
Si me amas, inquit, paulum hic ades. . . ix. 35-8.

1. Explain the Roman division of the day. What hour is referred to in the present passage?

2. At what time did the Roman law-courts open?

Explain the phrase *vadari aliquem*.

3. Account for the peculiar scansion in the verse, *Si me amas, &c.*

V. Olim truncus eram ficulnus, inutile lignum,
Quum faber, incertus scamnum faceretne Priapum
Maluit esse Deum. . . viii. 1-3.

1. Mention a remarkable passage in the S. Scriptures in which a similar account is given of the formation of an idol.

VI. Quo pueri magnis e centurionibus orti
Lævo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto
Ibant otonis referentes idibus æra.

1. Translate this passage. Who are designated by the term *magni centuriones*?

2. Explain the construction *suspensi loculos*, and the phrase *otonis idibus*.

3. Explain the Roman method of calculation here referred to.

VII. Draw a map to illustrate the *Iter Brundisinum*, marking the different localities passed on the way. What is the length of the journey, and how many days did it occupy?

VIII. Explain the following words and phrases:—

Capsæ, lectus imus, palla, caliendrum, sodes, cippus, sextarius, oppono auriculam, pede ter percusso, lusus trigon.

SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION.

Christ's College, Cambridge, May 15, 1845.

DEMOSTHENES, OLYNTHIACS.

1. About what time were the speeches on the subject of Olynthus delivered? Explain the method of converting a date calculated by Olympiads into the current year, and *vice versa*. Give a short account of Philip.

Translate:

Ἄλλ' οἶμαι, παρόμοιον ἔστιν ὅπερ καὶ περὶ τῆς τῶν χρημάτων κτήσεως· ἂν μὲν γὰρ ὅσα ἂν τις λάβῃ καὶ στήνῃ, μεγάλῃν ἔχει τῇ τύχῃ τὴν χάριν, ἂν δ' ἀναλώσας λάβῃ, συναγάσῃ καὶ τὸ μεμνησθαι τὴν χάριν. καὶ περὶ τῶν πραγμάτων οὕτως οἱ μὴ χρησάμενοι τοῖς καιροῖς ὀρθῶς, οὐδ' εἰ συνέβη τι παρὰ τῶν θεῶν χρηστὸν, μνημονεύουσι· πρὸς γὰρ τὸ τελευταῖον ἐκβάν ἐκαστον τῶν προσιπαρξάντων ὥς τὰ πολλὰ κρίνεται.

Explain the construction of the verb *λανθάνειν* with a participle.

2. Translate:

(1) Τὸ πρῶτον Ἀμφίπολιν λαβὼν, μετὰ ταῦτα Πύδναν, πάλιν Ποτίδαιαν, Μεθώνην αἰθῖς, εἰτα Θερρακίας ἐπέβη· μετὰ ταῦτα Φερὰς, Παγασὰς, Μαγνησίαν, πάνθ' ὃν ἐξούλετο εὐτρεπίσας τρόπον ὅχρε' εἰς Θράκην· εἴτ' ἐκεῖ τοὺς μὲν ἐκβαλὼν, τοὺς δὲ καταστήσας τῶν βασιλέων ἡσθένευσεν· πάλιν ῥάιστας οὐκ ἐπὶ τὸ ῥάθυμον ἀπέκλεινεν, ἀλλ' εὐθύς Ὀλυνθίους ἐπεχειρήσεν. τὰς δ' ἐπ' Ἰλλυριοῖς καὶ Παίονας αὐτοῦ καὶ πρὸς Ἀρμίβαν καὶ ὕποι τις ἂν εἴποι παραλείπω στρατείας.

(2) Ἐάν μὲν γὰρ ἀντέχῃ τὰ τῶν Ὀλυνθίων, ὑμεῖς ἐκεῖ πολέμησете καὶ τὴν ἐκείνων κακῶς ποιήσετε, τὴν ὑπάρχουσαν καὶ τὴν οἰκεῖαν ταύτην ἀδεῶς καρποῦμενοι· ἂν δ' ἐκείνα φίλιππος λάβῃ, τίς αὐτὸν ἐτι καλύσει δεῦρο βαδίζουσι; Θηβαῖοι; μὴ λαν πικρὸν εἰπεῖν ἦ, καὶ συνεισβαλοῦσιν ἐτοίμως. ἀλλὰ φωκεῖς; οἱ τὴν οἰκεῖαν οὐχ οἰοί τε ὄντες φυλάττειν, ἐὰν μὴ βοηθήσῃ ὑμεῖς.

What is the distinction between εὖ ποιεῖν and εὖ παρταῖν?

3. Translate:

Ὅλως μὲν γὰρ ἡ Μακεδονικὴ δύναμις καὶ ἀρχὴ ἐν μὲν προσθήκης μέρει ἐστὶ τις οὐ σμικρὰ, οἷον ὑπῆρξε ποτ' ὡμὴν ἐπὶ Τιμοθέου πρὸς Ὀλυνθίους· πάλιν αὖ πρὸς Ποτίδαιαν Ὀλυνθίους ἐφάνη τι τοῦτο συναμφοτέρων· νυνὶ δὲ Θαρταλοῖς στασιάζουσι καὶ τεταραγμένοι ἐπὶ τὴν τυραννικὴν οἰκίαν ἐξοθήσονται· καὶ ὅποι τις ἂν, οἶμαι, προσθῇ καὶ μικρὰν δύναμιν, πάντ' ὠφελεῖ. αὐτὴ δὲ καθ' αὐτὴν ἀσθενὴς καὶ πολλὰν κακῶν ἐστὶ μεστή.

Illustrate this passage historically.

4. Translate:

Ὅσπερ γὰρ ἐν τοῖς σώμασιν ἡμῶν, ὥς μὲν ἂν ἐρρωμένους ἦ τις, οὐδὲν ἐπαισθάνεται τῶν καθ' ἕκαστα σαθρῶν, ἐπὶ δὲ ἄρρωσθημὰ διὰ συμβῆναι, πάντα κινεῖται, καὶ ῥῆγμα καὶ στρέμμα καὶ ἄλλο τι τῶν ὑπαρχόντων σαθρὸν ἦ, οὕτω καὶ τῶν πόλεων καὶ τῶν τυράννων, ὥς μὲν ἂν ἔξω πολεμῶσιν, ἀφανὴ τὰ κακὰ τοῖς πολλοῖς ἔστιν, ἐπειδὴ δὲ ὁμοῖος πόλεμος συμπλακῇ, πάντα ἐποίσουν ἐκδήλα.

Render the above passage into Latin.

5. Translate:

Ἀλλὰ δικαίον πολλὸν κρίνω τὴν τῶν πραγμάτων σωτηρίαν ἀντὶ τῆς ἐν τῇ λέγειν χάριτος αἰρεῖσθαι. καὶ γὰρ τοὺς ἐπὶ τῶν προγόνων ἡμῶν λέγοντας ἀκούω, ὥσπερ ἴσως καὶ ὑμεῖς, οὓς ἐπαινοῦσι μὲν οἱ παρίοντες ἅπαντες, μιμνῶνται δ' οὐ πάντων, τοῦτ' ἂν ἔθελαι καὶ τῷ τρόπῳ τῆς πολιτείας χρῆσθαι, τὸν Ἀριστείδην ἐκείνον, τὸν Νικίαν, τὸν ὁμῶνυμον ἔμμετον, τὸν Περικλέα.

Give a short account of the persons spoken of in this passage.

6. Translate:

Ὅσοι ἅτα γὰρ ἂν τὰ ἐπιτηδεύματα τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἦ, τοιοῦτον ἀνάγκη καὶ τὸ φρόνημα ἔχειν. ταῦτα μὰ τῇ Διὶ μὴ οὐκ ἂν θαυμάσαιμι, εἰ μείζων εἰπόντι ἐμοὶ γένοιτο· παρ' ὧν μὴ βλάβῃ τῶν πεπονηκότων αὐτὰ γενέσθαι· οὐδὲ γὰρ παρήγορα περὶ πάντων ἀεὶ παρ' ὧν ἐστὶν, ἀλλ' ἔγωγε ὅτι καὶ νῦν γέγονε θαυμάζω.

Explain the force and construction of εἰ and ἂν in conditional clauses.

7. Translate into Greek prose:

The most approved teachers of wisdom, in a human way, have required of their scholars, that to the end their minds might be capable of it, they should be purified from vice and wickedness. And it was Socrates' custom, when any one asked him a question, seeking to be informed by him, before he would answer them, he asked them concerning their own qualities and course of life.

LEIGHTON.

The exactest knowledge of things is, to know them in their causes; it is, then, an excellent thing, and worthy of their endeavours who are most desirous of knowledge, to know the best things in their highest causes; and the happiest way of attaining to this knowledge is, to possess those things, and to know them in experience.

COLERIDGE.

8. Translate freely into Greek Sapphics or Anacreontics, or into Latin Lyrics:

Gloomy winter's now awa,
Saft the westlan' breezes blaw :
'Mang the birks¹ o' Stanley shaw?²
The mavis³ sings fu' cheerie, O.
Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonnie sell,
My young, my artless dearie, O.
Come, my lassie, let us stray
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae;
Blythely spend the gowden day,
Midst joys that never wearie, O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
Lav' rocks⁴ fan the snaw-white cluds;
Siller saughs,⁵ wi' downie buds,
Adorn the banks sae brierie, O.
Round the sylvan fairy nooks
Feath'ry breckans⁶ fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,⁷
And ilka⁸ thing is cheerie, O.
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flow'rs may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

- ¹ Birches. ² A small wood in a hollow place.
³ The thrush. ⁴ Larks. ⁵ Silver willows.
⁶ Ferns. ⁷ Winds. ⁸ Every.

9. Draw a map of Upper Greece, and place in it
Amphipolis, Potidæa, Olynthus, Pella, Mount Athos,
the river Strymon, Philippi, Pydna, Methone, *Abdera*,
Staggyra, *Beræa*; for what are these three last places
remarkable?

CLASSICAL TRIPOS.

Cambridge, February 1848. 12½. 3½

Translate, with short notes at the words to which
numerals are prefixed:

Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum
'Tibure vel Gabiis et tecum sic agat: Hic et
Candidus et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,
Fiet eritque tuus¹ nummorum milibus octo,
Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus heriles,
Litterulis Græcis imbutus, idoneus arti
Cuilibet; argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:
Quia etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce bibenti.
Multa fidem promissa levant ubi plenius æquo
Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
Res urget me nulla; meo sum pauper in ære.
Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi; non temere a me
Quivis ferret idem. Semel hic cessavit, ut, et fit,
In scalis latuit metuens penditibus habenæ.
Des nummos, excepta nihil te si fuga lædat;
Ille ferat pretium pœnæ securus, opinor.
Prædens emisti vitiosum.—HOR. *Epist.* ii. 1. 1-18.

(1) Derive *prudens*, and say what leading character-
istic of the Latin language is exemplified in it. Compare
it (as to meaning) with *prudent*. How does Cice-
ro distinguish *prudencia* from *sapientia*, and to what
Greek terms does he propose them as respectively equi-
valent?

(2) Derive *idoneus*. To what Greek word does it
correspond in meaning and derivation? Shew its pro-
priety in such connexions as *cujus eloquentiæ est auc-
tor*, et *idoneus quidem*, mea sententia, Q. Ennius. Dis-
tinguish it from *aptus*.

(3) Distinguish *candidus*, *albus*; *nummus*, *pecunia*;
herus, *dominus*; *pauper*, *inops*. What derivations have
been proposed for *minister*?

H. Ubi sunt isti, quos ante ædes jussi huc produci
foras?

PH. Edepol tibi ne quæstioni essemus, cautum intel-
lego:

Ita vinclis custodiisque circummoeniti sumus.

II. Qui cavet, ne decipiatur, vix cavet, quom etiam
cavet.

An vero non justa causa est, ut vos servem sedulo,
Quos tam grandi sim mercatus præsentī pecunia?

PH. Neque pol tibi nos, quia nos servas, æquom est
vitio vortere,

Neque te nobis, si abeamus hinc, si fuit occasio.

H. Secede huc: nam sunt ex te quæ solo scitari volo,
Quarum rerum te falsiloquom mi esse nolo.

PH. Non ero,
Quod sciam; si quid nescivi, id nescium tradam tibi.

T. Nunc senex est in tonstrina! Nunc jam cultros
attinet!

Ne id quidem, involvere injicere, voluit, vestem ut ne in-
quinet.

Sed utrum¹ strictimne attonsurum dicam esse, an per
pectinem,

Nescio; verum si frugi est, usque ammutilabit probe.

H. Quid tu? servusne esse an liber mavelis, memora
mihī.

PH. Proximum quod sit bono, quodque a malo longis-
sime,

Id volo: quanquam non multum fuit molesta servitus;
Nec mihi secus erat quam si essem familiaris filius.

PLAUTUS, *Captiv.* ii. 2.

What among the Romans made a man filiusfamilias,
and in what points did his condition agree with or differ
from that of a slave?

Tum pater omnipotens, rerum cui prima potestas,
Infat—eo dicente deum domus alta silescit,
Et tremefacta solo tellus, silet arduus æther;
Tum Zephyri posuere; premit placida æquora pontus—:
Accipite ergo animis atque hæc mea figite dicta.
Quandoquidem Ausonios conjungi fœdere Teucris
Haud licitum, nec vestra capit discordia finem:
Quæ cuique est fortuna hodie, quam quisque secat spem,
Tros Rutuluse fuit, nullo discrimine habebō;
Seu fatis Italūm castra obsidione tenentur,
Sive errore malo Trojæ monitisque sinistris.
Nec Rutulos solvo. Sua cuique exorsa laborem
Fortunamque ferent. Rex Jupiter omnibus idem.
Fata viam invenient. Stygii per flumina fratris,
Per pice torrentis atraque voragine ripas
Adnuit, et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.
Hic finis fandi. Solio tum Jupiter aureo
Surgit, cœlicolæ medium quem ad limina ducunt.

VIRGIL, *Æneid*, x. 100-117.

“Vindicta postquam meus a prætore recessi,
Cur mihi non liceat jussit quodcunque voluntas,
Excepto, si quid ‘Masuri’ rubrica vetavit?”

Disce,—sed ira cadat naso rugosaque sanna,
Dum veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.
Non prætoris erat stultis dare tenuia rerum
Officia, atque usum rapidæ permittere vitæ.
Sambucam citius caloni aptaveris alto.
Stat contra ratio, et secretam gannit in aurem,
Ne liceat facere id quod quis vitiabit agendo.
Publica lex hominum naturaque continet hoc fas,
Ut teneat vetitos inscitia debilis actus.

Diluis helleborum certo compescere puncto
Nescius examen? vetat hoc natura medendi.
Navem si poscat sibi peronatus arator
Luciferi rudis, exclamet ‘Melicerta perisse
Frontem de rebus. Tibi recto vivere talo
Ars dedit? et veri speciem dignoscere calles,
Ne qua subærato mendosum tinniat auro?
Quæque sequenda forent, et quæ vitanda vicissim,
Illa prius ‘creta mox hæc carbone notasti?
Es modicus voti? presso lare? dulcis amicis?
Jam nunc adstringas, jam nunc granaria laxes?
Inque ‘luto fixum possis transcendere numum
Nec glutto sorbere salivam? Mercurialem?
Hæc mea sunt, teneo, quum vere dixeris, esto
Liberque ac sapiens, prætoribus ac Jove dextro.
Sin tu, quum fueris nostræ paullo ante farinæ,
Pelliculam veterem retines, et fronte politus
Astutam rapido servas sub pectore vulpem:
Quæ dederam supra, repeto, funemque reduco.
Nil tibi concessit ratio; digitum exsere, peccas.

PERSIUS, *Sat.* v. 88-119.

(Continued from p. 304.)

WE proceed to translate a few passages from the works of A. W. Schlegel, as illustrative of his genius or opinions. Let us take the following on Egyptian art:

"If we look over all the sections of Egyptian art, we shall find that Winkelman was, on the whole, rather guilty of injustice as respects it. Of the architecture of the Egyptians he says nothing; and yet its gigantic indestructible works were regarded as the greatest wonders of the world by the polished Greeks, whose architecture, on the other hand, was a mere species of miniature; and according to the testimony of modern travellers who have best surveyed the Egyptian ruins, they produce the impression of wondrous elevation, pomp, and sacred dignity. What do the editors of Winkelman mean by saying (Note 271) that the Egyptians had evinced no refined taste in architecture? We refer them to Denon.* Moreover, the architecture of the Egyptians was far more fantastic than that of the Greeks. Among the former, sculpture, as in all countries where it aims at greatness, was in the closest connexion with architecture. Further, the exercise of both arts must be judged according to the nature of the country. The Egyptians preferred the darker sorts of stone; for under their dazzling sun the eye could rest unhurt upon them; and in statues these also expressed the colour of the skin better. The more rare statues of white marble and alabaster were destined to counteract the obscurity of secluded cells. No one will venture to place Egyptian sculpture on a level with the Greek;

'Ausa Jovi nostro latrantem opponere Anubim;'

but the former possessed an earnestness which revealed the land of secret wisdom. The progress of art was in many ways impeded by the nature of the religious ideas of this people; for in all that regarded the service of the gods, the principle of immutability was enforced. The symmetrical attitudes were certainly no shift of index-terity, but were prescribed. The Egyptian artists wished to express in the human form more the unchangeable than the transient and the movable. Hence arises the irresistible charm of the imitations under Hadrian, as in these Grecian amenity is coupled with Egyptian earnestness, elaborate decoration in the design of the frame with the solemn earnestness of the ancient attitudes. Denon asserts that the profane style in the painting and sculpture of the Egyptians is entirely distinct from the sacred or hieroglyphic style, and that in the former (as, for example, in mere histori-

cal representations) the Egyptians undoubtedly exhibited freedom of action and natural expression of mien. Without having seen more of Egyptian monuments than Paris and Rome can furnish, we willingly subscribe to this assertion; for in animal figures the Egyptian artists have shewn that they too knew how to catch the life. Winkelman praises their lions; but in our opinion not sufficiently; and on this subject we should have expressed ourselves still more strongly than the editors (Note 284.) These figures breathe true nature, and yet a nature thoroughly idealised, so far at least as animal forms can be made so. Never has the verse of Dante,

'A guisa di leon, quando si posa,'

received a loftier realisation." Pp. 361, 2, vol. xii. Works.

The following remarks on the style of the elder Greek sculpture are extremely elegant.

"If we compare together Winkelman's judgments on art, it is quite evident that, with all his professed reverence for the high and severe style, he had still a decided leaning towards ornate elegance. How little does he say of the head of the Ludovisian Juno, and of the Niobe; and with what predilection does he dwell on the fall of Hercules, on the Laocoon, on the Vatican Apollo—all works of the learned and decorative style, nowise belonging to the schools of art prior to Alexander the Great. We confess that upon art we think like Æschylus, who declared that the ancient statues, with all their simplicity, were held to be divine, but that the modern ones, however carefully elaborated, were admired indeed but gave less the impression of divinity. And this Æschylus said before the flourishing age of Phidias, who passes as the finisher of the high style of sculpture. To seize the traces of the divine stamped upon the visible world, is the worthy destination of art; and in proportion as it loses sight of this object it sinks into a mere refined gratification of the senses—a mere plaything of luxury."—P. 378, vol. xii. collected Works.

The following remarks on epic and dramatic poetry, and especially on the Homeric epics, are striking and original.

"The distinction," says our author, "between epic and dramatic poetry, which modern theorists, under the name of the pragmatic, have declared to be essentially the same, may, if we look at least to what the epics and the tragedy really were among the ancients, lie somewhat deeper than in the outward form; as if in one the persons themselves speak, and in the other they are commonly the subject of narration. In general

* See his work entitled *L'Egypte*.

attempt is vain to deduce from the notion of narrative and dialogue the highest laws to govern those two species of poetry. Such an attempt could only succeed if art were nothing more than a passive imitation of nature, to which, alas! it has been too often reduced. But as it is an original, independent transformation of nature, following the laws of the human soul, the poetical narrative and the poetical dialogue must first receive their distinction from the nature of the poetry which makes use of them.

"In the ancient drama the personages frequently narrate, in the Homeric epos they are almost always introduced speaking, and in the lyrical poems narrative as well as dialogue occurs; yet in each of these species now totally different are narrative and dialogue! The epic dialogue is not a whit more more natural one than the tragic dialogue, to which it is totally opposed; both, even to their minutest parts, are formed according to the general character of the whole to which they respectively belong.

"We hear people at times speak of Homer's bold enthusiasm—of his wild fervour, as if he were a dithyrambic poet or enthusiastic prophet. It would appear that herein there is a confusion of the subjects sung with the person of the bard himself. His heroes, doubtless, have violent passions, but he himself appears totally devoid of passion. What he relates must excite the sympathy of every feeling hearer, but he himself never expresses his own. Like one purely contemplating, he stands above his heroes and his gods, and with unconsummate, unruffled judgment, arranges and conducts the world living in his mighty song. As under the serene over-arching heaven, everything in the wide compass of his mind finds its fitting place, and appears in its true light. In one word, the Homeric epos is the calm exposition of the progressive. Never is it the exposition of the quiescent, or the so-called poetical painting. This is so foreign to Homer, that where he describes he does it in a manner that transforms the quiescent into the progressive. We may instance the figures on the shield of Achilles: though this occurs in the later cantos of the Iliad, and the Homer from whom the first rhapsodies proceeded could scarcely have been the author of this description.

"The soul of the bard, exalted above all violent participation in the scenes he describes, and unchanged by any momentary excitement or depression, renders all parts of his subject in a certain degree uniform with each other, and gives them all equal rights to representation. Thus the parts less important, though necessary to the steady progress of the poem (as, for example, rising and going to bed, eating, drinking, washing hands, putting on sandals, vesture, armour, and the

like), are nowhere set aside, and occupy, beside the weightiest occurrences, the appropriate space. The relations of actual time are set aside; and all is arranged according to a poetical chronology determined by the laws of intuitive beauty, where the permanent, when the imagination can at once grasp it, occupies but a moment in the narration, and the fleeting and transient is fixed, till the life it contains has been fully developed. Nowhere is there a pause in the song, but nowhere also untimely precipitation; but the justest measure and equipoise is imparted to the steady, unabating movement. The bard dwells on every point of the past with as unwearied energy, as if nothing had preceded and nothing were to follow it, whereby the quickening impression of a living present is every where uniformly diffused. Hence at each moment there is a gentle alternation of exciting and assuaging tones; and the epic poem is like the garden of Alcinoüs, where the fruits ripen in uninterrupted succession, and where each fruit, in its proper time, falls spontaneously from the tree into the hands of the reaper." Pp. 41-3, vol. i. *Vermischte Schriften*.

The following is an admirable piece of criticism on the *Corinne* of Madame de Staël, the most eloquent work of that gifted woman.

"We Germans possess," says Schlegel, "so many descriptions, exalted by the magic of fancy, of that country where Winkelmann opened the sanctuary of the antique, where Goethe poetised under a southern and classical inspiration, where Maurice poured forth the effusions of his amiable and ingenious Muse, where Heinse, in despite of his wild and vehement coarseness, understood at least how to depict the various boisterous passions of life, that we exact great things of any new description. It is precisely on that account the excellences of the present work will be the better appreciated by us. It is at once true and ideal, characteristic without being partial, brilliant without pomp, eloquent without exaggeration, and ingenious without the play of antithesis. Nothing is depicted with a heavy hand, but all stirs with feeling, and falls, as it were, of itself into the most pleasing order. A loving contemplative spirit floats over the whole work, and melts the warm and vivid colours of the picture. Enthusiasm, when it goes forth uncontaminated from the culture of refined society, acquires a calm, a clearness, and a moderation, which its first ebullitions but rarely possess.

"In the descriptive portion of the work, the ruins and monuments of antiquity, next the scenes of nature, occupy with reason the largest space. For these natural objects, which must be seen *en grand*, can be better represented by language, which is a musical echo of the impression, and can draw out, as it were,

the mystery from them, than by small engravings, which enable us to form in some degree a conception of the great works of painting and sculpture. Though Rome ever remains the capital of the fine arts, still it appears to us that its historical recollections so transport the traveller, on his first arrival at least, into antiquity, as to deaden his curiosity for the great masterpieces of modern art. This familiar intercourse with the past imparts a dreamy pleasure, which well harmonises with the influences of a southern clime. The description of Terracina, where the blissful fields of Campania first open, really breathes the intoxicating fragrance of that voluptuous region. Less pleasing, nay fearful objects, such as the Pontine Marshes and Mount Vesuvius in an eruption of lava, are in all their peculiar circumstances depicted, yet with a character of great amenity, and are with much skill applied to the various relations, temper, and situation of the different characters."—Pp. 193, 4.

The following reflections on ancient and modern art give a clear insight into the æsthetic system of Schlegel.

"All immediate comparisons," says he, "between the art of the ancients and the moderns, will have more or less the same defect. For both are in their inmost essence not only distinct, but completely opposite, and hence cannot be measured by a common standard. The art of the Greeks commenced with the body—that of the moderns with the soul. In the representations of the Greeks, the human frame was set forth in all the perfection of its structure; all its movements and exertions of strength were expressed with inimitable energy before the soul was revealed in the brow. Nay, that beauty and dignity of the head, which, independently of expression, depends on the relative proportion of different parts, was discovered by the Greeks at only a comparatively late period. Among the old Christian painters, on the other hand, the body is imperfectly sketched, and is, as it were, thrown in as a sort of necessary evil; whereas in the different physiognomies they knew how to reveal all the tenderest varieties of feeling, and portray the real beauty of the soul. These artists looked on the world, indeed, with another and more spiritual eye; but they also had before them a world essentially changed. In depicting the human frame, the moderns have attained to excellence only by an imitation of the ancients. It is for the historian of art to shew how the difference of religion has brought about these opposite systems. When we go back to the beginnings of ancient as well as of modern art, we find it exclusively devoted to divine service, and influenced by religious conceptions. With the progress of time, art has ever become more secular; and this has usually been the period of its decay.

"In our age, it is attempted to elevate art

by mere worldly motives and views; but such an attempt can never succeed. All science—all observation of actual things, does not suffice to inspire the artist with true, original creations. He must receive a higher consecration, whether as among the Greeks, in the sphere of the living powers of nature, or among the elder Christian painters, in the spiritual kingdom of man's inward regeneration. Art, as a reflection of the divine in the visible world, is a concern and a want of mankind, on which, as Dante says of his Divine Comedy,

‘Il poema sacro,
Al quale ha posto mano e cielo e terra’

heaven and earth must set their hands to the work, if it is to succeed."—*Kritisch-Schriften*, vol. ii. pp. 410, 11. Leipzig edit. 1847.

It was scarcely possible for mere human sagacity, unenlightened by faith, to point out with greater clearness the ideal of Christian art. Hear now, on the same subject, the author's Catholic brother, and see how religion had introduced his willing spirit into the sanctuary of Christian art, and disclosed to him those mysteries which the profane eye must not dare to look upon. Our readers, we trust, will excuse the length of the citation, from its extreme beauty, as well as from the importance of the subject. After stating that, besides an inborn talent and acquired dexterity and a mastery over the technicalities of his art, the artist must have a just appreciation of Christian painting, and of the principles that are to guide it, Frederick Schlegel proceeds as follows:

"But what, then, we may ask, is further requisite for the artist in order to reach the high object of art? In the first place, the notion of Christian beauty must not be a dead, acquired, and counterfeited notion, but must be earnest, full of a vivid conviction; for without a deep sincerity of inward feeling this notion cannot be realised. But such pious feeling is not alone sufficient; for however, in respect to the man himself, it is regarded as a full compensation for all defects, it is yet of itself inadequate to produce an artist. The other element, then, which the painter, besides a due conception of his art and its objects, and all technical mastery therein, should possess, I know not how better to characterise than by the expression *the inward light of inspiration*. This is not something quite different from the mere gift of fertile invention, or the magic of colouring, highly valuable and rare as even the latter quality is in painting. Not less different is it from science, and the highest technical skill in drawing, as well as from the principle of beauty, such as is laid down in other art. The poet, too, and especially the musician, must have this inspiration of the soul; but the

piration must rest more confined to the inward feelings. But in the painter the inspired feeling must be brought out clearly into day; the soul, if we may so speak, must become self-luminous, and, as it were, a visible light. It is in this divine light of inward inspiration the true painter must conceive every thing which he sees, and even his inward conceptions and train of thought must take this form and hue. From all his works this secret light of the soul must radiate in the clearness of consummate beauty, and must be as distinctly pronounced as a spoken word; and herein lies the peculiar essence of Christian ideal beauty, and its distinction from the principle of antique art. The latter depends on a lofty and vivid conception of the corporeal form, which in one sense is perfectly compatible with the higher principle of the ideal beauty of the soul, when it is made subordinate to the latter, and assumes the second, and not the first place. That spirit of form, which in antique art was thought to hold a royal sway over nature, and to be, as it were, its plastic god, is merely outwardly so, and is nothing more than the material integument from which that hidden divine soul of all life—the spirit of love—must first shine forth. Even in the selection of subjects, it is this light of inward contemplation and divine love (wherein the painter must view all things) that is to guide him, and determine his choice. A super-earthly phenomenon, which overpowers the soul—a state of celestial illumination and exaltation—a luminous resurrection from the dark night of the tomb, like the breaking forth of the morning from tempestuous clouds—the rapture of love amid the sufferings of nature—the flash of moral beauty radiating from the inmost darkness of the soul;—such are the proper, and not merely fortuitous, subjects of ancient and modern Christian painting, and such is the sense in which they must be conceived.”

The author then goes on to state, that old historical, and even mythological subjects must not be entirely excluded from the circle of Christian art, for the matter at issue is not so much the forms as the spirit wherein those forms are to be treated; and next he observes, that the religious painting of the present age must not be a dead imitation of that of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, but one creative and original, and adapted to the feelings and religious exigencies of the present time. After remarking that a just appreciation of that elder school of art, and of its peculiar excellences, is an indispensable condition to the success of the new Christian painters, Frederick Schlegel concludes in these remarkable words:

“To understand and rightly appreciate the works of that ancient school of art, we must contemplate them in the same light of inspiration which produced them, and wherein are

contained all the primary traits of Christian views and modes of thinking on all subjects. It is only by this inward sense of clairvoyance we can attain to a clear intuition of divine things, forms, and phenomena. For the soul alone it is which sees the beautiful; the corporeal eye views only the material integument, or outward form of loveliness, and the mind grasps only the lofty. But that light of the soul, as well as the magic mirror of creative fancy, wherein the soul's inward eye discerns the beautiful, is accessible to true love alone, and hence is it essentially and inseparably united with Christianity, which is the revelation and science of the mysteries of divine love.”—*Critique on an Exhibition of German Artists at Rome*. 1819. *Frederick Schlegel's Works*, vol. x. pp. 240-3. (In German.)

The following extract shall be our last. The observations on Ariosto's genius will afford the reader a specimen of the exquisite taste and admirable sagacity of the great critic whose memoir we have sketched.

“Among the erroneous and deceptive notions which prevail in regard to Ariosto, may be classed the favourite comparison between him and Homer. If we are not mistaken, Meinhard introduced this opinion among us, as he stamped both as wild natural geniuses; a pretended honour, which both poets, well conscious of their cultivation relatively to their respective ages, would have repelled with indignation. But the age of Ariosto produced Machiavelli; and to look for a Homer by the side of the latter would be as absurd as to make Aristippus the contemporary of the Mæonian bard. Lessing in his “Laocoon” has by a very striking example pointed out the fundamental difference in the descriptive style of these poets, and still people will persist in instituting a comparison between them. An acute judge of art (William von Humboldt, in his æsthetic essays) says, ‘It is scarcely possible to find a greater similarity between two poets separated by so many ages.’ How different are the views and judgments of men! For our part, we are able to discover no other similarity between Homer and Ariosto than in the fact that both relate various histories of battles and wonders. But otherwise, in the composition and significance of their respective works; in the subject-matter, and in the relation of the authors thereto; in the treatment of the subject, even to the minutest details, we find the greatest dissimilarity. To cite but one example. What is more alien to the spirit of Homer than the mockery with which Ariosto overturns his own intentional exaggerations? Homer's poem is a steady and progressive embodiment of a Saga reputed holy; that of Ariosto exaggerates by conscious capriciousness, what it looks upon as arbitrarily invented. Goethe, in a very beautiful passage of his *Torquato Tasso*, has well cha-

acterised Ariosto. The picture, however, is a little too flattered. * * *

"We confess, even should we be accused of a paradox, that we think imagination was not the most eminent quality of this poet. It is commonly supposed, that this faculty is sufficiently attested by the invention of the extraordinary, the marvellous, by whatever diverges from the ordinary course of nature. But not to say that so many inventions belong not originally to Ariosto, and that he had before him, and exhausted at pleasure, the whole treasure of wonders contained in the chivalrous books and in mythology; yet such wonders can be brought together by the help of the understanding out of the magazine of observation. Take, for example, the so much admired and celebrated Hippogriff. The Pegasus is well known: and of griffins who carry great burdens through the air, the chivalrous books are full. The griffins of the ancients, at least as art has represented them, were intermediate creatures composed of a bird and four-footed beast, an eagle and a lion. Thus the poet needed only one more combination, and his charming monster was at hand. Doubtless he would, as his history of Bellerophon shews, have made his Rudiger and Astolphus mount the Pegasus, could he have with propriety borrowed him for so long a time from Apollo and the Muses. In all this there is nothing which the understanding could not have easily accomplished. Fantasy, in the higher sense, we would call that faculty of internal intuition of that which, not in degree or in combination, but in kind, exceeds all outward reality. It is a luminous dream in the still night of the inward sense, coupled in the artist with the talent of communicating by the magic of words the mysterious images which can never be entirely detached from their birthplace—the soul. This seer-like fantasy Dante, for example, possessed in the highest degree. He really descends into hell, and mounts up into heaven; while Ariosto ever remains on the level earth, even when he seems to spring up into the moon. Dante said once: '*S'io valessi a dire quanto ad immaginar,*' and we feel the truth of his words. Ariosto could express his images in words, nay could embellish them. What especially distinguishes him is the calm lucidity of his intellect:—this it is which makes him so excellent a narrator. We may call him the sensible man among poets. To this we must add the healthy vigour of all his creations. Whatever figures pass before us in the chequered series of his pictures, all are endued with a living presence and great sensual energy. The glare of broad daylight is ever shed over his paintings; and we miss the soft floating vapours of morn and evening. Where he would fain be pathetic, and excite our feelings, he be-

trays a want of tenderness and unction; and this is too often the case, for seriousness occupies too large a space in his half-facetious poem. In his diction and versification, notwithstanding the facility he possessed, he too great pains, as an inspection of his first manuscripts, still preserved at Ferrara, may convince the reader. In reference to the plan of his poem, he seems to have gone rather carelessly to work, and to have left much merely to an ingenious caprice (this its nature required), but to mere hazard. From many indications, it is probable that at the commencement of his undertaking he had not the plan fully before his eyes, but had merely fixed on some leading points, and left the remainder to the good fortune and inspirations of the day. It appears at times, as if at the beginning of a canto, he did not we know how he would fill it up." Pp. 277-80 vol. xii. Leipzig, 1847.

We shall now proceed to state to the reader various casual observations which, either in his academical lectures or in private conversation we have heard Augustus Schlegel deliver on literary subjects.

Speaking to the writer of these pages or day, Schlegel said that he concurred in the opinion of Mr. Coleridge, that Shakspeare blended with admirable skill the Saxon and the Latin, or rather Romanic, elements of our language. We may indeed assert, that our language resembles the structure of many of our ancient Cathedrals, where the base Norman and the superstructure Gothic; and where the skilful adaptation of these parts impresses us with the idea of massiveness and elegance combined. Those who, like Milton at times, and in a far worse degree Johnson and his imitators, adhere too much to the Latin element in our speech, speak a learned idiom that goes not to the heart, and often not to the understanding of our people. They, on the other hand, who, like Swift, cling with too much rigour to the Saxon part of our language, needlessly sacrifice much of force, variety, and elegance in their rhythm and diction. Accordingly, in our greatest writers of prose and verse, we find, generally speaking, these two opposite elements happily blended.

Of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, A. W. Schlegel agreed with his brother in thinking the scene of paradisaic bliss as the best conceived and executed in that poem. The sublimity of the opening books they, of course, by no means underrated; but on the whole they, and most of the German critics, though they allotted a very high place to the work, did not form it the same exalted estimate as is usually entertained in England. Milton's pretension to sing

"Things unattempted yet in prose and verse," we heard A. W. Schlegel scout on one occasion, by making reference to Dante, Tasso

and Calderon, who had celebrated in magnificent poetry the mysteries of the Christian religion. The length of some of the periods in the *Paradise Lost*, our author attributed (and we think with reason) to Milton's blindness. In the revision of a sentence, the eye, as well as the ear, must be consulted.

On one occasion, Schlegel complained to us of the neglect into which Sterne had fallen among our countrymen. "This circumstance I mentioned," he said, "to Mr. Thomas Moore, when last I had the pleasure of meeting him at Paris. He agreed with me in the high estimate I formed of Sterne's genius, and in lamenting the fact of his present unpopularity among the English. In fact," continued Schlegel, "after Shakspeare and Swift (in his prose works), your country has produced no greater writer in fictitious literature than Sterne."

The cause of Sterne's present unpopularity in England may in our opinion be ascribed to the attacks of some modern critics, who have exaggerated his occasional affectation, and secondly, to his bad moral character, which formed so painful a contrast with the sensibility assumed in his writings.

Schlegel lamented one day the defective instruction in our public schools and universities, such as he had known them fifteen or twenty years ago, the abandonment (except in a few instances) of the professorial method of instruction, and the neglect evinced for modern literature, modern history, and philosophy. "Yet," he said, "the English parliament tends, in many respects, to supply the deficiencies of university education." But within the last fifteen or twenty years, a great improvement has taken place, and is constantly taking place, in our universities, and not only a better moral direction, but a more scientific spirit has been imparted to the course of public studies.

Schlegel mentioned to a friend of the writer the following anecdote, communicated to him by Sir James Macintosh, respecting a Brahmin. While in India, Sir James, on one occasion, strongly recommended to a learned Brahmin the perusal of Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*. He sent him the book; and meeting him some time afterwards, he inquired of the pundit, "Well, how do you like my Locke?" "Very fairly," he replied; "but where is the continuation? What you gave me is only the *introduction to a philosophy*." A more caustic stricture on the shallow philosophy of Locke it was impossible to pronounce, than was contained in this delicate irony of the shrewd Brahmin.

The learning and ability displayed by the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman in his *Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion*, were much admired by Schlegel. He expressed his surprise how an Englishman, who had not resided in Germany, could have acquired

(among other things) so intimate an acquaintance with German literature.

Such are some of the conversational remarks of A. W. Schlegel; and in selecting them, we have reported such only as had reference to literary topics, and which were in harmony with his published opinions. We shall conclude with a summary of our author's intellectual and moral character.

Himself and his brother had the merit of founding the most complete, profound, and philosophic system of æsthetics that the world had ever witnessed. If A. W. von Schlegel had not so deep and inventive a genius, even in æsthetics, as his brother, he yet equalled him in purity of taste and solidity of judgment. As he devoted himself exclusively to the study of the belles lettres and oriental philology, he was able to give greater expansion and minuter development to those æsthetic views which he held in common with his brother, or for which he was indebted to him.* Hence the cooperation of the two brothers, aided as they were by Tieck and Novalis, was necessary to bring about that great regeneration of public taste which occurred in Germany forty years ago. It is scarcely necessary to state, that as a metaphysician and historical philosopher, A. W. Schlegel, it is unanimously allowed, could not sustain a comparison with his brother Frederick.

Our author's high poetical talents, as well as his unrivalled merit as a translator, we have already had occasion to appreciate. In philological and historical dissertations he evinced a rare critical acumen, and he was endowed with powers of sarcasm quite peculiar to himself. His stores of knowledge were immense. In Greek, Roman, and, later, Sanscrit learning; in Mediæval, German, Spanish, Italian, and English literature, his knowledge was unrivalled, except by his brother.

Nothing can exceed the clear and serene beauty of his style; and if it does not possess the strength, fervour, and copious imagery which frequently distinguish Frederick Schlegel's, it yet excels it in uniform terseness and elegance.

The same elegance which characterise his writings was reflected, even to exaggeration, in his manners. Having moved in the highest and most refined circles of the politest capitals in Europe, he shone nearly as much in society as in letters. He spoke not only

* The celebrated professor, Dr. Windischmann, who was acquainted with both the Schlegels, assured us that for many of those philosophic reflections on *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* which we find in our author's *Dramatic Literature*, he was indebted to his brother Frederick. The latter it was who, in one of his earliest works, first shewed the inferiority of Euripides to his two great tragic predecessors, and who first, too, invented the nomenclature of *classicism* and *romanticism*—a nomenclature which, as denoting the peculiar genius of ancient and modern art, holds so important a place in the new æsthetic system.

his own language, but the French and English with great ease and purity. His powers of conversation were most brilliant, rife with anecdote and the most various information, and sparkling with wit and sarcasm. It gives us pleasure to add, that he was equally distinguished for his affability to the lower orders, and for acts of kindness and good-nature to the university students.

In politics Schlegel was a follower of the *doctrinaire* school, as it is represented by Guizot, De Broglie, and Madame de Stael; though the first-named eminent man, taught by time and bitter experience, has made considerable modifications in his political system. Like most *doctrinaires*, A. W. Schlegel combined the advocacy of democratic principles with love for the system of bureaucratic centralisation. He was accordingly a warm eulogist of the late system of Prussian administration. We have heard him, indeed, in conversation deliver the most superficial and jejune remarks on political subjects. In fact, apart from the belles lettres, the fine arts, and the science of comparative philology, we do not think our author had thought very seriously or very deeply on any subject. On the most solemn matter of all, religion, he was in a state of fearful indifferentism; an indifferentism that seemed more the result of worldly-minded levity than of perverted philosophical speculation. Truly painful was it to see, in one of his advanced years, such apparent forgetfulness of the momentous concerns of eternity. To his honour, however, be it said, that though an unbeliever, he had mostly in his lectures and writings evinced great outward

respect for the Christian religion, and even for the Catholic Church.* For that Church he had, as we have seen, evinced in his early poems no little admiration; and even in later life, when his scepticism was more confirmed, and circumstances and events had alienated him further from Catholicism, and placed him in a sort of hostility towards it,† he yet, whenever he had to discuss æsthetic topics, was obliged to take up, in a certain sense, the Catholic point of view.

A. W. von Schlegel belonged to that class of men, not uncommon in our time, whom the holy nun of Dülmen beheld in her visions, and who, attracted by the blooming bowers and fragrant odours of the Catholic Church, linger outside its walls, and decline to enter within its sacred enclosure. Assuredly he had once thoughts, feelings, and aspirations that pointed to a different course from that which he afterwards trod. "Surely," he might have exclaimed with our unfortunate Byron—

"Surely I once beheld a nobler aim;—
But that is nothing;—I am one the more
To baffled millions that have gone before!"

* Of those writings which have come under our notice the review of Humboldt's *Vues des Cordillères*, that has been inserted for the first time in the posthumous edition of the author's works, and advocates, as before stated the pagan doctrine of the Autochthones, is, in a religious point of view, the most offensive essay. We understand that the author's French literary essays, published a few years ago, contain passages of an avowedly irreligious character. But this work we have not perused.

† See his Letter to the Baron d'Eckstein, entitled "Explanation of some Misunderstandings" (1827), in which he repudiates with great indignation the assertion of that eminent convert (formerly his pupil), that he shewed himself in his writings to be half a Catholic. In the same letter he says, "he did not wish to change his creed, nor scatter the ashes of his sires," &c. &c.

CHURCH FESTIVALS.—THE FESTIVALS OF THE ANGELS.

THE natures existing in creation are three in number—the purely material, such as inanimate objects; the material and spiritual, which are peculiar to man; and the purely spiritual, which is that of the angels.

The creatures of this spiritual nature form, in the opinion of divines, nine orders, each having its particular function in the court of heaven, the sphere for which they were created. These nine orders are divided into a trinity of grades, each grade being formed of a trinity of orders.

The first, or superior, grade contains the thrones, cherubim, and seraphim; the second, or mediate, the powers, virtues, and dominations; the third, or inferior, principalities, archangels, and angels. These appellations denote, not the peculiar natures of the hierarchy of heaven, for they are all of one nature, but their several offices. The thrones serve as the throne of God's majesty: the seraphim burn with an ardent love; the cherubim enjoy

an extensive knowledge. The first grade are in close connexion with the Deity. The second are connected with the external acts of God: the virtues excel in strength, and are employed in the extraordinary manifestations of Omnipotence, as in miracles; the powers restrain and frustrate the malicious attacks of the demons; the dominations carry out the designs of God in ruling the world. The third or inferior grade are more remote from God being employed more about the persons of men: the principalities direct kingdoms; archangels are sent on extraordinary missions to men; angels are ordinary envoys. The latter two orders are usually represented with wings as the emblems of their office of messengers.

Some of the archangels have been assigned names, expressive of their functions in their visits to men; but at what time they acquired these names, or from whom, is unknown. The word Gabriel is interpreted, "The strength of God;" for in all instances in which the power

of God has been extraordinarily shewn, we find that Gabriel has been the agent of God in the great work. Michael is interpreted, "*Quis ut Deus?*" "Who is like unto God?" This angel is despatched on all missions in which great physical wonders or miracles are to be wrought; whence the name, "*Quis ut Deus?*" "Who has power equal to God's power?" Raphael signifies "*Medicina Dei*," "The Medicine of God." This name has been given from the circumstance attendant on this angel's only recorded visit to men. With regard to Uriel, various opinions have been held, some supporting his claim to our veneration as an angel of light, others refusing him homage as being a demon. The Jews of the early ages of the Church considered him as a good angel, their authority being the apocryphal book called "The Prayer of Joseph." Many Christians also were of the same opinion. In some places, a special office was read in his honour; but in the year 754 the question was brought to an issue in the Second Council of Lateran, (October 3,) under Pope Zacharius, in which one Aldebert, or Adalbert, an impostor who so cleverly simulated the air and demeanour of holiness as to obtain priest's orders, but afterwards setting himself up as an apostle, pretending that he had received a letter from our Saviour, brought to him by the archangel Michael, by whom it was dropped at Jerusalem, distributing locks of his hair as relics of miraculous virtue, and denouncing the use of churches, alleging that the canopy of heaven was the most fitting temple for prayer—Adalbert was eventually brought before the court of Rome for publishing a certain prayer, in which the following passage was condemned by Pope Zachary in the Second Council of Lateran:—"Precor vos et conjuro vos et supplico me ad vos, angele Uriel, angele Raguel, angele Tubuel, angele Michael, angele Inias, angele Tubuas, angele Sabaoe, angele Simiel." The answer given by the assembled Bishops, when asked their opinion on this extract, was, that it was unorthodox:—"Non enim nomina angelorum, præter nomen Michaelis, sed nomina dæmonum sunt. . . . Nos autem, ut a vestro sancto apostolatu edocemur et divina tradit auctoritas, non plusquam trium angelorum nomina cognoscimus, id est Michael, Raphael, et Gabriel."

That Uriel was believed to be an angel of light by the early Church is attested by Surius,* who writes, that, in the year 1544, a gold plate was discovered in the tomb of Mary,

the empress of Honorius, on which was inscribed, "Michael, Raphael, Gabriel, Uriel."

This division of the heavenly hierarchy into nine orders is not arbitrary; all of them are mentioned in Scripture under the titles here given. In Genesis iii. 24, and Ecclesiasticus xlix. 10, we find mention of the cherubim; and the entire of the tenth chapter of the prophet Ezekiel forms a description of the same order. The seraphim is spoken of in Isaiah vi. 2. St. Paul (Ephes. i. 21) enumerates principality, power, virtue, domination; and in Colos. i. 16, he includes the thrones. To give references for the orders of archangels and angels would be tedious. Eight only of these are mentioned in the various prefaces of the Latin liturgy, the principality, which is omitted, being probably included under domination. The whole nine are frequently mentioned in the Greek liturgies.

The Church has always venerated in her liturgy the whole body of the court of heaven, and has had a particular devotion to those whom God has "given charge over us" (Ps. xc.), to our "angels, who always see the face of the Father who is in heaven" (Matt. xviii. 10), although she has not always honoured them with a special office, or dedicated special days for their veneration. Some of these blessed spirits are entitled to a more marked respect, and have more urgent claims on our gratitude, for their individual favours to men, and their more immediate connexion with the Spouse of Christ. The Church does not honour these our guardians and protectors with greater homage, or love them with a stronger love, than before the institution of these festivals; no more than she has a firmer faith in the Trinity, or a more ardent devotion towards the most blessed Sacrament, since the institution of the festivals of Trinity Sunday and Corpus Christi. She has only given a clearer expression of her mind on these subjects.

St. Michael the archangel was honoured by the Church with a special feast as early as the year 493. It is called the Feast of the Apparition of St. Michael, and is celebrated on the 8th of May. The institution of this festival was occasioned by the apparition of St. Michael on Mount Gargan in Apulia, during which he pointed out a particular spot to be dedicated to God in honour of him and of all the angels. In obedience to this direction, the Bishop of Sipontini erected a church in his honour, which subsequently acquired a fame for miracles, and observed the Feast of the Apparition on May 8th. Boniface III., in the year 606, dedicated a church to this archangel on the summit of the Mola, or tomb of Adrian, which thenceforward took the name of Mount Saint Angel. This dedication was celebrated on September 29th, on which day the festival is still commemorated.

* Lawrence Surius was born of Protestant parents at Lubbeck. He became a Catholic at Cologne, and was a fellow-student of Canisius; he entered the order of the Chartreux. His literary labours are a Collection of Homilies, in one vol.; a Collection of Councils in four vols.; Saints' Lives, in six vols., of which Paul V. approved; and a history of his own time, entitled *Memoirs*. He died at Cologne in 1578, at the age of 56.

St. Michael is particularly honoured for his many services to the Churches of the Old and New Testaments. He was the prince of the Jewish Church (Dan. vii.), and he extends his guardianship to the Christian Church. He appeared to Moses in the burning bush; through him the Lord delivered the commandments to Moses on Mount Sinai; by his ministry the plagues were inflicted on the Egyptians, and the passage opened through the Red Sea; he led the Israelites through the desert, in the form of a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, until they arrived at the land of promise. He fought with Lucifer, and hurled him from heaven; and again fought with him for the body of Moses, which that spirit wished to induce the Israelites to adore as God; and after protecting the Church till the end of the world, he will overpower the dragon Antichrist. He is honoured as the special protector of France, whose king, Louis XI., established a military order in his honour, at Amboise, in the year 1469. In England, under Ethelred, in the year 1014, a fast of three days was observed before the Feast of St. Michael, and all persons were commanded to go on each of the three days to the church barefoot.

The angel Gabriel also has a claim on the veneration of the faithful, on account of his close connexion with the mystery of the Incarnation. It was from him that Daniel (ix. 21) learnt the time of the coming of our Saviour, at the close of the seventy weeks of years; he prophesied to Zacharias the birth of St. John the Baptist, the precursor of the Messiah; he was chosen as the ambassador of God the Father to the Blessed Virgin, who was to conceive the Son of the Most High, and give the world its Redeemer; he admonished Joseph in sleep of the danger which threatened the Child, and guarded Him during his flight into Egypt; and he comforted and strengthened our blessed Lord in the garden of Olives. The name Gabriel bears three interpretations, each expressive of the office filled by him in his visits to earth—that of “Man,” “God,” and “Comforter or strength of God.” The first refers to his promise and annunciation, the second to his protection and comfort of the Redeemer, and the third to the omnipotence or power of God in the mystery of the Incarnation.

The festival of this angel is connected with that of the Annunciation, but has been celebrated on different days in different countries. The Greek Church kept a feast in his honour at a very early period, even before the Latins, on the 26th of March, the day following the feast of the Annunciation. Our Lady being the absorbing object of our love and respect on the Annunciation, the angel is almost forgotten; as in our veneration of St. Peter, the head of the Church, we almost lose sight of

St. Paul. Therefore we supply for our seeming neglect of St. Paul by dedicating the next day to his honour; and the Greeks, for the like reason, honour St. Gabriel on the day following the feast of the Annunciation. The Spanish Church honours this angel on the 23d of March, as a prelude by which to impart to the mind a sense of the great approaching feast of the Annunciation; other on the 18th, in order to lengthen the time of devotion in honour of the Incarnation, for thus there is an octave of preparation and an octave of thanksgiving.

The feast of St. Raphael is not in the Roman calendar, but is observed only by particular churches. Its day is the 24th of October. Its special object we learn from the Mass and Office assigned to it, in which the goodness of God is praised, as manifested to the young Tobias in the guardianship of the Archangel Raphael. The lections and epistle are taken from the book of Tobias, relating how the Archangel guided his charge, and protected him from danger; and the prayers contain supplications to God that we may be protected and guided by his angels.

In the book of Tobias (chap. v. ver. 18) the angel answered the inquiry of Tobias, as to what tribe and family he belonged, “I am Azarias, son of the great Ananias.” From this passage some have taken occasion to accuse the angel of falsehood, and so question the veracity of the inspired writings. But this objection is easily answered.

1. He was Azarias, inasmuch as he represented the person who bore that name; as Gen. xxxi. 13, the angel who appeared to Jacob said, “I am the God of Bethel,” meaning that he then represented God; while in the same chapter (ver. 24) the same angel appeared to Laban, who also called him God; also in Genesis, chap. xxxii., Jacob wrestled with an angel, and afterwards said that he had seen God face to face; in which passage the angel is named after Him whom he personified. In addition to these Scripture testimonies, the great St. Athanasius testifies to the correctness of the angel’s answer in his *Synopsis of the Bible*. In relating the history of Tobias he says, “The angel Raphael accompanied the young Tobias in the form of a man called Azarias.”

2. From the interpretation of the word Azarias and Ananias. Azarias signifies “help of God;” Ananias the “gift or grace of God;” therefore was St. Raphael truly Azarias; he was the help of God to Tobias, a son of the gift or grace of God, from which the help of God comes. This is an explanation of what was said above, that the angels have no names but such as they require from men in commemoration of their ministry.

The feast of the Angels-Guardian da

om the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Ferdinand of Austria obtained om Pope Paul V. the privilege of celebrating a festival in their honour. It afterwards

spread through Europe, and became general throughout the whole Church, and has been celebrated without interruption to the present day. M.

Reviews.

BIBLE CONTROVERSY AND BIBLE READING.

The Four Gospels, translated from the Latin Vulgate, and diligently compared with the original Greek Text, with Notes critical and explanatory. By Francis Patrick Kenrick, Bishop of Philadelphia. New York, Dunigan.

R. KENRICK deserves the respectful thanks of all Catholics who speak the English language for the zeal and learning he has shewn in bringing out this new translation of the Gospels. Like many of the most experienced theologians of this country, he is deeply impressed with a sense of the importance of a devout study of the inspired narrative of the life and sufferings of our blessed Lord, and of increased attention to the critical examination of Scripture by all students in theology. In aid of both these purposes, he now offers to the public the translation before us; and we need scarcely add, that so far as our humble commendation can give success to his Lordship's labours, we sincerely bear testimony to its value. The version is more literal than the Douay translation; and the notes, though very brief in extent, are very numerous, and will be found greatly to aid the right understanding of the sacred text. We shall perhaps give the best idea of their character by quoting a few of them, with the portion of the translation to which they are appended, and will then request our readers' attention to one or two points of great importance in connection with the general subject of the use of the Bible, both in controversy and for other purposes.

Dr. Kenrick thus renders and remarks upon the portion of our Lord's prophecies of the future destinies of the Jewish nation and the Christian Church, contained in the 24th chapter of St. Matthew.

14. This gospel of the kingdom¹ shall be preached in the whole world,² for a testimony to all nations, and then will the consummation³ come.

"The good tidings concerning the reign of the Messiah."

"The gospel was preached generally throughout the Roman empire and known world, even before the destruction of Jerusalem. The letter of St. Paul to the Romans, which was written before the Jewish war, testifies to its diffusion. Col. i. 6, 23."

"The accomplishment of the things that regarded Jerusalem—the destruction of Jerusalem: 'After the gospel was preached every where throughout the world, Jerusalem was destroyed, that the ungrateful people might have no shadow of excuse: for, seeing His power everywhere triumphant and pervading the world, almost in-

15. When therefore ye shall see the abomination of desolation, which was spoken of by Daniel the prophet, standing in the holy place:⁴ let him that readeth understand.⁵

16. Then let them that are in Judea flee to the mountains:⁶

17. And let not him that is on the house-top⁷ come down to take any thing out of his house.

18. And let not him that is in the field go back to take his coat.

19. And wo⁸ to them that are with child and give suck in those days.

20. But pray that your flight be not in the winter,⁹ or on the sabbath.¹⁰

21. For there shall be then great tribulation, such as hath not been from the beginning of the world until now, neither shall be.¹¹

22. And unless those days had been shortened, no flesh¹² would be saved: but for the sake of the elect those days shall be shortened."

stantaneously, what pardon can they expect while they remain ungrateful?" St. Chrysostom."

"Mark xiii. 14; Luke xxi. 20; Daniel ix. 27. The zealots, who took possession of the temple, and made it the theatre of strife, and literally a human slaughter-house, did that which was abominable, and the forerunner of desolation. The image of Cæsar was also placed there by Pilate, and an equestrian statue of Hadrian was erected on the site."

"Hug (Einleitung, ii. Th. 1. H. § 5) thinks that the evangelist penned these last chapters when the temple was already in possession of the zealots; and that he therefore directs attention to the prophecy of our Lord as literally fulfilled under the eyes of his readers. The general opinion, however, supposes this gospel to have been written several years previously."

"This counsel is given, according to Hug, by the evangelist; because the Romans having already occupied Galilee, and being about to advance on Judea, the necessity for flight was manifest, and the opportunity still remained. Even after Cestius, governor of Syria, had advanced to the walls of Jerusalem, which he could have easily carried by a vigorous assault, he drew off his men suddenly, and contrary to all reason quitted the siege. Joseph. Jew. War. l. ii. ch. xxiv. The Christians fled to Mount Libanus and Pella."

"The roofs in Palestine being low and flat, it was no unusual thing for persons to be on them, especially as the climate was mild. To signify the pressing nature of the danger, and the necessity of immediate flight, the person who happens to be on the roof is warned not to enter the house to pack up his movables, but to flee without delay. The stairs by which they descended were outside, with an outlet into an entrance-hall, or gateway issuing into the street."

"Wo is to them on account of their inability to flee, and their exposure to suffering. See Joseph. A. xiv. 13, 17."

"Lest the inclemency of the weather, and the bad state of the roads, increase the difficulties and sufferings."

"Acts i. 12. Religious scruples might prevent flight."

"The sufferings of the Jews during the siege of Jerusalem and on the taking of the city, are described by Josephus the Jew in a manner to shew that this prophecy was fulfilled. Jos. B. v. 10, 5."

"No man, none of the Jewish people, would have survived, unless God had decreed that a remnant should

Without further prologue, we now beg to lay before our readers a few remarks on what would appear to be an erroneous, though somewhat prevalent, estimate of the use to be made of the sacred volume, in countries situated as England and America now are.

If there is any maxim enforced and asserted with unhesitating decision by the Fathers of the Church, it is this,—that the Bible belongs to the Catholic Church, and not to any of those who are separated from her communion. From the days of Arius and the earliest heretics downwards, orthodox controversialists have united in claiming for themselves the sole use of the inspired writings, as an instrument by which the faithful, and *not* the gainsayer, may learn what is the will of God revealed by Jesus Christ. A very superficial study of the controversies of all periods of the Church is sufficient to shew, that her great doctors have never for a moment tolerated the idea that the text of the Bible was to be the battle-field disputed by the contending forces of Catholics and separatists. The Scriptures, they have said, were given to *us*; they are our private and appropriated treasures; to us alone it is granted to understand and meditate upon them: they are not a series of documents thrown upon the wide world, as the rain descends on the evil and the good alike, to which all parties may appeal in their disputes, and by the private interpretation of which the question between the Church and her opponents is to be from time to time decided. Even we ourselves, they said, cannot depend upon our own personal views of their meaning. They are not clear to us, unless illustrated by the deposit of unwritten truth which was originally given to the Church *before* any portion of the New Testament was written, and whose critical investigation is ultimately reserved for the Church herself alone, under the infallible guidance of her invisible but ever-present Head.

Now if this has ever been the view of the great teachers of the Church,—and that it is not only their view, but also the very elementary principle of Catholicism itself, will not be doubted,—it becomes a very serious question how far, and in what way, we are justified in making use of the text of the sacred volume in our controversies with Protestants of any denomination. That we should sometimes have slipped into a questionable style of controversy, which *seemed* to promise great and glorious results, was but natural. When the Bible got into the hands of men and women of every class, poor and learned, moral and immoral, humble and haughty, and when Europe echoed with the cry that the Bible only was to be the test of truth, nothing was more natural than that Catholic disputants should

now and then have offered to meet Protestants on their own ground, and to *prove* Catholic doctrines from the words of Scripture itself. Here, it seemed to them, was a common basis for both parties. Disagreeing about everything else, we are both agreed in regarding the Bible as the word of God. Whatever may be our opinions respecting the value of tradition or the infallibility of Councils and Popes, here at least is a common point to start from; and if we can shew the Protestant from his own Bible (to use a very improper phrase) that the Protestant doctrines are contrary to the gospel, why not do so at once, without sticking too much for strict accuracy in our whole chain of argument? If we cannot make men Catholics on Catholic grounds, at least let us do so on Protestant grounds.

Still further, the pious Catholic disputant has been at times led on to answer the challenges of the Protestant, by the very strength of his own convictions, that the Bible and Catholicism are no more in contradiction with one another than the light of the moon is in contradiction with that of the stars. Him unable to discern that discrepancy between his creed and the Bible, which he hears clamorously alleged by his opponents, he thinks that nothing will be more easy than to convince the well-meaning Protestant that even the dogma of Pope Pius' creed is written, clear to the day, in the pages of Holy Scripture. He imputes to his adversary the same candour and simple-minded humility of which he himself is conscious. He conceives that it is nothing but want of better information, of a little more logical acuteness, which prevents men who read the Bible from embracing Catholicism. He cannot comprehend that persons with tolerable information and reasoning abilities should fail to be convinced when the question is fairly put before them. So he descends from his own proper vantage ground; he steps off from the rock on which he stood, on to the unstable sands of prejudice, and buckling on his armour for his opponent to a friendly combat, in the expectation that a few plain texts and arguments will open his eyes, and bring him to the feet of the Catholic Church, a penitent prisoner for admission into her fold.

Hence, for some length of time this country has been deluged with Bible controversies between Catholics and Protestants. We do mean to say that the Catholic Church herself has condescended to meet her opponent in this arena of their own choice. It is only and there that we conceive that her defenders have mistaken their true line of defence for weapons of attack. We wish we could believe also, that the tide of Scripture discussion of this kind was now shewing signs of ebbing from its flow. Unfortunately, this is not

escape. 'They were spared on account of the Christians, his elect.' St. Chrysostom. The wicked are sometimes spared on account of a small number of good men."

he case. We perpetually hear and see sermons, tracts, platform battles, private disputations, and every form and species of controversy, all based upon this fallacious ground, and giving up to Protestants that very principle which is the real point in dispute between us. Pious Catholics, both lay and clerical, charge their guns to the very muzzle with texts of Scripture—which to their own eyes are enough to blow the whole fabric of heresy into a thousand atoms,—and firing them off into the faces of their foes, are astonished to find that the only result is a tremendous noise, a cloud of dust and smoke, and a return volley of opposition texts sent rattling about their ears. We mean no disrespect to the zealous, devoted, and learned men (and women) who thus come forward to fight the battles of the truth; but we must confess, that if there is one practice in the present day which is in our eyes dull, noisy, tiresome, and profitless, it is his effort to batter down the heavy walls of heresy with these showers of small shot, and explosions of fire and smoke. The edifice of Protestantism must be *undermined*, and blown into the air, with all its imposing exterior and its gewgaw decorations.

We therefore beg most respectfully to suggest to such of our friends and readers as hope to convert England by means of Bible-texts, that they are in reality admitting the truth of Protestantism when they adopt any such system of argument. For what *is* the question between the Catholic Church and the various denominations of the Protestant world? Is it not all comprised in this one doctrine, that the private judgment of the individual, however learned, pious, and candid he may be, is *not* the authority to which Almighty God commands us to defer in the interpretation of the words of holy writ? Is the Bible, explained and argued upon by any single person, or any number of persons, whether Catholic or Protestant, the test of truth, or is it not? Did the Apostles adopt this modern system? Did the primitive Christians? Did the fathers at Nice? Did the great doctors of the Church? Did the Council of Trent? Does the Pope follow it now? Who *does* follow it, except Protestants themselves? We do not scruple to assert, that an attempt to convert an Anglican, a Dissenter, or a member of the Russian Greek Church, by proving to his private judgment that the doctrines of the Council of Trent are to be found in the Bible, is based upon a dogma which directly contradicts the Catholic religion itself. It starts with the assumption that private judgment is, after all, the ultimate authority to settle the dispute. It puts the Bible into the Protestant's hand, and says to him, "Your own intellect is the judge; determine the question for yourself."

These views may, we fear, seem harsh to some of our readers; but we do entreat them

to regard the matter dispassionately, and to ask themselves whether they are not unconsciously entering into a compromise with deadly error, when they thus rely upon Scripture proofs as the ground on which men *ought* to become Catholics. We deny that any body is bound to become a Catholic for any such reasoning whatsoever, however clear and cogent appear the Catholic interpretation thus presented to him. A Protestant, whose judgment *is* convinced by the proofs laid before it, has a perfect right to turn round upon his Catholic opponent, and say, "My good friend, is it not your belief that my private intellect is not competent to ascertain the meaning of Scripture? Why, then, do you bid me act upon these arguments you seem to build upon its words? I grant that your interpretation seems unanswerable to me; but then you tell me that I am not competent to decide. If I must not receive the Protestant interpretation, however clear it seems to my intellect, why should I receive the Catholic interpretation, when in its turn it seems unanswerable? If private judgment is worthless when it upholds Luther's view of justification, why is it to be depended on when it upholds the Catholic view of justification?"

And let us ask, what has been the result of this covert adoption of the Protestant principle for the proof of Catholic doctrine? Let an inquiry be made into the grounds of the conversion of the vast numbers of persons of various ranks who at any time have submitted to the Church, and it will be found almost invariably that the determining motive which has swayed them has been something wholly distinct from what is called Bible controversy. The only real result which text-handling has wrought upon them has been, not a conviction of the truth of certain Catholic doctrines, but a conviction that text-handling is utterly profitless as a means of ascertaining the dogmas of revelation, and that they must give it up altogether, and go elsewhere, if they would discover any truth whatsoever.

The only advantage, indeed, that we can hope for from Bible controversy with Protestants is, to shew that it is radically valueless as an instrument for the discovery of truth. Texts are of scarcely any use except to puzzle. In this way they do admirable service. If it is difficult to prove Catholicism from the Bible, it is extremely easy to disprove Protestantism. With five minutes' thought we should be prepared with texts and arguments enough to overthrow every heretical theory that ever was broached; but that is far different from convincing an intelligent mind that the Catholic interpretation of these same passages is the true one. As a preliminary process to shatter the structure of Protestant error, nothing is more useful than an array of well-chosen texts from the Bible. For we have a right to de-

mand of the Protestant that *he* should be able to interpret the whole Bible on his own principles. He claims to be able to do so. It is the very essence of his creed that the Bible throughout, being throughout inspired, upholds his various doctrines. We therefore ask nothing unreasonable when we point out a multiplicity of passages from the Gospels and Epistles, and demand such a rational interpretation of them as shall harmonise with the deductions he draws from other parts of the same Scripture. If *he* cannot do this, he is bound to admit that his very principle of interpretation is rotten.

But with us the case is the reverse. We do not pretend to be able individually to interpret every passage of the Bible, except under the direction of the Church. We start with the admission that our private judgment is incompetent. We disown the idea that a doctrine is to be rejected, because *to us* it seems not to harmonise with this or that text. We do not say that there *are* any texts in the Bible which seem to us (that is, to the writer of these remarks) to be opposed to any one Catholic doctrine. On the contrary, as a matter of fact, the harmony of the whole of Scripture and the Tridentine doctrines to our private judgment appears perfect. But this is merely accidental, because we happen to have studied the bearings of Scripture upon Catholic doctrines with great care and attention. In the case of many Catholics, just as good and just as able as ourselves, or very much more so, there *do* seem to be occasional difficulties in the Bible text. But then they both admit and maintain that this is only a seeming discrepancy, and they do not doubt the Catholic doctrine, because here and there they find a text which to their private intellects seems scarcely to harmonise with it. They regard the Church as a far better interpreter than themselves; and not only as a better one, but as an interpreter different in kind, being guided by the infallible Spirit of God, while they at the best can only be learned, pious, and acute.

With Protestants, however, the case is far different. They commence with disowning the living Church as their guide. They assume that in one shape or other their own judgment is the ultimate authority. And therefore we have a right to demand from them a reconciling of the *whole* of the Bible with their system of morals and doctrine. And in this way Bible controversy may be of extreme service to the cause of truth. It fully answers the purpose of shewing that whether Catholicism be true or not, Protestantism certainly is *not* true.

Experience, further, as we have already said, as well as consistency of principle, condemns all attempts to prove the truth of Catholic doctrines, as the ground on which men ought to become Catholics. We hardly ever,

if ever, heard of an instance in which any real good had been done by popular Bible controversy. In most cases it does infinite mischief. It prejudices every really intelligent and well-informed man against the Catholic faith, because it shews him how little can really be quoted from the Scriptures in support of many of the distinctive doctrines of the Church of Rome. He sees Catholics placing their case upon a basis which their utmost efforts cannot prove to be a sufficient foundation for the structure they would raise upon it; at the same time that he cannot help suspecting that they are not themselves satisfied with the true Catholic basis of their faith, but must needs adopt the Protestant principle as a last resource. Nothing is worse than to risk truth on unsound or insufficient arguments. The most undeniable truths are perilled by attempts to prove them on unsatisfactory reasoning. And thus it happens, that for every ignorant Protestant who is dazzled by the apparently cogent Scriptural proofs of Catholic doctrine which he hears or reads, ten or twenty of the more learned and more clear-sighted are confirmed in their belief that Catholicism is not on unproved by Scripture, but is actually contradicted by it.

The fact is, that those who attempt to prove such doctrines as that of the Blessed Trinity, of the Real Presence, of Purgatory, of Invocation, of Infant Baptism, and of the Sacraments generally, from Scripture only, are for the most part unacquainted with the state of Protestant intelligence on the subject of Bible criticism. They have little or no knowledge both of the subtleties and the really weighty difficulties which accomplished Protestant critics bring against the Scripture arguments in favour of these and other great truths of the Gospel. If they were to be brought into contact with a competent opponent, they would feel at once the hopelessness of meeting him upon any but a truly Catholic ground, and would fly at once for refuge to the authority of the Church, as the only *proof* of any doctrine whatsoever which God has given to men. And they would be forced to admit that the niceties of criticism, and the profound nature of the analytical and metaphysical inquiries involved in the interpretation of apparently easy texts, were hopelessly above the capacities of the vast majority of even the most respectable congregations or audiences.

Take an example by way of illustration. The Catholic very naturally alleges that our blessed Lord's words, "This is my body," are taken in their obvious sense, they teach the doctrine of Transubstantiation. But now it is commonly replied by Protestants, that there are other texts in Scripture, such as "I am the vine," or "I am the door," in which the obvious meaning is on all hands agreed to be not literally true; *therefore*, says the Pro-

stant, if you take the words "I am the vine" metaphorically, why should I not take the words "This is my body" metaphorically also? Now we should like to see a congregation which was intellectually capable of comprehending the true reply to this Protestant subtlety. We suspect there are many Catholics who would be grievously puzzled by having it put before them; and still more who could not give a clear answer to it, suited even to an intelligent audience; while to most congregations the answer to it would be profoundly incomprehensible. They would go away with the impression that the Protestant difficulty was not really answered at all.

The great point which is overlooked in this Scripture controversy is, the distinction between the explanation of a text, and the employment of that text as the proof of a doctrine. The Bible abounds with passages which cannot be understood except on the supposition that Catholic doctrines are true; but these passages are for the most part wholly insufficient to *prove* those doctrines, apart from any other authority in their favour. The Bible is like a lock of the most complicated character, which is opened in a moment by the key that really fits it, but refuses to yield to any other, however well it may seem to answer to some portion of its manifold intricacies. Catholicism is this key; it explains the whole Bible, even to the minutest text. Protestantism, in its various forms, only explains certain portions; one sect omitting one set of texts, and another another. But it is manifest that a man who has not the right key may pore upon the lock till he is blind, and never learn how to open it. From the lock itself he cannot devise the right construction of the key. *The maker alone can do this.* And so it is with the Holy Scriptures. He who wrote them can alone give the interpretation. To those who go not to his prophets for their unfolding, the sacred words will be like the handwriting on the wall before the idolatrous monarch and his people. They will trouble and terrify them. Daniel alone can unveil the mystery, and read the prophecy and its hidden signification.

How, then, it will be asked, is the Catholic religion to be propagated among Protestants? If we are not to prove it from the Bible, how are we to prove it? We reply, in the first place, by being consistent in our reasoning. Truth never gains by bad logic. In the second place, we deny that what is commonly called *proof* has any thing to do with the separate doctrines of religion. How were the doctrines of Christianity taught by our Saviour, and by his Apostles after Him? Were they *proved* to the Jews and Pagans? Far from it. Our blessed Lord proved only one thing; and that was, that He had divine authority to teach; and the Apostles in like manner

proved their divine commission, and nothing more. Beyond that, they merely expounded their doctrines with all fulness of explanation, and, exhibiting the treasures of the Gospel to a starving world, bade them come and be satisfied. St. Paul tells us that he manifested the truth to the consciences of his hearers; and such is still the way to win souls to Christ in his Church. The means to convert England to the Catholic religion is to shew it what the Catholic religion really is, and not to enter into interminable disputes about passages written in Greek, and which people who do not know Greek cannot critically investigate without absurdity. Englishmen do not want criticism or controversy; they have had more than enough of it; they want a religion that will give them a practical power over sin and suffering, and do that for them which they have learnt that Protestantism will not do. They want their prejudices against Catholicism removed, not by Bible texts, but by shewing them what Catholicism is as a matter of fact. A hungry man does not want a discussion on the functions of digestion; he wants a dinner. We may be well assured that Almighty God will always bless that means of propagating the truth which is in conformity with the rules He himself has laid down. Now He did not cause the Bible to be written in order that we might prove the doctrines of the Gospel from its pages, for various reasons. First, the Gospel was preached to men for many years without any New Testament at all; secondly, most men cannot read; and thirdly, of those who can read their own language, very few can read Greek, in which language the New Testament was written. Therefore we must find some other means for spreading the knowledge of the truth, and that means must be the same which Jesus Christ, which his Apostles, and which his Saints have ever employed for the purpose.

Catholics, further, very often immensely overrate the amount of Scriptural knowledge possessed by Protestants. We hear them talk fluently about the Bible, and the Bible only; but it is marvellous how little acquaintance they have with its contents. As a general rule they are grossly ignorant of all but a few select passages, adapted to their own peculiar views. A Protestant well-informed in the whole Bible is a phenomenon as rare as a blossoming aloe-plant. One man is fond of the Gospels; another is devoted to St. Paul's Epistles, or some parts of them; a third sticks to St. James and the Psalms; a fourth is partial to the Old Testament history; a fifth dabbles in prophecy, and has a text ready for every revolution that happens in France or Italy; but, we say it advisedly, most Protestants are as comfortably ignorant of all those parts of the Bible which palpably condemn their own theories, as of the Talmud or the Koran. To

argue with such persons from the Bible is evidently worse than useless, except to shew them that they really know nothing about the questions in dispute. It is very useful to point out to them the simplicity with which they have overlooked a vast portion of that source to which they look for truth; but to reason with them on the supposition that they are competent Scripture critics is evidently absurd.

Whenever Protestants really have difficulties in the explanation of any important texts, it is of course our duty to offer them every explanation in our power, provided we never encourage the encroachments of private judgment, or foster a belief that ordinary men may expect a full comprehension of every difficult passage. For it is as undoubtedly true that the whole of Scripture is in harmony with Catholic doctrines, as that it was not designed by God to furnish a complete proof of them all. And as there are few things more delightful to the pious Catholic than to meditate upon the written word, and to note its exquisite union with the system and teaching of the Church, so it is our duty to enlighten every well-disposed Protestant to the utmost of our power in this same intimate relationship between what is written and unwritten. And well shall we be rewarded for our pains when we thus betake ourselves to Scripture criticism on a truly Catholic basis, and employ the Bible for the purpose for which Almighty God caused it to be written, instead of employing it on the principles of Luther and Calvin. One after another shall we see the old false interpretations melt away from Protestant eyes, till at length, with their whole souls illuminated with the glorious light of Divine Truth, they will wonder that they could ever so pervert the words of Holy Scripture as they were wont to do in the days of their early ignorance.

There is, however, another evil which has partly flowed from our thus mistaking the use of the sacred volume, to which we must briefly refer. Bible controversy has materially interfered with Bible reading amongst ourselves. There can be no question that the devout study of the Scriptures by those who are enlightened to interpret them by the light of the true Church, is a practice of the greatest benefit to the pious soul. From the days of Timothy to the present hour the holiest and wisest Saints have urgently recommended the practice, both by their words and by their example. And we cannot but believe that the contrast which in this respect still exists between too many English Catholics and the great masters of the spiritual life, is partly owing to the irrational use to which the Bible has been occasionally turned in our controversies with Protestants. Our attention has been called away from a devout study of the Bible for our own personal benefit, to a searching of its pages for strong anti-Protestant texts, in a

controversial spirit eminently unfitted to foster a habit of true Catholic meditation on the Word of God.

Few persons, indeed, can have failed to remark the extraordinary familiarity with the whole of the sacred volume which is displayed both by the Fathers of the Church, and by her mediæval and modern Saints who have left us records of their habits of thought in their writings. From Augustine and Chrysostom, and their great contemporaries, down to the very last canonised Saints, such as St. Alphonsus Liguori, we see the most manifest proofs that the devout study of the Bible, as distinguished from the critical and exegetical, has formed a very substantial portion of the occupations of their daily Christian life. The writings of the last-mentioned Saint are, many of them, in the hands of almost all our readers, and we therefore refer to them especially, as a proof of what has been ever the spirit inculcated by the Church upon her children. Open the works of St. Alphonsus wherever we may, we see the same tokens of that perfect acquaintance with the whole of the sacred canon, which could result from nothing less than an habitual, and more than daily, perusal of its pages. St. Alphonsus, indeed, uses the words of the Bible almost as naturally and easily as his own. He glides from one to the other with an almost imperceptible transition, proving not only the absolute identity of his thoughts with those of the inspired writers, but the loving diligence with which he unceasingly prosecuted the study of their writings.

Or, again, take up one of the most admirable and popular of Catholic books of devotion, the *Paradisus Animæ Christianæ*. We scarcely exaggerate the fact when we say that this delightful manual is made up of the very words of the Holy Scripture. Through all its six or seven hundred closely printed pages, comprising as they do meditations of all kinds, litanies, prayers, and hymns, there is scarcely a sentence which does not shew that to its author, and to the other writers of whose works he has availed himself, the study of the Bible was as daily bread. Those who are not themselves thoroughly familiar with the Bible can scarcely form an idea how completely the authors of the prayers and meditations in the *Paradisus* have acquired the habit of expressing themselves in the very words of the Bible. They seem to have absorbed it into their very nature; so that as Englishmen speak English, and Frenchmen French, they almost utter their every thought in the language of divine inspiration.

But nowhere is the incessant meditation upon the Bible, which the Catholic Church encourages in her children, more forcibly shewn than in her own divine offices. The Missal, the Breviary, and every other similar

book, is clearly the production of minds literally stored to the full with the contents of the sacred Scriptures. Five-sixths of the devotions which the Catholic Church puts into the mouths of her sons are nothing more than adaptations of quotations from the Old and New Testaments, employed with such exquisite skill and such a wonderful insight into the depths of meaning which are hidden in every word which has been dictated by the Spirit of God, as prove that they were framed by men whose life was spent in pious meditation on the Scriptures. And the same extraordinary acquaintance with the sacred text is displayed whensoever any new offices are set forth by the highest authorities in the Church. The same divine spirit of devout learning which produced the oldest services in the Missal and Breviary, still lives in the services of the more recent festivals; shewing undeniably that to the really well-instructed and intelligent Catholic the Bible is in very deed that Paradise, that garden of delights, in which the soul of regenerate man walks with never-fading joy, and meets and converses with his Almighty God and Saviour.

Protestants, indeed, are for the most part unacquainted with this striking peculiarity in all the greatest lights of Catholicism, and in her authorised offices; and we should do well to bring this feature of true Catholicism prominently before their notice. But, at the same time, we can scarcely wonder at their ignorance of the fact, when they have so often seen us bending all our energies to a profitless Bible controversy, to the detriment of our own personal study of the Holy Scriptures. We know that to some of the best disposed of Protestants, who are really desirous to ascertain what is the truth, the want of scriptural knowledge displayed by many amongst us is a real stumbling-block, and not a mere excuse for remaining in the possession of earthly riches, comforts, and domestic enjoyments. They imagine that continental Catholicism, and the Catholicism which the spirit of the Church at Rome itself upholds, is the same as that English Catholicism which presents itself to their eyes in the common course of daily life. Of course they are grievously mistaken, and very likely they ought to know better. But still, it is a fact that while intelligent Protestants remain untouched by our Bible controversy, they cannot reconcile our comparative neglect of the perpetual study of the sacred volume, and the absence of scriptural illustration which they see, or think they see, in much of our modern Catholic preaching, with that remarkable acquaintance with the Bible, and incessant reference to its authority, which is the characteristic of the primitive Fathers of the Church.

It is, we believe, an idea with some of the most candid of Protestants, that the use of the

numerous minor devotions of the Church is unfavourable to this constant study of the Bible; and we may take this occasion for assuring all such observers, that whatever may be our deficiencies, they result from no such cause as that to which they impute them. They are our own fault personally, and not the fault of the Catholic Church, or of any part of her devotional and practical system. No person experimentally acquainted with the daily devotions of Catholics would suppose that they tended to lessen their regard for the sacred Scriptures. On the contrary, they quicken, in a wonderful degree, our perception of the *reality* of the Gospel narratives, and of the subjects of the Old and New Testaments generally, and thus enable the Catholic reader to study the very words of inspiration themselves with a keenness of sight, and, so to say, a spiritual *gusto*, which is unknown to those who have not the divine gift of faith in all its fulness. Nothing, indeed, can be more erroneous than the estimate formed by the Protestant looker-on of the practical effects of Catholic devotions. However candid, earnest, and humbly critical he may be, and however zealously he may *try* those devotions in his own case, it is impossible that he should ever comprehend their real influence upon the spiritual life until he essays them within the fold of the Church. For example, conceive what an idea would be entertained by the very best of Protestants of the use and effects of the Rosary! We suppose that it is almost a literal impossibility for any person, not a Catholic, to understand the true spirit of that much-loved devotion, to comprehend *how* Catholics practise it, or to judge of its ultimate effects upon the soul.

On the other hand, the Bible being unquestionably not only a difficult book, but also a book written in a peculiar style, which, being antique in its structure, is unlike the ordinary modern modes of speaking and writing, can never become what is called a *popular* book. Undoubtedly to the end of the world, and amidst all variations of age and nation, it will be *more* popular than any uninspired composition; but nevertheless it will, from its very structure, never be popular in the sense that the writings of contemporaries are popular. This is a point which ought never to be forgotten by those who would encourage the personal study of the Scriptures among pious Catholics of different classes. We must not overlook the fact, that though the Bible does not share the peculiarities of human error, it does share the peculiarities of human style and language. The Old Testament is essentially a Hebrew book, and the New Testament a book written by Jews, who spoke a peculiar dialect of Greek, and thought in the *forms* of thought of the age in which they lived. To a certain extent, therefore, the Bible shares

the fate of every other book written in the language and by the instrumentality of human beings. In most other cases, a very few centuries serve to make the most precious writings obsolete, except among the learned and cultivated few. To the ordinary Christian, the writings of the Fathers of the Church are now dull and uninteresting, because they wrote like men of their own day, and not in our style. Such is also the fate of the mediæval historians, of the early poets of modern times, Chaucer, Dante, and even Spenser. Already Milton, Bacon, and the great writers of a still later date, have lost their savour to the common taste; they are praised by the multitude, but read only by the few. And if the world lasts another two or three hundred years, we too shall become obsolete and antiquated to our posterity; and even though our language be substantially unchanged, our modes of thought and argument will have passed away.

We do not believe, therefore, that the Bible can ever be, or ever has been, what is termed a book of *popular* reading. Among Protestants, who are the loudest and most urgent in enjoining its perusal by all classes, it is really studied by few. The studious and educated will alone make it that perpetual object of meditation, which is not the less a blessing and a privilege, because it is confined to the more intellectual and accomplished minds. It is notorious that the *opinions* of Protestants are not formed by the text of Scripture, without note or comment. There is not one Protestant in a hundred who does not read modern books with a greater relish and interest, and understands them more easily, than he does the Bible. He may love the Bible, and venerate the Bible, and read the Bible every day, and in some degree appreciate its surpassing perfections, and drink an occasional draught from its living streams, but the actual formation of his mind and principles depends upon the conversation of his companions and the written books of his contemporaries.

Here, too, we cannot help remarking that perfect wisdom and considerateness with which the Catholic Church adapts herself to these peculiarities in the Scriptures and in human nature. While her great offices, whether in the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the Breviary offices, or any others, are formed both on the model of the Scripture style, and to a great extent from the very words of Scripture, she *enjoins* the use of these prayers and exercises upon an educated class alone, namely, upon the ministers of religion, and members of religious communities. The laity are left at liberty to use any prayers whatsoever, according to their own inclinations, provided only they are the same in spirit with those which the Church puts into the mouths of her Bishops and clergy. Constructing, as she has done, a vast series of services, from the Mass

downwards, of a highly elaborate and refined character, whose beauty and perfections can be thoroughly relished only by the cultivated and meditative soul, she forces none of them upon the immense mixed body of her children, but permits those who like it to use them, and those who love more modern, or more personally applicable devotions, to follow their own inclinations, and to hold communion with God in that language and those phrases which they find most expressive of their adoration, their faith, and their love.

The wisdom of this rule of the Catholic Church is made singularly apparent by contrasting it with the system which has prevailed in the Anglican body. The Church of England possesses a set of formularies, for the most part consisting of translations (often beautifully executed) of old Catholic devotions, and framed, though clumsily, on the old liturgical principles of the Missal and Breviary. She has, however, never adopted the Catholic practice of enjoining these authorised formularies of devotion on her ministers alone, but commands the whole body of her congregations to join in the words which are uttered by her clergy. And the result is manifest in the chilling heartlessness of almost all Anglican congregations as contrasted with the comparative warmth of those Protestant bodies which use extempore prayer, couched in more modern language, and adapted to more modern modes of thought. The gentlemen and ladies of the Established Church are the only portion of her members who really *like* her liturgy. The poor, the farmers, the shopkeepers, and many of the gentlefolks also, fly to spouting, declamatory prayers, as more hearty, more genuine, and more natural; not merely because they are spouting, declamatory, and more like sermons than prayers, but because they are more like the ordinary modes of speech and writing of the present day.

While, then, we hail every increase in scriptural knowledge in English Catholics, of whatever rank or occupation, not only as a thing admirable and beneficial in itself, but as indicative of a more enlarged and truly Catholic practical system, we never expect to see the Bible become the text-book of the ordinary Christian's private meditations. Wherever it is so, it is doubtless a most happy gift to him who so can make it; for there can be no question that no human composition, however perfect, can be put on a level with the actual writings of inspiration for furnishing food for the hunger of the soul. But the general practice of uneducated private Catholics, we cannot but believe, will be ever what it still is; they will prefer the study of Scripture, as they find it culled, illustrated, and enforced in their more modern books of meditation, to the simple, unadorned text, even though the latter be the unalloyed word of Almighty God.

Rome Chrétienne; ou, Tableau Historique des Souvenirs et des Monumens Chrétiens de Rome. Par M. Eugene de la Gournerie. 2 vols. Paris, Debécourt; London, Burns.

THIS is one of those numerous works which of late years have been issuing in rapid succession from the Catholic press of France, and have begun to exercise so salutary an influence on the literature and the general intelligence of that country. The whole class of writings to which these volumes belong, large and varied as it is, is comparatively unknown in this country. Indeed, we believe that the ignorance that prevails in this respect is greater than even those who are aware of the extent to which we carry our insular prejudices and self-satisfaction are in the habit of imagining. The existence of such a literature as Catholic France possesses is so little suspected by English people in general, that we question whether the fact would be received as credible on the faith of an ordinary informant. French literature in the minds of the many—the reading public, who draw their conclusions from the character of the works on the catalogues of circulating libraries and popular publishers—stands for all that is extravagant in conception, false in principle, and immoral in sentiment. Hundreds have read, in the original or in translation, the brilliant but seductive romances of which the genius of our neighbours is so prolific, and are familiar, it may be, with the productions of an infidel philosophy and an anti-Catholic fanaticism, which assault the most sacred dogmas of Christianity under cover of a reverence for its true spirit and essence. And if there be a considerable number among the more reflecting and the more enlightened of our countrymen who have studied the elaborate works of a Guizot or a Thierry, those historians and philosophers who through their spirit of impartial research, and practical good sense and discernment, have been led often to bear unwilling testimony to the office which the Church has fulfilled in forming the civilisation and social polity of modern Europe; yet for every hundred such readers there is scarcely one who is acquainted with the writings which emanate from that nucleus of true Catholicism which is firmly establishing itself in the heart of the French nation, and gradually attracting to itself all that is pure and good and elevated in that vast mass of thought and genius which is fermenting in the midst of an active-minded people.

The rising school of Catholic writers not only are remarkable for the largeness of their views, their warmth and depth of devotion, and for that clear and precise reasoning which has ever been the distinguishing characteristic

of French writers; but, placed as they have been in immediate contact with an avowed and active adversary, they have learnt to bring religion to bear upon the modern forms of infidelity, and those vital questions of social life, which are working with more or less prominence in the present European mind, and peculiarly in that of France. The exigencies of this warfare have led them to seek a familiarity with first principles in philosophy, politics, and other branches of human science, whether theoretical or practical, which gives a peculiar value and interest to their works. Students and admirers of all that was laudable and excellent in the institutions and usages of the middle age, they are nevertheless pre-eminently men of progress; and while identifying themselves in principle with the faithful of all ages, are far from seeking to revive the antiquated form, whether political or social, of a bygone time, but in their spirit and views, as in the line of action they practically adopt, are the children of the Church of the nineteenth century.

The work which has given occasion to the foregoing remarks is one of the most popular of its kind, and is written in so light and easy a style, that the reader is hardly aware how much valuable information he is receiving, nor with what a store of great principles he is being provided for the solution of many difficult questions in Christian ethics, and for a deep initiation into the philosophy of history.

Christian Rome, as its title announces, is no common guide-book to the antiquities of the Eternal City, neither is it a mere historical sketch of the events which have occurred in connexion with the metropolis of Christendom, or of the personages who have borne a part therein. It is this also, but its excellence consists in its being much more. It is a record of the *associations* with which that wondrous city is interpenetrated and surrounded. It is not only a description of localities and events, illustrated one by the other, and connected together with a certain delicacy of colouring and artistic effect, but a grouping of thoughts, sentiments, feelings, all the stirring recollections and great beliefs which the *genius loci* inspires, around each memorable spot, in a manner which is captivating no less to the intellect than to the imagination. Let any one conceive a well-stored, religious, generous mind, full of love and admiration for every thing that is good and great, expressing itself not as from a distance, and upon after-recollection, but in present meditation on the very ground where each incident occurred, and where lived and acted the men whose exploits or whose sufferings form the staple plot of history, and following the course of reflection thus ex-

cited, and he will gain a just idea of the nature of the work which M. de la Gournerie has produced. Those who have read that very striking book, *Rome as it was under Paganism, and as it became under the Popes*, will be reminded of it by the work before us. But *Christian Rome*, if it is less brilliant, less graphic and life-like, is also less discursive, more philosophical, and more suggestive. The idea is excellent, to present the history, or rather to exhibit the life of the Christian Church at its central abode, the seat of its strength, and the source of all its operations and influences; and the execution, in our opinion, successfully corresponds with the author's design.

To two opposite classes of persons the work will afford agreeable reading; those who are well versed in history, and those who are not. To the former, it will serve as a remembrancer of remarkable scenes with the details of which they are familiar, laying open long vistas of memory, through the whole range of eighteen centuries, and supplying abundant subjects of profitable thought. The latter it will furnish not only with all the prominent landmarks of modern history, but with a general rationale of events, and with what is of far more consequence, principles of interpretation, which shall make of history a moral science, even the study of the works of a present God, ordering and governing the world's affairs through and for his Church. Such a view harmonises well with the feelings of Catholics at the present moment, when the actual state of Rome presents such a distressing picture to the religious mind, that it reverts with pleasure to the consideration of the fortunes of that unchangeable and indestructible Church, the connexion with whose destinies gives to that city the supernatural power of surviving the most terrible convulsions and calamities. This forms Rome's true title to be called Eternal. The foot of the barbarian has trodden her down, and the hand of the spoiler has desecrated her sanctuaries, but the storm has ever passed away. Rome has endured and ever must endure, with the inseparable interest that attaches to the see of Peter, and to that sacred ground which possesses the tombs of the Apostles and the relics of unnumbered Saints.

But it is time that we allow the author to speak for himself. Here is his own account of the object of his work.

"The thought which has inspired this work is that of presenting an historical picture of the Christian associations which bind us to Rome, that 'common mother,' as poets say. These associations are of various kinds; some connected with monumental remains, others with the lives of Saints and the great actions of the Papacy. The greater part of travellers who make the pilgrimage of Rome are masters of Livy and Tacitus, and the Forum where Cicero spoke, the theatre of Pompey where Cæsar fell, the *Via Sacra* which conquerors walked in triumph, the Pantheon of Agrippa, the baths, the amphitheatres, the statues, have got possession of

their minds, and engross their imagination. But do you hear them inquiring after the school of St. Augustine, the abode of St. Ambrose, the house where St. Jerome taught the divine Scriptures to Paula, Fabiola, Marcella, those daughters of the consuls of old Rome? Do they seek to discover the footsteps of saints on this consecrated ground? Do they feel their heart beat with emotion as they approach the pulpit from which St. Dominic preached, the oratory where St. Francis of Assisium prayed, the sanctuaries which listened to the homilies of St. Gregory the Great, the palace where dwelt the Leos, the Gregories, the Nicolases, the Innocents, those great luminaries of the middle age which still shed their light on these modern times? No; because Christian Rome is not known; because in proportion to the diligence with which *Pagan Rome* has been laid open to view and its history popularised, has been the fear which, it would seem, has been felt of making known the history of *Christian Rome*, and attracting admiration to the marvellous influence which she has exercised upon the world. Here, then, was a gap in our studies which required to be filled up: I have endeavoured to do it on my own account, and it is the result of this labour which I offer to the public."

After a pleasing description of the emotions which are excited at the first sight of the dome of St. Peter, and the objects that present themselves on a nearer approach to the city, he exclaims:

"Let others still toil to exhume Pagan Rome from out the ruins which time has accumulated; let them lose themselves in conjectures upon the places where incense rose in honour of *Vuluptas* or *Ridiculus*; let them seek to restore to Jupiter, to Cæsar, to Venus, some little of the *prestige* of their ancient worship. For us, we will let those deities of a day slumber on; their life has been shorter than that of the great sewer of Tarquin. . . . Yes, it is Christian Rome, it is she alone that is admirable in the eyes of the philosopher. The Rome of the Brutuses and the Cæsars was powerful by the sword; but she corrupted, she degraded, she brutalised humanity. Christian Rome possessed no apparent strength, and she consoled, she elevated, she advanced humanity: to her belong all the prodigies of modern civilisation; to her, therefore, to her sacred monuments, to her holy relics, our respectful admiration and our homage is due. It is the common practice of those who will quarrel for shreds of Voltaire's curtains at Ferney, and contemplate with pious abstraction a dirty handkerchief of Jean Jacques at the Hermitage, or load themselves with fragments of marble detached from some Pagan temple, to laugh at the simplicity of Christians kneeling before bones, or pieces of wood, richly encased in gold. They smile in compassion at the sight of pilgrims praying at St. Mary Major, at the foot of the cradle of the Son of the Virgin, at St. John Lateran before the table on which He celebrated the Last Supper; at seeing them climbing on both knees the steps which Jesus Christ mounted during his Passion; or prostrating themselves at St. Praxide before the pillar, at *Santa Croce* before the august Wood, at St. Mary's in the *Campo Santo* before the earth, which were dyed with His blood. Superstition! folly! they cry; and they do not see—these men so proud of their science—that this humble cradle, resplendent with the blaze of a thousand lights burning on candlesticks of gold, this common crib, set round with precious stones, is the reinstating, the ennobling of the poor! What was the poor man in that ancient world, the vestiges of which are sought with so much admiration? A slave, a gladiator; he served, he died, for the pleasure of the rich: such was his existence. Where were the free-thinkers and philosophers when an arm from on high broke his chain? Where were their systems of equality and liberty when this unfortunate, this abject, was invited to the common table to eat there the 'bread of the strong?' Never will their doctrine be as eloquent, never

will it speak to the people as the cradle of St. Mary Major."

The writer then proceeds to explain, from the ancient traditions, the origin of the names bestowed upon the several churches and other religious buildings of ancient Christian Rome, which in their more modern form still bear the same venerable designations; and after describing the catacombs, their monumental remains, and the paraphernalia with which the sacred services were celebrated, he adds:

"Christianity had found the arts on the decline, and the moment was not yet come at which it was to give them a new impulse. Proscribed, hunted like deer, hiding themselves in subterranean places for the performance of the ceremonies of their worship, the first disciples of the faith had time only to pray and to suffer. We may add, that sculpture was for a long time forbidden, on account of its association with idolatry. The only images allowed were symbolical: these were palms, hearts, crosses, the mystical triangle, grapes, fish, lambs, doves. Later there were painted on the sacred vessels, Noah's ark, St. Peter's boat, the temptation of Adam and Eve, the multiplication of the loaves, the Good Shepherd, the figures of the Apostles represented with their traditional characters, but above all, and every where, that of Jesus, on whose meditative features was diffused an ineffable sweetness of youth. Subsequently were made the first essays in the art of *bas-reliefs*, for the decoration of sarcophagi. We do not find upon Christian tombs any joyous representations, foolish jestings with death, as on the ancient monuments; but subjects of consolation and of hope, expressed with a touching simplicity. One while it is Elias borne away in a chariot of fire, at another, John the Baptist preaching in the valleys and the mountains. One ancient sarcophagus represents to us Jesus Christ sending forth his disciples to promulgate the faith in the midst of the world. *Ite et docete omnes gentes*. He is raised aloft upon a rock from which there flow streams of living water, at which a little old man, symbol of the Gentile world, comes to quench his thirst by long draughts. The number of these first Christian monuments was very considerable; they were heaped together in the chapels of the catacombs, and the scriptural legends which were graven on them added by their simple grandeur to the charm of these glorious memorials. Art is silent and grows dim before this piety of the first ages, this living faith, this burning love, these last honours rendered to men branded by power, denied by the world, and who, faithful to their vocation, had passed through life doing good. Religion was then at her militant epoch; it was necessary for her to lay the foundations of the edifice, to propagate her doctrines, to make them the base of laws and morals, and to overthrow all the beliefs of mankind in order to construct them anew. Meanwhile arts and literature became extinct. But when religion, high and dominant, had accomplished her work, when she had firmly knit society together, then it was that her branches spread and ramified, then did she fructify the human mind, impel it forward in all directions, and illuminate with her torch its new investigations."

Some very pleasing legends are interspersed occasionally with the graver historical matter. Take the two following as a specimen; the first is from the third century. The writer is speaking of the advantage such lessons afforded to succeeding generations.

"Were there in the Christian society any feeble, fainting souls who looked back with regret at the intoxicating pleasures of their past life, and doubted of Divine grace, they were told of Aglae and Boniface; Aglae the courtesan, who had chariots, and eunuchs,

and splendid palaces; who in summer, amidst the enchantments of Baïæ, beside the perfumed banks of the voluptuous Parthenope, surrounded with senators and knights, youths and ancients, was more loved, more adored than the gods themselves. Boniface, her steward, and the confidant of her pleasures, said to her, at parting on a voyage, 'What should you think if I brought you some relics of martyrs?' Aglae answered with a sarcasm the irony of her favourite. 'If some one brings you my relics,' again rejoined Boniface, 'at least do not refuse them.' And Boniface departed, and he was touched by grace, and he suffered for the Christian faith, and his relics *did* come to Aglae. And Aglae the courtesan was touched in her turn by that mysterious voice which often speaks to us in our hearts, and in her turn she suffered and died for God. The bodies of Boniface and of Aglae were deposited on Mount Aventine, and there they were surrounded with the homage of the faithful."

The second is from the fourth century.

"All the world knows the miracle which led to the foundation of this latter basilica (St. Mary Major). The patrician John and his wife having no children, had made a vow to consecrate their fortune to the accomplishment of a work which should be pleasing to the Mother of God, and every day they prayed the Virgin to reveal to them her wish; when all unexpectedly, on the nones of August, during the night, part of the Esquiline hill was covered with snow. At the same time the Virgin appeared in a dream to the patrician, and to Pope Liberius. On the morrow the Pope and the patrician proceeded in state to the Esquiline, and traced the outline of a church on the ground which was white with snow. This church, dedicated to Mary, was called *St. Mary ad Nives*; and as it was the largest of those which were consecrated to her at Rome, it came subsequently to be distinguished by the name of St. Mary Major."

Some remarks of the author, which occur later in the work, may here be quoted, as indicating the place which he assigns to those beautiful traditions in relation to the better authenticated facts of history.

"When the Lombards came down from Pannonia, with wives and children, worshipping the head of a goat, seeing the judgment of God only in the strength of their own arm, and dragging their captives along 'tied by the neck like dogs,' to use the energetic expression of St. Gregory, suddenly there fell a night of deep darkness. The towns, the libraries, the monasteries, where was preserved entire the deposit of traditions, were consumed; the most populous districts saw themselves transformed into deserts, and the taste for the arts, the study of the sciences, the pursuit of letters, at once were lost. Then the mind of man found itself alone with itself and with God, and poetry took refuge in legends,—sweet and simple expressions of a faith sublime, which will be always read, always venerated; for 'we lend the ear to the sounds to which saintly souls give utterance with more respect than to the voice of genius.'"

We pass to the graver and more solid portions of the work. After extolling the moderation and disinterestedness of the Popes generally, and the justice which they displayed in their mediations between rulers and their subjects, our author introduces us to the melancholy period of the tenth century. Fair and discriminating in his judgments, he does not shrink from laying bare the extreme depravity of manners for which the period that lies between Benedict IV. and Silvester II. (902-

* The Abbé Gerbet.

999) has obtained so disgraceful a celebrity. Not that, of course, he falls into the error of supposing that holiness and Christian heroism were banished from the earth (for he relates most remarkable instances of the contrary); but it is the personal vices of certain of the Popes in this age which excite his sorrow, and occasion the remarks that follow; in which he throws himself for support on the great Catholic principle, that the infallible voice of truth, like the grace that flows through the sacraments, is independent of the individual merits of its human organ and minister, and rejoices in the consideration that the very vices of the successors of St. Peter became a confirmation of the supernatural character of that Church over which they were set to rule.

"The moment was not far distant at which, by the aid of ignorance and anarchy, corruption was to enter into the holy place; and it was perhaps the hardest trial which God had reserved to his Church. In charging Peter to 'strengthen his brethren' in the faith, Jesus Christ had founded the truth upon him, as on an immovable rock; but He did not promise, either to him or to his successors, that impeccability which would have made them into gods. Let us, therefore, not be astonished that human passions should sometimes have agitated the hearts of those Pontiffs, who, in being ministers of Providence, had not ceased to be the children of men; and let us acknowledge at the same time, that the divine light did not grow dim in their hands, its brightness was not obscured by their vices; generations have continued to see it shining above the false glares of reason, and traversing centuries as pure as the day on which it rose upon the world; '*habitantibus in regione umbrae mortis lux orta est eis.*'"

"No epoch in the history of Christian Rome is so deeply melancholy as that comprised between Benedict IV. and Silvester II. No longer do we see Popes triumphing by martyrdom, as under the Roman emperors, or reigning by their virtues, as under the Greek emperors and the successors of Charlemagne. Sanctity, dignity, power, every thing deserted them, every thing, even to the government of Rome, which became degraded in the hands of infamous women and despicable factions. And nevertheless, the Divine sign still gleams on the brow of the successor of Peter. This man, who seems to wish to prove by his crimes the divinity of a religion which perpetuates itself by him, and as in spite of him, is ever encircled with a halo which the saints themselves respect. It is because the doctrine which he preaches is ever 'the truth and the life;' it is because, amongst all the vacillations of the human mind, in the midst of that world where not a single generation is faithful to the teachings of the generation that preceded it, each individual Pontiff, whatever he be, adds a link to that strong chain of tradition which, taking man as he comes forth from the hands of God, guides him safely across ages, and against which all the efforts of human reason strike but to dash themselves to pieces. Here is a spectacle which no other religion can display before the world."

The following forms a sort of sequel to our last extract, and describes the fears and forebodings with which the hearts of men were filled as the thousand years drew towards their close.

"The end of the tenth century was awaited by the people with a sort of trembling and anguish, for men saw in it the last limit of the existence of this world. Each year they thought they recognised the features of Anti-christ distinctly revealed, and the invasions of the Hungarians and the Scytho-Russians seemed to realise to

disturbed imaginations the apparition of that Gog and Magog, those mysterious hordes of the Apocalypse, 'the number of which is as the sand of the sea,' and which, 'when the thousand years were finished, Satan was to gather together to battle against the earth and the camp of the saints.' Perhaps also they might have found signs, precursors of this terrible catastrophe, in the corruption which was spread over the world like a legion of hell; but it has not been given to man to fathom the depths of the counsels of God. The period which was just expiring had seen the religion of Christ triumph over human reason and power by the force of truth alone; never had a greater marvel or more astonishing virtues shone out upon the earth; religion henceforth was power; religion was wealth: it was reserved to a subsequent period to see her accomplish her work of civilisation, long while interrupted by the inroads of barbarians and the anarchy of the times, and then impress on the arts, the sciences, and literature, her own peculiar character, and an impulse which they had never received before. If, in fine, the progressive development of our faculties was one day to give us an unlimited confidence in our own resources; if every yoke was to become heavy to us, every rule insupportable; it was still reserved to religion to uphold the tottering fabric of society by the depth of the roots which she struck into the world, and to triumph by means of the exhaustion and confusion which are engendered by the liberty of thought, as heretofore she triumphed by the enthusiasm which is produced by the authority of her word."

The very worst corruption of manners prevailed—indolence, simony, incontinence. Kings and nobles trafficked in benefices; abbeys and bishoprics were bought and sold; and, to use the forcible words of the author, "Tout finit par être à vendre; tout, jusqu'au trône de Saint Pierre!" A reformation, a reformer was needed. Good men prayed, and looked wistfully and in faith to the chair of Peter for a firm hand and a stout heart, full of love and confidence in God. Their prayers were heard, their faith was rewarded. Disorders were to be quelled, and the rights of the Church vindicated, but not without a struggle, not without suffering: in the work of reformation she was to come in direct collision with the power and policy of kings.

On the death of Alexander II.,

"A fast of three days was appointed, according to custom, with processions and prayers, in preparation for the nomination of a new Pope. But at the moment at which Alexander was being interred in the basilica of Lateran, suddenly a great tumult arose; the people took Hildebrand, and conducted him to the church of St. Peter ad Vincula, where the Cardinals and the clergy proclaimed him Pontiff. How could it be that a man of such inflexible austerity should be chosen by the preference of this dissolute clergy and capricious people, who knew not what it was to obey? No doubt, because all the world feels the sovereignty of genius, and does involuntary homage in its presence. Hildebrand, besides, had no ambition for himself; his sole, his proper ambition was that of reforming the violent, sordid, corrupted manners of his time, and every where to base the government of the Christian community upon a strict application of the precepts of the Gospel. On the day after his election he wrote to Henry, King of Germany, to inform him of the choice which the clergy of Rome had made, and to beg him not to consent to it; 'for,' he added, 'if I am Pope, it will be impossible for me to leave unpunished the crimes with which you are charged.' * * *

"Had kings allowed the Roman Pontiffs a complete

independence in the reformation of the clergy, had they not unceasingly hampered the exercise of their spiritual authority by laying claim to the disposal of ecclesiastical benefices, doubtless there never would have been seen that struggle between the two powers, and each of them would have preserved its full liberty of action. It was, above all, to maintain intact the exercise of this authority, that Gregory VII. claimed to have command over kings."

The subject of investitures, the principles involved in the contest, and the consequences that flowed from it, are well detailed; though we wish that M. de la Gournerie had given more place to the consideration of the temporal or political position of the Popes in the middle ages. He has rather left it to be inferred by his readers from the general drift of his remarks, than given them the benefit of any direct statement and explanation on the subject. A very few words, we think, might have sufficed to point out the grounds on which the papal pretensions were practically based, and the real nature of the acts by which these pretensions were enforced. We can but suggest, and that very concisely.

And first, it is plain on the face of history that the greatest stretch of temporal power on the part of the Popes, even that of deposing kings, was not regarded in the ages in question as any thing preposterous and intolerable. And from the very nature of the claim, so extraordinary an exercise of authority cannot be attributed to the ambition and usurpations of individual Pontiffs, since, had not the mass been disposed to acknowledge its legitimacy, it would have been a mere *brutum fulmen*, exciting contempt, and not respect; had there not been an universal belief and conviction that the Roman Pontiffs possessed a general control over secular princes, such a pretension never could have been received and acquiesced in, both by rulers and people, as history testifies that it was. On what, then, did this conviction rest?

Whatever may be the real ultimate source and ground of the authority exercised by the Popes over kings (and the Church has no positive doctrine on the subject), the simple *fact* is, that the supremacy of the Pope in temporal matters was part of the recognised policy of Christendom in the middle ages. The successor of Peter was regarded as the judge between rulers and people: to him the latter appealed when their rights were invaded, or their liberties endangered; and kings themselves acknowledged their accountability to the tribunal of the Church. On all hands it was acknowledged that the Vicar of Christ possessed authority to decide all differences, and pronounce sentence in all causes in which temporal sovereignty or popular rights were involved. The general consent of all parties constituted the Roman Pontiff the final arbitrator of Christendom, and voluntarily invested him with a temporal supremacy. It

was the common conviction, the received jurisprudence of the age.

But further, the monarchies which arose out of the ruins of the Roman empire were as much elective as hereditary, and the heads of the nations held their thrones, if not by the grant, yet with the concurrence of the people. But however this may be, the *consensus* of all nations in all times has determined that there are bounds beyond which absolute power becomes tyranny, and a violation of law human and divine; that there is a point beyond which subjects are released from the obligation of obedience. The power of kings has ever, in effect, subsisted by virtue of a compact with those who are its subjects, whether such compact were matter of express understanding or not. This is the popular doctrine of the present day. But who is to be judge when the compact, the condition of allegiance, is violated, and allegiance ceases to be a duty? At the present day the decision seems left to the general sense and instinct of men; or to the resolution of some popular assembly, whether an integral part of the constitution or not; or to the combined judgment of the representatives of neighbouring and interested nations. In the middle ages, the Pope was the recognised judge; and as the oath of allegiance was made to God, so no power less than the power of him who was the minister of God was held competent to absolve from that oath, and set free the conscience. The act of the Pope was an authoritative declaration of right, directing and justifying conscience in a matter of the highest social importance.

To judge fairly, therefore, of the power which was exercised by the Popes in the middle ages, it should first be considered whether tyranny can in any case justify the withdrawal of obedience and the deposition of the tyrant; and secondly, what power, in the times in question, was universally acknowledged as competent to decide in such a case, and pronounce the sentence of deposition.

To these considerations a third must be added; which is, what were the conditions on which the princes of the middle age occupied their thrones, and were entitled to the obedience of their subjects? Those conditions were, that they should uphold the authority of the Church, and maintain the one faith of Catholic Christendom. On the basis of that faith and that authority the great feudal system of Europe was built; and a sovereign who resisted the one or rejected the other, violated the conditions on which his prerogatives rested, broke his contract with his people, and renounced his right to their allegiance. If, therefore, deposition followed, it would be not simply because of his heresy or schism, his denial of the faith and rebellion against the Church, but because he had violated the obligation which he had contracted

with his subjects,—an obligation which involved the maintenance of the Church, and devotion to its interests. And as practically it will be found that no Pope ever claimed the power of deposing a prince, or declaring his subjects absolved from their allegiance, except on the ground that the moral obligation of the oath had ceased by the violation of the conditions on which it reposed; so dogmatically it may be observed, that it is not, nor ever was, any part of Catholic doctrine, that princes forfeit their rights by heresy or infidelity, independently of the engagements implied in the very occupation of the throne.

All, therefore, that we at present contend for is, that the temporal supremacy of the Popes was, as a matter of fact, an integral part of the political system of the middle age, exercised within the confines of Christendom, and over Catholic princes who themselves acknowledged its claims, and who, if not by written compacts or express constitutions, yet by common consent and mutual understanding, had bound themselves by the same obedience by which their subjects were bound, and were amenable, even in their temporal capacity, to the laws and the authority of the Church.

But further, it appears to us that our author has in this instance not only omitted what it would have been desirable to say, but made an admission of which, we confess, we cannot see the justice. To confine our remarks to the case of St. Gregory himself, who has usually been considered as the very type of a spiritual despot, not only by Protestants, but by such Catholics (and they are many) as have been carried away by the tide of misrepresentation abounding in the writings of an irreligious age, to believe that they had need to apologise where they had rather just title to glory. So far from his conduct being open to any charge of encroachment on the temporal power, a careful perusal of the real facts of his life, not as seen through some distorted medium, but as extracted from the authentic documents of the time, will only inspire the reader with wonder and admiration at the mildness, the long-suffering, the paternal tenderness, and the careful regard, which he displayed towards that imperial monster, Henry IV. The oppressed Saxons, in fact, were loud in their complaints at the forbearance and tardiness of the Pope, and the ready credence he gave to the faithless promises of their treacherous tyrant. So that the age he lived in was ready even to tax him with an excess of moderation and gentleness, where succeeding times have discovered only encroachment and violence.

There appears to be a confusion in the passage we are about to quote, between the secularising effect often produced upon the clergy themselves by their admixture in secular concerns, and by the conjunction in their persons

of the priestly character and the feudal seignory—an effect constantly deplored by those very Popes who have been most loudly taxed with a spirit of worldliness and aggrandisement—and the supposed exorbitant claims of the Church to exalt the spiritual above the temporal power in those things which rightly belong to the latter. Waving, therefore, the former subject, which only embarrasses the real question, we conceive that our author is disposed to allow that Gregory is liable to some such charge in not making a proper distinction between the investiture with the temporalities, which the Church ultimately conceded under Calixtus II., and the investiture with the ring and crosier, which symbolised those spiritual powers which the secular authority had no right to confer. It should be remembered, however, that it was through this very practice that princes had taken occasion to assert authority over the spiritualities of the Church, making elections, and changing them at their pleasure, and so opening a door to the most frightful simony. It was necessary, therefore, that the Pope should strike at the root of the evil. The temporal and the spiritual investiture had become absolutely confounded in men's minds, and nothing less than an assumption by the Church of the whole into her own hands was needed, so long as the former was practically interpreted in a manner so injurious to her liberty and purity. That discriminating concession, which might be made consistently with her safety in Calixtus's time, when the great battle had been fought and won, and the great reform achieved of which Gregory VII. was the glorious instrument, could not have been made before. It would have been a betrayal of her sacred interests. It could not be safely made even in Pascal's time, who found himself necessitated to recall the consent which he had momentarily given to a similar arrangement. Acts take their meaning from the value set upon them in the time and circumstances under which they are performed; and it is necessary to keep this peculiarity in mind if we would attempt to judge the policy of the Church in different ages; now contending, now yielding; sometimes yielding what she one while contended for, and now contending for what she had seemed to have long peaceably yielded; but ever guided by a more than human wisdom.

Again, if we find St. Gregory using words which imply a direct assumption of power, and that by divine right, over sovereigns, in their temporal as well as spiritual capacity, it is not necessary for his justification to enter upon the question of the existence or non-existence of such a power—a question which the Church has never decided, and which is, therefore, an open one. If we find him in his letters occasionally using such language as the following, "If the Holy See can judge

he spiritual, still more can she judge the temporal," it is not necessary to look further than the principles we have briefly stated for their explanation. An excommunicated king was in Henry's days virtually a deposed one, unless within a year and a day the excommunication was raised. Henry and his partisans knew, therefore, no better mode of defence than pleading the exemption of the king from the judgment of the spiritual power. They denied the right of Gregory to excommunicate an emperor; they claimed for him a sacred character, which set him above the reach of the spiritual arm. To this Gregory answered, that if he could excommunicate bishops, with still more right could he excommunicate laymen, who, although emperors, possessed a power of less excellence. In the recognised policy of the middle ages excommunication implied deposition, as has been seen: to claim the power of excommunication was all one, therefore, practically in those days with claiming the deposing power; and it is not surprising that the two being united should be often spoken of in the same terms, and as if they rested on the same ground.

Thus we would urge that St. Gregory's conduct can be fully justified on the lowest ground which can be taken, and without conceding for the Church's possession of a divine right in the temporal order; a doctrine, however, which has high and learned authority on its side. And it is a clear positive recognition of these principles and facts which we seem to desiderate in the passage that follows, admirable as it is in its general purport, and justly as it represents the ends which the Popes ever had in view in the exercise of the vast social influence which they possessed.

"Kings were in the habit of giving the investiture to bishoprics and abbeyes in the quality of fiefs dependent on the crown; but instead of making use, in this ceremony, of the standard or the sceptre, which were marks of the temporal power, as was the custom in the other fiefs, they delivered to the ecclesiastical titularies the crosier and the ring, which were the distinctive signs of spiritual authority. The Popes, at first, kept silence; but when Gregory VII. undertook to purify the manners of the clergy, and when he found in its constitution and in its habits an obstinate resistance to the idea of reform, he boldly reclaimed the rights which belonged to him as head of the Church. Accustomed to receive every thing from the temporal power, the secular staff and rich possessions, the clergy were in the sight of the common centre of the faith; they were becoming deaf to the exhortations which emanated from the apostolic see; and as the ties which united them with the Roman Pontiffs were insensibly relaxing, the moment could be foreseen when Christendom would find itself broken up into a crowd of national Churches, under the immediate direction of princes, and entirely subservient to their pleasure. Add to which, that simony, in this way, was practised easily and without control. These consequences were too evident for the Popes to renounce their just pretensions: but the encroachments of the secular power even produced, under the pontificate of Gregory VII., a reaction in the opposite direction. Gregory reasoned thus: that not only did the temporal authority no right to confer spiritual

investiture, but that it belonged rather to the spiritual power, in its capacity of God's vicar, to confer temporal investitures. This idea was agreeable to the ideas of the age; which, having received every thing of the Church—laws, sciences, letters, religion—naturally beheld, in the heads of the Church, the guardians of kings. But a political pre-eminence so exalted and so universal had its dangers; since it obliged the Church to penetrate into the labyrinth of human passions, and to take a part in the midst of jealous ambitions, which risked the misconception or the compromise of its authority. This is what St. Bernard felt, when he wrote to Pope Eugenius III.: 'You preside over the world, to give it the benefit of counsel, to watch over its well-being, and to hold it together. . . . Seek not dominion over men, being a man like unto others; for fear lest iniquity should come to domineer over you. . . . Know that you have more need of a mattock than a sceptre to accomplish the work of the prophet, who was raised up to root out the bad grain, and not to bear rule.'

"These are solemn words; but what obligations were imposed upon the Church by this high position of *counsel* and *conservator* of society, in an age in which brute force was so powerful, and in which there was open warfare between *mind*, represented by the only classes that cultivated it, and *matter*, expressed by the violent instincts of the ignorant classes! The first need to pluck up, without doubt, was that passion of encroachment, which threatened to destroy all liberty in Europe; for there was but one liberty then—the holy liberty of the children of God! This was the only guarantee which the people possessed for the present, and their only hope for the future. So long as the Church was powerful every where—and she was so, by the unity of her action, by her possessions, and by her immunities—despotism felt the rein, and did not advance. The Church, 'placed on an eminence that she might behold every thing,' to speak the language of St. Bernard, watched and kept guard over all. Here she protected the remains of the property of shipwrecked unfortunates against the cupidity of some who appropriated them as a right; there she took under her protection the merchant and the traveller, from whom it was in the power of men to extort a ransom with impunity; elsewhere she proscribed those barbarous diversions in which men sported with life, as if life were a jest: every where, in fine, she extended her safeguard,—over the cradle of the infant and the couch of the spouse; she upheld the rights of all against all, and offered asylums to all misfortunes, at the same time that she struck with anathema those who had caused them. The ecclesiastical laws were, in many respects, models whose influence must necessarily have acted upon secular legislation. They alone rejected the employment of torture; they alone shewed no respect of persons;—that is to say, they already realised in perfection the most important ameliorations which we have introduced into our codes.* The maintenance, then, of the privileges and immunities of the Church was emphatically the social question of the time; and the Roman Pontiffs, in constituting themselves their defenders, did but respond to the needs and to the conscience of humanity.

"We may remark further, as respects investitures, that the demands of the Popes did not exceed, to the ex-

* "Unhappily the ecclesiastical laws did not apply to any but the clergy, and the temporal power would not have permitted the clerical jurisdiction to extend to the laity. Europe gained thereby the retention of torture, and a justice which had two weights and two measures, according to the rank and condition of persons. It may be seen in *The Genius of Christianity*, book vi. ch. 10, how great was the superiority of the ecclesiastical law over the civil: the fairest maxims of our codes are drawn from canons of the Church; and yet it was this legislation of the canons which Henry II. of England wished to make subject to the barbarism of the secular laws. It was because he found an energetic opposition in Thomas à Becket that Thomas à Becket died. The one was the representative of the old Saxon manners, the other of the civilisation of the Gospel."

tent which people now imagine, that line of moderation which was to be so powerfully recommended by the great Abbot of Clairvaux. Paschal II. imposed only one condition on the coronation of the emperor Henry V.: it was, that he should cease to deliver the crosier and the ring, the Pope engaging on his side not to pre-

fer any claim to the regalia, that is to say, to the temporal properties and rights which the Church possessed through the concessions of sovereigns. Thus a perfect distinction was established between the pontifical authority, which remained intact, and the royal authority, which equally preserved all its prerogatives."

SHORT NOTICES.

Four Years' Experience of the Catholic Religion, with a Chapter on the Thralldom of Protestantism. By a late Member of the University of Oxford. Burns, Portman Street, and Jones, Paternoster Row.

THREE out of the four chapters of this work have already appeared in the pages of *The Rambler*, and we must therefore abstain from criticising them. They are now republished, revised, in a cheap form, for distribution and general reading, and with the addition of a chapter on a very important cognate subject, suggested to the author for treatment subsequent to their original publication. In a chapter on "The Thralldom of Protestantism," he has done his best to solve the difficulties of those who conceive that obedience to an authority in the way of belief is a thralldom, by an exhibition of the true nature of that liberty which alone is possible and desirable for a finite intelligence. With what success the task has been accomplished we trust our readers will judge for themselves.

Religious Ignorance, its Cause and its Cure; a Tract for the Times. By A. Q. G. Craufurd, M.A., of Jesus College, Cambridge. London, Chapman.

THEY who would "look on this picture and on that," have only to turn from the last-noticed *Four Years' Experience* to Mr. Craufurd's suggestions on the great subject he handles in his *Tract for the Times*. He is still, we conclude, an Anglican clergyman, but he has left "Anglicanism" for virtual Socinianism, and has joined the ranks of those who, refusing to submit to the Catholic Church, are swelling the numbers of the votaries of the new religion specially designed for these times. To those who would know how the contradictions of what is termed "orthodox Protestantism" strike determined and open minds, we cannot do better than recommend the perusal of Mr. Craufurd's pamphlet.

The Force of Truth, or some Passages in the Life of an Anglican Convert; a Tale of To-day. By Wulstan. Jones.

HERE we have controversy again in another shape. "Wulstan" wishes to expose the follies of "Agapemone" under the guise of a congregation of fanatics living together in Wales. He also says that all his characters are real ones.

A few Plain Reasons for submitting to the Catholic Church. By R. K. Sconce, late Minister of St. Andrew's Parish, Sydney.

CONTROVERSY once more. Mr. Sconce's tract was originally published, we believe, at Sydney. This is a neat reprint. He hits the right nail on the head, in good earnest, and with good effect. His reasons are full of sense, and well worth distribution.

Man seeking and securing his last End, by uniting Meditation with his daily Employments. By the Rev. John Perry. Dolman.

MR. PERRY is an eminently useful writer. His first aim, when he writes a book, is what is *wanted*; and his second, the supplying the want in a practical manner. The little work before us is an excellent series of subjects for meditation, developed so far as to be available for devout consideration during the time employed in manual labour by the poor.

Developments of Protestantism, and other Fragments. Reprinted from the *Dublin Review* and the *Tablet*. Richardson.

THE signature T. W. M. attests the authorship of these clever essays. They are really a perfect manual of the curiosities of recent ecclesiastical history. We have not time to say more of them at present, but may perhaps return to them on some future occasion.

Other good and useful pamphlets also lie before us, claiming notice. The first is *The Catholic School* for August and September, important numbers on many grounds. Mr. Husenbeth has also published his funeral discourse at the funeral of Mr. Edward Jerningham, at Cossey. Mr. Dolman has printed the Pope's Allocution of April 20th, 1849, and M. l'Abbé Cruice an extract from his *Life of the late Archbishop of Paris* on the restoration of the "Ecole des hautes Etudes" by the martyred prelate in the old Carmelite convent at Paris. We are also very glad to see *A Catholic Hymn Book*, selected from Mr. Caswall's translations of the Breviary and Missal hymns. It is admirably suited to those clergy who would induce their people to join in congregational singing; and it is to be had, plain bound, at a very low price. It is not merely the only thing we have of the kind, but it is very good in itself.

Correspondence.

THE following Letter, in reply to a notice of Mr. Oakeley's pamphlet on "Frequent Communion" in the *Christian Remembrancer* of July last, was forwarded to the Editor of that Review for insertion in the current Number, but declined on the ground that it was unusual in quarterly periodicals to admit "controversial replies" to articles or notices.

To the Editor of the *Christian Remembrancer*.

DEAR SIR,—The object of my published letter to you was not to obtain a triumph in controversy but to set before you and the readers of your Review certain facts relative to the practice of holy communion amongst us, which I considered, and must still consider, sufficient to counteract the tendency of some remarks on that subject in your

April number. Having neither the wish nor the claim to be accounted a skilful controversialist, I was not careful to fortify my case by such safeguards as more practised arguers may feel necessary to it; but I assure you that I wrote in very good faith, with no wish whatever to suppress facts to the disadvantage of my statement, or to decline admissions which candour might require of me.

Thus I granted, that in the Spanish Church the communion of the faithful is less frequent than elsewhere. Had I known of any other great exceptions, believe me I would have noticed them. Indeed, the question is one which does not present even any temptation to disingenuousness; for, interesting as it is to those who love to think that our blessed Lord has many devout children and loving servants on earth, it has obviously no direct bearing whatever upon the great controversy between us and ourselves. You will not find me, I promise, indisposed to receive any facts which you can authenticate on the other side, deeply as I shall of course lament to find that there are any large districts of the Church where the importance of frequent communion is practically underrated. At the same time you will not wonder that I should be slow to admit the competency of Protestant testimony to this or any other subject relating to our practice, when I recollect how entirely I was myself, as an external witness, ignorant of the state of things which I found in the communion of Rome, and when I observe the strange but not unnatural mistakes about us which are constantly made even by well intentioned critics of our ceremonies and institutions.

On the other hand, I have incidentally received several striking confirmations of the impression which I sought to convey to you in my pamphlet. From two independent quarters I learn that the annual number of communicants at the Gesù at Rome, till the late revolution threw all into confusion, was between 120,000 and 130,000, or as many on an average every day as there are days in the year. I have learned also from one of the Irish Carmelites, that the average communions in their chapel in Dublin are 50,000 a-year; and this, my informant states, does not much exceed the average of other churches in the city. I may observe too, that when lately in Belgium myself I was struck by the number of communicants at the early Masses. At the Cathedral of Antwerp, where I happened to be on the Feast of the Holy Cross in May, priests were occupied in giving holy communion to the people all the morning; and even during High Mass the faithful were replenished with the celestial Food not merely at the usual period in the Mass, but even at other intervals in the service (such as the singing of the *Credo*), so rapid were the successions of pious applicants at the steps of the sanctuary.

You say in your notice of my pamphlet, that there has been lately a great "revival" among us. I admitted it where I spoke of the present influence of the Jesuit and Liguorian theology. But old Catholics tell me that Glover's words, on which you rely, certainly did not express the actual (or at any rate a general) state of facts even twenty-five years ago, true as they may have been of his experience in a single mission or district. My own impression, however, is, that the frequency of holy communion *has* immensely increased with the decline of "rigorism" and the

progress of those loving principles of moral theology, in the sunshine of which the Church is now more and more rejoicing. In proportion as in any congregation the devotion to our Blessed Lady (for example) is found to thrive, there is always a corresponding avidity for the full and sacramental participation of the benefits of the Incarnation, in which she was chosen to bear so prominent a part.

You say that it cannot be expected of your writers that they should know of every turn in the tide of piety amongst us. But at least, when writing expressly of us, our institutions and practices, they should have recourse to means of information open and accessible to all; such, for instance, as could be supplied by our parochial clergy, and others familiar with our religion.

Allow me to observe that you misconceive the nature and intention of Glover's little book when you suppose that the space occupied in it by the subject of holy communion is any criterion of the rank that subject holds in Catholic teaching. Glover's book (as far as I recollect) is a guide to the ceremonies of Mass, not a manual of devotion or an ascetical treatise; and at last it is a book in comparatively little use among us. Instruction, you must remember, is conveyed to our people mainly *through the Confessional*, where you would find, as a fact, that no duty and privilege is more largely recommended than that of holy communion; and that if the mistake of confounding "sacramental" with "spiritual" communion, or "hearing Mass" with "going to communion" (which you apprehend to be common), is not there habitually rectified, it is simply because our people are felt to be in no danger whatever of falling into such a confusion of clearly distinct duties. In all the popular books of devotion you will find separate departments for hearers of Mass and communicants; and in such manuals as the *Visits to the Adorable Sacrament* of St. Alphonsus, the blessed Eucharist *as a sacrament*, and not merely as a sacrifice, is directly or indirectly the subject kept throughout in view.

You think me uncandid in not acknowledging that the Mass is, theoretically at least, anti-sacramental in its tendency. Whether I look to the construction of that divine service, or to its antiquity in the Church, or to palpable facts before me, I own myself utterly unable to adopt your view of this question.

It is against all probability that a rite which is from first to last vividly and tenderly expressive of the Passion of our adorable Redeemer, should be otherwise than favourable to the promotion of that ardent love of Him which thirsts for the most intimate, and therefore for a sacramental, union with Him. And it is certainly contrary to fact, that the practice of hearing Mass has any tendency to clash with the practice of holy communion. On the contrary, all priests will tell you, that the most frequent at holy communion are ever those who are also the most regular at the week-day Masses of devotion. You will admit, however, that where the Church cannot have all her mind, she yet gains a great point when she secures the presence and assistance of her children at her cardinal act of public worship. No doubt the *daily communion* of her members is the object nearest her heart; but all which she can effect by outward regulations is, that they shall all have *opportunity* of daily communion. This object she does effect. But a farther evidence of the sacra-

mental *tendency* of the Mass is supplied in the actual consequences which have followed upon altering the character of the Eucharistic service. Do you find, as matter of experience, that in proportion as its sacrificial side is weakened, its sacramental tendencies are developed? On the contrary, we know that in Protestant countries, where the "sacrifice" is depreciated and the "feast" exalted, not only is the act of daily communion unknown, but the very opportunity of it is lost. Even in your own Church, which of course presents the most favourable specimen, what proportion do you think of its members, who are inhabitants of this metropolis, are communicants *at all*; and of those who are so, what proportion are "frequent" communicants—even using the word "frequent" (as St. Alphonsus will not allow us to use it) of those who receive once in the week? Miserable as are our own performances in comparison of the need which presses on all sides of us, I will venture to affirm that more persons go to communion in the course of the year in our few and generally confined chapels than in all the churches of the Establishment which London contains, including the two great cathedrals. But I regret that the course of my argument has betrayed me into a seemingly ungracious, and perhaps hardly pertinent comparison.

You must remember also, that with us every communion implies previous confession. Otherwise, the number of communions would be a far less satisfactory indication than it is of the actual state of religion among us.

You remark, lastly, that the law of the Church requiring at least annual confession and communion as a condition of her membership, is extensively violated in our body; and you seem to intimate that I am backward in admitting this painful truth. Indeed you are mistaken in supposing that I would knowingly colour facts to the advantage of Catholics;—true though it may be that I choose the quarters in which I volunteer admissions. If you ever read one of our most valuable periodicals, *The Rambler*, you may see how ready we are to do justice to the points in which you have the advantage of us. I think that unfairness is not a fault of which we can be justly accused: on the contrary, some of your writers suspect us converts of disloyalty to the Catholic Church, because we are plainspoken about our needs in England, not remembering that it is always the most loyal subjects who can afford to be the most candid. However, as respects at least the particular flaw in question, you cannot be more alive than I am to the importance of a strict and searching *discipline* among us. You are perhaps aware that at Rome, where our ecclesiastical system works most freely, the names of absentees from the paschal communion are few enough to be posted on the doors of the churches; and in Belgium I happen to know that a dozen is reckoned a large number of defaulters in a large parish, and that the names are sent up to the bishop. Discipline, therefore, is not extinct in the Catholic Church of this day, although in England it is felt prudent to relax it. You must be as well apprised as I of the difficulties which a Protestant country presents to the restoration of it in all its provisions. Many of those, perhaps, who twit us with the want of it, would be among the first to complain of any effort to recover it—such, for instance, as the expected establishment of a hierarchy may not improbably suggest.

This difficulty of carrying out our discipline under existing circumstances is one reason of the discrepancy between our profession and our practice. We cannot (in England at least, for of Ireland I do not speak) denounce offenders from the altar, or hold them up to public avoidance; and there will always be those in the Church whom nothing but formidable penalties can compel to obedience. Another cause of the distinction we are unhappily obliged to draw between *nominal* and *real* Catholics, is the disproportion of our priests to our population. Here at St. George's, for instance, we have but five priests to a population of 15,000. A great proportion of our people is entirely and irremediably out of our reach; and you well know how easily the traces of early religion are effaced in a large city like London. First comes vice, next indifference, and at last practical infidelity. This evil, and the reproach which comes of it, we hope gradually to obviate by the multiplication of missions, the establishment of confraternities in aid of the clergy, the enlargement of our ecclesiastical seminaries, and the introduction of religious orders into towns. Really we are not to blame for it, except so far as in any instance it may be due to our want of zeal and exertion—for assuredly none of us are so active but we might be more so.

But at last it remains true, and is much to be observed by you, that *every Catholic who neglects his Paschal duties knows for a certainty, or may know, that he is in mortal sin*, and that all his religious acts are performed under this grievous disadvantage. It is true, he is not in this country excommunicated by any public act, and therefore cannot be shunned as a heathen and a sinner; but he is none the less really for the time being cut off from all the privileges of the state of grace; and this he knows, or will be told, whenever he seeks reconciliation in the tribunal of penance. The worst part of a sentence of excommunication is this; he is excluded from the invisible, though not here as yet from the visible kingdom of Christ. This must not be overlooked in estimating his case, and that of the Church.

I prefer sending you these few observations on your reply, to publishing them as a sequel to my pamphlet. I prefer this course, because it is less polemic in appearance, and fairer than one which enables me to choose my own time of speaking, while you are tied down to the condition of a quarterly notice. You will oblige me, if you see fit, by giving this letter the benefit of a place in your October number, with or without comments of your own. I will not pledge myself to pursue the discussion.

Believe me, dear sir, yours obediently and truly,
FREDERICK OAKELEY.

St. George's Church, Southwark,
4th Sept., 1849.

THE OFFERTORY.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—I need scarcely say how much I, in common with almost every other person who reads your valuable Catholic journal, have felt interested in the discussion of this subject. The letters of the Rev. F. Oakeley more especially have won my attention and admiration; for while I feel with him that the church of God should be alike free to all to enter, so also that there is nothing more

Catholic, more universal, than the payment of a small sum for seats for those who choose to avail themselves of them. But it must be obvious to any one intimately acquainted with our circumstances, and more especially with the mobile nature of our flocks in most of our large towns, that this would be totally inadequate to meet the wants of the mission, or the offertory itself for any length of time, even when carried out to the utmost, except in particular cases developed by extraordinary circumstances. This subject is well treated in an article in the *Tablet* for August 18th. The plan of the offertory alone was tested in one of our churches here, and proved a miserable failure: no sooner was the church thrown open indiscriminately, than well-dressed working men crowded into all the best seats, and not content with that, gave not so much as a halfpenny when the collectors went round at the offertory. Our plan is, fixed bench-rents for those who choose to take them; and for those who do not, payments from threepence to a penny for a seat, and a considerable space without seats, which is all free, and commands perhaps the very best view of the priest and the altar; by which gradation the inconveniences noted in Mr. Oakeley's first letter are avoided, and the wants of the poor are amply consulted. There is no payment for *entering* our churches whatever.

So far, I trust, we shall all be pretty much of accord. But there is one thing that has been entirely lost sight of in the discussion of this subject, and that is, the duty, the positive conscientious obligation on the part of the laity to pay tithes to their pastors: *pagar le decime* is a command laid down in all the Italian catechisms, and until lately was so also in England. However, the fact of this modern omission by no means does away with the obligation: see lib. iii. Decret. tit. 30, *de Decimis*, &c. In this semi-Protestant country of ours it seems to be a common notion, that what we cannot legally enforce, to that we have no sort of right; but a vulgar argument of this kind should not have any weight with a conscientious Catholic, who knows full well that an account will be required from him hereafter of his stewardship, and that certainly that which is so clearly laid down for him both

in the old law and the new, must necessarily be for him a rule of action by which he will be judged hereafter. It was my intention to have entered at length into this subject; but my missionary engagements during the week in attending to the cholera patients at the extremity of our parish, four miles down the Tyne, have so engrossed my time that I feel myself necessitated to break off here, in order that you may receive this in time for your next number. But as the subject is interesting, and is, I think, not sufficiently understood in England, I will, if agreeable to you, pursue it in your following number, and endeavour to bring the subject of tithes or *dues* within the comprehension of the meanest understanding.

In conclusion, I cannot forbear from expressing my earnest wish for the superseding of all those separatists' modes of "raising the wind" which have been but too common amongst us. We seem entirely to have forgotten our high dignity, and the claims of that Church of all ages and all nations to which we belong, and to look upon ourselves as a mere sect, differing in name only from the various vulgar creations of yesterday by which we are surrounded.

It was but the other day that, greatly to the annoyance of the priests of the town, we beheld our streets placarded by an announcement of High Mass in large capitals, and the various paraphernalia of a grand opening; and as chance would have it, the posters stood "cheek by jowl" with an equally important announcement of Mdlle. Lucie Duval's Walhalla. The juxtaposition was too tempting, and the placard which is subjoined, the production of some wickedly witty wag, was the consequence, and we had the mortification of seeing this posted on every wall, although, thanks to the zeal of Erin's brave sons, it was not allowed long to remain there. This is only one amongst many instances which should teach us to preserve that high position which is exclusively our own, and which Anglicanism can only affect by mockingly aping a greatness which is not hers.—I have, &c.

F. BETHAM.

St. Andrew's, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

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will have the honour of appearing with HER TALENTED TROUPE OF ARTISTS every Evening this Week.

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FRIDAY NEXT, AUGUST 24,

WHEN A SPLENDID SERIES OF

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THEATRE OF RELIGION, STELLA CHAPEL.

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BISHOP of SAMOSATA, and general Manager of all the THEATRES OF RELIGION in this Neighbourhood, will have the honour of appearing, with his TALENTED TROUPE OF RELIGIOUS ARTISTS, at the above little THEATRE, where an entire new

STAGE OR CHANCEL,

With New Scenes and Decorations, has been erected,
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When the SOLEMN MYSTERY and GRAND SPECTACLE OF

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The RELIGIOUS FARCE will be continued on the following Sunday!! ADMISSION GRATIS!!!

 A GRAND FIELD DAY!!!

Ecclesiastical Register.

MEMOIR OF THE VERY REV. FATHER
DOMINIC.

On the 27th of August this much-loved and much-honoured servant of God was suddenly called from his labours to his reward. After having, as usual, celebrated the holy sacrifice of the Mass, in apparently good health, he left Poplar House, Hampstead, on a visit of charity to the Passionists at Woodchester, near Stroud. As his travelling companion, he took the Rev. Father Lewis Pescaroli, lately returned from Australia in a bad state of health. They were proceeding quite well on their intended journey, till a short time before the train arrived at the Pangbourn Station on the Great Western Railway. When very near that station Father Dominic was suddenly indisposed, and upon being removed from the train, symptoms of a choleraic character appeared. The attendance of a medical gentleman was immediately given, and his complaint ascertained to be disease of the heart. Application was made at the inns for admission, but no room, as it was stated, could be afforded. The unfortunate sufferer was then removed to a cottage, and laid upon some straw on the brick floor for upwards of an hour. Upon the arrival of the up-train he was lifted in and brought to Reading. The prescriptions of the medical gentleman were again applied, and temporary ease obtained. Spasms of the heart, however, returned with violence, and he expired at three o'clock in the afternoon at Pettit's Railway Tavern, Reading, in the arms of Father Lewis, his relative. His remains were enclosed in a strong wooden coffin, and removed on the following day from Reading by railway to London, and from London to Stone station, accompanied by two of the religious from Hampstead. From this station, as soon as possible, the coffin was privately removed to Stone Chapel, which Father Dominic had erected six years before, where the wooden coffin was encased in one of lead, and covered with black cloth. Late on Thursday evening, at the pressing request of the Rev. John Harkness, of Swinnerton Park, it was resolved to have, on the following morning, a solemn public funeral procession through the town of Stone to Aston New Church, which is about two miles distant. Though no previous public notice had been given respecting this procession, yet early in the morning the small chapel at Stone was crowded to inconvenience with pious Catholics, all in deep mourning. Mass was sung at half-past nine, after which the heavy coffin was removed to a hearse in the public road, and the funeral procession was formed in the following order:—Thurifer; cross-bearer, with two clerks right and left, holding processional lamps; eight young boys in cassock and surplice; six lay brothers with the religious habit and mantle; the clergy, in surplice, singing aloud in choir the Office of the Dead; lastly, the celebrant, with black cope, and deacon with sub-deacon, in black dalmatics, and the Catholics of the congregation. The funeral train moved through Newcastle Street, High Street, Stafford Street, by Walton to Aston Hall. The coffin was deposited on the bier in the sanctuary of the new church. A long funeral oration was then delivered by the Rev. Mr. Harkness, who only the night before could collect the necessary materials from one of the fathers. After the oration, which

was listened to with profound attention, and with many sobs and abundant tears, the obsequies over the body were performed.

The streets and windows of Stone were crowded with thousands of people; not a word was heard, or action observed, in any way disrespectful; but, on the contrary, all appeared to pay great respect both to the dead and to the living forming the funeral procession.

From a memoir of the deceased, addressed to the *Tablet* by Father Gaudentius, we extract the following particulars.

"The Very Rev. Father Dominic was fifty-six years and twenty-three days old when he died. He was born on the 4th August, 1793, in a country house not far from the city of Viterbo, in the states of the Roman Church. He was the youngest son of a numerous family. His pious parents gave in baptism to their infant child the name of the glorious St. Dominic, on the day of whose feast he was born. Dominic remained at home till the age of twenty-one, without receiving any particular education except the first rudiments in letters. This omission should not be attributed either to the poverty of his parents, or to the want of proper institutions and able teachers, much less to any deficiency of talent in the young Domenico; but rather to the retired and simple mode of living of the family. In a worldly point of view, though the Barberi family are not considered very rich, yet they were respectable and independent. In England, his father would have been considered a gentleman farmer. This class of people in Italy usually live in truly patriarchal simplicity. They farm their own land, and lead a retired, simple, virtuous, and happy domestic life. Moreover, young Domenico, a short time before entering our religious institute, in imitation of the great and glorious St. Philip Neri, renounced, in favour of some other relation, the right to a rich property left to him by his uncle, by whom Domenico was tenderly loved. The innocent, docile, and affectionate disposition of this privileged youth, his penetrating and reflective turn of mind, his prodigious memory, and his agreeable conversation, soon attracted to him the respect and attention of every body who knew him. In his youth, as I have often heard him say, he delighted in perusing the Holy Scripture, and learned it almost all by heart. He often made it a subject of the evening conversation with his family. As an instance of his extraordinary memory, I may here relate, that one evening, after having read for the first time seventy long verses of the great Italian poet Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, on arriving at the last, he shut up the book, and recited them all literally by heart from beginning to end. He naturally had a great turn for heroic poetry, and felt a strong propensity towards it; but since he embraced the humble and mortified Institute of the Passion, he turned his whole mind and heart to the sublime, sacred, and divine tragedy of Mount Calvary. I mention these few particulars to shew that the young Domenico Barberi had vast natural talents; so that he could have made great progress at school; that his parents had sufficient means; and that there are numerous excellent religious and secular institutions for learning in Viterbo, and in every town in the states of the Roman Church, where he

would have been gladly received and trained in every useful branch of learning. But his simple parents, accustomed to the solitude of rural and domestic life, did not know how to value the advantages of a polite education, for which they saw no absolute necessity. This omission was, however, by them abundantly and honourably made up by the great care they constantly took to bring up their numerous family in the fear and love of God, and in the faithful practice of all their Christian and religious duties. As all Christian parents, by their religion and respective condition, are strictly bound to do, they taught and trained up their children, not less by the bright example of their virtues than by their kind and affectionate words. At different times I have heard Father Dominic speaking with great respect of his virtuous mother, and how, by day and by night, when alone or in company with other children, she carefully watched over their conduct. Happy children of such parents! Neither wealth nor education can make a youth truly happy; but real happiness is ever found in solid virtue. Under the attentive eye and maternal care of this virtuous woman the young Domenico grew up in age, grace, and virtue, esteemed by men, and dear to God. In conformity with his natural inclination and formed habits, this virtuous youth, instead of spending the Sunday in dissipation and dangerous if not criminal amusements in the populous and merry city of Viterbo, like many of his equals, used, on the contrary, to retire to the Monastery of the Passionists, called St. Angelo, in a beautiful solitude, five miles from Viterbo, and not far from the town of Vetralla. In this, his beloved solitude, he passed great part of the Sunday and holy days of obligation, which then were numerous in Italy, spending them in devout religious practices. About five o'clock in the morning he was generally found at the door of the church, waiting in recollection and prayer till it was opened by the religious Passionist sacristan. His first visit was to the most holy Sacrament, where he remained motionless for a considerable time in profound adoration; thence he retired to the side-chapel of Our Lady, where he prepared himself for confession and communion. After a fervent preparation, he devoutly received his divine Lord in the most holy Eucharist, and remained in the church in grateful thanksgiving and fervent prayer, waiting for the ten o'clock Mass and sermon.

"One morning, whilst praying after communion, before the altar dedicated to the Most High, in honour of the blessed Virgin Mary, towards whom he ever professed the most enlightened, the most solid, and most tender devotion, he received through her an extraordinary favour. Once, in relating with his usual simplicity this fact to me, he said that it could not be adequately described in words. He said that 'whilst he was devoutly praying he received an inward illumination, and at the same time he heard a kind of internal voice telling him that he should become a Passionist religious, and should have to come over to England to establish some houses of his Order.' He added, moreover, that 'he likewise heard something very obscure about Holland, which he could not very well recollect.' Perhaps his having sent the Rev. Father Ignatius to beg for our new church and monastery of St. Michael at Aston to Holland, and his death taking place at the same time, may explain the obscurity of this mysterious revelation. That this was not, like many others

of the same kind, a passing illusion of the imagination, may antecedently be argued from his never having before thought either of becoming a Passionist, and much less of his having to come over to England. On the contrary, since that moment he ever did all in his power to enter our religious institute, and in every circumstance he ever evinced the most firm belief that he should have to come to establish his Order in this populous island, once the island of the Saints. After this extraordinary event, he went to consult with his spiritual director, the Rev. Father Fortunatus, of the Most Holy Saviour, who some years after was consecrated Bishop, and sent to Bucharest, in Bulgaria, as Vicar Apostolic. But having lately renounced his Vicariate, Father Fortunatus has returned to Italy, and is at present edifying with his great virtues the young novices in the same monastery where the Very Rev. Father Dominic made his noviciate. As Bishop, he is known as the Right Rev. Dr. Fortunatus Mullaioni—a name which will be recollected by the readers of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*. Father Fortunatus advised the young Domenico to speak with the Provincial of the Passionists, residing in the same Monastery of St. Angelo. The docile youth did immediately as he had been counselled and exhorted by his spiritual director, whom he esteemed, respected, and obeyed as the true and lawful minister of Christ. He was accordingly introduced to the Provincial; and as soon as the young Domenico Barberi arrived in the presence of the Provincial, he with deep emotion threw himself upon his knees, and with his hands joined before his breast, tears starting into his eyes, with a moving voice, in his humility he asked to be received into our Order as a simple lay brother. The Provincial Superior kindly received him, and encouraged the timid youth to continue in his holy vocation; but, in order to try whether his vocation was truly from God, he exhorted him to pray, and to await for a vacancy in the noviciate at some future opportunity.

"The religious Institute of the Most Holy Cross and Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ was founded rather more than a century ago, by the Venerable Father Paul of the Cross, who, after a long life of great sanctity, died in our Monastery of the Saints John and Paul, on Monte Celio, in the city of Rome. His life has been written and published in Italy by our saintly religious, Vincent Maria Stromby, Bishop of Macerata and Tolentino, who, with our founder, is expected soon to be beatified. The lives of both these eminent servants of God are expected to be translated into English. Before our holy founder died, he had the consolation to see his Institute formally approved, first by the great Pope Benedict XIV., and then by his successor Clement XIV. Since his death it has been somewhat modified, and approved for the third time by the holy martyred Pontiff Pope Pius VI. In accordance with the rules of this Institute, to the three ordinary simple vows of voluntary poverty, perpetual chastity, and entire obedience, the fourth, of promoting the salutary devotion to the most holy Passion of our divine Redeemer, is added. The members of the Institute are divided into two classes, viz. the priests and lay brothers, the latter of whom, in a religious community, have to perform the material work of the house, in order that the priests may be more free to attend to their studies and other spiritual duties,

All the members of the Order, who are not exempted by rule, prevented by actual sickness, or by some other just cause approved by the respective local superiors, have every morning, at one o'clock, to get up to sing matins and devoutly to perform several other spiritual exercises of prayer and mortification during the space of one hour and a half, in the public choir. At five o'clock in summer, and at half-past five in winter, the community reunite again in the same place for vocal and mental prayer. All the lay brothers, and those fathers who have finished the ordinary course of their studies, remain in these spiritual exercises during another hour and a half, during which time Masses are said and heard; but the young religious, who are actually engaged in scholastic studies, leave the choir for their study half an hour before the community both morning and evening of most week days. After a quarter of examen of conscience and spiritual reading and some private walk, the fathers and students, at eleven o'clock, go to the choir for twenty minutes to say *sexte* and none. At two o'clock the whole community meet again for vespers and a quarter of public spiritual reading; after this, study and work until a quarter after five, when there is complin and mental prayer. At a quarter before eight, rosary and examen of conscience; retirement and rest at eight o'clock, to get up after five hours to sing matins. In imitation of the great Apostle Saint Paul, who for many reasons might be styled the first great Passionist, other bodily mortifications are used to subdue the rebellious flesh, and bring it into subjection to the spirit. The dress is principally made of wool; the tunic is coarse and poor. In conformity to the advice given by our Lord to his Apostles, we are contented to have our bare feet shod with open sandals. The food is generally sufficient in quantity, but poor as regards preparation and quality. We cannot have any fixed revenue or income. By the tenor of our holy rule, we are not allowed to sell the products of the land belonging to us; but the surplus must be freely given to the poor. Our Order is strictly mendicant—the only mendicant religious order of men at present in England. We subsist entirely through the voluntary contributions of the charitable Catholic public. Yet, in order to enjoy in life, in death, and during a happy eternity, the blessedness of poverty, many devout and virtuous souls leave father and mother, brothers and sisters, houses and lands, pleasures, honours, riches, and rank, and affectionately embrace the cross of suffering of their Redeemer.

“To this poor, humble, and mortified Institute the young Domenico Barberi was called by Heaven, through the miraculous interposition of our ever-blessed Lady. The kind reader can here imagine, better than I can describe, how the fervour of the virtuous youth increased during the few months he had to wait on trial, before being actually admitted to the novitiate by the prudent Father Provincial. Domenico entered the house of novitiate, situated in the delightful solitude of Monte Argentaro, about three miles from Porto Santo Stefano, in Tuscany, at the conclusion of the general European war, being then twenty-two years of age. His more than ordinary virtue and great natural talents soon attracted the special notice of the able Master of Novices, the Rev. Father Bernard, very much esteemed amongst our religious in Italy for his

great virtues. After having had sufficient experience to form a correct judgment of his new young novice, Father Bernard requested the fathers, who had to give the secret vote in Chapter, to receive the young Domenico Barberi, not as a lay brother, but as a clerk intended to study for the Church. At first, he found the capitulars opposed to his desire, on account of the supposed want of knowledge in the young postulant; but Father Bernard repeated that he had found Domenico endowed with extraordinary natural talents, and with such knowledge of the Latin language as to enable him to read and understand well the Holy Bible in the Latin tongue, which he had learned almost all by heart; and that at home he had occupied himself in reading and studying many other useful authors. The fathers, having great regard for the opinion of Father Bernard, requested him to obtain the approbation of the Superior-General of our Order residing at Rome; and with their consent the young Domenico received the religious habit, not as a lay brother, but as a clerk intended to study for the Church. The event fully justified the quick penetration of the able Master of Novices. All young novices, intended for study in our Order, in the morning have to learn by heart a portion of the New Testament, upon which they have to make a pious and moral practical reflection. In the afternoon they have to translate from the Latin into the native language some good Catholic Latin author. Besides this, Brother Domenico had a private school. But study is not the principal employment of novices; they must, above all, attend to the acquisition of the proper spirit of the Institute. Domenico excelled in the performance of all these duties. He was soon regarded by all his fervent companions as a model of religious perfection. After an entire year of probation, to the inexpressible joy of his heart, he was allowed to pronounce at the foot of the altar his vows, and to make his religious profession. He continued in the steady practice of solid virtues, and the exact performance of all his religious engagements, during the time of study—which generally lasts between six and seven years—when his great talents began to shine forth like the beams of the sun after long concealment behind the clouds. His proficiency in philosophical and theological learning was so great, that many learned and grave religious thought, and do at present think, that Father Dominic had received divinely infused knowledge. The ordinary course of our present scholastic studies comprehends philosophy, theology, dogmatic and moral, sacred eloquence, with the Scriptures and Fathers. Every intelligent and learned scholar acquainted with Father Dominic admired his vast knowledge in all these and many other branches of sacred and profane learning. I must not forget to mention, that his great memory enabled him to acquire a more than ordinary knowledge of canon law. Immediately after the ordinary course of study, he was, by our Superior, appointed teacher of philosophy during several years. Teachers in our Order are exempted from choir duties both night and morning; hence they have longer time for study than the rest of the community. Father Dominic had made a kind of private vow never to lose or misemploy a moment of time, which he ever was most exact in observing. In the morning he generally got up about half-past two o'clock, and after having spent some time in saying his

Office and mental prayer, he attended to study till the proper time to celebrate the holy sacrifice of the Mass, which he invariably did to the very morning of the day on which he died. He had scarcely ever been prevented by sickness from this sacred and consoling priestly duty. During the several years he taught, he composed a full course of Christian philosophy, preparatory to the more important study of Catholic divinity. This prepared him for the chair of divinity in our monastery in Rome, to which he was called by the Superior-General, and where, with great advantage, both intellectual and moral, to his young students, he taught divinity during seventeen years. Hence in Rome, the centre and source of truth and learning, in the company of learned divines, and with the benefit of well-furnished libraries, he composed a course of moral theology, much adapted to the schools, in which he closely follows St. Liguori in doctrinal points, but in the arrangement of his materials he excelled him in order and method. He likewise wrote a compendium of dogmatic theology, with a learned treatise which seems to go very far towards reconciling the two contrary opinions on the efficacy of grace and free will. In Rome, he was one of the first to point out with the finger of holy indignation the erroneous tendency of some of the admired writings of the famous but unhappy Abbé Lamennais. The first person he met in the Holy City agreeing with him on this point was Monsignore, afterwards Cardinal, Acton. As soon as the other work of the celebrated Mestropini was published, Father Dominic addressed a friendly learned remonstrance to the author against the obnoxious doctrines contained in his publication. Not to be too long on this point of Father Dominic's learning, it will be sufficient to say, that he has composed more than thirty different works, upon various kinds of interesting and useful subjects. All those of his writings which are known are generally admired. If he had lived longer, some of his works would have been published. Want of pecuniary means, but more his great humility, kept the lamps of learning under the bushel. In Father Dominic's works, his quick penetration, depth of thought, clearness of perception, strength of reasoning, richness of imagination, the power of invention, his peculiar talent of illustration, can easily be perceived. In his sermons, lectures, and instructions, he always kept to the point. He embellished his sermons with beautiful and original anecdotes and illustrations, but never for a moment lost sight of his main subject. In his delivery he was not shining; but he possessed more important qualities—he had the art to please, win, persuade, and convert. Without exaggeration, I should say, that upwards of twenty-five years, on an average, Father Dominic delivered some sermon, meditation, lecture, or instruction, about twice a week. When at home, once a week he generally gave a short exhortation to his religious brethren. He often preached to the people. He has frequently been out giving missions in different parts of Italy. He has often been invited to conduct spiritual retreats in monasteries of religious men and in nunneries, in colleges and seminaries to the ordinandi, and to the priests in the states of the Roman Church, in Tuscany, in the kingdom of Naples, in Belgium, and in England. His last public mission was in Dublin, in company with our dear Fathers Ignatius and Vincent, both

of whom he greatly esteemed. In his profound humility, he studiously avoided notoriety; but his works were great, and God ever blessed his exertions with a rich harvest of solid and lasting conversions of every description.

"In our Religious Order, besides having been long employed in teaching, he was likewise Vice-Superior in different monasteries, and local Superior for three years in our religious establishment in Lucca; twice at least he was made Provincial. If he had remained longer in Italy, very probably he would have been elected Superior-general of the Order. But in the year 1840, by the common consent of the General Chapter, he was chosen as the fittest person to be sent to establish the first house of our religious Institute at Cre, near Tournay, in Belgium, where he was highly valued. In the same year he was pressingly invited by the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman, then the worthy coadjutor of the lamented venerable Bishop Walsh in the Midland district, by both of whom Father Dominic was ever greatly esteemed, and to whom our Order, with a deep sense of gratitude, will ever feel greatly indebted as our kind benefactors and protectors in these kingdoms. Before Father Dominic could succeed in establishing a house of his Order in England, he had from Belgium to come twice over to Oscott. The second time he took with him the Rev. Father Amadeus. They arrived in London on the 5th of October, 1841. From London they repaired to Oscott College, where they were kindly received by the two Bishops, and hospitably entertained there during five months, with great edification to that large, learned, and pious establishment. On the 17th of February, 1842, they both came to establish themselves in the house at Aston Hall, near Stone, Staffordshire, where they immediately began to perform all the regular observances.

"During the eight years and eight months that the Very Rev. Father Dominic had been in England as Vice-Provincial, he built a temporary chapel in the town of Stone, which is used as a school during the week, on the piece of land kindly given for the purpose by James Beech, Esq. He likewise established our Order at Woodchester, near Stroud, on the land given by W. Leigh, Esq., who has there built a magnificent church for the Passionists. The Very Rev. Father was also endeavouring to establish a religious house in Hampstead, near London, and expected to make a new foundation in Lancashire. Our religious at present in England are twenty-seven, ten of whom are priests; four more priests are daily expected from Italy. These are the happy effects of Father Dominic's unwearied exertions. His great zeal for the welfare of our religious Order was ever on the increase. Whilst Superior, either local or provincial, he knew how to regulate his ardent zeal with truly Christian prudence, and softened the firmness of his heroic fortitude with unbounded evangelical charity. To his brethren in religion he was very affectionate. To the poor he was generous; and full of compassion for the sick. His great kindness, unfeigned condescension, and liberal views towards Protestant individuals, have been the means of drawing many to the loving bosom of our holy Mother the Church, amongst whom rank first the Rev. J. H. Newman, and several of his esteemed and virtuous companions.

"Like St. Bernard, Father Dominic constantly kept in sight the great important end for which

he embraced the religious life. From the first moment he entered the house of noviciate, his fervour in the full practice of all Christian and religious virtues never slackened for a moment; but, like the great luminary of the day, he rose up, continually increasing in the bright effulgency of his good example, and in the warmth of his paternal and apostolic charity.

"If, like other just and virtuous men, Father Dominic from time to time committed some faults, they were generally the effects of his great goodness and ardent zeal. As soon as the fault was by him discovered, he humbled himself, first before God, and then before men. As a member of our Order, he was ever most exact in the observance of the smallest rule, either common or private. To his superiors, religious, ecclesiastical, and civil, he was ever most respectful and obedient. The great characteristic virtue of Father Dominic appears to me to have been that of humility. Humility made him abhor every kind of singularity, and also to stick closely to the common life of his fellow-religious. He became an eminent servant of God by constantly endeavouring to perform all the ordinary duties of his state eminently well. All his great natural and supernatural talents and virtues were truly admirable in themselves, but more so when carefully by him concealed under the thick and impervious mantle of modest humility, which in the superficial sight of worldly men made him appear mean and despicable; so much so, that in his dying moments no room could be found for him in the inns of over-prudent men, and he was left to agonise upon some straw on the brick floor of a poor cottage for upwards of an hour. *But humility precedeth glory.* Great part of the Pontifical States, of Tuscany, of Naples, Belgium, and England will ever bear witness to his great theological learning, to his masterly knowledge of the intricate windings of the human heart and nature, to his great experience in the direction of souls, to his great prudence, ardent zeal, and boundless charity, which made him warmly embrace in his heart the whole world. The fame of his virtuous deeds, of his great apostolic labours, his learned works—written almost upon every interesting and useful subject—will perpetuate his name among men upon earth, and engrave it in the book of life among the great saints of heaven.

THE PROVINCIAL COUNCIL OF PARIS.

On Monday, Sept. 17th, the Council of the Province of Paris was opened at the Seminary of St. Sulpice. On the previous evening (Sunday) the Archbishop of Paris and the Suffragan Bishops had betaken themselves to that ancient and holy mansion, which, although lately reconstructed, recalls such ancient and precious recollections. The dying Fénelon wrote to Louis XIV., "I know nothing more venerable or more apostolical than St. Sulpice." The illustrious society has remained worthy of that glory; and, in our days, after having been in some sort the cradle of the French priesthood, it has given, and continues to give, to the episcopate its most eminent representatives.

The Council opened by the holy sacrifice of the Mass, celebrated by the Archbishop of Paris. The Prelates who assist at the Council are, the Archbishop of Paris, the Bishops of Meaux, Versailles, Blois; the delegate of the Bishop of Char-

tres (whose great age prevents his attending in person), the Abbé Dupanloup, Bishop elect of Orleans. Several other Bishops were also seen in the sanctuary; some of whom, as those of Sens and Troyes, had come of their own accord to be present at the proceedings; and others, like the two Irish Prelates now in Paris, had been invited to attend. Each chapter is represented by its delegates. The metropolitan chapter had chosen MM. Tresvaux, Dean, and Surat, Archpriest of Notre Dame.

Amongst the theologians of Council are M. Courson, Superior-general of the Company of St Sulpice; Father de Ravignan, of the Company of Jesus; Father Rubillon; MM. Carrière and Icard Professors of the Religious Seminary of St. Sulpice; the Abbé Langlois, Superior of the Religious Seminary of Foreign Missions; M. Annat, curé of St. Mary; M. Hanicle, curé of St. Severin; M. Corbière, Abbé of Passy; the Abbé Bautain; the Abbé Gerbet, and several other distinguished ecclesiastics. The Fathers of the Council and the theologians inhabit the Great Seminary; they have bound themselves to live like a community, and according to a rule, of which the following are the details:—

They rise at five o'clock; then follows mental prayer, Office, and Mass, which is celebrated a half-past seven; and at which all the Bishops assist in *Pontificalibus*; at half-past eight the private sittings of the Bishops and theologians; breakfast takes place at eleven; and, during its continuance portions of the Holy Scriptures, and of the life of St. Charles, the restorer of Councils in the sixteenth century, are read; at one, the office; at three, the general congregation of the Council at half-past six, dinner, accompanied by reading as in the morning; and the day closes by prayer at nine. The Council is divided into five committees:—1, that of decrees; 2, doctrine; 3, ecclesiastical studies; 4, discipline; and 5, canon law. Precedence is given, not to dignity or pre-eminence of sees, but to seniority of consecration for Bishops, and of ordination for the priests acting as the delegates of absent Bishops, or of canonical institution for the delegates of chapters.

The Metropolitan proposed to the Fathers of the Council, and nominated with their approbation, the officers of the Council, as follows:—Promotor and Vice-Promotor (MM. Buquet and Héron); Secretary and Sub-Secretary (MM. Sibou and Ravinet); Masters of the Ceremonies (MM. Eglie, de Courey, and Hugin); Theologians and Canonists (names as above).

The Council constituted itself: it deliberates—1, in private congregations or sittings; 2, general ones; 3, solemn sessions. The private congregations are a kind of bureau, where the matters to be afterwards examined are first distributed; the general congregations are the meetings to which the private ones send in their reports; and the solemn sessions are intended to pronounce on and publish the decrees decided on in the general congregations.

On Monday was held the first private congregation of the Bishops, and the first general congregation. The congregations which are held in the course of the morning open by the first Mass, which is celebrated by a Bishop. The Mass ended the Metropolitan recites in a loud voice a prayer of which the following is a translation:

"Behold us, O Holy Ghost, behold us, held back, it is true, by the enormity of sin, but assembled specially

thy house; come unto us, accord us thine aid, deign descend into our hearts, teach us what we have to do; show us the path where we ought to walk; fulfil that which we ought to do. Be Thou our only counsellor, our only finisher of our judgments; Thou who possessest with God the Father and his Son, a glorious name. For us not to offend in aught against justice, Thou do lovest equity supremely. Let not ignorance lead us to error; let not favour make us bend; let us not accept either dignity or person; but let us efficaciously unite ourselves to Thee by the gift of thy grace alone, and that we may be wholly in Thee, and that we be not in any point of thy truth. Grant that, being assembled in thy name, we may observe justice with the rule of piety, that our feeling here may never be in discord with thine, and that in the life to come we may obtain, for the good we shall have done, eternal recompense."

The assistants answer, "Amen."

The congregations in the afternoon begin with this invocation; both alike are terminated with the prayer, "Sub tuum præsidium."

The Bishops sit according to the seniority of their consecration. The Bishops and Bishops elect nominated are seated in arm-chairs; the ecclesiastics of the second order in ordinary chairs. The arm-chair of the Metropolitan is placed in an alcove. The costume of the Bishops consists in the rochet and mosette for the congregations; the rochet, cape, and mitre for the sessions. The Bishops not belonging to the province keep the rochet and mosette during the sessions. The Bishops elect or nominated have a laced rochet and black mosette. The costume of the ecclesiastics of the second order consists in the soutane, the long mantle, and the biretta, whether for the congregation or the sessions.

In the preparatory congregation held on Monday morning, and composed of Bishops alone, they were to discuss the holding of particular and general congregations and solemn sessions; the right of speech to be given to the delegates of absent Bishops; their rank in the assembly; the creation of the officers of the Council; the theologians and canonists; the indiction of the first session; the general procession therein; the decrees to be published *de aperiendo synodo, de modo vivendi in Concilio, and de professione fidei*.

The acts of this holy assembly will be published in due time for the veneration of the faithful, when the wisdom of the Fathers of the Council shall have so determined.

THE FRENCH IN ROME.

WERE it not for the serious interests involved, the proceedings of Louis Napoleon and the French popular opinion, of which he is the submissive mouth-piece, would be as laughable as true to the anticipations of those who penetrated into the hidden motives of the Republican destroyers of the Republic at Rome. The correspondents of the English newspapers furnish an almost daily account of the affairs of the Eternal City, and lay down the law for the Pope, the Church, and the world in general, with a simplicity of conceit which speaks volumes for the increasing importance of the press as the great fourth estate of this realm and of all Europe. Our extracts from the letters of these chronicles of gossip will form a curious commentary on the real facts of the time, for the use and amusement of the future historian.

On the 17th of August one of these persons thus speculates:—

"Though no direct hostility exists between the French diplomatists and Pius IX., matters are very far from being arranged. The Pope, I am told, positively refuses to recognise as his soldiers all who have borne arms against him; on the other hand, the French have re-organised all who were willing to continue in the army. The three Cardinals at the head of the Government have declined to receive the Roman officers; so what is to become of the 3000 Roman troops here eventually, it is hard to say. Many think that they will be sent to Algeria or Corsica, and there be subjected to a thorough military training. The Pope seems anxious to yield to the wishes of the people in secularising, as far as he ventures, the Government of the country. Out of ten *delegati* of the provinces there is only one ecclesiastic, and two in the Commission of Inquiry into the acts of the late Government, which consists of eleven members. On the other hand, every thing is in a most unsettled state, and I see no chance of improvement unless the Pope comes forward with a clear and plain statement of the policy he intends to pursue. The notes issued by the Republic, notwithstanding the reduction in value of 35 per cent, are looked upon with the greatest distrust, and are only to be converted into specie at a loss of from 30 to 40 per cent. The price of every thing has risen in the same proportion, and unless some remedy be forthwith adopted the distress among the poor people will be very great.—August 18. The Commission charged with the re-organisation of the Beneficenza, the institution for supplying work to all applicants, has just published its programme. 4000 or 5000 men are at present employed, who are to be formed into gangs and companies, commanded by corporals and sergeants chosen from the workmen. Their labours are confined to excavations, earthworks, and street-sweeping, and are to be paid for by the piece. It is to be hoped by these means that habits of industry may be introduced, for at present I defy you to find such a set of lazy vagabonds any where. The rascals latterly used to throw out scouts to warn them of the approach of the French inspector, and all the time he was in sight pretended to labour most extravagantly. The Commission further state their intention of establishing a poor-house for all who are unable to work, thus putting an end to the interminable street-begging in the city. Filippo Capanna, an inspector of police under the Republic, has just been condemned to hard labour for life, by court-martial, for having committed 'pillage and devastations by night in inhabited houses, and, being armed and accompanied by several persons, having threatened the lives of the lodgers.' The harvest this year has been most abundant, so that, if confidence will only return, we may hope to escape from many of the evils which threatened us."

The Giornale di Roma publishes the details of a ceremony which has taken place in the Capitol. The municipal commission had offered to General Oudinot a medal and the title of Roman citizen, and had exhibited to him the model of a stone slab, on which are engraved his name and his claims to the gratitude of the Romans, which is to be placed in the Capitol. Prince Odescalchi, President of the Commission, having delivered to General Oudinot his diploma as a Roman citizen, and thanked him for the services he had rendered to the city, the General, in expressing his thanks, said—

"Rome cannot be oppressed without perturbation for social order. Her independence is at once the first condition and the most powerful guarantee of the peace of the world. The Eternal City is now free; she has resumed all her empire. The temporal authority of the Sovereign Pontiff is not contested. These are great events; but political convulsions always bring after them calamities which can only be removed entirely with

the aid of time and the persevering co-operation of honourable and courageous men. There remains, then, to be consolidated a work of renovation, which it would be dangerous to leave incomplete. The discipline and attachment of the French army will never be found by you in default. For me, gentlemen, at a distance as well as near, at Paris as at Rome, I belong to you without reserve. You have this day presented me with letters of naturalisation, which impose on me important duties, and I shall endeavour faithfully to fulfil them. From this moment I consider myself as Franco-Roman; and, in presence of the great men who from heaven look down on this imposing ceremony, I here declare that I shall always consider it my glory and my happiness to devote all my faculties to the service of Rome, my second and immortal country."

Private letters from Rome, dated the 28th, state that the decree of the three Cardinals, instituting a commission to try persons charged with political offences during the revolutionary period, "came like a clap of thunder" on General Rostolan, the new commander-in-chief of the French army. He at once remonstrated against the measure, and explained the awkward position in which such a decree placed the French, who had proclaimed a complete oblivion of the past; but the Cardinals refused to annul their decree, and on the next day, the 27th, they appointed the following juriconsults to commence proceedings against the alleged offenders, namely, Messrs. Bertini, Lattanzi, Carcani, Del Grande, Alessandri, Ceccarelli, Sabatucci, and Merdioni. On the same day M. Edgar Ney received a letter from the President of the French Republic, dated,

"Elysée National, Aug. 18.

"MY DEAR NEY,—The French Republic has not sent an army to Rome to put down Italian liberty, but, on the contrary, to regulate it, by preserving it against its own excesses, and to give it a solid basis, by replacing on the Pontifical throne the prince who (the first) had boldly taken the lead in all useful reforms. I learn with pain that the benevolent intentions of the Holy Father, as well as our own action, remain sterile in presence of hostile passions and influences. The desire of certain persons appears to be to make proscription and tyranny the bases of the Pope's return. Say to General Rostolan, from me, that he is not to permit that, under the shadow of the tricoloured flag, any act be committed which can lower the character of our intervention. I thus sum up the restoration of the Pope's temporal power:—a general amnesty; the secularisation of the administration; the code Napoleon; and a liberal Government. I was personally hurt, in reading the proclamation of the three Cardinals; to perceive that no mention whatever was made in it of the name of France, or of the sufferings of our brave soldiers. Every insult offered to our flag or our uniform goes direct to my very heart; and I have to request you to make it well understood, that if France does not sell her services, she at least insists on due consideration being paid to her sacrifices and her abnegation. When our armies made the round of Europe, they left everywhere, as the mark of their passage, the destruction of the abuses of feudalism, and the germs of liberty. It shall not be said that in 1849 a French army can have acted in a different sense, and brought about different results. Tell the General to thank, in my name, the army for its noble conduct. I have learned, with pain, that even physically it was not treated as it ought to have been. Nothing ought to be neglected to suitably provide accommodation for our troops. Receive, my dear Ney, the assurance of my sincere friendship.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE."

The subjoined account, from a well-informed quarter at Paris (says the Paris correspondent of the *Chronicle*) throws considerable light upon the

history of this memorable letter, the effect it produced upon Pius IX., and the probable results which will have upon European politics generally:—

"Despatches have been received at Paris from Rome and Gaeta, which state that the Pope was informed of the letter of Louis Napoleon since the 28th ult. One of the Cardinals composing the Roman Provisional Government had hastened to send down a copy to Cardinal Antonelli, his Holiness's secretary, who, in his turn laid it before the Sovereign Pontiff. All that Pius did on reading it, was to fold his arms and look up heaven for a few moments; then handed back the letter to the Cardinal without uttering a word. The first impression of the Pope appears to have been rather astonishment than any other feeling. Cardinal Antonelli, however, deemed it his duty not to let the matter drop, so, but to endeavour to draw from the Pope a declaration of the instructions which ought to be sent to M. Fornari at Paris. Accordingly a deliberation of the Cardinals took place the same day in the Pope's apartment and after some discussion the decision of the Cardinals was unanimously this,—that the Papal Court ought to take any notice whatever of the letter in question, but ought to act as if it was ignorant of its very existence and for this reason, that the document had no diplomatic character, being simply a confidential missive from the President of the Republic to one of his order officers. The Pope having approved of this decision Cardinal Antonelli was charged with the task of informing the Apostolic Nuncio at Paris that, in his interview with the members of the French Cabinet, or with the President of the Republic, he was to abstain *in toto* from the slightest allusion to the letter of Louis Napoleon. Accordingly, Mgr. Fornari had an interview with the President of the Republic on the 7th inst., but far from protesting against what had been done, never so much as alluded in any way whatever to the letter. All that he did during the interview was to remit to the President the reply of the Papal Government to the information of M. de Tocqueville's nomination to the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. The President appeared surprised at this silence, but on his side also never touched the subject. The interview was an exceedingly brief one, consisting merely of the presentation of the reply just spoken of, and the civilities *d'usage*. But another and no less significant fact, is the resolution taken by Pius IX. to fix his residence at Portici, where every arrangement has been made by the King of Naples to make it a comfortable residence for his Holiness during the winter. The Pope was to leave Gaeta on the 10th of September, to be present at a grand ceremonial in Naples on the 8th, and was then to establish himself with a conclave of Cardinals in the royal palace of Portici. The object of the Pope in retiring to Portici seemed to be to withdraw as much as possible from the influence of French diplomacy, and to meet the letter of Louis Napoleon with a passive inertia which the French Cabinet will find it much more difficult to overcome than an open opposition. It became a matter of course that as soon as the foreign diplomatic corps at Paris were made aware of the resolution of the Pope to plead ignorance of the letter of Louis Napoleon, no representative of a foreign Power could deem himself authorised to demand explanations from the French Cabinet on the subject of this letter. The assertion, therefore, made by some of the journals, that the representatives of the northern Powers had waited upon M. de Tocqueville or sent off special couriers on account of the letter to the President, is refuted. As regards the Austrian embassy, moreover, which was brought most prominently forward, it is positive that for the last six days no courier has left the embassy for Vienna. The letter of Louis Napoleon may prove the source of difficulties at Rome to the French Cabinet, as the Papal Court shows itself less pliant than formerly; but you may rest assured that the letter of the President of the Republic will not lead to those serious European complications spoken of by some of the journals, and still less is it likely to provoke a war between France and Austria. The letter

ais Napoleon is to be attributed chiefly to the influence of M. Dufaure, who, perceiving that his colleagues wished to turn him out of the Cabinet because of the impudent articles he had published in the *Moniteur du jour*, endeavoured to put a drag upon the wheel of the Ministry of which M. Falloux, will, it is said, receive the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. M. de Falloux, in fact, no sooner heard that the letter of the President to the latter, on sending it to Colonel Ney, had spoken of the Cabinet Council as a private letter, not to be made public) had been made public than he immediately left Vichy to tender his resignation. General Michiers, Minister of War, equally hurt that Colonel Ney should have been selected instead of himself to give instructions to the French troops at Rome, has followed the example of M. de Falloux, consenting, however, to keep his portfolio until the next meeting of the Legislative Assembly. The Cabinet is, in fact, falling to pieces."

The same correspondent says:

"From all that has been written and re-written on this subject, it would appear that the existence of the letter was known to all the members of the ministry,

but that all of them did not wish to see it published. The rectification in the *Moniteur* appears to have been a sort of satisfaction given to M. de Falloux for the publication which had taken place, and which publication was made in the *Moniteur*, by order of the President himself, in consequence of the spurious copies which had got into circulation in manuscript at Rome. But once that the letter was transmitted to Rome, it is impossible to imagine that it could remain unknown; sooner or later it was sure to find its way into print. It does not appear, however, that M. de Falloux has any intention of tendering his resignation immediately, as the *Moniteur* announces that the honourable minister has resumed his functions, the *ad interim* administration of M. Lanjuinais, who acted in his absence, having ceased. If M. de Falloux has not tendered his resignation, his retirement is not the less looked on as certain; it is merely a question of time. At the council, to-day, the propriety of the immediate convocation of the Legislative Assembly was discussed, but it was decided that no such step should be taken at present. The ministers have, however, it is said, prevailed on the President to abandon his intention of returning to St. Cloud, where he has been for some time residing."

Historic Chronicle.

HAPPILY for all but lovers of political excitement, we have a somewhat dull tale to record for the past month, so far as home news and the Continent are concerned. Agitation, however, thrives in the colonies, and in the Cape has almost become rebellion. Passive resistance was organised to an extent reaching beyond the refusal to receive or employ the convicts when they arrive: the tradesmen, such as bakers, were resolving to withhold commissariat supplies; and the bankers and capitalists were combining to refuse credit to contractors who should side with Government. The Government had issued a notice that it would make advances to such persons on good security.

On the 18th of June, a deputation waited on the Governor with a last petition. Sir Harry Smith received them kindly, but reminded them it was Waterloo day, and declared he would rather that Almighty God should strike him dead than he should treacherously disobey his lawful superior. The convicts would be received; but his letter to Earl Grey of the 24th of April would prevent the colony from becoming a penal settlement, or he was greatly mistaken. The convicts should not be turned loose on the colony; and he would announce in what place, pending ultimate arrangements, they should be kept—probably Robben Island.

An immense open-air meeting was held, in which resolutions were passed to resist by every constitutional means the introduction of convicts. One gentleman affirmed that by the terms of the capitulation the proposed measure was illegal, and continued as follows:—"A people have a right to protection; and when the government affords it not, neither is respect nor confidence due. Thus it was in England in the time of James the Second; thus in Holland when Dutch patriotism resisted Spanish tyranny; thus—on the day of which this 4th of July was the anniversary—did the free States of America throw off the English yoke, because the respect for their Government had ceased with that Government's failure in its duties. The present unfortunate matter has revived the division of Dutch and

English in the country, which men had long thought abolished: a great cause for sadness and sorrow."

Two gentlemen who had accepted vacant seats in the Legislative Council were so maltreated as instantly to quit them, and official resignations were pouring in from all parts of the colony. A deputation implored the Governor to send the transport-ships back to England; this he refused, but promised to prevent the convicts landing. The excitement prevailed beyond the frontier, and produced remonstrances from many of the independent chiefs. Sir Harry Smith has written home for detailed instructions.

There has been renewed riot and bloodshed in Canada, consequent on the arrest, by Government, of several persons charged with being concerned in the burning of the Houses of Parliament. A mob of two or three hundred attacked Mr. Lafontaine's house, and were received with a volley of musketry, which killed one, and wounded several others. Thereupon the mob retreated, and the firing ceased. Much agitation prevailed all that night; and several barricades were raised in the streets, but not with a view to resisting the troops. When these last arrived at a barricade, the mob cheered, withdrew, and the barricades were removed.

During the inquest on the body of the man who was killed, and while Mr. Lafontaine was being examined, the hotel in which the jury were sitting took fire, whether through incendiaries was not known. The confusion was dreadful; the soldiers on guard ran about with fixed bayonets. Mr. Lafontaine was eventually escorted to Government House, surrounded by soldiers. Meanwhile the subject of annexation is largely and openly canvassed; a newspaper, the *Canadian Independent*, being established as an organ of the separation party.

Serious outbreaks have occurred at Cephalonia; the cause, according to Mr. Ward's despatch, being "a vague political excitement, engrafted upon a desire of plunder, and wish to gratify feelings of personal violence, excited by local feuds."

A significant speech was made by Mr. Gilly, a Prebend of Durham, at a local banquet, in the presence of Sir G. Grey, who declared that Church reform could no longer be deferred.

Cholera is on the decrease, the deaths having fallen from 400 to 120 a-day. Special days of humiliation have been kept by some few of the Anglican clergy, on account of the prevalence of the disease.

The first numbers of Mr. Duffy's revived *Nation* are full of energy and spirit, and denounce the extinct policy of "Young Ireland." In one of his earliest numbers, Mr. Duffy proposed the following queries for discussion :

"1. Whether we cannot raise capital to found an Irish plantation, with Irish money and for Irishmen ?

2. How far it is possible to form agricultural colonies in Ireland on estates purchased under the new act, or to form parishes into such colonies ?

3. What handicrafts and manufactures, not requiring coal or expensive machinery, can be firmly rooted in the country by encouragement and superintendence ?

4. What rude fabrics for home use can be still made in rustic districts ?

5. In what respect America can encourage Irish manufactures ?

6. How far the Irish in America who have amassed capital could be induced to return and purchase small properties in fee ?

7. Whether Irish fishermen could not catch Irish fish, instead of the very coasts of Dublin, within a stone's throw of the shore, being fished by Manx and English boats ?

8. How far the vast multitude of children in the workhouses—nearly 130,000—could be taught, by industrial schools, new trades and pursuits, embracing the manufacture of foreign articles imported into Ireland ?

9. How far an awakened public spirit in the country can be systematically put forth to help ourselves ? That power has not only won battles, but felled forests, and drained swamps, and planted trades, and founded cities ; and did these things while contending hand to hand with tyranny. I believe we have never taken possession of our country, and that this feat remains to be achieved.

10. Whether the generous, sensitive, Celtic organisation is not fit for some finer task than sweating under the negro work of Europe and America—toiling in the grey jacket of a 'navvy,' or marching in the red jacket of a mercenary soldier ?"

Among the Orange party, too, a better feeling is at work. The *Fermanagh Reporter*, in a long article, calls upon the Protestants of Ulster to be no longer ashamed of being classed among the Irish, to forget their Saxon descent, and feel a just pride, in common with their Celtic brethren, in being natives of Irish soil. Other papers echo the same sentiments.

The riot at Dolly's Brae is shewing afresh what is meant by *justice* in Ireland. The application by the Royal Commissioner for leave to present informations against the Orangemen involved, has been refused by the Castlewellan board of magistrates. The question was decided by the casting vote of Lord Roden, one of the parties implicated !

The Peace Congress has been held at Paris under the presidency of Victor Hugo. The Archbishop of Paris was solicited to attend, but excused himself on the ground of ill health. Decoratory speeches were made by Victor Hugo, Cobden, and others, and received with immediate applause. The industrial condition of France seems improving.

Rumours have been current of an intended intervention on the part of Prussia and Austria in Switzerland ; but the Federal Council announces that they have received communications denying in the strongest terms any such intention, and alleging that the concentrations of Austrian troops have no other object than to prevent the desertion of individuals who wish to escape the conscription now taking place in Lombardy.

Venice has surrendered, and Manin has taken refuge in the Ionian Islands.

The news from Hungary are fully confirmed ; it appears that the Hungarian Diet dissolved itself, after surrendering its powers to Görgey ; this was followed on the part of Görgey by an unconditional surrender to the Russians. Görgey has been pardoned, and retired into private life. Bem, Kossuth, and the others, have taken refuge in the Ottoman territory, and implored the protection of the Sultan, who expresses his determination to afford it them. Komorn still holds out.

The Indian mail brings intelligence of the death of the celebrated Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt at Alexandria.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Rev. E. Q. S. Waldron—received.

NOTICE

To Subscribers to the Rambler.

In order to meet the convenience of some of our Country Subscribers, who wish to receive their copies of the RAMBLER by post, and at as low a cost as possible, a Quarterly Edition of the Journal will in the future be issued, on the first days of January, April, July, and October, and comprising the current and two immediately preceding Monthly Numbers. They will be stitched together in one wrapper, and thus be sent by post for Sixpence only, in addition to the selling price of Four Shillings and Sixpence.

Each Monthly Number of the RAMBLER contains so large a quantity of matter, that three such numbers are nearly equal to two numbers of the ordinary Quarterly Reviews. The Quarterly Edition will thus be by far the cheapest quarterly publication in the kingdom, giving to its readers for 4s. 6d. nearly as much matter as others give for 12s.

The second Quarterly Part of the RAMBLER, containing the Monthly Numbers for August, September, and October, is now ready, and will be forwarded on application to the Publisher, or by any Bookseller in Town or Country.

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VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER 1849.

PART XXIII.

CHEAP BOOKS.

It is from no desire to keep the multitude in ignorance that we express a belief that cheap books are often a serious evil. We have no faith in the virtues of stupidity. We are sceptical as to the theory, that the more a human being is like a brute, the better he does his duties as a man. We see no reason for believing that a measure of thought, talent, and learning, is incompatible with plough-driving, cloth-weaving, or the office of handing plates and uncovering dishes at dinner. We believe that the faculties which Almighty God in his wisdom has given to *all*, whatever their station in life, should be developed and cultivated in all, as far as those various stations will permit, the limits of education being set by necessity, and necessity alone. Therefore, when we confess to regarding cheap books as very often a nuisance, which ought to be abated, our readers will not impute to us any fondness for ignorance, dulness, or stupidity.

Nor do we mean that cheap books are *in themselves* an evil. Far from it. The cheaper the better, under certain restrictions. Nor, again, would we imply that the excessive cheapness which we condemn is an evil in all books, of all kinds, and under all circumstances. It is only when cheapness tends to deteriorate the quality of books, and to render good books scarce, that we deprecate that greedy demand for an impossible lowness of price, which is unhappily becoming an epidemic among English readers, and not the least among English Catholic readers.

Nor, once more, is it for the sake of booksellers and publishers that we are about to expatiate on the mischiefs to which we desire to call attention. That the cheap system *is*, in certain cases, a serious infliction upon both worthy and unworthy bibliopoles, can be doubted by none who are at all conversant with the mysteries of "the trade." We leave, however, the publishing and book-vending interest to take care of itself; as, in most cases, it certainly will do. Paternoster Row, with its dependencies, is as fully equal to the task of minding the main chance, as any class of men in the commercial community. It needs no help from *us*, and is far enough

from depending upon the opinions of luckless scribblers for its thriving in the world. The class of persons who suffer from the present system of exaggerated cheapness are authors and artists; and next to them the public, which, growing more and more exorbitant in its cry for the greatest possible quantity of matter at the lowest possible price, is fed with an intellectual food which every day is depreciated in quality, and becomes more and more valueless as a nourishment for the mind and the soul.

We pray our readers, then, to ponder well the fact, that, at the standard of price to which the Catholic public expect to have good Catholic books sold to them, it is utterly impossible that such books should be provided, except under a rare combination of favourable circumstances. The money which Catholics are willing to give for books is totally inadequate to make it possible to publish them with any tolerable remuneration to their writers, or even with any remuneration at all. The general purchaser has not the slightest notion of the outlay that is involved in the publication of any and every book, and of the millstone which the present system hangs about the necks of those who would supply the public with intellectual food, if they were put into a position to do so. A lady or a gentleman grumbles and frowns at being asked to pay one-half or one-third of the price of a pair of boots or shoes, or the price of a leg of mutton, for a volume which the author has spent perhaps two, three, or four months of hard mental labour in preparing. The diminution which has taken place in the price of some books, carried as it has been in some cases to a preposterous extent, has created an unhealthy craving after a still further cheapening, to be applied alike to all classes of publications, and under all possible circumstances. And we have no hesitation in saying, that amongst ourselves there exists no more insuperable barrier to the advance of education and intellectual cultivation, than this almost universal disinclination to pay a reasonable price for books of a sterling character.

That what we are saying is any thing but

a fiction, and is not even a fiction "founded on fact," but a literal every-day truth, we shall speedily shew by a few figures and calculations. But before doing this, we must pause a moment to remind the reader that in the production of all books there are four classes of persons concerned, each one of whom must be *paid* for his share in the transaction. It is obvious also that each one of these must be paid, not according to any arbitrary or fantastic standard, dictated by caprice, but by the laws which govern the products of human skill and energy in all their manifold modifications. You must not pay all classes on the same scale. On the lowest principles of expediency, and simply from the selfish desire of keeping up the supply, you *must* pay for certain goods more than for others. If you do not pay more for those which only a few can produce than for those which any body can produce, the inevitable result of your folly will be a cessation of the supply altogether.

Nevertheless, we growl over the guineas we give to a physician, or the bulk of a barrister's fee, forgetting what the education necessary to make men good barristers or doctors has cost; and also forgetting that unless doctors and barristers are paid so as to enable them to live like gentlemen, they will not *be* gentlemen; and if they are not so, they will never be competent to advise us in the affairs of our bodies and our purses. The rule holds good from the bricklayer's labourer, and common country labourer in the fields, upwards. We may, if we please, say that society ought to pay no more to a carpenter for putting up a few shelves, than to a ploughman for spending an equal amount of time in following the plough-tail. But if society is so simple as to attempt to enforce this theory in practice, society will infallibly be compelled to go without the carpenter's skill altogether, and the whole human race will be reduced to one dead level of ignorance, stupidity, helplessness, and barbarism. If we will not pay all producers in proportion to the nature of their productions, we may as well burn our books and houses, strip off our coats and stockings, clothe ourselves in skins, and go and live in the woods at once, like the savages to whose primeval state of barbarism we are wilfully reducing ourselves and our children.

Each one of the four classes of persons concerned in the publication of books must therefore be remunerated according to the quality of the work he does. He must receive that payment without which it is impossible that the work he produces can be *good of its kind*. We speak of these as four classes, though from the author down to the printer's devil, the somewhat arbitrary laws of society divide them into various gradations,

which melt into one another by almost imperceptible degrees. There is the author who writes the book, the artist who designs the illustrations, and the engraver who transfers them to wood, copper, steel, or stone; there is the publisher, who buys the copyright, and publishes the book at his own risk, or else publishes for the author; there is the intermediate house in the wholesale trade, which transfers the book from the publisher to the retail bookseller; there is the retail bookseller, with all his assistants in business; there is the whole machinery concerned in the printing,—the master-printer, who, to do his work well, ought to be a man of education and intelligence, with the whole multitude of compositors, readers, pressmen, and so forth, some of whom *must* be not mere mechanics, but persons of thought and good information; there is the whole paper-making establishment, from the manufacturers of and dealers in paper, down to their humblest working boys and women; and there is also the book-binder, with his staff, some of whom again must be more than mere animated machines, if the work is to be completed so as to satisfy the demands of a cultivated taste and fancy besides others whom we have not named.

All these many workers are classed, on the whole, by society and necessity, into four divisions. First, there is the mechanical class, the men, women, and boys, who work chiefly with their hands; secondly, the tradesman class, comprising the retail bookseller, the master-printer, and the paper-dealer; thirdly, the men of capital and wholesale dealing, who publish the book; and fourthly, the author and the artist. Now, as it happens, the first three of these four classes are far less affected by the excessive cheapness which we deprecate than the last. Doubtless, all suffer to some extent, though there are instances (but no means common) in which the publisher thrives wonderfully upon the system. With these three sections, however, we have nothing now to do. Altogether, they take care of themselves, and are probably as nearly as may be elevated to that rank and social position which the nature of their occupation renders it desirable that they should fill. When they have *enough* to do, each in their way, they live very well, and have little or nothing to complain of. It is the author (and in speaking of him we comprise the artist, who is sometimes his coadjutor) who is crushed to death by the demands of that despotic public who behests he would fain obey, even though he perishes in the attempt. With all the other taking the remuneration paid for labour at the present standard, all that is needed is a *surplus* of it. With the unfortunate being whose brain produces the material for all the production, the case is far otherwise. If the demand be what it may, he never can

remunerated as the necessities of the case require; and as the demand practically is, he is repeatedly not even remunerated on the present miserable and shameful scale.

We suppose we need not stay to prove, that the writers of books ought, as a class, to hold that position in society which entitles a person to be regarded, when it is not his own fault that it is otherwise, as a gentleman. It would be an insult to the readers of the *Rambler* to imagine that they would degrade the men who furnish the food for all that is best and noblest in their nature, to the level of those who make their shoes and clean their horses, or even of those who dispense tea and sugar by the pound, and calicoes by the yard. We do not say that authors, as a class, ought to be able to drive a carriage and pair, to drink claret and hock for dinner, or be waited on by a smart footman in showy livery. But they ought unquestionably to be men of respectable incomes, say from 300*l.* to 1000*l.* a year, if they are (as most men are) married, and have a wife and family to support. They ought to be in circumstances to associate with the best of cultivated society, though perhaps not the most fashionable or aristocratic. They ought to be men of that degree of education which unfortunately still costs so much in this country. They ought to be persons of refined feelings, polished manners, and gentlemanly habits. Their wives ought not to have to cook their dinners, or divide the cleaning of their houses with a dirty maid of all work. They ought not to be in a state of perpetual pecuniary anxiety, arising from the impossibility of preserving a decent appearance on the scantiest means. They ought to be able to purchase and continually add to a good library, and to live in a healthy situation and a moderately large house, and to take recreation daily, and at times to rest altogether from their toils. All this is literally essential, absolutely essential, to the healthy and energetic working of the mental powers, and the consequent production of good books. The mind can no more toil well without these appliances, than a steam-engine can work without oil to its wheels. The infirmities, both physical, moral, and intellectual, of poor human nature, render the healthy operations of the intelligence almost impossible under that pressure which weighs down so many a mind of high qualifications and burning zeal, and which prevents the production of many a work of learning, genius, and skill. The mysterious union between the body and the soul is such, that a rough, poor, hard-working life in bodily things is hopelessly incompatible with a devotion of the energies of the mind to intellectual pursuits. That very high cultivation of the faculties which fits a man to write a good book, produces a physical sensitiveness, and a refinement of general character, which de-

mand a social position removed from the cares and ruder toils of handicraft and the worry of petty pecuniary vexations. All this will be readily granted by every person who has fairly considered what intellectual labour is, and what a truly valuable writer must in almost all cases be.

We assume, therefore, that the remuneration given to men and women who devote themselves to literature as a profession, and also in a proportionate degree to those who are only partly occupied in literary pursuits, ought to be such as to supply them with incomes such as we have specified. In other words, the income of a literary man ought to be about the same as that of other classes of men whose occupations, though not popularly called literary, are yet intellectual. Authors ought to be paid by the same scale as lawyers, doctors, officers in the army and navy, and other classes of professional men, who (like engineers and architects) live by working their brains. All these various professions live, on the whole, as gentlemen, so far as money is concerned. If some fall below the mark, others mount up into the very wealthy and aristocratic ranks. If at one end of the scale there are briefless barristers, and half-starved physicians, and apothecaries who number hardly a dozen patients; there are lawyers in the House of Lords and Commons, and physicians with baronetcies and enormous fortunes, at the other end, who make up the average, and justify the assertion that the members of all these professions do actually *live* by their intellectual toils.

And will any man of decent feelings and ordinary thought,—much more, will any Christian, maintain that those whose office it is to form the mind, to mould the immortal soul, should be men of a lower grade in the scale of intellectual refinement and intelligence than those men who superintend our money-affairs, settle our quarrels, physic our bodies, and build and adorn our houses? Will any Catholic who has an eye to perceive the position which his religion is called to take in this country at the present moment, and who knows the bearings of intellectual cultivation of all kinds upon the prosperity of the Church and the salvation of immortal souls; will such an one venture to maintain that no sacrifice is to be made for the purpose of fostering a life of study among those who are capable of it, and whose published labours would be of incalculable benefit to the cause we all hold most dear? Surely we need say no more in condemnation of that base, grovelling, worldly, and antichristian spirit, which will bestow its wealth by handfuls for the furthering a secular aim, or in the purchase of clothes, horses, and vulgar finery, and yet grudges a few pounds, or almost a few shillings, for the cherishing all that is most worthy of culture

and affection, and most intimately bound up with the welfare of our beloved faith.

Now let us see how far it is *possible* for a man who devotes himself to a literary life to live by his occupation, according to the present state of the demand for cheapness in books. We shall best convince our readers of the oppressive nature of the exactions made by the public upon those who write for their amusement and benefit, by simply stating the details of the cost of a single book; entreating them to ask themselves whether such a state of things is not an intolerable evil.

Let the reader, then, look round his bookshelves, or over his library or drawing-room table, and take up some recently issued book from one of our Catholic publishers, of some 250 pages in length, of respectable appearance, and of that medium size which fashion and convenience now make popular in our religious publications. Such a volume, nicely done up in cloth, lettered at the back in gold, and perhaps with an illustration or two, is generally sold for three shillings, or sometimes even for half-a-crown; and many, we fear, are the pathetic remonstrances that proceed from the innocent and ill-used public at being compelled to disburse this exorbitant sum for what it considers so small a return. We will suppose, however, that the book in question costs three shillings, which is the price of half-a-dozen ice-creams, or a pair of middling kid-gloves, or a dish of mutton-chops.*

Now what has been expended upon this little volume, before one single copy can be issued to the public, and what are the profits that remain for the luckless being whose brain has toiled for many a weary hour in its composition, when all the copies of the edition are disposed of? We shall suppose that 1000 copies of the book are printed, and that all of them are sold. And this, be it observed, is nothing more than a supposition, for many is the excellent Catholic publication published at this price, which never reaches a sale of 1000 copies, so limited is the demand amongst us, partly from apathy, and partly from a want of knowledge of the *duty* of the public towards those who write the books which it desires to read. Such a volume will cost, for printing, about 40*l.*; for paper, about 12*l.*; for binding, about 16*l.*; and for advertising (at a very low estimate) 5*l.*; making altogether 73*l.* This estimate also allows but a very small sum for those corrections of the press which, to some extent or other, are inevitable in all original compositions, and in many cases amount to a very serious item in the expenses of a publication. We may, however, perhaps

estimate the cost of 1000 copies of such a volume to be 75*l.*

Now then for the returns of the sale. The book we suppose to be sold to the public at three shillings each copy. From this three shillings is to be deducted, first, the trade profits allowed to the retail bookseller by the publisher; secondly, the per-centage paid to the publisher himself by the person who undertakes the risk of the publication (and which must be deducted whether that person be the author or the publisher himself); and thirdly, sundry copies of the book which are by law given to public libraries, and by necessity are sent free to various journals for review. The first of these deductions, viz. the allowance made by the publisher to the retail bookseller, and those London houses who supply the country and retail trade, is 25 per cent, and, besides this, an additional copy *gratis* for every twenty-four copies thus taken; making the allowance to the trade nearly 29 per cent. Add to this the 10 per cent claimed by the publisher for his services, and the copies necessarily given away, and we find that *at least* 40 per cent is deducted from the selling price of any book, before one farthing goes into the pocket of the author, if he is the publisher of his own book, or to the party, whoever he is, who undertakes the risk, and is compelled to pay the cost of printing, paper, and advertising, whether the book sells or not.

The whole selling price of 1000 copies of such a book as we have specified, at three shillings each, amounts to 3000 shillings, or 150*l.* From this deduct 40 per cent, or, in other words, two-fifths of the whole sum, and there remains 90*l.* to pay for all the cost of publishing, and to remunerate the author besides. The cost of publishing we have seen to be about 75*l.*; and thus the enormous sum of 15*l.* remains to pay the author for all his toils!

Now, further, let us inquire *what* the writer has been compelled to give, in expectation of gaining this munificent reward, which is equal to the yearly wages of a London housemaid, *without her board and lodging*. From an extensive experience, we have no hesitation in saying, that few or no persons could calculate upon writing the amount of original matter which such a book would contain in less than two months, allowing for ordinary health, and for those occasional interruptions which would certainly befall him. We do not say that many persons might not and do not produce an equal quantity in far less time; but we say that in the long-run they could not *continue* to produce at a quicker rate. Their brain would not stand it; they would have pumped themselves dry, or, instead of pouring forth a fresh and healthy stream of thought, they would throw out a mere torrent of rubbish, which

* The articles which appeared in this Journal, entitled "Four Years' Experience of the Catholic Religion," are now reprinted, considerably enlarged, and are sold for *one shilling*. Yet they contain 111 closely printed pages, and as much matter as half an ordinary 8vo volume, constantly sold at half-a-guinea or more.

would be as tedious and profitless to their readers to peruse, as it was irksome and painful to themselves to bring forth. Even this would be a rate of production to which many persons fully competent to write good books would not be equal. The slavery of those who write for the daily press is a proverb. The thought of having to write a leading-article, as long as those in the *Times*, every day in the year, would be appalling to the generality of readers; and the facility and rapidity with which Mr. G. P. R. James writes new novels is one of the marvels which are astonishing the observant public. But what will the kind-hearted and amiable reader of the *Rambler* say, when we assure him or her that the writing of such a volume as we are supposing every two months in the year, is a *more* rapid rate of supply than either the writers of leading-articles in the *Times* or Mr. James himself attains to? For a man to make an income of 100*l.* a year at the rate by which Catholic publishers are enabled to remunerate the authors whose works they publish, he must write as much as a leading-article and a half in one of the daily papers, on the average, every week-day that he lives. Such is the fact; and a most momentous fact it is, not only for the writers of books, but for all who read them, and would have books written that may deserve to be read. To live, and bring up a family, like a person of respectability, on the income which an educated Catholic can gain with his pen, is an utter impossibility. Supposing all things, even as they now are, to combine in his favour; supposing he never wants a publisher to employ him, is never seized with a long illness, is never hard put to it for a subject, is never afflicted with that mental exhaustion and depression which are the lot of all who work hard with their brains,—supposing all this (which in any individual case is highly improbable), he will gain the income of a tolerably good London carpenter, or of a petty shopkeeper in a country town!

The unhappy results of such a state of things is palpable to the simplest. A Catholic literature, whether on purely theological, or on secular, or half-secular subjects, cannot be created until this evil is remedied. Unless those who are now the purchasers of Catholic books are willing to expend more money for the indulgence of their wishes, or until the number of those who buy becomes double or threefold what it now is, it is vain to hope to see men of genius, learning, and perseverance devote their energies to the cause. We shall continue as now to be supplied with a literature as small in character, as the volumes in which it is clothed are diminutive in size. We shall have translations of short books, generally ill executed, in tolerable quantity; we shall have reprints at a ruinously low

price to all parties concerned; we shall see now and then some zealous individual, a priest or a layman, coming forward and presenting the Catholic public with a really valuable work, original or translated, which he publishes at his own risk, without a hope of gaining a farthing by the transaction; we shall have every now and then a solitary volume from one of those few celebrated Catholic pens whose productions a bookseller will publish at his own cost, because they are sure to pay him; and the whole interspersed at intervals with a short production, now fiery, now prosy, now antiprotestant, now valuable, now unmitigatedly worthless, from one of those ardent spirits who *must* write, and who *will* write, though few may read their lucubrations, save the critics who are doomed to review them.

At this very time we could mention facts to our readers, if such revelations were seemly, which would astonish them as to the paralyzing influences of this over-wrought cheapness in our books. We know of some of the ablest pens at this moment lying dormant because there exists no possibility of gaining a remuneration for their labours. We believe that there is scarcely one solitary original work of any name which has been for some time brought out by a Catholic publisher, which has not been published at the sole risk of the author. An exception to this may be found in the case of the most popular of all the works written on their conversion by some of the recent Anglican converts; but it is an exception which proves the rule we are shewing. Though more than 2000 copies of it have been sold, it has been sold at so low a price that it has only just now cleared its expenses!

Another circumstance must also be borne in mind by those who would reduce our literature to this suicidal cheapness. It is this:—that in all books, except periodicals, the real selling price is actually less than the nominal selling price. There is not a respectable bookseller in London who will not deduct 10 per cent from the cost of any new book, when the purchaser does not demand an exorbitant credit in paying his bill. In all the large towns throughout England the same deduction is invariably made when a purchase is made to the value of a sovereign, and very frequently when it only amounts to four or five shillings. Nor is this all. Many booksellers will give their customers 15 per cent discount, and some few even more than this. Without, however, taking these few into the calculation, it is certain that no person need pay more than nine-tenths of the price of any new book, even though he has several weeks' credit in paying for it. Consequently the demand for cheapness is even more needless and unreasonable than at first sight appears. A volume, *called* a 5*s.* book, is really to be

had for 4s. 3d. or 4s. 6d., and therefore the purchaser has less reason to complain than he even thinks he has.

The truth is, the trade-allowance is too large, according to the present facilities of business which exist throughout the empire. The rule of allowing 25 and 29 per cent to the retail dealer was established when the carriage of packages throughout the country was tedious and costly, when the postage of letters was eight times as high as it now is, and when country booksellers were obliged to keep a large quantity of books in stock, and consequently required a large profit on those they sold, in order to compensate for the loss of those that remained on their hands. In those days five-and-twenty per cent was no exorbitant sum for the retailer of books to put into his pocket, to pay him for his labour, his risk, and the interest of the capital embarked in his trade. But now railways meander over the whole face of Great Britain, and there is not a petty stationer in a town of 1000 inhabitants who has not his parcel from one of the great-London houses once or twice a week, and who cannot write to town with his orders, once or twice a day, for the sum of one penny sterling. And the natural result of these increased facilities in carriage and so forth appears in the discount which the retail bookseller will now make upon the goods he sells, and which is a larger deduction than is made (we believe) in any other article of trade whatsoever.

What, then, the reader will ask, is the purpose of all these remarks? What can any single individual do to counteract all this undeniable mischief to the cause of Catholic literature? The answer is plain. Do not refuse to buy a new Catholic work, when it is really worth having, because it is not brought down to that infinitesimally small price at which valuable books are reprinted by Protestant publishers, who can command a sale of as many *thousands* as we can hope for *hundreds*. And further still, buy more books of that cheap sort which the urgency of popular demand is now drawing from the Catholic press, and of which the sale is so limited, that it scarcely yields to the author any remuneration at all,—every farthing that is gained being divided among printer, paper-maker, binder, bookseller, and publisher.

If the ordinary readers of the *Rambler* and other Catholic publications had the smallest conception of all that is gone through by those whose writings they read, perhaps with the greatest delight, edification, and instruction, in producing works which yield, either no profit at all, or such as it is utterly impossible to live upon; they would not count it an unreasonable request when we say to them, that the Catholic public *must* make an effort to encourage those who toil in

their service, if they would keep Catholic literature even up to its present unsatisfactory condition, and much more if they would raise it to the point to which, as Christians, we are bound to desire to see it raised. Little, indeed, do those who are not writers, but readers, know of what it is to write and publish in these days. Neat, finished, and noiseless, as is the appearance of the writer's printed thoughts, when they first come forth and court the approbation of a fastidious world; peaceful and calm as is the process of perusing a periodical when it issues from the printer's hands; joyous, happy, brilliant, or profound, as may seem the meditations or fantasies of the gifted writer, whose words greet our eyes, as we devour his last new meditations, reclining at our ease in our well-stuffed chair, or comfortably drinking our morning cup of tea;—little is there thus conveyed to the reader's imagination of all that has been done and *suffered* in the process by which this seemingly easy result has been brought to its completion. The delights of popular authorship are accounted so sweet and manifold, and the returns it must bring to the purse of the deserving author are deemed so sure, that those who are not initiated into its secret life conceive it to be a path of comfort and peace, trodden only by a few, because only a few have the abilities or acquirements to tread it. Especially is periodical writing supposed to be a species of delicious intellectual recreation, as charming as it is remunerative. There are many, for instance, who envy the Editor of the *Rambler* as one of the most fortunate of mortals, and dream that the composition and arrangement of the various articles and reviews which fill our pages is a task which, if it requires some little leisure and ability, is yet upon the whole a labour of well-requited love, unchequered by throes of pain, either of the mind or of the body.

Oh, sweet and simple delusion! We would that every individual who thus watches our progress with half-envious gaze, or who remarks upon our faults and deficiencies with unrelenting sharpness, could assume our identity for one single month, and try, by his or her personal experience, what it is to edit and to write a single Number of our humble journal. Unquestionably, it *has* its pleasures and its rewards; but they are far different and far less than the popular idea accounts them, and they are accompanied with drawbacks of which few persons have the faintest conception. Of these dark spots, which cloud the light of our editorial existence, many cannot, of course, be made public; but one or two of the most palpable may be briefly hinted, in order that our readers may perceive that it is not without urgent reason that we plead the cause of all those who, like ourselves, have a share in supplying our

fellow-Catholics with information, amusement, and such little instruction and edification as our poor abilities enable us to offer to them.

Take, for instance, the peculiar circumstance, that, in writing for English Catholics, we are very frequently like men who walk upon a field strewn with gunpowder, which may explode all around them in a moment. We are, some of us, the most sensitive and touchy class of men in the world, and the most unreasonable in our expectations of one another. Not that this is, of course, the case with all Catholics, or even with a majority of our number, but it is too often the case with those who are most ready to come prominently forward before the public eye, and who, though perhaps few in real amount, yet *seem* to represent a body in the background, who are, in fact, calm, gentle, and charitable. An editor or a writer who ventures, like ourselves, to escape from the land of commonplace trivialities, and who would handle those topics which are most practically interesting in the present day, is as sure to run his head against some unexpected obstacle or long-cherished prejudices, as a soldier in the thickest of a battle is certain to encounter a bullet or a blow. So long as a Catholic writer is satisfied to batter loudly upon the old tumble-down tenements of Protestantism, to expend his energies in criticising books of general literature, for which few Catholics have any deep regard, or to expatiate in the world of fiction and poetry, so long may he hope to be regarded by his brother Catholics as an admirable individual, pious, learned, courageous, talented, witty, heroic, and so forth. But let him, with adventurous pen, once approach the region of realities, and put upon paper some few thoughts on those topics which are of daily pressing interest to every devout and thoughtful son of the Church, and lo! the air around him bristles with controversial spears, a flight of arrows salutes his startled countenance, while shouts and cries around inform him that he is not only in error, but a traitor to his cause, and (in plain words) no better than he should be.

Of much of all this, of course, we make not a word of complaint. It is all fair, right, desirable, and necessary, that every man should have his say, and that those who criticise others should themselves be criticised. We have no idea of making an appeal *ad misericordiam*, any more than of crying *peccavi*, when we encounter the blows of open adversaries, however zealously they may be laid upon our heads. But what we do complain of, and what no man pretends to justify, is the absurd imputations which are too often made against Catholic writers (whether those who write in our own journal or elsewhere), for mere differences of opinion on subjects where every

man has a right to his own view. It is really intolerable to look back a few years,—say five, eight, or ten,—and reckon up the number of fierce personal attacks which have been made in print upon individuals of the Catholic body, for no overt acts of evil, or false doctrine, but simply because they took different views, on perhaps trivial subjects, from those of their assailants. We (that is, the writer of this present article) have ourselves a special right to bring forward this subject, for we believe we may claim the distinction—such as it is—of being, without any exception, the most vehemently assaulted individual in the whole English Catholic body. To one other Catholic, who has been pre-eminently the mark for the onslaughts of the Protestant press, on the ground that he is (as they have called him) “the great apostle of wickedness,”—to him, of course, we yield the palm, so far as anticatholic pugnacity is concerned. But with this one exception, it is certain, that if posterity should decide upon the merits and personal character of the humble individual who now endeavours to engage the reader’s attention, by the criticisms which have been made upon him in the pages of newspapers, he will be esteemed an absolute disgrace to the Church of which he is indeed but an unworthy, though sincere, son. The number of columns which have been taken up by correspondents and writers in the *Times* and elsewhere, in shewing that he is a rogue, an emissary of Satan, a vilifier of the saints, a hater of all that is Christian in art, a traitor to the cause of the Church, and a very bad sort of a fellow into the bargain, is truly astonishing. The whole would positively make a good-sized pamphlet, and form a curious item in the collection of some future compiler of the “Amenities of Literature.”

It happens, moreover, that those persons who are displeased with our sentiments on any subject are often not content with discharging a storm of reproaches upon our devoted head, but conceive it to be their duty also instantly to cease to purchase the unlucky journal which has been so unfortunate as to contain the remarks objected to, and to denounce it right and left among their acquaintances as a pestilent thing, to be extirpated root and branch. We know, it is true, that very often those who undertake the chivalrous task of doing us all the harm in their power, sometimes are speedily mollified, and come round again to the belief that after all we—like the personage whose work we are supposed to have been doing—are not so black as they have painted us. But still it is an undeniable fact, that a custom prevails among many English Catholics of ceasing to read any Catholic journal or book which happens to take up the side on any given subject which is opposed to that which they themselves espouse. How unreasonable such a

system is, they will surely see on a little reflection. In Protestants it might be more consistent; because Protestants, maintaining that every man is his own Pope, naturally conceive themselves justified in each maintaining his own personal infallibility in all things. But in a Catholic, who believes that the Church alone is infallible, and that these matters, on which Catholics differ, are mere questions of opinion, in which any man may be right, and any man wrong, this tyranny is as unreasonable as it is pernicious. How pernicious it is, appears from its destructive influence upon every kind of Catholic literature. It is a suicidal act on the part of those who desire to see Catholics possess *some* books, and *some* periodicals of talent and energy. It tends to make it impossible to support any Catholic publication whatsoever; because those who agree in essentials cannot agree to differ in non-essentials with mutual forbearance and charity. Our numbers at the utmost are barely sufficient to make it possible to support Catholic journals of respectability; and this ungenerous spirit, which prompts us to denounce altogether a publication which expresses views on one or two subjects different from our own, damages the cause of religion to an extent far greater than those who act upon it have any conception of. If we are to do any thing at all in concert, we *must* agree to let every man give utterance to his own personal views, and not withdraw our countenance from him because those views are opposed to those we ourselves entertain.

But, the reader will exclaim, doubtless you are not without some considerable reward in the pecuniary way for all you do and endure. No one, he will say, would go on writing month after month unless his labours, however painful, were profitable. What will it be thought, then, when we state, that so far from having gained one farthing by all our toils, we have *lost* a very considerable sum? Notwithstanding all that has been done by a small number of kind and zealous friends, we are considerably out of pocket, and the only gainers are our readers, and the booksellers of whom they make their purchases. And this, although nearly every one of our many contributors has written purely for the love of the cause, and without the smallest remuneration. At the present time the returns of our journal barely pay for printing, paper, &c., without yielding a solitary guinea for the payment of editorial labour, or of all the various articles and reviews which from time to time we offer to the Catholic world. Such is the unvarnished fact; and

therefore we think we are not without justification in further requesting of such of our readers as value the existence of such a journal as the *Rambler*, that they would do their utmost to extend its circulation in every way that may be possible. It has at times been suggested to us that, as has been done with success by different Protestant publications, we should make a general appeal to our readers, and fix a day on which the *Rambler* would cease to exist, unless its friends came forward with immediate aid. We have never, however, done this; but we take this opportunity of laying the facts of the case before our well-wishers, and appealing both to their kindness and their justice thereupon. If there exists any man who can afford it, who would not think his money ill spent by sending us a cheque for 50*l.* or 100*l.*, or for any less sum, to be divided among the various contributors to our pages who have written gratuitously, we need not say that we believe he would be conferring an important benefit upon the cause of Catholic literature.

That our labours *have* been of advantage to many persons, we have frequently received very striking proofs. Not only have they many times contributed to the strengthening the faith of Catholics, to removing painful difficulties of long continuance, and to exercising a most happy power upon those who are plunged into infidelity or are still separated from our communion, but in the most important of all subjects on which we have ventured to touch, viz. purely theological topics, our essays have received very high commendations from authorities whose judgment is received almost as law throughout Catholic Christendom. Encouraged, enlivened—we had almost said inspired—by these gratifying results, we have continued our efforts until now, and shall continue them with undiminished zeal, knowing that the field that lies open to be tilled before us is so vast and so wonderfully fertile, that when cultured even by the least efficient husbandman it yields an abundant return, which is not the less precious to those who love God and man because it is so often unaccompanied with any gain of earthly riches.

At the same time, we have thought it our duty, on behalf of all persons who, like ourselves, are engaged in the ill-requited task of writing for their fellow-men, to state the case of Catholic authorship as we now have stated it, confident that an appeal to the good sense, gratitude, and generous feelings of our readers will not be made in vain.

SINCE our remarks on "Cheap Books" were written, a correspondence has been commenced in the pages of the *Tablet* on a kindred topic,—the establishment of a periodical for the Catholic poor. How cordially we sympathise with the writer who introduced the subject to public notice we need not say; and most heartily we wish him, and all who may support him, success in the work he has undertaken to promote. We think, however, that we may be doing some little service towards the cause he has at heart by calling attention to some of the peculiar difficulties which will stand in the way of its accomplishment; not in order to deter him from the attempt, but to point out some few of those conditions which we conceive to be absolutely essential to his success. Difficult as the work is generally judged to be, we suspect it is even more difficult than most persons suppose. In truth, it is only not an impossibility, because scarcely any thing in the world is an impossibility to determined, persevering, and capable men. Many of the obstacles which beset such a scheme result, however, from a want of a sufficiently extended view of their nature and origin; and therefore the suggestions of every fresh person who can bring to bear some little experience upon the question will not be wholly without value. We shall not, then, say another word respecting the deep interest we feel in the subject, but proceed at once to state what we imagine to be the chief difficulties to be mastered, in order to insure success to any such scheme.

The grand difficulty that strikes every one at the first blush is the *money* difficulty. Where shall we find a sufficiency of subscribers to pay the expenses of a penny weekly periodical of respectable and attractive appearance and sterling worth? It has been assumed that 3000 subscribers would suffice. *They scarcely pay for printing and paper only.* A penny periodical, to compete with the cheap publications of the day, must contain eight pages of letterpress, printed on paper about the size of the *Rambler*, which has been found by the universal experience of managers of cheap periodicals to be the most convenient size for use. "*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*," the only cheap and at the same time useful periodical which has permanently succeeded, costs threehalfpence, and is of this size, while its type is very small, and consequently more costly. Three thousand copies of a penny journal such as we speak of could not be printed for—at the very lowest calculation—less than 7*l.* or 8*l.* The sale of the 3000, as they must necessarily pass through booksellers, who would require the

usual trade allowance, would not produce 8*l.* Nothing less than a sale of 5000 copies would support the journal; for we need scarcely say, that by no possibility could a periodical compete with the common publications of the day, which should be "*got up*" in such a style as the late penny *Catholic Instructor*, which was printed on such paper and with such ink, as to be absolutely unrivalled for badness in the whole list of contemporary publications. Yet the publisher states that he lost largely by that magazine, such as it was.

It must be remembered, further, that printing and paper is but one item in the cost of a periodical. Two important sources of expense remain behind. There is the cost of advertising, and the cost of authorship and editing. A very large outlay in advertisements is essential to the getting such a publication known, and much more to getting it bought. Literary enthusiasts fancy that they have nothing to do but to announce once or twice to the world that such and such a work will instantly appear, with such and such undeniable claims to support, and that, lo! purchasers will flock to the booksellers, purse in hand, in eager shoals. They imagine that because *they* are always on the look-out for new publications of all sorts, therefore all the rest of mankind are equally on the *qui vive*. Yet facts tell us that the difficulty of getting a new periodical known, and much more, noticed, and much more again, purchased, is literally astonishing. And if it is so with the Protestant world, far more is it the case with the Catholic body. The intellectual apathy of the majority of English Catholics, even of the better classes, is as amazing as it is humiliating. Men of rank, men of wealth, men of piety, men of zeal, will constantly do any thing rather than go a step out of their way, or contribute a single guinea, to the cause of education and intellectual advancement. Of course there are many illustrious exceptions to this rule; but the utter deadness of many a Catholic of station, riches, and of tolerable education, in all that regards the culture of the minds of others, would be, to those who have not hitherto had the means of ascertaining the state of the case, perfectly astonishing. Unquestionably the tide is turning. Already, especially during the last year or two, there has sprung up amongst us a wonderful and most encouraging movement towards the culture of all that is noblest in our intellectual nature. Amidst the Catholic youth more particularly, it is impossible not to perceive that hundreds of minds are now awake and alive, where until recently was perceived only a dead stagnation of thought, and an insensibility to the virtues of study and reflection.

But still, the difficulty of forcing an interest in any scheme for the intellectual culture of the poor is as yet almost overwhelming. And in the particular point to which we allude, viz. the machinery adopted for making a new journal known to those who *could* support it, it would necessitate an outlay of a very serious character.

Again, as to the authorship. As a general rule, contributions and editing must be paid for, or they would be worthless, and totally frustrate the success and influence of the undertaking. In the first place, the labour of conducting a Catholic weekly miscellany, at all worthy of its aim, would be such that it is morally certain that no competent person would undertake it without remuneration. Very few persons *are* competent to such a task. Very few have sufficiently studied the bearings of the question, to be able to edit such a journal with any certainty of doing much good. Very few combine both the faculty of writing well for the poor, with such a connexion with other competent writers as might ensure a perennial supply of contributions worth publishing. Nor, again, could he obtain such contributions without paying their authors. We are confident that he would find it utterly impossible. Doubtless he would, especially at first, be deluged with assistants. England, both Protestant and Catholic, swarms with persons, male and female, old and young, who burn to see their effusions in all the dignity of type. Every body, too, thinks he can write for the poor, whether or not he can write for the rich. An editor, therefore, would be overrun with tales, verses, moral reflections, anecdotes, small scientific fragments, and anti-protestant controversy, nine-tenths of which would be of use only to his housemaid to light his fires. Good and influential writing is not only very difficult to be got at all, but it scarcely ever happens that it can be had for any length of time without being paid for.

A mere hodge-podge of fiction, poetry, religious squabble, and religious twaddle, is, we know well, the very last thing which the promoter of the plan before us would advocate. He contemplates the only thing that would be worth having, viz. a journal which should seize hold of the mind of the poor man, by grasping all those momentous subjects which press upon him from every side, and should fortify him against the perils which threaten both his faith and his morals, not by playing upon his credulity, or treating him like a child, or stuffing him with trash, but by elevating his faculties, by putting him into a position to *see into* the terrible problems of the day, and by furnishing that healthy intellectual recreation, which is as attractive to a grown-up man as it is useful for a child. Nothing less than this will be of any real service to the Catholic poor, and nothing less than this will ultimately pay.

We may rest assured that the poor never will cordially take to the kind of publications which are too often found for them by their amiable well-wishers. They never will care for books which are written *down to them*. There are but two ways of interesting any class of readers, whether poor or rich; we must either give them really valuable information, and employ their faculties in genuine, earnest, practical *thought*, or we must amuse them, and work upon their *feelings*. All the popular Protestant periodicals which hold their heads above water do one of these things. They aim directly at the poor man's intelligence, treating him as a man, and not as a baby; as intellectually equal with their writers, though needing and demanding instruction and suggestions for thought; or they excite an interest by works of fiction, or stimulating stories, sometimes harmless, but often vile and hateful in the last degree. They never succeed by treating the poor as a race of beings of naturally inferior capacities, or by expecting them to feel an interest in writings from which the rich would turn away, as dull, pompous, or impertinently patronising.

When means, therefore, have been found for paying the printer's and paper-maker's bills, for advertising and for contributions, the one grand essential must be provided, in an editor of independent vigorous character, varied acquirements, clear insight into the affairs of the time, and some degree of theological knowledge. Unless the supposed periodical be placed in such hands, uncontrolled, nothing but disappointment can be the result. It may linger on for a while, and absorb all the funds gathered together for its support; but its only effect will be to dishearten still further all those who are earnestly desirous of seeing the cause of the poor man upheld.

Another important point must be alluded to, which will demand the anxious attention of all concerned in carrying out the scheme before us. It is this: that the Catholic poor are in a lower intellectual condition than the ordinary poor of this country. They hold the very lowest rank in the social scale; they are proportionately destitute of all real mental cultivation; and they are so much the more difficult to move with a healthy stimulus. The ordinary occupation of the poor Catholic is that of the bricklayer's labourer, or some other of those handicrafts which demand the least amount of skill, and are rewarded with the lowest wages. Of that enormous class commonly described as intelligent mechanics, a very small section are Catholics, though the Catholic religion is unquestionably in some places making converts from among them. If we had such men as these to deal with, the task of providing them with intellectual nourishment would be far easier. For though their coats are rough, and their hands

horny with toil, their brains are oftentimes far less bemuddled than those of their well-clothed superiors, and their minds are alive with an almost unhealthy life. They need books little differing from those which are read by what are by courtesy termed the educated classes; and we have known what might be thought perhaps the driest and most learned articles in our own pages perused with avidity by men of such a rank in the social scale. But when we turn to the usual class of the Catholic poor, the task of arousing them to any *interest* in mental cultivation seems well-nigh hopeless. We have nothing to begin with; nothing to work upon; no substratum of knowledge on which to raise our structure; no clear-headed reasoning faculty to which to appeal. They are far more open to what is evil than to what is good. Vicious tales, horrible histories, plausible theories, and coarsely jocose blasphemies, are not too high for their comprehension or too dull for their interest; while the refutation of these abominations requires a capacity for understanding and arguing, a refinement of taste, and a correctness of judgment, which, alas! we look for in vain in the vast body of our labouring Catholics. All this, indeed, furnishes so much the more powerful reason for our attempting their recovery from the depths to which they have fallen; but at the same time it shews the herculean character of the task, and the rare qualifications needed for its successful accomplishment.

A further consideration we cannot now touch upon, except so far as briefly to indicate its nature. Our poor have scarcely any purely *religious* literature. Our theological books, of various kinds, almost every one, require a measure of intellectual cultivation in the reader which our poor most certainly do not possess. The Protestant world teems with publications designed for their poor. Bad

enough they are, stupid enough, and in the Established Church uninfluential enough; but yet they do exist, not in hundreds or thousands only, but in thousands of separate publications, and in millions and millions of copies. The books and tracts annually circulated by the Religious Tract Society alone are so gigantically numerous that, not having one of their latest reports at hand to refer to, we are afraid to state the numbers of copies which that fountain of heresy pours forth annually upon the poorer classes of this country. Yet *we* have nothing, or little better than nothing, for our poor. We expect them to read, understand, and enjoy the works which please ourselves, and then wonder that their knowledge of their religion and religious subjects is reduced to such a low degree. When good people write for the poor, for the most part they can never keep their pens free from controversy; as if the best gift in the world to a poor starving, sinning, and striving Catholic was a display of the absurdities of Lutheranism, or the unscriptural character of the Church of England! On this, however, we cannot now say more; but we trust that all who are interested in the condition of their poor fellow Catholics will bear in mind that such is our state, and that *we* must amend it, if it is to be amended at all. We can find our own literature, secular and sacred, if we choose; the poor man, whatever his yearnings and aspirations, can do nothing for himself; we alone can help him.

Perhaps before these rapid suggestions meet the eyes of those who are engaged in the plan on which we have been remarking, they may be far advanced in their undertaking; but whether or not, we trust they will accept them as a token of the sincere goodwill with which we wish them all the success they can desire.

A SUNDAY IN LONDON.

CHAPTER I.

THE ACCUSATION.

London, August 1849.

MY DEAR — You know how often we have pitied the poor Londoners for their miserable Sundays. I dare say you remember one merry Sunday especially, which we spent at our good friend the professor's house at Dorfthal;—I mean the day when he invited four or five of his brother professors from Berlin to meet us; and what fun, and joking, and feasting, and dancing, and learned talk besides, we had. Particularly I just now recollect the face of a certain Madame Von Litzmann, who laughed

most charmingly at the dismal solemnities of these haughty English. How she did paint the Sundays she spent in this enormous metropolis; making grimaces after the pattern of the citizens at church, walking up and down the great avenue as she pretended they walk to their freezing worship, and then describing the dinner and the afternoon and the evening in a certain zealous family, where she was condemned to dine herself on one of these penitential days. Madame Von Litzmann protested that, for her part, she did not know what *ennui* was till she experienced the awful sensation of one of these lugubrious festivals, and declared she had rather sweep the streets in

her beloved Prussia than be banished for ever to this land of money and wretchedness.

Well ; I have passed *my* first Sunday in London ; and never was there a greater calumny than our witty friend's account of its *ennui*. What London Sundays might be to those who go through a course of fifty-two of them in a year, I know not. But so far from being eaten up with doleful dullness, I never passed so exciting and instructive a day in my whole life. Really, I seemed to live a whole twelvemonth in those few hours ; and now I look back upon it, I can hardly believe that all that passed in that brief time did actually happen to me. Of course it was chance which made this remarkable Sunday what it was, and I suppose I might grow grey-headed—(which in truth would not be a very slow process here)—without ever going through such another day. Indeed, I believe that this one four-and-twenty hours alone will almost supply me with materials for fulfilling my contract with Schmidt. Positively, I could write a short book, relating simply what befell me, without any of those profound reflections on all things known and unknown which spiteful foreigners say that we Germans so fondly delight in. So when you take this manuscript to our good friend's book-shop, be so good as to inform him that if my promised *English Experiences* extend no further than the events of this remarkable Sunday, he must not quarrel with me. He had better, however, publish what I write on this subject in such a form that it can be continued or not, as I may find leisure to go on with the work. Remind him also, if you please, that our agreement does not bind me to any precise *quantity* of manuscript.

I think you never saw my kind host T. when he was in Berlin last year. If you knew him, you would agree with me in thinking him just the sort of man to be *cicerone* to a person of my cosmopolitan tastes, through the wonders of London. He has neither bigotry, prejudice, superstition, nor stupidity, to stand in his way in enjoying himself. He loves curiosities in human nature of all sorts, domestic, social, and theological. He knows a vast deal of what these English people express by the word *life*, of all kinds. He looks on nature just as he finds it ; never troubles himself to blame or praise without philosophical enthusiasm, but regards all he sees as so many interesting phenomena. In short, for an Englishman, and saving the poetry, he is a species of Goethe, at least in philosophy. And so he just suits me ; and so much the more, because as far as I can yet make out, his is not a common character among his countrymen.

When my first Sunday came, I experienced the value of his qualifications, for he was ready to take me every where, wherever any thing was to be seen or learnt. He cares not a fig for the old-world superstitions that split this people

into a thousand sects ; and as the theatres are not open here on Sundays, and there are no public balls or entertainments, he has managed to hunt out places where amusement is to be had for the seeking, where I guess that mighty few of his *respectable* friends suspect he is ever to be found. Oh, that laughable word "*respectable* !" T. (who besides his other qualifications reads the Bible now and then, and thinks it a very curious book) says that there's a certain text where English people ought to read "*respectability*" instead of "*charity*," which would make it stand, "*Respectability covereth a multitude of sins.*" And so I believe with all my heart, after my single Sunday's experience. You know I am not easily staggered or horrified, but after the respectability I have here seen *without*, and the scenes I have seen and heard of *within*, I literally am astounded that a people like the English can get on at all as a nation. It's well for them, I verily think, that they have a good many of what they call pious people, of various sorts, among them ; for if it was not for some such invisible power, giving life and coherence to the rotten mass in which they live, I am convinced that the whole fabric would tumble to pieces about their heads before the world was half-a-dozen years older.

However, you see I am falling into the old sin of the "*Fatherland*," and philosophising when I should be telling my story. T. proposed that we should pass the morning in St. James's, and the evening in St. Giles's ; meaning thereby, among gentlefolks in the morning, and among their inferiors in the evening. So it was arranged that we should visit three different churches of different sects. I confess I rather trembled at the prospect, but T. declared they were all curiosities in their way and excellent types of their class. Besides, how could I fulfil my engagement with Schmidt, to describe all the most important things in England, if I never heard any sermons ? So putting a volume of Georges Sand into my pocket, in case the discourses of the worthy divines became absolutely unendurable, I sallied forth under T.'s guidance to the morning service at a fashionable chapel, where T. said the minister made it his boast to "*preach the gospel.*" I was puzzled, indeed, at the boast, for I thought all Christians made the same profession ; but English religion is too deep for me, and T. did not seem much wiser than I was ; so we started without more explanation immediately after breakfast, in order to have time for a walk through some of the scenes peculiar to London on a Sunday morning.

T.'s house is situated in one of a solemn and oppressive-looking multitude of streets near Russell Square ; and I must confess that when I emerged from the comfortable breakfast-room where we had refreshed ourselves with a meal more like a dinner than an eight-o'clock German breakfast, and found myself threading

those formal rows of dark brick houses, I felt the *prose* of life more painfully than ever in all my former existence. A sort of death-like torpor reigned around, broken only by the appearance of some ghost-like ragged wretch, with a bundle of Sunday newspapers under his arm, wet from the press, who ever and anon knocked at one of these dreadfully respectable-looking tenements, and left one of his gazettes.

"Newspapers!" cried I, in surprise, when I first ascertained the nature of these wanderers' occupations. "Why I thought newspapers were forbidden things in England on what it is the fashion here to call the Sabbath? But I suppose the Sunday papers must be a kind of religious magazine, containing accounts of the services at the different churches, with pious reflections on the vanity of the world, and other like moral topics."

At this observation of mine, T. burst into a loud laugh, and promised to buy two or three specimens of the chief Sunday papers for my instruction at the first newsman's shop we came so. I was about to ask for an explanation of his hilarity, when, as we turned round a corner, my eyes lighted upon one of the most showy-looking buildings I had yet seen in all London, its doors swarming with a dense crowd of human beings like the mouth of a beehive. The front of the house was decorated with splendid ornaments in stone, or stucco, not in the best taste indeed, but plainly exceedingly costly; and the whole of the ground floor, which was as high as two floors of ordinary dwellings, was divided into two or three immense windows, glazed with enormous pieces of plate glass, and decorated with Corinthian columns and pilasters covered with gilding. Gas-lights were burning inside this apartment, into which streamed the torrent of men and women who first caught my eyes from the contrast they presented to the silent gloom that reigned every where around.

"What on earth is that?" I exclaimed to my companion. And as I spoke, I caught glimpses of two other similar buildings, apparently quite as splendid, and surrounded by equally numerous crowds, in other parts of the same street.

"That is a gin-palace," said T.

"A gin-palace!" I echoed. "Why those are the most hideous-looking wretches I ever beheld, pouring in and out at the doors. Do you really mean to say that this is a London Sunday, and those are your working classes, and that is a place built for those filthy creatures to drink in? And there is actually a man looking like a gentleman in the midst of them. And what in the world have we here?" I continued, as a fair and decent-looking young woman dashed past me and my companion, and running up to a youth who was entering with the rest of the crowd, flung herself upon him, and then almost went down upon her knees on the earth, in a posture of earnest

supplication. The pair instantly enchained my attention, and we hastened up to the spot where they stood. The young man was good-looking and decently dressed, and as far as a first glance could shew, was a person of no mean intellect, though his manner was not that of one of the more educated classes. But it was the expression upon his countenance that riveted my gaze, and, I know not why, aroused my sympathy for him in his sorrows. A melancholy, at once despairing and irritable, brooded in his eyes. He was not haggard, though he did not look well in health; but the lines which age would not yet have drawn upon his cheeks were imprinted by some deep-seated anxiety and passion; and as the girl who clung about him spoke to him in passionate accents of entreaty, his lips quivered for a while in the vain effort to restrain his emotions, till at last the tears burst from his eyes and he sobbed aloud.

No one but myself and my friend seemed to notice this strange sight. The gin-drinkers moved in and out of their splendid palace, looking like beasts as they entered, and like devils as they came out; but none spoke to the young man and woman, except that one or two uttered a sneer in some slang words that I could not understand.

"William—my dear, dear William," cried the girl, when she saw the youth's agitation, "look at me—look at me. Pray don't turn away, or push me from you. I am not come to reproach you, indeed I'm not. God above knows I'm only too miserable myself to say a word to hurt you. Do look at me a moment, and say you will not desert me, and that you're not going into that horrible place to find comfort, instead of coming to me. Speak to me, William; only one word, for my heart is breaking."

"It's of no use, Bessy," the young man replied; "all is lost, and for ever. You had better forget me, and let me go my own ways;—why do you still stick to a man of blasted character like me?"

"No, no, no!" cried the girl in an agony of excitement. "It's not so indeed. You know it's not so really. It's only one little fault, and your master can't be so hard as to do what he said he would."

"You don't know him, Bessy, or you would expect nothing from him but revenge. I tell you I'm a lost man; ruined, blackened, gone for ever; and the sooner you forget me the better for you and all that belong to you."

"Never, William," rejoined she. "Whatever you may do, or wherever you may go, I will never forget you; and I will never leave you either, unless you drive me from you, and hate me as much as you used to love me."

"Used to love you!" cried the young man, with a bitter smile. "I love you still with all my soul, miserable as it is; and though I——"

Here the girl caught sight of T. and myself

standing by and listening intently to what was passing between herself and her lover ; and immediately seeing that we did not belong to the frequenters of the gin-palace, a deep blush overspread her pale features, and she clung again closely to the object of her anxieties, and we could only just hear what he said, as she entreated him, in a half-whisper, not to expose her to the shame of having their griefs known and stared at by strange men. Singularly enough, the impression which all her former prayers could not make on her companion was produced at once by his jealous regard for her appearance before others. He glanced angrily at T. and myself, hastily brushed the tears from his countenance, and seizing Bessy's arm thrust it under his own and led her hurriedly away.

"We must follow that girl," said I to T., as they moved off.

"Nonsense," said he; "you'll never find where they're going to. Depend upon it the girl's a bad one, and the man's no better."

"Follow her I will," said I, "at any rate. I'll pledge my word for the girl. If ever I saw a true and honest face, she has one; so you shall not balk me in my little bit of romance with your island coldness and prudence. So come along, my good fellow," I exclaimed, as I dragged the unwilling T. in the direction which the girl and her lover were pursuing.

We followed them for one or two streets, when the girl turned, and seeing us behind them, said something to her friend which made him look round, and then they quickened their pace. We kept up with them for another street's length, when they again espied us, and I saw the youth's face flush with vexation. They walked forward faster than before; but Bessy stumbling against a log of wood lying on the pathway, almost fell, and the delay enabled us to come so near them that the young man turned round, and, coming up to us, said, in a tone which betokened anger as well as an effort to be respectful,

"Excuse me, gentlemen, but may I ask why you are following me and this young person here?"

"Pardon me, my friend," I replied; "I am a stranger in London, and I saw what passed between you just now, and—and—and—"

"Well, sir!" interrupted he impatiently, as I hesitated, and hardly knew what to say; "and is that any reason for your dogging our steps in this way? We are honest people, though we are in trouble."

"That is the very reason," said I, "why I wished to follow you. I assure you, on my word, that I am what I say. I am a stranger from Germany, and this is almost the first day I have been here, and I felt so very sorry for you and your good friend that—that—" and I again stammered and could say no more.

"That you wanted to know what was the

meaning of it all. Is that what you want, sir?" said the youth, taking up my words.

"Well, really, perhaps it was. I don't know that I meant much more. Only it did strike me, certainly, that perhaps I might be of some service to you, as, from what you say, your own countrymen have all turned against you."

While this passed, I saw plainly that the girl shrunk in fear from us, and was solicitous to end the conversation; while my good friend T. looked at me very much as if I was an egregious fool, who deserved to get into trouble for my meddling in such an affair. The young man, however, touched with my evident sincerity and interest in his affairs, seemed disposed to make friends with me, and after whispering a few words with Bessy, he turned to me and said:

"If you will be so good, sir, as to walk to this young person's lodgings, I will tell you how I am situated; for really I have not a friend in the world to help me in my troubles."

As it wanted still some time before the service was to commence at the church to which we were going, I easily persuaded my friend to go with me, as the young man proposed, and we walked together to Bessy's lodgings, and in five minutes were seated in a tidy little parlour. The words, "Elizabeth Burton, Dressmaker," on a brass plate on the door, announced the full name and the occupation of the poor girl; and the apartment into which she ushered us was her show-room, where caps and bonnets, and other articles of ladies' dress, were piled together on a side-table, being evidently taken out of the window, where they figured on week-days. There was nothing betokening poverty or great difficulties in the room or its furniture. All was simple and neat; and neither the dress of Bessy herself, nor of William, led me to suppose that they were in any straits in money matters.

As to William himself, the moment I and my friend were seated, he threw himself into a chair, with a heart-broken look, and sighed heavily. Then, as if relieved, he began:

"I have not much to tell you, gentlemen, now you are come. My story is short enough; and I dare say you will wonder that I make so much of my misfortunes. But if you were in my place, you would not wonder; but it's hard for gentlefolks to understand our difficulties, and they think that a poor man can get himself out of his troubles as easily as he can get into them. But all this is neither here nor there. I've neither father nor mother alive, nor any kin that I know of that will care for me. I've been in service ever since I was a boy, and gone from one place to another with a good character, till I was fool enough to do what has now been my ruin. If I had no good friends, I had no bad ones. I knew nobody but this young person, who is almost as friendless as myself; and it was agreed between us that as soon as I could save a little sum from

my wages, we should marry, and keep some sort of shop.

"Well, to come to the end at once, in my last place I was footman to one Sir Stephen Wilkinson. Sir Stephen and his lady are uncommon people for being always out with their carriage; and I used to have to wait hours, and hours upon hours, for them: now at Sir Stephen's club, now at my Lady's concert or ball; sometimes in the day-time, sometimes in the night-time, till one, two, or three o'clock in the morning; and what to do with myself for all those hours I never could tell. Worst of all were the Sundays, when my lady went to church. They were not the worst times as for length, for they didn't last above two hours, or less; but for a young man that wants to keep honest, and sober, they were worse than all the rest."

"Why so?" I exclaimed, interrupting him. "Could not you go into church with your mistress?"

"Lord bless you, sir; were you never in one of these London fashionable churches and chapels? But I forgot; you're a foreigner, sir, and don't understand our ways in this country. Why there's not room for one out of a hundred for all the poor in these places of worship. They're all for the rich; and though there be now and then a man-servant that goes with his mistress into the church, there's not places for one out of twenty that's obliged either to wait outside with the carriage, or to go home and lounge about till it's time to be back again for the people's coming out.

"But as I was telling you, sir, it's on Sundays that there's more devilry and wickedness goes on amongst the footmen and others than on all the other days of the week. And then one's quite idle on Sundays, and has no work to do to fill up the time; so that many's the man that never drinks nor swears, nor what's a great deal worse than either drinking or swearing, at other times, that comes regularly to it on Sundays, as regular as his master and his mistress go to their places of worship.

"And then, you see, I couldn't come and see Bessy here, and spend my time quiet, talking with her, while she finished up all the bits of dressmaking that wasn't done on Saturday night, and must be sent home on Monday morning, because there wasn't time to come so far and go back again; for my lady was terribly sharp, and wouldn't bear us to be half a minute behindhand with the carriage, the very moment the preacher had done his sermon. And so, what could I do? I'm not of any particular religion; I wasn't brought up to any. Besides, if I was, I couldn't follow it here in London, with such masters and mistresses as I have always had. And so, to make matters short, I could do nothing else but go where all the rest of the men-servants went; and there, I can tell you, sir, are doings that

would frighten the gentlefolks out of their senses if they knew of them. The business is gambling; the amusement is drinking gin, and reading books, and singing songs, that's enough to bring a curse on every body that comes near them. Talk of their masters' and mistresses' religion! Why, there's hardly one of all the set of men-servants that I met at these private meetings that wasn't a regular right-down disbeliever in God, and heaven, and hell, and Jesus Christ, and the Bible, and all the rest of it. When I first went among them, my heart went right-down sick when I heard the awful things they used to say, and the songs they used to sing; and then they come, looking as smart as my lady herself, to carry their mistresses' books, and see them into their carriages, and go home to tell the maids in the kitchen all the stories they had heard while the gentlefolks were listening to their sermons and saying their prayers.

"I couldn't help going to these places myself, because it was so mortal dull any where else. Besides, they all laughed at me, and swore at me for being nice; and I found there was a thousand little ways in which they could torment me, so long as I was what they called a saint, and didn't go to their infernal meetings; though, God help me, it's little of a saint that ever I was since I was born. And so, you see, at last, how could I help now and then taking a hand at cards? Sometimes I had good luck, sometimes I hadn't. But one Sunday, about three weeks ago, I drank a little too much, and got flushed, and played higher than on other days, and before I got up I lost every farthing I had in the world. I had put into my pocket that morning all my savings, which were very nearly all that Bessy and I wanted to marry on; and Bessy had given me all she had saved too, and I was going to put it out next day in the savings-bank, when that cursed drink stole away my senses, and I lost every farthing, both of Bessy's and of my own.

"You may guess I wasn't in the best of humours for the rest of that day, and a hard matter I had to keep my tongue quiet when my lady and Sir Stephen worried the life out of me by an eternal ringing of the bells, and scolding me for every little thing that the other servants had done wrong. And so tormented I was, that I lost all my appetite, and could hardly eat a morsel at dinner, or at supper either. In the evening the carriage was wanted again, to go out to dinner; and I had to go with Sir Stephen and my lady, and come again for them late at night. As my ill luck would have it, my lady, when she got out at the house where they went to dine, left her purse in the carriage, and I never saw it till they were gone in-doors; so, to make sure of the purse's being safe, I put it in my pocket, intending to give it her when I came back at night to fetch them; and as I was miserable and unhappy in

my mind, I went to a public-house that I knew very well, to spend an hour or two, and join a little society of footmen that held their meetings there every Sunday night.

"We hadn't sat together above a quarter of an hour when the cards were brought out; but of course, as I had not a farthing left in the world, I said I could not play.

"Come, Bill, that won't do," said one of the footmen there; 'do you really mean to say you haven't a shilling left? Regularly cleaned out, eh? Not one single sixpence left to cheat with?'

"'Pon my honour,' said I, 'there's neither gold nor silver, nor yet copper, left in my pockets, except my lady's purse, which the old lady left in the carriage behind her this very night.'

"And you put it quite by accident into your pocket, eh, good, solemn Bill? That's a good story to tell us, isn't it now?'

"At any other time I should have been almost furious with any body that doubted my honesty in this way. But that night I was so mad with my fate, and, though I hadn't drunk much, yet, as I had eaten scarcely any thing all day, what I did drink got into my head, and I hardly knew what I said or did. So when this scoundrel of a fellow began with his sneers, instead of putting up my pride, and making me more honest than ever, I began to get more wild and careless about all that happened. And then, when another of the villains just bade me play *honestly* with a few shillings of my lady's money, and as I was sure to win (as he said) return it when the game was over, I was fool enough to take his advice, and I pulled out the purse, and took out two half-crowns, and began to bet on the game. I need not say much more, sir. You'll guess what followed. I didn't lose all the money that was in the purse, though at one time I was near gambling it away to the last sixpence. But when I was forced to go away, and the party broke up, there was just one sovereign gone, and what was I to do? To say the truth, I didn't much care, for I was ruined already,—at least I thought I was; for now that I *am* ruined, I see clear enough that the loss of money when it was my own, and even when it was Bessy's here, wasn't the sort of ruin that this is that's now come on me. So when my lady says to me at night, — 'William,' says she, 'I left my purse in the carriage when I got out, I hope you took care of it;' 'My lady,' says I, 'I found your ladyship's purse, and here it is; but—but—'

"'But what?' cries her ladyship, quite sharp and cross already.

"'I hope your ladyship and Sir Stephen will forgive me,' says I, 'but I made bold to borrow a sovereign to pay a debt I owed, and I hope you won't be offended if I ask your ladyship to lend it me till my next wages is due.'

"At this Sir Stephen, who was standing by, went into the most terrible passion; and

"'You scoundrel,' cries he, 'what do you mean by stealing Lady Wilkinson's money? Leave this house instantly,' he went on, stamping with his foot when I stood still and declared that I meant nothing dishonest, but should have paid the money honestly again, and I only borrowed it.

"'What, you vagabond,' shouted he, 'do you dare to talk about borrowing money to me? Is this the way you rascally footmen talk to your masters? Say another word, sir, and I'll have you up to the police-office to be committed for the theft.'

"Again I protested that I meant to pay the money honestly, and confessed humbly that I knew I did wrong in taking the money at all, though I was not a thief, and never intended to steal it.

"'It's a falsehood, sir, it's an insolent falsehood,' shouted Sir Stephen. 'Leave this house instantly, or I'll have the police called, and you shall pass the night in the lock-up house.'

"In vain I implored him and her ladyship to listen to me. Sir Stephen would not hear a word, though my lady would have let me off, I believe, if he would. The end of it was, that I was turned out that very night, and Sir Stephen told me positively that I need never come near him for a character, for he would make a point of telling my crime, as he called it, to every body that came to him. He flung on the table the money that was due to me for wages, taking out the sovereign I had got from the purse, and drove me out of the room, and in half an hour I was gone."

"But," interrupted I, "why could you not get another situation, or at any rate some other employment of some sort or other?"

"I've tried every where and every thing," rejoined William. "Sir Stephen kept his word, and he never will relent. Two or three gentlemen promised to take me if my character turned out good, but Sir Stephen told them the story about the purse, and made it a great deal blacker than it really was. And every trade and business is so full of hands, that though I've run all over London for some thing to do, I've not earned a sixpence since that miserable night. This very day I have just one shilling left, and I was going to drown the day's cares with a few glasses of gin, when Bessy followed me and stopped me as you saw her.

"Oh, sir, it's for her, indeed, as much as myself, that I'm grieving. She is lost too by it. I gambled away her money as well as my own, and I gambled away her heart with it; and yet the poor soul never speaks a reproach, but only cries a little when day after day I come back and tell her that I can get no work, and my character's blasted for ever. As God above is in heaven, sir, every word I've told you is

nothing but the truth. There are long to testify to it; for there were people As to public-house, besides the men that were one. g at cards, that saw all that passed; and there's my lady herself, who, I do believe, would god you or any other gentleman that all was or what I've said."

But if it is so," said I, "and it's only one Plt, how is it that no one will take you as a 'servant'?"

"Ay, sir, there's the terrible hardship. It's the one fault that damns a servant for all his life long. There are masters that will overlook all sorts of things in their men and maid servants, but they'll never overlook one single theft, and that's what Sir Stephen says I'm really guilty of. I know in my own heart that I'm not guilty of it; but, Lord bless you, sir, how am I to convince the gentlemen that want to hire me that Sir Stephen's telling a falsehood, or has made a mistake? They won't go to the public-house, and rout out all the story about a parcel of low-lived black-guard footmen. What do they care for me? I'm a stranger to them; and if Sir Stephen says I took a sovereign out of my lady's purse, and I can't deny that I did, how am I to shew that though I did what I'd no right to do, yet I never intended to steal the money? They would all say, of course, that I only gave the purse back again to my lady at all because she asked for it."

At this moment a sharp short knock was heard at the door; so sharp and short, indeed, that it startled us all, and Bessy ran to see who was the unexpected visitor. Voices, not the most amicable in tone, were then heard in the passage; and a moment or two afterwards two men entered the room, followed by Bessy, now more pale and trembling than ever.

"We wish to speak to William Harman," said one of them, bluntly and roughly, as they both of them surveyed us with keen and unfriendly eyes.

"My name is William Harman," answered the young man, whose surname we had not till then heard.

"Then you stand charged with felony by Sir Stephen Wilkinson," rejoined the other, "and you'll be good enough to come along with us immediately. And, harkye, my man, don't say a word, or you'll criminate yourself."

William started from his seat with a look of despair and wild indignation, and cried, "I am innocent as the new-born babe. The sovereign would have been returned as honestly as ever debt was paid."

"The sovereign, young man!" exclaimed the other; "it's not a sovereign you're charged with stealing. Look here at this warrant; do you see what you're accused of? Breaking open Sir Stephen's cabinet, and carrying off all these bank-notes. See here, my fine fellow, there's the numbers of them all. If you've

really done it, there's nothing less than a voyage across the seas, and board and lodging for life at her Majesty's expense for you, I guess. But now just take my advice, and don't say a word."

"I swear"—began the young man, in accents of awful energy.

"Don't swear at all, I say, you fool!" interrupted the police-officer. "It's no use telling me you are innocent; and if you let out one word against yourself, I shall have to swear it against you at your trial. Come along at once, and don't be keeping us all day waiting. Come, cheer up, young woman," he continued, turning to poor Bessy, who had sunk down into a chair, almost fainting, and too agitated even to weep. "If your sweetheart has done the thing, why there's many a greater rogue has got off when his trial came."

"Sir," I here exclaimed myself, "I can almost vouch for this young man's innocence. I have heard his story, and I am confident that, whatever may be his faults, he has not been guilty of this crime."

"And pray, sir, who are you?" retorted the man.

"I am a stranger in London," said I.

"So I thought," rejoined he, not suffering me to proceed with my explanation. "Nobody but a stranger would meddle with a man when he's taken for felony."

"Well, well, Simons," his companion here broke in, "not quite so fast. If this gentleman knows any thing about this Harman, he can come and give his evidence before the police-magistrate. There's no harm in that."

T. and I and the two men then briefly discussed what we had heard pass between William and Bessy; and as the policemen both agreed that it was perfectly useless for us to go to the magistrate with no better story than this, as it could not possibly prevent Harman from being remanded, and finally committed for trial, very reluctantly I was persuaded by T. to abstain from accompanying the miserable man to the police-office. It seemed likely, however, that our evidence might stand the accused in good stead when he was actually tried; so I resolved to cause myself to be summoned as a witness on behalf of the accused whenever his trial should come on. A female neighbour happening also just then to come in, who undertook to remain with poor Bessy, T. and I left the house at the same time that Harman was marched off by his captors. I took care to ascertain how I might communicate with the unfortunate young man in the course of a day or two; for I was determined not to lose sight of him, so convinced was I of his perfect innocence.

CHAPTER II.

THE SERMON. THE BARONET. THE PARK.

WE hastened on without further delay to De-

vonshire Chapel, which was to be our morning's destination. I examined minutely its exterior and interior appearance, but found little to reward my pains. Outwardly the building was not very unlike a common dwelling-house. Inside it was odd enough, to be sure; and I thought that if this was the chosen abode of aristocratic English piety, the nobles and gentry of the land certainly practised self-denial in spiritual things, whatever they might do in temporals. The building was nearly square, and painted all over a cold drab-colour. It was lighted with a row of skylights in the roof, through which was visible so much of the azure of the heavens as the metropolitan smoke would permit. Round three sides of the edifice ran deep galleries, which, like the floor of the building, were parcelled off into square or oblong boxes or pews, with locked doors, and many comfortable cushions within. At one end was a communion-table, over which were painted the Ten Commandments in certain unintelligible letters, which I was told were Saxon, or Gothic, I forget which; and in front of this table was an immense erection, rising full two-thirds of the whole height of the chapel, consisting of three desks, or pulpits, the uppermost of which was reached by a very long flight of stairs, elegantly carpeted. There were no pictures or images, as in the Popish churches with us in Germany; nor any crucifix, as in our Lutheran churches. The only thing in the shape of an image, or a work of art, was a large wooden model of the Queen's arms, with a gilt lion and unicorn supporting them.

When we got there the service had begun; but my friend T. asked a woman, who seemed to be in some sort of office, to put us into the pew of a certain Mrs. Valentine, who, it seemed, was an acquaintance of his, and into Mrs. Valentine's box we were accordingly ushered. Mrs. Valentine gave me a book of the prayers, seeing I was a stranger; but I could not make much of them; though they seemed excellent enough for those who are interested in such subjects. The congregation consisted mostly of ladies, very handsomely dressed; but nobody uttered a word while the prayers were going on except a large band of school-children, who kept up a sort of alternate responses with the minister, as they do in a great many of the Catholic churches with us, only here none but the children spoke. There was some singing, which was dreadful.

At last the sermon began, and I was on the point of feeling for the novel I had in my pocket, as I had already yawned five or six times, and expected something terribly somniferous from the worthy preacher. However, to my surprise, I found no difficulty whatever in listening to his discourse throughout. And certainly this must have been from its intrinsic goodness, for such a *manner* I never witnessed in all my whole life. Never did I be-

hold aught so cold, or stiff, or monotonous, and that great, tall, solemn-looking man's words did you of the sublime things he said. The money? something quite grand and imposing in its marvellous apparent insensibility to the world—that came from his lips, and I dare say it was his heart too. As to what he said, strange as enough, it was wonderfully suitable to the scenes I had just witnessed. He told his audience some truths which, I fancy, were new to them; declaring that the whole fabric of English society was breaking up, with Socialism, Communism, unbelief, and the severance of the ties between rich and poor. He protested that almost all the labouring classes were unbelievers; and attacked his own Church for doing so little to break in upon the frightful mass of sin and misery that was gathered up rotting all around them. Mrs. Valentine, I saw plainly, was very far from relishing what she heard; and as soon as all was over, and we got fairly outside the church, T. introduced me to her as a visitor from Berlin, and we entered into conversation on the subject of the sermon.

"How did you like Mr. Mackie's sermon, Mr. Herder?" said she, with an affable smile.

"Really, madam," I replied, "I was more pleased than I expected to be."

"Indeed!" cried the lady in astonishment; "I am sorry to say that was not my case. Mr. Mackie is not our regular minister, and I fear is any thing but a pious man."

"How so, madam?" I inquired, sorely puzzled to know how the good lady had found out that the worthy preacher was a worthless person. "How comes he to be permitted to preach in your respectable communion if he is not a man of virtue?"

"Oh," said she, "I have no doubt he is a man of virtue, but he does not preach the gospel; he is a sad legalist, I fear, in doctrine."

"I beg your pardon, madam," said I; "I did not quite catch what you said. In general, I am quite at home in speaking your admirable language, but now and then I fail to understand an idiom or so."

"Mr. Mackie is, I fear, a legalist," responded Mrs. Valentine, politely.

"A *what*?" said I, still in the dark.

"A legalist," repeated she, with emphasis, and uttering the word slowly.

"A legalist?" I replied. "What, may I ask, is that? I thought none but regular ministers were allowed to preach in the Established Church of England, and that no man of the law, whether attorney or barrister, could ever deliver a sermon in your pulpits."

"I fear, sir," said Mrs. Valentine, "you are not accustomed to the preaching of the gospel in Germany. I presume you are a member of the Protestant Church there?"

"Why, as to that, madam, I certainly am a Lutheran if I am any thing; or rather, I be-

long to our new Evangelical Prussian Church. As to my own creed, it is not a dogmatic one. I love all revelations of the divine, whether in books or in nature. I worship the godlike wherever I find it, whether in myself or in my friends, in poems, in art, in Moses or Paul, in the Koran, the Hindoo Vedas, in Plato, in Confucius, or wherever the beautiful and the glorious has manifested itself to humanity in general."

Never shall I forget the look of this amiable lady as I thus unaffectedly described my simple philosophy and religious creed. She opened her eyes and her mouth as far as politeness would permit, and gazed at me as if I had been a hyæna or the famous sea-serpent.

"Sir," she said at length, solemnly, "I thought all German Protestants were followers of the immortal Luther."

"So they are, madam," I rejoined, "at least, many of them are; but we follow the great emancipators of the human mind in spirit rather than in form. We are men of science and philosophy in religion as well as in all other subjects. We delight in the progress of the intelligence of man; and while we value the Bible as a document of high antiquity, we accept the eternal truths which are hidden in its pages in preference to those mythical representations in which the Hebrew bards embodied their sublime conceptions."

"But do not your ministers preach the atonement, and the other great doctrines which Luther made known to the world?"

"Oh, undoubtedly," I replied; "we hold that there is a deep moral significance in the notions of sacrifice which were once believed among Jews, Pagans, and Christians alike. But as to dogmas on this or any other subject, we reject them as fetters upon the freedom of the divine intelligence of man, or rather as pleasing fables, admirably adapted to the physical and metaphysical ideas of past ages, but wholly unsuited to the superior knowledge of modern times."

Mrs. Valentine was now evidently confounded in her turn, and remained silent; when a young man, her son, who walked by his mother's side, took up the conversation, and said, modestly enough, I must admit:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but may I ask how you would distinguish between the human and the divine? I think you spoke of the *divine* intelligence of *man*. I confess I do not see how you draw the distinction between the divinity and the humanity, when using such a form of speech."

To tell you the truth, my dear —, this question of the young Valentine somewhat confused me; but I made the best answer I could, which was nevertheless so unsatisfactory to myself, as well as to him, that I need not repeat it. As, however, the youth seemed more intelligent than his excellent mamma, I

turned off the subject by inquiring what were *his* opinions of the sermon we had heard.

"I fear my mother will hardly be pleased," said he, with an amiable smile, "but I confess I thought Mr. Mackie uttered some most important truths to us this morning. It was only the other day that I met a striking illustration of what he said, at the house of a friend of ours. Sir Stephen Wilkinson had a manservant—"

"Sir Stephen Wilkinson!" I cried, somewhat rudely interrupting him; "why, that's Harman's master's name, T., is it not?"

"You seem to know the very case I allude to," said Valentine. "May I ask how you came to be acquainted with it?"

"Perhaps," said I, "you had better finish what you were going to say, and then I will tell you my story also."

"Well," replied he, "I was going to say, that our friend Sir Stephen had a young footman whom he always believed to be of irreproachable honesty, and who at last turned out a thorough scamp, corrupted, as I verily believe, by some of those low and vicious associations that Mr. Mackie spoke about this morning."

"My dear George," here exclaimed the lady, "how do you know that? I'm sure I never heard Sir Stephen say one word about that part of the story. I don't believe a syllable about it."

"Pardon me, my dear mother," replied he, "I have had the information from the very best of sources."

"And I can assure you, madam," I interposed, "that by a singular circumstance I have become acquainted with this very young man, and that I have the strongest conviction that he is perfectly innocent."

I then went on to relate what had passed in the course of the morning, and had the satisfaction of finding that the young Valentine fully shared my feelings, even to disbelieving the last and more serious charge that was now brought against the unfortunate Harman. It was finally agreed between us, that T. and I should go to the Valentines' house to take luncheon (which is a kind of half dinner with these English people), and afterwards that I should be introduced by Valentine to Sir Stephen, in the hope that he would listen to what we had to say in behalf of his unhappy servant.

I found that Mrs. Valentine and her son lived together in a splendid house in a noble square, which was planted in the middle with forest-trees and shrubs, and adorned with a statue of some king or statesman, clothed in a costume compounded of the dressing-gown and the Roman military garb; but who or what the said statue represented, neither the amiable lady nor her more intellectual son could inform me. The latter, I should add, informed me that he felt ashamed of his ignorance;

"but," said he, "these London statues are such absurdities, that one may hope to be pardoned for knowing less of the decorations of one's own metropolis than of Paris or Rome. Our citizens go upon the system of shooting down a statue of any body who happens to be the hero or king of the day, wherever there is a vacant spot made by the pulling down of old houses; and whether or not the hero thus immortalised in marble or bronze has any thing on earth to do with the locality where he is for the future to preside, our sapient countrymen neither know nor care. To tell you the truth, the chief use of London statues is to create patronage, flatter the great, and give occasion for a good dinner, and for a few jokes in the newspapers. As for meaning, sense, or sentiment, they have none."

The luncheon, as I said, was a capital dinner, even for a German. I can't tell you how many dishes I ate of, and how long we spent gossiping over the table. At last Valentine jumped up, and said we must start instantly if we hoped to find Sir Stephen at home; and in a short time we were at the baronet's door, and in another half minute were ushered into his presence. We saw in a moment that the whole house was in turmoil and confusion; a maid-servant rushed by us as we passed along the hall, sobbing and weeping; and voices in angry altercation struck our ears. We found Sir Stephen in his dining-room, a large, splendid apartment, furnished with little intention of being devoted to the purpose for which it was now employed. The carpet was like velvet, and glowed with brilliant colours; the walls were hung with the richest paper, and decked with some half-dozen antique-looking pictures; massive and polished chairs, and a still more massive and polished sideboard, almost filled the sides of the room; and a ponderous gilded lamp hung from the highly ornamented ceiling.

For some reason or other, the supposed culprit, Harman, was being subjected to a fresh examination, in the house where he was charged with the crime, instead of the usual public office designed for such objects. He sat on a long narrow bench, between two police officers, and was undergoing a rude and haughty questioning from Sir Stephen himself. The baronet sat at the table, with pens, ink, and paper before him, and two or three men and women servants stood near. He rose at our entrance, and received us politely, and then briefly telling us how he was occupied, requested us, unless it was disagreeable, to be seated, while he continued what he called a painful duty, which could not be postponed.

"And so you still persist in asserting that you had not the slightest knowledge of my cabinets having been opened and rifled," said he to the accused party.

"Sir Stephen," replied Harman, firmly and

solemnly, "I have said so again and again, and as I hope for mercy for my sins, I now say it again once more."

"You are a consummate hypocrite as well as villain," retorted the baronet, his face reddening with passion. "Listen, gentlemen, I beg you," he continued, turning to us; "listen to the facts of the case, and then give me your opinion whether this is not one of the clearest proved instances of robbery you ever heard. You must know that in my dressing-room upstairs is a certain mahogany cabinet, in which I sometimes keep a considerable sum of money. I do not, however, very often go to it, as I keep a little loose cash elsewhere. Now it so happens that for some weeks past I have not opened the cabinet at all, until last night, when, the moment it was opened, I found it all in disorder, and seventy-five pounds worth of bank-notes gone. For a few moments I was thoroughly confounded; but as soon as I recovered my thoughts I called together the whole household, men and women, and told them that one of them *must* be the thief. Of course they all stoutly denied it, which the scoundrels would have done, I dare say, even if they had all been guilty, which I afterwards found they were not. I then insisted instantly upon searching the boxes and bedrooms of every person in the house, and I suffered not one single person to leave my sight for an instant, or to touch a single thing, while Lady Wilkinson and I went on with the search. You will please to remark this, because otherwise you might fancy that one of these servants might have had a hand in what followed. As it was, they stood altogether in a row before us, while each one handed his or her keys to me, and we turned every one of their possessions inside out. Still more, we made them shew all the contents of the pockets they had on, and the insides of their shoes, their hats, caps, and bonnets, for I was confident that the thief must have hidden the bank notes somewhere about his person, as no signs of them any where appeared. At last I began to despair, when, behind one of the men's bedsteads, there was turned out, before my eyes, an old waistcoat, which I at once searched, though not, in truth, expecting any thing from it. But will you believe me, that in one of the pockets I found a paper which I had myself locked up in the cabinet where the notes were, and which, on looking for it in its place, I found missing. In the other pocket was a key, which I instantly saw corresponded exactly to the cabinet-key which belonged to myself. 'Whose waistcoat is this?' I then asked the servants, who you may suppose looked thunder-struck. Two or three instantly replied, 'It belongs to William Harman, who went away some weeks ago.' 'Come, come, my fine fellows,' said I, 'that will hardly do. William Harman is gone, and it won't do for you to get off by laying the blame on him. Tell me

instantly which of you owns this waistcoat, or by Heaven I'll call in the police and give you every one in charge for the robbery.' Still they all persisted that it was Harman's, and belonged to no one else; and just as I was getting beyond all patience, Lady Wilkinson, who was examining the waistcoat carefully, happening to tear off a patch in the back of it, found the name of William Harman written at full length on the lining. This certainly, you will allow, was pretty strong proof. But it was too late to do more that night, and so I waited till this morning, when the villain was apprehended and examined before a magistrate, and he has now been brought here because he says he can call witnesses from the other servants to shew his honesty; and Mr. Wildbore, the police-magistrate, being engaged, has let him stay here in charge of these two men. He admits that the waistcoat is his, and, what is more, he admits that the key is his, but he swears stoutly that he is as innocent as a babe, and that how the theft was committed he cannot conceive. He declares that he lost the waistcoat several weeks ago, where or how he cannot tell; and also he says that the key itself is an old key that belongs to nothing particular, and that therefore not being in the habit of using it, he does not know whether he lost it at the same time as the waistcoat or at some other time. I need not shew you, gentlemen, that seldom was there a stronger case, and that the scoundrel shall be transported, as sure as I live here this day."

T. here suggested to the angry baronet that in his humble judgment there would be scarcely enough to convict the accused, however much ground there might be for committing him for trial. If, indeed, Sir Stephen could bring evidence to shew Harman's general bad character, and could prove that he had become possessed of more money than could honestly belong to him, the case *might* be different; but otherwise he, for his part, feared the evidence was rather slight.

"Good heavens, sir!" retorted the amazed Sir Stephen, when T. had finished his mild suggestions, "do you mean to justify the scoundrel? What more proof would you have? Does he not himself own to the waistcoat and the key also?"

"But, Sir Stephen," replied T., "with all deference——"

"Confound it, sir," exclaimed the other, "are our houses never to be safe from pillage by our own servants? Do you mean to uphold principles of confiscation, chartism, socialism, and all the other curses of these unhappy times?"

"I beg your pardon, Sir Stephen," rejoined T. with perfect coolness; "you are aware that justice must be done to all parties."

"What the deuce do you mean, sir?" cried the baronet, waxing more wrathful every moment. "Am I a thief myself, that you talk of

justice being done to that scoundrel there? Sir, allow me to tell you that you are taking great liberties with a stranger. May I ask what right you have to lecture me in my own house?"

"Sir Stephen," here broke in the young Valentine, "I am sure my good friend T. was as far as possible from meaning any thing rude; but he and his friend here have been by chance witness to the private affairs of this unfortunate man this very morning, and they can perhaps throw a little light on the affair."

"Eh? what?" cried Sir Stephen, "pray let me hear what you know, gentlemen, without any more delay. I shall be greatly obliged by your evidence, to enable me to convict the villain that has robbed me."

"I fear, Sir Stephen," said I, taking up the story, as T. seemed in no good humour with the insolent baronet, "that our evidence rather tends to exculpate this unhappy young man." And then, in spite of Sir Stephen's ill-concealed impatience and spleen, I resolutely repeated what I have already told you about Harman and Bessy.

"And so, gentlemen," asked the baronet, with a sneer, when I had ended, "you have done me the honour to call upon me to give me this very valuable information respecting the loss of my property. I am infinitely obliged by your kindness; but I must be permitted to ask why you are so deeply interested in favour of a notorious thief."

"That is the very question, Sir Stephen," I rejoined, determined that the overbearing man of rank should not thus distort the facts of the case, and assume that the victim of his vengeance was guilty, in order to throw discredit on our testimony. "We want to find out whether he is a thief or not. You will pardon my suggesting that this is not yet *proved*."

"And pray, sir," cried he, now losing all decency of manner, "who are you, that you come to take me to task in this insolent way? Let me tell you, that whatever you may do in your own country, this is not the system we tolerate in England."

What I might have replied, or even done, at this outrageous insult, I cannot say; for as I was endeavouring to stifle the passion that boiled up within me, the door of the room was thrown open, and in rushed Bessy Burton, followed by a servant who vainly endeavoured to hold her back, and began loudly apologising to his master, as he saw the fury that gathered on his countenance at the intrusion of the young woman.

"She would come in, Sir Stephen, I assure you, sir. I tried all I could to prevent her, but she says she shall die if she cannot speak with you about Harman."

"Hear me, sir, hear me!" cried the poor girl, throwing herself at the baronet's feet, and

speaking almost frantically with her grief. "He is innocent, I know he is innocent."

To our surprise, the haughty Sir Stephen heard Bessy's appeal more patiently than we had expected; and seemingly struck with her pleasing and almost graceful appearance, desired her kindly to stand up, and tell her story quietly. Unhappily for herself and the object of her solicitude, she had hardly spoke two sentences before she said what served to strengthen the evidence against him to a serious extent. With all the thoughtlessness of unconsciousness of guilt, she strove to persuade Sir Stephen that William was innocent, on the ground that he had himself a long time ago told her that he had a key which would open his master's cabinet, and said that he was rather sorry for it, because it might be a temptation to him to pry into his master's secrets.

"Oh! Bessy, Bessy!" cried Harman in tones of anguish, when he heard what she said, "you are ruining me without hope."

Not comprehending why he thus spoke, but seeing that she had done something that would injure him, the terrified girl turned to her lover, and would have spoken to him, when Sir Stephen, with a malicious smile, recalled her attention, and bade her listen to him.

"And so William said that he meant never to rob his master, though he knew he could do it whenever he liked?"

"Yes, Sir Stephen," said Bessy, innocently. "He always told me every thing that happened, and said you kept a deal of money sometimes in the house, and that he would not tell his fellow-servants about the key, for fear they should take advantage of it."

The black looks of the servants who stood by now shewed that this unfortunate speech of Bessy's had made them enemies to Harman at once.

"And did he never talk about what he would do if he was a rich man, and had some of his master's spare cash?" asked the baronet, with wily gentleness.

"Oh, yes, sir, sometimes he did; and he said some day perhaps he should get rich by some lucky chance, and we should be married without waiting any longer."

Again hatefully smiling, Sir Stephen proceeded to help the poor girl to blacken her lover's name.

"And did he never shew you any bank-notes, and say how he should like to have more of them?"

"Why, no, sir, never that I recollect, except once; and that was just after he had left your service. He had a five-pound note then; generally all his money was in gold."

William here groaned aloud, and the butler, who had seemed peculiarly savage at what Bessy had related respecting William's opinion of his fellow-servants, supplied a fact which told terribly against the accused.

"And now I remember, Sir Stephen," said he, "the very afternoon William Harman went away, he said he had lost all his savings in play, and had not a shilling left."

"Thank you, Gorman," replied the well-pleased Sir Stephen. "Be so good as to mention the hour of the day when William Harman said this to you."

"It was just after the servants' dinner was over, Sir Stephen," replied Gorman.

"And were there any others of the house present when he said this?"

"Oh, yes, Sir Stephen; there was cook and one or two more."

"At that time, you repeat, he said that he had no money in his possession."

"Yes, Sir Stephen."

"And the wages that I paid him when I dismissed him amounted to just two sovereigns," continued the baronet, with a self-satisfied calmness, most detestable to be seen. "What do you say to this, William Harman? Where did you get the five-pound note that you shewed the next day to this young woman? I think *we* can tell that now. It came from my cabinet, and was taken during the short time that you were allowed to go upstairs to pack your boxes, and while I was remaining, not suspecting your villany, in the drawing-room."

"It is false, Sir Stephen," cried Harman, "as false as the other charge you brought against me, and I can prove it. That five-pound note was given to me by Whiston the pawnbroker, for a watch I sold him that very night for three pounds, and I gave him the two sovereigns of my wages at the same time, and he gave me a five-pound note, because he said he wanted change, and wished I would oblige him. Let any one go to Whiston, and ask him, and you will see every word I have said is true."

"Whiston the pawnbroker died yesterday morning," said the butler.

William groaned again, and Bessy burst into tears.

"A very pretty story, indeed," observed Sir Stephen. "Highly probable, truly. But I fear, my fine fellow, you will have some difficulty to persuade a jury that you got the note honestly, now that your friend the pawnbroker is dead."

"Perhaps," suggested Valentine, "you can tell Sir Stephen what has become of the five-pound note, and he can say whether or not it was one of those he lost. He has the numbers of them all, I believe."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Bessy, hearing this, "I know what became of the note very well. I changed it myself for William, a day or two afterwards, at the baker's, and I dare say he has got the note still, for he's a very close man, and uncommonly careful of his money."

Sir Stephen, who was as certain that Harman was guilty as we were that he was not so, readily acceded to Bessy's proposition; and it was agreed that she should go, in com-

pany with one of the servants, to the baker in question, and get him to inform them what was the number of the note she had given him on the day stated. As this, however, was an affair that would take some time, T., Valentine, and myself, thought it incumbent on us to depart, and so, making various apologies to Sir Stephen, we requested leave to call again in the evening and learn the issue, and then left the house. So much of the afternoon had been already consumed, that we were obliged to give up the idea of visiting the afternoon church service which T. had proposed, and we all three walked direct to Hyde Park, which I had heard was one of the few scenes of gaiety afforded by London on Sundays.

If the sale of the Sunday newspapers, and the story I had heard from William Harman, had afforded me matter of astonishment, as contrasted with the general notion we foreigners entertain of English scrupulosity, I can assure you, my dear —, that the scene in Hyde Park put to flight for ever all ideas I ever nourished on the nature of a Sunday in London. Talk of our doings in Berlin and Vienna, or of the pleasure-hunting in Paris! It is a mere bagatelle to the doings of the magnificent Britons. I saw more carriages and horses, and gaily-dressed idlers on this one day, than I verily believe I had seen in the whole course of my previous life. The spectacle is absolutely unrivalled. There were literally miles of equipages, equestrians, and pedestrians; and I really think that millions of pounds would be needed to purchase the vehicles and horses, and brilliant dresses and liveries, which flaunted in the breeze. Where they all came from, where the stables were situated, where the owners resided, and who were all that multitude of walkers who thronged the foot-paths close to the carriages, and wandered in little armies over the dry and scanty herbage of the park, my poor continental brain was hopelessly puzzled to divine. I think I to myself, If this is the way the English practise what they preach about Sabbath-breaking, and these are their special Lord's-day devotions, why, after all, there's not much difference between their doings and our fiddling and dancing, and open pleasure-gardens, and bands of music at home in the beloved fatherland. But ah! it was a dismal business after all. They were a solemn, careworn-looking band of pleasure-seekers rather than pleasure-finders. I would rather, a hundred times, stroll along the walks of one of our German gardens, with a cigar and two or three agreeable friends, while a good band of wind-instruments played Strauss's last new waltzes, or the music from the *Prophète*, than share the laborious joys of this superb race, with all their riches and all their respectability.

After we had surveyed for a time the brilliant spectacle, and my companions had pointed out to me a few of the notabilities in rank,

politics, and fashion, who were taking the air in the motley crowd, we sat down on a bench, and I proceeded to question T. and Valentine on one or two points which suggested themselves to my thoughts.

"Now tell me," said I, "how do all these gay and great folks spend the early part of their Sundays? I have seen your interminable streets and squares of palaces, and those splendid club-houses, which are one of the great features of your city; and I suppose a good portion of all this multitude of riders and walkers live in them, and in the comfortable suburbs of London, which you tell me surround it on every side. Now what do all these people do with themselves during their Sunday mornings? I suppose they are up betimes at their various churches—say at seven or eight o'clock at the latest—and that with the immense wealth of your Church Establishment all Londoners have means for going to some religious service two or three times before this hour in the afternoon."

"Truly the mistakes of foreigners are most amusing," replied T. to my very natural supposition. "Why, my good fellow, of all the men you see riding and walking in this crowd there's not one in half-a-dozen, or perhaps one in twelve or twenty, that goes near a church once a month, except when they are in the country, where they think it necessary to set a good example, and there's nothing else to do. A good many of the women go to church, I verily believe; but as for the men, did you not see that five-sixths of the people at church this morning were women?"

"To be sure," I rejoined; "but I supposed that was because the men had been at earlier services in the course of the morning."

"Bravo! bravo! excellent!" cried T., greatly amused at my simplicity.

"But, my dear friend," said I, "what is the meaning of all I read about religious duties and national piety in the reports of your Parliament, and other public meetings, if it is only the women who go to church, and most of the men stay at home and amuse themselves?"

"That's not my affair," said T., with a shrug. "I don't talk about national piety, believe me; and in private life five-sixths of the men you meet never say a syllable about any thing of the kind."

Greatly perplexed, I continued my queries.

"But your poor, and your shopkeepers," said I, "they all frequent their respective places of worship, of course."

"Not a bit of it, my dear fellow," replied T. "If any thing, they are rather worse than their betters. I can't tell what it is out of London; but in London I am convinced that a large majority never go into a church or chapel of any kind whatsoever, especially the poor. Some do, to be sure, both Church-people and Dissenters; but more do not."

"You astound me!" I exclaimed; "and especially the poor, you say. And is this the fact in all your various denominations?"

"Pretty much the same with all," said he. "Our London churches and chapels are almost entirely filled with people of the respectable classes, and most of those are women. I have been at churches in the afternoon where not one of ten people present was a man."

"And the Catholics? are they no better than the rest?"

"Why I can't speak so confidently about the Catholics," replied T.; "but I was told by a great authority among them, that the number of their poor who never go to Mass is, what he called, quite awful."

"Then what in the world do you all do with yourselves on Sundays? You have no public amusements, except this in the Parks; and this won't do when it rains: what, then, do you do with yourselves?"

"That's more than I can explain," replied he; "but perhaps Valentine can enlighten us. These things are more in his way than mine. I know the worst part of life, and he knows the best."

"Indeed," interposed Valentine, "I wish I could satisfy your curiosity. But I frankly own I am confounded when I try to divine what our immense population does with itself on Sundays. I suspect that our friend T. can really let you into our hidden secrets a vast

deal better than I can. I remember he once told me a story about himself that certainly opened my eyes a little, and suggested a good deal more than it actually stated."

"What story do you mean?" asked T. in surprise.

"Don't you remember the story about your first lodgings in town, and what you found took place on Sundays in that strange den you discovered in such a marvellous way?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" exclaimed T.; "that was a pretty business, truly."

"By all means let me hear it," I replied. "Beyond measure I love any thing like a bit of romance."

"If you will promise not to think me a most unconscionable villain for my share in the transaction, I don't mind repeating the story," said T.: "for certainly it *was* a curious one; and though not exactly what happens to every body, I do honestly believe was a pretty fair picture of a good deal that lies hidden in this mysterious city of ours. Only the story is rather long, if I am to tell it you as I told it to Valentine."

"Never mind," said I; "it will just do to fill up the time before we return."

"Well, then," replied T., "let us move off from this bustle, and get under the shade of those immense elms, and you shall hear my tale."

(To be continued.)

CATHOLIC PAROCHIAL MINISTRATIONS.

THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.

IN our last number, under the head of "Catholic Parochial Ministrations," we assigned reasons for the great importance which is attached in the Catholic Church to the visitation of the sick, whether on the part of the clergy ministering, or of the suffering objects of their ministrations. We wrote, as was obvious, for the information not of Catholic readers, who would learn but little from our remarks, but of friends and inquirers outside the Church, and this with an especial object. It is our misfortune, though an unavoidable one, that Protestants see nothing of our holy religion but the very outside of it; while with that interior beauty, in which the true glory of the Church consists, they have no experimental acquaintance, and indeed but a very secondary interest in regard to it. Hence we are compelled to hear even from good men, that the Catholic is a religion of show and splendour, constructed with the view of pleasing the eye and captivating the imagination! So respectable an Anglican as the author of

the *Cathedral*, &c. talks somewhere, if our memory do not fail us, of the "flaunting" gait of "Rome;" just as if gorgeous vestments, long processions, and magnificent ceremonies, belonged to the essence of the Catholic Church, or were even so much as inseparable accidents of her being. Oh, that such shallow critics could be plunged for one day into the deep calm of a spiritual retreat; that they could follow the priest into the houses of wretchedness or vice where his ministry of comfort or instruction so often leads him; or that they might be witnesses to those night-watches of the adorable Sacrament which in many religious houses form part of the customary routine of devotions! In truth, the ministry of the Church, like that of her Lord, is mostly out of sight of men; nor can it be shame to her that she is hidden even from nearest eyes, when He made Himself of no account, and established for Himself no name but that of the "carpenter's Son," even in the very town which

for almost thirty years was illustrated and blessed by his adorable Presence!

Protestants have to learn that even our ministrations of worship must often be made subordinate to those of charity; as our blessed Lord thrice interrupted his prayer in the garden, to concern Himself about his forlorn disciples. The administration of sacraments to the dying, for instance, is with us so paramount a duty, that to provide for it a priest must even break off from the holy sacrifice of the Mass. Much more, then, will all accessory but unessential ceremonies give way to the necessary duties of charity. It is within the recollection of many, that during the former visitation of the cholera in 1832, the services in some of the London chapels were reduced to a simple Low Mass, in order that the priests might be ready any moment to attend the sick and dying. And so far from splendid ceremonies being any essential part of our religion, it is well known that there are many retired missions, and many religious houses, where they are necessarily and altogether foregone; and that in distant lands, and even in England till a comparatively recent period, holy Catholics, and for aught we know, blessed Saints, have earned their immortal crown without ever assisting at a "great function" in all their long lives.

There is no duty which Catholics feel more imperative upon them than that of benefiting by the ministrations of the Church in their last illness. If there be any cause of regret and blame in this matter, it is not so much because this duty is likely to be neglected, as because it is apt to be put in the place of other duties equally stringent, but felt to be less pressing. It is to be feared that ignorant Catholics sometimes attach exaggerated notions to the mere *fact* of seeing their priest in their last moments, as though nothing could be amiss if that single blessing were accorded them. It is also to be feared that too many who should know better are led to neglect the sacraments during their lives, in the expectation of making their peace with the Church on their deathbeds. We believe we are correct in saying that the experience of all priests tells forcibly against the (ordinary) value of what are called "deathbed repentances," and especially in proportion as the hope of them has apparently been made the ground of presumptuous reliance during life. Stories are afloat, and accredited by the most indisputable testimony, of persons judicially (as it would appear) debarred when dying from the benefit of sacraments which they had despised during life; as there are, contrariwise, others equally incontrovertible, of pious Catholics providentially assisted on their deathbed towards sacraments which they had long but ineffectually desired. On the one hand, we may allude to the well-known case of a nobleman who lived

for years in open neglect of all religious duties, and who at last died without the sacraments, because the eyes of the messenger who went to summon the priest to his bedside were miraculously "holden," so that they failed to see the priest whom they sought, although actually seated in the very room where the search was made. On the other hand, we may mention a fact which occurred in London a few years back, when a priest, walking along the streets at night, fell by accident down the steps of an open cellar, in which, to his amazement, he found a dying Catholic crying out for the sacraments, but without a human hope of receiving them. And there are probably few priests whose experience would not enable them to attest many facts of the same description.

But even when no extraordinary obstacle stands in the way of the communication between the priest and the obdurate sinner on his deathbed, how hard must it always be to elicit under such circumstances those acts of sorrow which are necessary to the sacrament of Penance! how hard for the dying man even to remember, how still harder to repent of, sins, many and inveterate, to give the mind collectedly to God in the midst of excruciating pain, and under the pressure of overpowering weakness! Of all the errors into which a spurious charity or fatal presumption is apt to fall, none, spiritual men tell us, is more serious than that of taking the reception of the Last Sacraments (unparalleled blessing though it be) as a kind of pledge of salvation. For even were the dispositions with which they are received invariably adequate where they are frequently insufficient, there still remains the critical issue of that last struggle of all, in which even the newly-rescued soul (as St. Alphonsus tells us) has often made shipwreck.

It were, then, much to be wished, that, among our Irish friends especially, there always existed as eager a desire of the sacraments during life, as is undoubtedly manifested by them at the approach of death. Then would there be fewer instances of those hurried and tumultuary repentances (if repentances they can be called) in which the mortal sins of thirty or forty years have to be recalled in less than as many seconds, and under circumstances the most unfavourable whether to a calm review or a contrite estimate of the past.

But, in truth, the anxiety for sacerdotal ministrations with the poorer Irish is quite as apt to be premature in illness as it is sometimes tardy in health. The first symptom of any malady is apt to be the note of alarm not merely to the person threatened with it, but to friends and neighbours; and with a laudable, though often a misplaced solicitude, the priest and the "doctor" are summoned forth-

with. Now, the fall of evening and the early night being the period of all others when the friends and neighbours of the sick are most disengaged, and therefore most ready to be employed on these missions of benevolence, this, accordingly, is the time at which "sick-calls" commonly pour in with the greatest profusion, and sometimes with a needless precipitancy. For if we may credit the testimony of the best informed, the Irish have an unlucky trick of exaggerating, on such occasions, the necessity for the intervention of the Church. Whether it be, as their enemies say, from a national habit of inaccuracy and embellishment, or whether, poor things, they are generally bad judges of the probabilities of dangerous illness, we will not attempt to decide; certain, however, it is, that there is no expression of eagerness so vehement, and no picture of misery so vivid, that they will not employ or draw it, to gain an end for which the Englishman who despises them would deem it a piece of superstition to raise his little finger or rise from his easy chair. Like the very calamities which they herald, these zealous emissaries rarely come single, and the good priest, if near at hand, is warned of his fate by many voices at once, each outstripping the other in liveliness of statement and earnestness of appeal. (Let the reader bear in mind that we are here supposing not a real but an imaginary grief.) It is, then, a sore perplexity to priests, that they cannot always judge of the necessity for their intervention by the manner in which this imaginative people are apt to represent it. For instance, such exciting phrases as, "Your reverence will only be just in time if you run for it;" or, "They are gone to fetch the friends to the bedside of the dying," *may* (though we are far from saying that it *does*) mean no more than that Patrick O'Leary or Mary Mahony is ill of the rheumatism. While upon this subject, we may mention an anecdote to illustrate at once the *naïveté* of our Irish friends, and the trials of patience to which good priests are exposed. The Rev. Mr. —, who has, or had, the misfortune of sleeping in a room towards the street, was one night waked up by a voice, of which we will only say, that it was strong enough to arouse a laborious missionary from his first slumber. On presenting himself at the window, the priest descried by the gaslight a hard-featured Irishman, with an imploring look, who thus addressed him: "Your reverence! your reverence! it was 'the wife' who was ill, and wanted to call you up; but I come to tell your reverence I would not let her."

We are not quite sure that the zeal manifested by the Irish for the sight of a priest during illness is in all cases strictly according to sound knowledge. Some part of it undoubtedly proceeds from a notion (the cor-

rectness of which we leave theologians to determine) that the priest, *as such*, is endowed with the power of healing diseases. They appear to consider that miraculous virtue depends not upon the personal sanctity, but upon the office, of Christ's minister. The gift of healing actually imparted to the Apostles, they believe to descend with the apostolic commission. An opinion so pious and so widely spread, we would be far from treating otherwise than with consideration and respect; nor would we rashly set limits to the power of faith, whether in the supposed possessors, or in the objects of it. On the other hand, it is quite certain that in an Irishman's judgment a priest can do every thing; as, for instance, they appear to think that he is gifted with a supernatural power of discerning the physical condition of the patient. The clergy are sometimes reminded in their ministrations of the passage in the comedy where the friend is mistaken for the doctor, and, on quitting the house, is surrounded by a troop of eager relatives, each besetting him with the question, "How's your patient?" And he will be half tempted to reply in the words of the play, "My dear friends, if I am a doctor, I have to thank you for my diploma." For thus it is, that on leaving the house of the sick, the priest is accosted by many voices at once, "What does your reverence think of him?" The Protestant doctor would have little reason to be flattered if he could hear the contrasts which are sometimes drawn between his powers of penetration and those of the meek follower of the Apostles, whom he often eyes with so much of malicious scorn. For these zealous people will hear no disclaimers of power, however unlimited, from the object of their veneration. They meet all with the answer, "Your reverence is the best doctor after all." And no doubt, so far as the success of the physician depends upon the faith of the patient, they are not without the means of verifying their own commendations.

Yet even here again their confidence, however exaggerated, is not wholly without a warrant in fact. It is undeniable that priests, over and above any medical skill which they may accidentally (and, in truth, not unfrequently) possess, are often better judges even than medical men themselves of the phenomena of dangerous sickness: we know of an eminent physician having once said to a Catholic priest, "You gentlemen have a wonderful knack of foreseeing the approach of death." There are, of course, reasons why a priest should make this part of the medical art his study; and even otherwise, he will acquire from habit a kind of instinct on the subject. He is bound under sin as well not to give the Last Sacraments except where reasonably satisfied of mortal danger, as not to withhold them where such danger exists

in a manifest, though it may be but an incipient, form. Again,—the proximity of death suggests farther and especial duties appropriate to this stage of illness, such as the Benediction *in articulo mortis*, and the assistance to the soul in its agony. The priest, too, should be well versed in the phenomena of death itself, in order that he may neither defraud an actually living member of the Church of such sacraments as may be applicable to the case, nor, on the other hand, expose the sacraments themselves to the irre-

verence of being given to a clearly incapable subject. The latter danger can always be obviated in a doubtful case by the conditional form of administration; but since even a condition does not secure against irreverence in an *unequivocal* case, and ignorance which can be overcome does not furnish an excuse for error, the priest will adopt all reasonable means of acquainting himself with the signs of dissolution.

[To be continued.]

CHURCH FESTIVALS.

ALL SAINTS.

IN the arrangement of her liturgical year the Church commemorates the several epochs of the history of man.

The four weeks of Advent, which terminate in the birth of the Redeemer, recall to our memory the 4000 years which man passed in expectation of the Messiah, who was to enlighten, sanctify, and vivify them. The period intervening between the Nativity and Pentecost comprises the hidden, the public, and the glorious life of our Saviour; we contemplate its hidden portion from the Epiphany till Lent, during which penitential season the public acts of our Saviour are set forth, terminating in the memorial of his Passion and death; and from Easter till the Ascension his glorious life and the foundation of the Church, together with the institution of the sacraments,—the tokens by which all succeeding generations were to be assured of his having recreated them after their fall. After the Ascension Pentecost is celebrated, and the Holy Comforter sent from on high to solace men in their bereavement, and strengthen them in the pilgrimage upon earth, which is represented by the interval between this festival and All Saints, when we celebrate her arrival at the Land of Promise, in the persons of those saints who have run their race and received their reward.

During this journey through a vale of tears the Church consoles her little ones by celebrating, praising, and holding up for imitation the heroic acts of virtue of her elder children. The gospels of this time are instructions on love and patience towards one another; and the charitable miracles and parables of mercy are recorded during this long sojournment in the desert.

From the first, indeed, the Church has honoured such of her children as died for the faith as soon as persecution demanded so unanimous a profession of their belief, but she

did not institute any general festival on which they all were commemorated, leaving their honour to the safe keeping and devotion of those who had witnessed the combat and victory of those heroes. Tertullian, in his book *De Corona Militis*, c. 3, testifies to this: "Oblationes pro defunctis, pro natalitiis annua die facimus:" pro *natalitiis*, in commemoration of the martyrs, on the days on which they died to the world and were born to heaven. It cannot mean *for* the martyrs, as is proved from other passages of the same author in his work on the soul. Before citing these latter, however, we must premise that Tertullian held the millennarian doctrine, the recollection of this fact being necessary for their interpretation. In chap. 3, "On the lower regions," we read, "Habes et regionem inferum subterraneam credere, et illos cubito pellere, qui satis superbe non putant animas fidelium inferis dignas:" "You must likewise believe in a subterraneous region of the dead, and keep aloof from those who are so proud as to think the souls of the faithful too noble for the lower regions." In continuation, he states that the only mode of entering heaven immediately after death is by martyrdom. "Si pro Deo occumbas, non in mollibus febribus et in lectulis, sed in martyriis: si crucem tuam tollas et sequaris Dominum ut ipse præcepit, tota paradisi clavis tuus sanguis est:" "If for God's sake thou wouldst die, let it not be in an effeminate fever, and on thy couch, but in martyrdom, if you wish to take up your cross and follow the Lord as He commandeth, for your blood is the only key of heaven." The souls of others he assigned to limbo, there to be punished or rewarded as they merited. This is also borne out in his book *De Carnis Resurrectione*, c. 33: "Nemo enim peregrinatus a corpore statim immoratur penes Dominum, nisi ex martyrii prærogativa, scilicet paradiso non inferis diversurus:" "For no one departing from the body straightway rests in the Lord, unless, indeed, by the spe-

cial privilege of martyrdom, he proceeds to paradise rather than the realms below."

These passages prove that Masses were offered not *for* the martyrs, but in memory of their martyrdom; because Tertullian could not consider those in need of prayers who were the only class of persons whom he deemed worthy of instantaneous admission into paradise after death.

St. Cyprian also, in his letters, lays down the same practice of commemorating martyrs. Although a disciple of Tertullian, whom he read daily, he differed from his *master*, as he called Tertullian's works, in his notions on the state of the departed. But he very oddly falls into the same verbal error as Tertullian, in saying that sacrifice was offered *for* the martyrs, although, in the preceding sentence, he expresses his belief that they are in glory. "*Palmas a Domino et coronas illustri passione meruerunt. Sacrificia pro eis, ut meminitis, offerimus, quoties martyrum passiones et dies anniversaria commemoratione celebramus:*" "By their glorious sufferings they have merited palms and crowns from the Lord. On their account, as you are aware, we always offer sacrifices, as often as we celebrate, with annual commemoration, the sufferings of the martyrs, and the days on which they departed." He cannot mean by *pro eis*, to relieve their souls, because in another place, Epist. 37, or lib. 3, epist. 6, requesting the clergy to be attentive to the confessors in prison, he tells them: "*Dies eorum quibus excedunt annotata, ut commemorationes eorum inter memoriam martyrum celebrari possimus ac significet (v. Tertullus) mihi dies quibus in carcere beati fratres nostri ad immortalitatem gloriosæ mortis exitu transeunt, et celebrentur hic a nobis oblationes et sacrificia ob commemorationes eorum:*" "Take note of the days on which they depart from this life, in order that we may be enabled to commemorate them when we celebrate the memory of the martyrs . . . and let him (Tertullus) acquaint me with the days on which our happy brethren expire in prison, and pass to their immortality by a glorious death, so that we may here make oblations, and offer sacrifice in memory of them."

This veneration of martyrs continued to be chiefly local and particular until the seventh century, when a festival was instituted in honour of the whole white-robed army. Prior to this period festivals were celebrated in honour of the saints collectively between Easter and Pentecost. The 1st of May was dedicated to the twelve Apostles, and another day of the same month to all the martyrs.

The origin of this veneration of all the martyrs in a body took the place of a relic of idolatry; and it would seem that Providence had reserved the embodiment of Paganism, the Pantheon, to be afterwards used in the

honour of its conquerors; and that they should occupy the places of those gods whom they had hurled from their pedestals with a word.

This magnificent and wondrous structure was built by Marcus Agrippa, thrice consul under Augustus, in memory of that emperor's victory at Actium, and was dedicated to all the gods under the title of Jove the Avenger,—*Jovi Ultori*. It was built in a spherical form to represent the heavens, the habitation of the gods; and also to prevent jealousy among them, this form preventing all precedence. The Christian emperors were compelled to destroy the Pagan temples, to prevent relapses into idolatry; and all the most wonderful and celebrated buildings of this nature were levelled to the ground, this only excepted, to stand as a trophy of the triumph of God over Satan, of Christianity over idolatry. The same principle was carried out after the introduction of Christianity into this country, at the command of St. Gregory the Great. But when the danger of returning to Paganism had passed, Boniface IV., on his elevation to the Papacy, obtained from Phocas the emperor a grant of the Pantheon, which he dedicated as a church, under the title of Our Lady and all the Martyrs, on the 13th of May, 609, and ordered the anniversary of this dedication to be celebrated with great solemnity. This was in imitation of Gregory the Great, who, when idolatry was expelled from England, ordered that the Pagan temples should be purified and consecrated to God rather than destroyed. Boniface enriched the Pantheon with relics of martyrs from the cemeteries outside the city.

Such was the beginning of the Feast of All Saints. The feast of all martyrs soon included the honour of all the saints in heaven. In 731 a chapel was erected in St. Peter's on the Vatican by Gregory III., in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and of the Apostles, Martyrs, and Confessors—in other words, of all the saints in heaven. This feast, like that of Our Lady of Martyrs, was first confined to Rome, but soon met with general favour and acceptance throughout the Church, and was celebrated in all parts of the Christian world. Its observance having become universal, Gregory IV., in the year 835, constituted it a feast of obligation for the whole Church of France, where he then was, to be celebrated on November 1st. Louis le Débonnaire, the reigning monarch, confirmed this decree as far as it needed civil authority, and enforced its commands.

We shall now, before proceeding with the history of the Feast of All Saints, examine how, and at what period, confessors were honoured in the Church.

It has been already stated that Tertullian, in accordance with the millennarian idea, denied that the just who died a natural death were

permitted to enter heaven. St. Cyprian's testimony proves that the contrary opinion was held. In lib. iii. Epist. 1, or Epist. 58, to Pope Lucius, on his return from exile, we read: "Neque enim in tribus pueris minor fuit martyrii dignitas, quia morte frustrata, de camino ignis incolumes exierunt:" "For neither was the dignity of martyrdom lessened in the three youths, because, having foiled death, they came forth unharmed from the fiery furnace." Another passage to the same effect occurs in the next sentence.

The martyrdom of penance was considered the "key of heaven," no less than that of blood. And thus we find that St. Antony ordered his body to be interred immediately after his death, fearing that the disciples who so venerated him, and the people who had so eagerly sought his counsel and acted upon his advice, might honour his body when dead. The holy Constantia hurried to the place of his grave, and there passed days and nights communing with the spirit of him whose miraculous power had benefited her. As soon as the emperors ceased their persecutions, the faithful crowded to the deserts, to combat a new enemy, not of flesh and blood, but the principalities and powers. The author of the life of St. Simon Stylites, and one of that saint's disciples, describes the pomp and magnificence attendant on the translation of his body to Antioch, where it was placed in a church. (See also *Theodoret. Hist. Rel. c. 3.*)

The illustrious hermit Marcion was so famous for sanctity and miracles, that oratories were built during his lifetime for the repose and veneration of his body after death. On learning this, he exacted an oath from his disciple Eusebius, to bury him immediately after death, and to preserve for many years the place of his burial a profound secret, which was not divulged for fifty years. In addition to these, many other instances of the veneration paid to hermits might be cited.

The number of solitaries who retired from the world after the persecution, was more a matter of necessity than of accident. After her great struggles the Church required rest, and time to reinvigorate herself; and for this she fled to the desert, there to cultivate the virtues which she had not needed during the period of her strife, when fortitude was her prominent feature. In this retirement she had leisure to think and form her mind, and thence produced doctors, learned fathers, and illustrious bishops. The sanctity of life brought to such perfection in the fathers of the desert, they practised in the midst of men; and in addition, manifested an energy of mind, a profoundness of thought, and a vigour of action, which has influenced the Church through all succeeding ages; and immediately after their own respective times, merited for them the veneration of the faithful. Thus we

learn from St. Gregory Nazianzen (Orat. 20), the honours paid to St. Basil. He relates how he was carried by holy men, every one seeking for the honour of being employed in his burial. "And now," says he, "he is in heaven; there, if I mistake not, offering sacrifice for us, and pouring forth prayer for the people." In the 21st Orat. the same St. Gregory extols St. Athanasius, believing him to be among the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and martyrs. In the early ages the term Confessor bore a different signification from that which we now often attach to it, it being then only applied to those who suffered torments for the faith, but were not required to die. The distinction is given and explained by St. Cyprian, in his letter to Pope Lucius, quoted above. Having no term to express the character of these holy men, they ranked them among the martyrs, in an extended signification. In like manner, the term Confessor has been since used in a wider sense, and conveys an idea partially dissimilar to that which it was originally intended to produce; partially, we say, because as a life of penance was styled a martyrdom, so a life of instruction and intellectual testimony to the faith conferred a claim to the title of confessor, equal with those who had suffered torments rather than deny it. In the liturgy of St. Basil we have a distinct mention made of confessors as different from martyrs. This, however, might be understood in St. Cyprian's sense, without at all weakening the force of the argument, for there is likewise mention of all *just souls* who have departed in the faith.

But to come now to the individual unmarried saint whom the Church first honoured with a festival,—St. Martin.

This saint died on November 8th, 397,* at Candes. His body was thence translated to Tours; its reception in that city is described by Sulpicius Severus,† in his life of St. Martin. He says it was praised with psalms and hymns, and people strove for the honour of being employed about it.

The first Council of Tours, in 461, under Pope Hilary, speaks of the festival of the Translation. In 472 his relics were again transferred to a church in the city dedicated to him. This festival occurs in the Roman martyrology on the 11th of November, being the day of his burial; his translation to Tours, and the dedication of his church, on July the 4th.

Alban Butler denies that St. Martin was the first confessor honoured in the Church, and

* The precise date of St. Martin's death has been the subject of much argument; Baronius, Moreri, and others, have discussed it at length.

† Sulpicius Severus was a disciple of St. Martin, and survived his master twenty-three years. He wrote a Sacred History, the Life of the Saint in three epistles, and a Dialogue on the Oriental Anchorites.

cites the veneration of St. John the Evangelist; but St. John was honoured as a martyr, not as confessor, or as martyr-confessor. Butler does not here distinguish between the first signification of the word confessor and its present meaning.

St. Benedict built an oratory on Mount Cassino in St. Martin's honour. St. Maurus also built a church under his patronage. St. Willibrord, Archbishop of Utrecht, and St. Swibert, Bishop of Verdun, consecrated the cathedral church in his name. The Council of Tours, 567, speaks of its being called under that saint's protection, and in his church. This feast is likewise mentioned in the Capitulary* of Louis le Débonnaire, lib. ii. c. 35, in the year 823.

We discontinued the history of the Feast of All Saints at its promulgation by Pope Gregory IV., at the request of Louis le Débonnaire. It had, however, been celebrated prior to this, as we learn from the thirty-sixth canon of the Council of Mayence, in 813, under Pope Leo III.

It is frequently mentioned in Councils and writers amongst the great feasts of Christmas, Easter, Ascension, &c., as a festival to be observed with a vigil, as no less than the other holidays of obligation. Guigno, or Gui, elected the fifth general of the Order of the Chartreux in 1109, which office he filled until 1137, a space of twenty-eight years, mentions, in the new statutes he drew up, the feast of All Saints as one of the days on which some slight relaxation of the rule might be permitted.

In the Council of Salinestat, during the Pontificate of Benedict VIII., in the year 1021, the first canon orders, among other high festivals, that of All Saints to be preceded by a vigil and fast. In the eighth canon of the Second Council of Oxford, under Honorius III., in the year 1222, the vigil of All Saints is commanded to be celebrated. When its observance had become universal, Sixtus IV. established its octave, in 1480.

This feast, which, in the first ages, had no existence, and in the times immediately succeeding them was only locally celebrated, at length became obligatory and universal. This has arisen from the devotion of particular churches, and especially of monasteries, where ordinary festivals were more solemnly celebrated, and festivals of devotion, as we now call them, were made obligatory on the inmates. Other churches followed the example, and so the observance of these feasts

became universal; and the authority of the Church finally stepped in, and commanded and encouraged their celebration by the promises of considerable indulgences.

The day selected for the feast of All Saints was not undesignedly fixed upon. It falls in the most appropriate season of the year. When the husbandman has gathered in his fruits, and rejoices over his abundance, the Church celebrates the harvest of souls which she has gathered into the granary of heaven. She prepared her children by Lent, strengthened them with the graces of Pentecost, assisted and encouraged them during their lives, and now rejoices over their rewards in heaven.

An examination of the office for All Saints, although cursory, will be the best of means for ascertaining the feelings of the Church, of making them our own, and of entering into her spirit. In the Introit she calls upon all to rejoice at the glory and rewards of their brethren. The Epistle encourages those who are left behind, filling them with the hope of the same reward, notwithstanding their weakness; heaven being filled with all tribes, with people of all stations, ages, dispositions, frail as we, tempted as we. The Gospel lays down the conditions on which heaven is to be gained—by adopting principles contrary to those of the world, and acting in accordance with these convictions. And here a thought bestowed upon the wisdom of the Church in assigning this gospel for the day will not be lost, but fructify richly to one's own profit. The term *beatitudes* is a term which contains deep philosophy, and suggests topics for the meditation of years. The virtues by which the great prize is won are indeed *beatitudes*, even on this earth; their maxims and rules are of divine excellence, and alone capable of satisfying the ardent desires of the soul. And from the wisdom of the Church turn to our Saviour's mercy. He does not require us to be miserable now to render us worthy of eternal happiness hereafter, but makes our present happiness depend upon our efforts after future glory.

Four reasons may be assigned for the institution of this feast of All Saints; and if they were not all intended by the originators, yet the nature of the festival bears them fully out. It was, first, the anniversary of the dedication of the Pantheon; secondly, it is designed to honour all the souls who have passed from earth to heaven; thirdly, to supply for and expiate our negligences and omissions in the celebration of their several feasts throughout the year, and to honour those who have not been canonised; and fourthly, to enlist in our behalf, as intercessors, the 'unnumbered host of heaven.'

Before closing this subject, a few words on the different classes of saints and on canonisation may not be unacceptable, at least to such

* *Capitulary*, in its general signification, means a book divided into chapters; but here it is a peculiar one—the Canonical or Civil Law, drawn up by the Bishop or Barons, and published with the King's sanction. Such capitularies were issued by Childbert, Clotaire, Dagobert, Carloman, Pepin, and particularly Charlemagne, Louis le Débonnaire, Lothaire, and Louis II.; but the custom died away with the third race of kings.

as have not had the opportunity of benefiting by Father Faber's essay on that subject.

Servant of God is a term applied to such persons as have led holy lives and have died in the odour of sanctity. This title is insufficient to warrant the honouring of the bearer in the public liturgy of the Church.

Venerable is the title of those who have been pronounced, by the judges appointed to examine and scrutinise the life of him upon whom it has been conferred, to have been persons of great sanctity: the conferring it is the first step in the process of canonisation, but does not authorise any public worship. St. Bede is usually styled "venerable," but not in the sense which the term is now understood to convey; it was his title while still living, and has been continued to be applied to him ever since.

Blessed is a title conferred on persons whose practice of virtue has been extraordinary and heroic, and whom the Holy See has permitted certain countries, districts, or religious orders, to venerate publicly by a Mass and Office in their honour.

Beatification, or the form of pronouncing a person to have practised virtue in an heroic degree, and of being worthy of the title of *Blessed*, may be called incipient canonisation. In this grant the Pope does not speak *ex cathedra*, or command the worship of the beatified, he merely allows them to be honoured. The reverence paid to the beatified is less solemn than that of saints; their Office has no octave; their feast cannot be of obligation, nor may a votive Mass be said in their honour. Before Alexander the VIIth's time the ceremony of *beatification* was confined to the church of the Order of which the beatified was a member, if a religious, or to that of his nation, if such existed in Rome. This Pope transferred the ceremony to St. Peter's on the occasion of the beatification of St. Francis of Sales, Jan. 8, 1662.

Saint is the denomination of one who has been exempt from vice, has practised virtue in an heroic degree; God also has performed miracles by his means when alive, and through his intercession after death; an additional requisite which was not needed for beatification.

Canonisation is the process of examining the miracles attributed to the intercession of the saint, and is also significative of the ceremony by which a saint is dogmatically decreed and pronounced by the Holy See to be in heaven, worthy of our prayers, and capable of assisting us. In the early ages it consisted solely in inscribing the name of a martyr in the catalogue of the saints. The saint is publicly invoked, in the name of the whole Church, for the first time by the Pope himself. In virtue of canonisation, Mass and Office may and is ordered to be said throughout the

Church in honour of the saint; he may be chosen as a patron, and his Office may have an octave: the Mass of his name may be of obligation and votive. Pictures of him may be painted, representing him with an *aureola* of glory, expressive of that which he enjoys in heaven, and imitative of that which appeared encircling the countenance of Moses on his descent from the mountain.

ALL SOULS.

The return of a long-absent child brings joy to a mother's heart; for a time, no other thought than that of the object of her love disturbs the reverie of loving contemplation into which the first burst of maternal affection has subsided. But soon the memory of some other, deceased, child, recalled to her mind as it took its last farewell of him who now returns, breaks in upon her happiness, and comes back to her thoughts in all the beauty of innocent childhood. The Church too is a mother, and a loving one. In the midst of her jubilation over the happiness of her children in heaven, their true home, where her voice is loud in praise, and her heart bounding in delight, thoughts of another hue suddenly darken the light of her joy, and enshroud her in desolation and grief,—thoughts of other children, who are in the grave of punishment, passing their days and nights and years in sorrow and pain. To the contemplation of this sad scene she applies the whole energy of her soul; turning from those in bliss, who need no help from her, to soothe the grief and mitigate the woes of her sinful but beloved ones. After having taken up the strain of our Lady in an ecstasy of gratitude and delight on contemplating the honour and joys bestowed on her children, and calling upon all to bless the Lord, the thought of those who have not yet obtained mercy engages her whole attention, and completely abstracts her from her first thoughts. In the words of holy David, she breathes forth in mourning accents, "Placebo Domino in regione vivorum:" "I will please the Lord whilst in the land of the living." She personifies her suffering ones, and supplies for them what they neglected whilst in the land of the living. The night has overtaken them, "in which no man can work;" their day of action is passed, and they must bear the anger of the Lord. But so great is the conformity of their wills with that of God, so great is their love for Him, that their pains are willingly and cheerfully borne, and would be so even through eternity, were such the wish of God. They did not perfectly imitate their Saviour's actions whilst in life; they now desire to imitate Him in all they are able, suffering in his passiveness. His life on earth was one of pain and degradation; it was passed cheerfully and lovingly in honour of his Father, and He

would willingly have prolonged it till the last day, were it required; the saints too would uncomplainingly have continued to dwell on this earth, in exchange for the glories and delights of heaven, for the greater glory of God, as long as such a sacrifice was demanded of their love. This obedience and love of our Saviour and the saints, although a proof of their glory hereafter, was still a pain and deprivation, and to release them from it would have been a great mercy. The obedience and love of the suffering souls in purgatory is a holy expiation of their former disobedience and forgetfulness of God; but yet, as they are suffering actual pains, grievous and of long continuance, an alleviation of them is a great gift, and for it they look to none but us. Unless we contribute to their ransom, they will remain in their prison "till they have paid the last farthing."

To the full appreciation of their necessities, no less than to an ardent charity, is attributable the anxious solicitude of the early Christians for the release of their suffering brethren from the pains of purgatory. The catacombs, the book in which the mind of the first Christians is clearly and fully expressed, bear ample testimony to the affectionate anxiety for the *rest and peace* of the departed. In addition to the monumental prayer, the sacrifice of the Mass, and prayers at stated periods, besides the ordinary commemoration in the daily Mass, were offered for the souls in pain, as we learn from various passages in Tertullian's book *De Monogamia*, and in various parts of his work *De Anima*; also in *De Coron. Milit.* St. Cyprian likewise speaks of prayers for the saints; but these passages are well known, and a repetition of them would be tedious. We merely call attention to them to shew that prayers have been offered for individuals from the infancy of the Church. But no general commemoration of all the departed existed for many centuries; this was first instituted by Odilo, Abbot of Cluny, in the year 998, and was commanded by him to be observed in all the monasteries subject to him. From the monasteries it passed to the surrounding churches, was noticed by foreigners, and by them carried back to their own countries, and finally became general throughout Europe; the church of Besançon having the honour of being the first to imitate the example of the monasteries. We find in the canons of the Second Council of Oxford, 1222, quoted above in testimony to the existence of All Saints as a feast of obligation, the *feast of souls, festum animarum*, as one on which no work was allowed before office, *i.e.* a feast of minor obligation. The Greek Church makes two general commemorations of the dead during the year; one on each of the Saturdays preceding Lent and Pentecost.

The Church of the early times was not

singular in her belief as to the state of the departed. The Jews before her held the same opinion; and even if she only servilely imitated the practice of the Jewish Church in this particular point, without being warranted so to do by her own system and the deductions consistently drawn from her faith on penance and satisfaction, it would be no argument against the correctness of our belief and the rectitude of our practice, for there are many doctrines and observances of the Jews which have been perfected according to the Christian model. "Christ came not to destroy, but to fulfil."

The earliest testimony of the practice of offering sacrifice for the sins of the dead we find in 2 Maccabees, xii. 42, &c. The facts are these. After a battle fought by Judas Maccabeus, whilst burying the dead the soldiers found concealed in the clothes of some of their dead companions idolatrous amulets; "And so, betaking themselves to prayers, they besought Him (the Lord) that the sin which had been committed might be forgotten. . . . And, making a gathering, he (Judas) sent twelve thousand drachmas of silver to Jerusalem, for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection." And in verse 44 a clause is inserted by the writer of the book: "For if he had not hoped that they who were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead." And in verse 46 he concludes the account with another remark of his own: "It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins."

If this is rejected as Scriptural proof, it must be received as historical testimony. This passage, and the remark of the writer at its conclusion, bear witness that the Jews believed in the efficacy of sacrifices in loosening the dead from sins, and is likewise a proof of their acting upon their belief. We have the sin stated, the prayers offered, and money collected to be sent to Jerusalem for sacrifices in atonement for the sin.

The objection, that the soldiers and their general, Judas, were in error as to the belief of the nation, is scarcely worth answering; but to explain the passage fully, it may be as well to state, that Judas was himself high-priest; and as for his imposing on his army, and obtaining money "under false pretences," this is more easily asserted by others than it could have been effected by Judas. If the general had duped his soldiers, the writer of his history, being a holy man, would have rather exposed his fault than explained and approved of the action.

St. Austin is satisfied with this text as a proof of the doctrine of purgatory; and declares, that although this belief were not sanc-

tioned by the authority of any passage in Scripture, the practice of the whole Church appears to him quite sufficient warrant for praying for the dead. In his *Confessions* he begs prayers for his mother Monica and her husband Patricius; and mentions sacrifices for all the departed in his book *De Cura Mort.* c. 4. And in his thirty-second sermon, *De Verbis Apostolis*, he mentions the commemoration of departed souls in the sacrifice of the Mass, as the Church has learnt from the tradition of the Fathers.

That the Jews of the present day believe in purgatory we learn from their Rabbinical books. The fabulous nature of these writings does not at all weaken the force of the argument drawn from them to bear out our opinion. In them their doctrines are clothed in fable and allegory; they seem to give as facts, binding on the credulity of the people, parables or allegories which might originally have been intended as vehicles of instruction. Several histories illustrative of the doctrine of purgatory are given by Bartoloccio.* The substance of these is, that the pains of purgatory lasted for the space of one year only; during this time the soul was permitted to visit its body, the scenes of its life, and its friends; during this year prayers are offered for the soul, and particularly there is a strict obligation on children of saying it for their deceased parents, the prayer being called *Kaddisch*. If a certain prayer is chanted on Fridays, all the souls in purgatory are permitted to refresh themselves at the wells; wherefore the Rabbins prohibit most strongly that all the water of a well should be drawn, lest the souls in purgatory be deprived of their refreshment. The Sabbath is a privileged day, both for the deliverance of these unhappy souls, and for being a day of rest from their sufferings. They confine purgatory to Jews, and hell they assign as the abode of the Gentiles; the torments they consider to be nearly the same as those of hell, the difference consisting in their intensity and duration.

The belief in punishments and rewards after death necessarily includes the belief in purgatory. All sins are not equal, but they all deserve punishment; and punishment must be proportionate to their guilt: the more heinous meriting a severe retribution, the less a more

merciful chastisement. Consistency of reasoning must lead to this admission, and for an illustration we need but name the opinions of Plato. Unassisted by revelation, he had arrived at very clear notions on the subject of punishment after death for the sins of one's life. In the sixty-second chapter of *Phædo*, *Τούτων δε οὕτω πεφυκότων*, having described in the preceding chapter the four great and principal rivers of the earth and their courses, he proceeds to state their uses and purposes. After death, he supposes that all are judged; first those who have lived holily, and next those whose lives have been sinful. Such as are found to have lived only moderately well are conducted to the river Acheron, which he has previously described as having a subterraneous passage to the lake Acherusa, whither most souls are sent, and whence, after a certain period, they are permitted to return to other bodies. On their arrival at Acheron, they are carried by the vehicles there in readiness to the pool Acherusa, where they are purged from their sins, expiate the injuries they have inflicted by injustice, and for their good actions obtain rewards. But if some appear incurable on account of the enormity of their crimes, such as sacrilege and murder, they are cast into Tartarus, whence they are never released. Tartarus he has described in the foregoing chapter as being in the lower parts of the earth, and being also named *Pyriphlegethon*, or *burning*. Those whose sins are of a more pardonable nature, as insults to parents which have been redeemed by subsequent respect, and homicide, must also enter Tartarus; but after remaining there a year, its waters eject them. . . . Those who have lived more holily than others are liberated from these subterraneous prisons, ascend to the pure regions on high, and dwell above the earth.

Here we have a counterpart of the Catholic doctrine of the eternity of hell's torments, and of their being inflicted by fire, and of the temporary pains of purgatory, allowing for the imaginative location of the abodes of punishment. In one particular Plato's error is similar to the Rabbinical idea of the expiration of the soul's imprisonment after one year's purgation; but this may be an expression of the short duration of purgatory, and not of the belief that all punishment ended with the anniversary of its commencement. At least this may be the corruption of an originally correct idea.

M.

* Bartoloccio was born at Celleno, in Tuscany, in the year 1613; he became a Cistercian in 1632, and devoted himself to the study of Hebrew, of which language he was professor in Rome for many years: he died in 1651. He wrote a Hebrew Library, in three volumes, to which two were added by his pupil Imbonati.

Reviews.

SOCINIANISM.

On the Religious Ideas. By William Johnson Fox, M.P. London, Charles Fox.

IN many respects, Mr. Fox is a much more satisfactory antagonist to deal with than those speculators who, having been brought up in Anglicanism, have afterwards embraced some modification of the Socinian creed. He is more scientific, more aware of his own principles, more calm and philosophic, and, we must add, more candid and temperate in the exposition of his views. The series of lectures he has just published under the above title is, perhaps, as complete and systematic an account of the theological system of those who, for want of a better title, we must call Socinians, as any other recently written English book that we can name. It labours, it is true, under the defects which are generally inseparable from all compositions originally designed for public delivery. It is occasionally diffuse, and occasionally declamatory, but nevertheless, the tone of the philosophic teacher is, for the most part, adequately sustained; and we are seldom annoyed by those needless repetitions and senseless claps-traps which so often vitiate the ablest productions of the popular lecturer.

We question, indeed, whether a better case can be made out in favour of unmixed Rationalism than Mr. Fox has here laid before us. We do not mean, that a more impetuous and damaging onslaught might not be made on dogmatic religion, or that what must be (in courtesy) termed the arguments in favour of the Socinian philosophy might not be arranged in a more systematic and imposing form. Mr. Fox's book is one of statement rather than of reasoning; and as we ourselves consider that the moment Socinianism betakes itself to logic, it betrays its inherent baselessness and inconsistencies, we look upon a simple *statement* of his views as the most efficacious means for their propagation which can be adopted by a zealous adherent of this modern religion. It is solely because Socinianism wears the aspect of a clear, precise, and homogeneous system, that it makes its way with intelligent Protestants. It is a refuge to the independent soul when agitated by the conflicting facts of dogmatic Protestantism. It is a syren which woos to its embrace the spirits of those who are tempest-tost on the ocean of controversy and doubt; and it is by singing sweetly its own praises, and not by any closely-reasoned chain of argument, that it entices the wearied voyager to flee from the raging waves around him to that shore which seems to promise him refreshment and rest for ever.

We are ourselves morally convinced that no man of competent faculties ever looks the difficulties of religion fully in the face, resolved, at all costs, to be a consistent reasoner, without ending either in Atheism or Catholicism. Atheism, in truth, breaks down at its very commencement; but let a man once leap over the gigantic chasm which divides in twain the arguments of the Atheist, and renders his theory both an absurdity and an impossibility, and he can go on from step to step, not indeed rearing a glorious and enduring edifice of knowledge, but dashing to the ground every stone that has been set up by his fellow-men, until he dwells desolate in the midst of a blank and arid desert of universal scepticism. But if he cannot force himself to overlook the one great, awful, and consoling truth, that there *is* a God, we are persuaded that it is utterly impossible for any well-informed man of moderate capacities to be *consistent* in his ideas respecting the unseen world without embracing the creed, and submitting to the authority, of the Church of Rome.

Accordingly, as is natural, we find that the further a man of cultivated mind recedes from the dogmatic creed of Catholicism, the more studiously does he avoid any thing like positive argument in favour of the system he adopts. He will prove, indeed, the simple being of a God, sometimes in a most cogent and admirable manner; but the moment he would erect a structure of positive conceptions respecting the nature, attributes, and actions of that God, and respecting the past history, the present spiritual condition, and the future and eternal prospects of man, that moment he quietly drops all proof, and betakes himself to bold and reckless statement and assertion. Succeeding in shewing that all dogmatic creeds are accompanied by *some* difficulties, and that much of Protestantism is as untenable as it is odious, *therefore* he calmly assumes that *his* theory of religious truth holds good, and is not even more radically self-inconsistent than any one of the systems which he has rejoiced to destroy.

Extraordinary, indeed, and instructive it is, to mark the startling contrast between the teaching and the practice of the devotees of that system, which, upholding Christianity as a divine religion, yet denies to it the exclusive possession of any dogmas, communicated to man by the infallible teaching of Almighty God. Loud as are the men of this school in their applause of the accuracy and completeness of the various branches of physical science, and strenuously as they assert the necessity of assimilating science and theology with one

another, it never seems to strike them that they are bound to reduce *their* creed to a perfect scientific coherence in all its parts, and to *prove* the various hypotheses which they would substitute for the ancient belief of the universal Christian Church. And never have we met with a treatise in which this *πρῶτον ψεύδος* of the Rationalist scheme is more palpable than in Mr. Fox's temperate and ably written pages. When men declaim, and assault, and ridicule, and sneer, and seem bent only on making all opponents look like fools, we hardly look for any rigid accuracy of logical proof. They enter the arena as gladiators, not as philosophers. Provided they succeed in demolishing their adversaries, they are permitted to carry off the palm of acuteness and courage; we applaud them, and ask no more. But as Mr. Fox discusses a well-arranged series of topics, and expounds what he considers both the essence and the development of an undeniable religious system, we are again and again amazed to see so collected and candid a thinker as blind to the audacious assumptions into which he incessantly falls as the simplest believer in Pagan superstitions, or in the infallible curative powers of a fashionable and well-puffed panacea. A few examples of this unconsciousness of the inconsistencies and baselessness of the Socinian scheme, occurring as they do in an author so much above the vulgar crowd, will perhaps not be without instruction and interest to some of our readers.

We have already so often stated what is the elementary point of difference between Catholicism and Socinianism, Rationalism, Philosophical Christianity, or whatever else it may be named, that we need expend no space in again dilating upon it. It is simply a question whether Christianity is a revelation of certain spiritual truths, commonly termed doctrines, or dogmas, or is merely one of the many forms of belief with which pious and well-meaning men have at once overlaid and embodied the elements of the morality of universal human nature. The question of the inspiration of the Bible is a subsidiary one; or rather, it is a question of which the determination necessarily follows, in one way or other, on the original question. If Christianity does reveal true doctrines, then certainly the Scriptures are inspired, that is, they are infallibly true. If Christianity is only a peculiarly admirable system of morals, and a development of those ideas respecting the Divinity which man finds in his own inward nature, then the Bible is no more inspired than the writings of Plato or the traditions of Hindoo mythology. This latter is Mr. Fox's belief, and his work is devoted to shew what is the superstructure of faith which he builds up on this foundation.

His theory is, in common with his co-religionists, that nothing is true with respect to invisible things but what is found to correspond to certain natural indications and faculties in

the nature of man himself. What he here terms "The Religious Ideas" are correlatives to the only real truths which actually exist. All else is fiction, superstition, or a myth. He does not indeed assert that all these ideas would grow up and develop themselves in the mind if left unaided by outward circumstances and the suggestions of tradition,—and herein appears one of the fundamental oversights of the Socinian creed,—but he believes that the mind is so constituted that, under a favourable influence, it as naturally gives birth to these conceptions as the root of a tree, when watered by the rains, and warmed by the heat of the sun, sends forth its shoots, its leaves, and its blossoms. Such ideas he considers to be those of revelation, God, Providence, the sense of right and wrong, duty, redemption, heaven, and the like.

"These are the conceptions," he says, "which we find in the most intellectual forms of religion, in the most dissenting Dissent, and the most protesting Protestantism; we find them in the strongest assertion of individual judgment in matters of faith, and we find them also in the most implicit submission which the devout believer in the Roman Catholic system renders to the guide of his conscience, his priest, who is his mediator. We find them in all forms of Christianity, and we find them in that Judaism which originated Christianity. We may trace them in the fierce mythology of the Goths, and in the graceful mythology of the Greeks. We behold them in the multitudinous idolatry of the Hindoo, and in the stern monotheism of the Mohammedan. We find them in the different forms which each religion has assumed under differing circumstances; and we may go back till we behold them shadowed out in the remote and gigantic forms of primeval Egyptian superstition. They are in all; although, diversified by various influences, they form different and hostile religions, seeking for the conversion of one another, mutually excommunicating, and influencing by their conflicts the rise and fall of empires.

"As we trace these, the religious ideas, in succession, I think it will appear that they have a deeper foundation than the mere ceremonies, the creeds, the books, the priesthood, the teachers, the oracles, by which religions are distinguished, and from which they are called. I think we shall find that they have their root in human nature; that they are the growth of man's intellectual and moral constitution; that they are in their essence a reality, as much as he is a reality. I do not call them innate ideas; that doctrine of innate ideas has been exploded from the days of Locke. We are not born with thoughts, but we are born with tendencies to thought, and to certain modes and forms of thought, which afterwards take a definite existence. For though Locke exploded the doctrine of innate ideas, his comparison of the mind of man to a sheet of blank paper fails egregiously; there are some things which cannot be written upon that paper by any hands; and there are symbols of ideas which will appear upon it, although no hand be excited to trace them there; which, under the appropriate influences, will come out, like the writing on paper with sympathetic ink when it is held to the fire, and will grow plain and legible even to untutored tribes. There are tendencies to modes of thought, such as what philosophers mean by 'the moral sense;' not a power born with us, like the physical and external senses, but such a constitution as that, in due time, the conceptions of right and wrong, of good and evil, of duty, will arise in the mind and exist there to a certain extent, though that extent may be diversified by the acquirements and the exercise of the faculties of the individual. The assumption that such tendencies are

physically manifested is the foundation of phrenology, and is a correct conception in itself, whether the phrenology which is thus founded be true or false, complete or imperfect, accurate or inaccurate in its deductions. Whether there be or be not in the head an organ of veneration, the tendency of man's being is to venerate; and this tendency will discover or create for itself an object. Veneration seeks the majestic; it will delineate and believe in the majestic. It has a tendency towards this; and although it may be often wrong, and may be corrected by logic and philosophy, by experience and observation, yet this is only saying the very same thing that we have to say of the physical and external senses. Our sight and hearing are corrected by the operations of our mind, and by the deductions of knowledge and experience. And as the testimony of these senses yet carries with it the assurance that leads to belief in the external existence of objects, so is there in the intimations of the internal senses, in the objective tendencies of our different faculties, veneration, love, hope, fear, and so on,—so is there in these an assurance that leads to a belief also in the objective and external existence of corresponding realities. There is in human nature an internal impulse towards the divine. Hence religion,—but religion modified in a thousand different ways, and by a thousand different influences; most extensively modified by the claimants of revelation; by the utterers and expounders (whatever the testimonials of their authority) of what they call divine oracles; by those who speak in the name of the Lord, or in the name of the multiplicity of gods whom their people worship; by those who have left the impress of their individuality on religions that have prevailed over islands and continents and the broadest empires, and who have exercised authority upon large portions of the human race, and through the lapse of long ages. They have all been modifiers, and no more, of these internal universal conceptions of human nature, without which to work upon, priests, kings, prophets, or reformers, would vainly have endeavoured to establish their systems."

What this religious system is, apart from the corruptions of priests, prophets, and kings, is then expounded in the course of these lectures. Mr. Fox seeks to disengage what he considers the pure spiritual truth from the entanglements of human folly, ignorance, and deceitfulness; Protestant and Catholic, Evangelical and Tractarian, Christian, Mahometan, Jew, and Pagan together, all furnish him with illustrations of the pertinacity with which mankind never would—to use a homely proverb—*let well alone*, but must needs pervert the simple dictates of their own divinely fashioned souls into fantastic, absurd, tyrannical, impure, or cruel dogmas. How far he has succeeded in thus disentangling truth from error, or how far he has unwittingly cut the ground from beneath his own feet, we shall now see. And we very earnestly and sincerely entreat Mr. Fox himself, and all who agree with him, to ask themselves, as honest men, whether they ought, and whether they *dare*, to flatter themselves that a system so overrunning with glaring inconsistencies, rash assumptions, and the darkest oblivion as to the facts of all dogmatic religion, is really to be classed among things to be believed, to be cherished, and to be depended upon as giving them a hope of a blessed immortality.

We shall follow Mr. Fox nearly in his own order, not entering into every single question which he discusses, but pointing out, in the

place in which they occur, some few of the fatal defects and errors of the system he propounds.

For the first which occurs to us we confess we were hardly prepared in the writings of a person of any real knowledge of physical science. Mr. Fox calls the doctrine of the resurrection of the body "a physical impossibility!" Not a syllable does he utter to shew *why* it is impossible; not a sentence does he devote to inform us how it is that it cannot be. All he says is this: "The doctrine of a future life is common to all religions: the Christian apostles blended with it the resurrection of the body—a physical impossibility." To meet such an assertion is indeed difficult, because we positively see nothing to overthrow. No argument that *could* be urged, except by a child who knows nothing of chemical analysis, is any thing more than a shadowy phantom which vanishes before our actual grasp. We presume that Mr. Fox believes that matter is a real thing, and also that it is so (apparently) infinitely divisible, that whether it be true or not that there is a limit to its atomic divisibility, at any rate the multitude of ultimate atoms which compose this world and the bodies of its inhabitants is so vast that thought cannot even conceive of its vastness. How, then, is it physically *impossible* that God, who controls by certain laws the movements (chemical or otherwise) of every single atom in creation, should reserve unmixed the component parts of each single human frame which belong to it at the time of death, so that hereafter He should summon them all again to coalesce in the re-formation of the same bodies, and re-attach them to the souls to which they once belonged? Does our author imagine that there are not *enough* ultimate material atoms on the earth, and in the earth and atmosphere, from which to frame myriads of times as many human bodies as have ever lived upon this globe? or does he wish us to believe that it is a "physical impossibility" that this world and the increase of the human race should be finally put an end to by its Creator before *all* the ultimate atoms of existing matter have been so completely absorbed in the creation of fresh human frames, so that God actually *could not* call a new one into life without making use of the elementary particles of the body of some person deceased? We do not comprehend Mr. Fox when he says that the resurrection of the body is *impossible*. We can understand him when he says it is *improbable*, though we do not agree with him. But on what grounds he proves it an absolute impossibility, by the wildest flight of imagination we cannot conceive.

The fifth lecture, on the Divine Attributes, contains a passage which we shall quote at length, because it furnishes in a brief space the essence of the principle on which Mr. Fox would rely for a solution of the difficulties in which he is conscious that his system involves

him. It supplies also a most complete refutation of that system itself. In reference to the Christian belief that God accepts the sufferings of the innocent in the place of those of the guilty—a doctrine which of course involves the credibility of the whole scheme of human redemption, as held by almost all who call themselves Christians,—he says :

“What British judge is there on the bench that would not recoil from the notion of punishing the innocent for the guilty,—who would accept substitution in such a matter,—who would visit, not only with external punishment, but with the internal feelings of aversion, reprobation, and condemnation, one who was only guilty by substitution, by imputation, by a transfer which may be applicable to commercial intercourse, but which has no affinity with moral qualities? He would recoil from that which he ascribes to his Deity: and such is the development of the notion of God but too common in this country, and amongst other nations bearing the Christian name. It is received conventionally; it is the conception of a barbarous age, artificially preserved, and borne along by creeds, establishments, and other contrivances, into a more civilised age. It is a notion which is interwoven, perhaps, with the imperfections of some states of human society, but which does not belong to it in other states, and ought to be repudiated in words, as it is in thought, whenever the moral sense is allowed its free scope and its fair action.

“Here, then, is a distinction continually to be drawn; here is a case in which the simplicity of the original conception of a perfect being may serve us to hold in check and discriminate between the legitimate and the erring developments of that thought. Such differences must occur; the conception of perfection does not make perfection; the conception of absolute reason does not make an unerring reasoner. It is by humanity that these original ideas have to be developed; and therefore that development must partake of the limitations, the errors, the imperfections of human nature. It must partake not of these only, but also of those which are superinduced by the arrangements of society, by the influence of governments and education, on which a similar power operates, and which in their turn become causes, as well as effects. We find, therefore, an agency, a constant agency of obscurity and of error, acting upon that which in itself is so pure and simple. There is a counteracting power, indeed, in the records of their thoughts and feelings who have attained the higher degrees of wisdom amongst mankind; there is a counteracting agency in the ceaseless influences of nature; and the war is thus maintained between powers, some of which would hold man fast to his original and simple conception, and others lead him wide astray. How, for instance, can men, trained up with very different notions as to the object of human life and exertions, form in detail the same conception even of the infinitely perfect? The man to whom valour is virtue, with whom fighting is the noblest business of life, to whom ‘the joys of conquest are the joys of man’—can he conceive a Deity like that of the man of peace, who would lead his life in quietness, and cultivate universal harmony?

“Where, then, it may be said, is the standard? I pretend not to say. Therein each ‘must minister to himself.’ The only practical standard I know of is this, that we endeavour to conceive of perfection as it appears to us in our best moments, when we are most in unison with all that is true and lovely in the intellectual, the moral, and even the physical world; and that we bring our other thoughts, the minor details of development in us, to as close an affinity or identification as we can with this thought. And if we find in ourselves an increasing sense of the perfect, the absolutely true and lovely; if we trace a congruity between this primary, elementary thought, and the other thoughts and associations that cluster around it, or spring from it; if our

thoughts are at one with the tendencies of beautiful nature around us; if they harmonise with the progress of science, and we are not liable to have a doctrine or a system upset by some fresh discovery in geology or astronomy; if they are such as the purest of our race have cherished in their purest moments; and if their beneficial tendency upon the hearts and lives, the conduct and the hopes of men be also obvious; then, I should say, though we have not an absolute standard, which we may take in our hands and walk through the world with, requiring every thing to correspond thereto, yet we have encouragement for ourselves, encouragement to persevere in cherishing such modes of thought and feeling, encouragement to our aspirations. We are stimulated to go on, not as dictatorial bigots, but as humble inquirers,—the true and genuine position of humanity, in all that relates to subjects in which the vastness of infinity and that incomprehensible eternity are involved, and with which they are connected.”

The mingling up of truth and error, of fact and fiction in these paragraphs, is truly surprising. Take, for instance, the very first sentence. Was there ever a more singular oversight and mis-statement mixed up with a plain every-day fact? Doubtless, no British judge would accept the sufferings of the innocent in *place of* those of the guilty; but most undeniably it is a universal principle, both in English law and in the working of our social and domestic life, that men should suffer *in consequence of* the sins of which they are personally guiltless, although man cannot go so far as to *pardon* the sinner for the sake of the agonies endured by others on his behalf. From the legal enactments which confiscate the property and dishonour the children of those who are convicted of certain crimes, down to the severe and unrelenting frown with which society turns away from the swindler's wife, from the murderer's children, from the offspring of illicit love, untainted as they themselves may be by the iniquities of those to whom they are bound by ties of blood, the universal voice of humanity (including the disciples of Mr. Fox's own school itself) attests its homage to the idea that guilt can be propagated and conveyed from generation to generation, and from shore to shore, just as the pestilence flies from man to man, and the licentiousness of one age overwhelms its successor in disease, ruin, and death. And if man never forgives those who break his laws, it is only because he dare not; it is because the judge cannot command the movements of the heart of the criminal that he must exact a rigid punishment for his offences. The prerogative of mercy, in any wide extent, belongs to God alone, because God alone has power over the guilty spirit, and by the efficacy of an inward grace can make the very pardon of the past the instrument by which the most vile are transformed into a new and pure state of being.

Conscious, however, that in this and many similar sentiments he is contradicting the universal suffrages of his fellow-creatures, and too much of a philosopher not to perceive that *some* clear test of what is right and wrong must be supplied in the place of the unanimous testimony of the unnumbered millions against

whom a few modern thinkers have lifted up their voice,—our author proceeds to explain how truth is to be found amidst the jarring conflict of opposing ideas. And like an honest man, he almost confesses that his system must lead to the darkest scepticism, and the utter denial of the possibility of discerning good from evil. "Where, it may be said," he adds, "is the standard? I pretend not to say" is his admission. "Therein each must minister to himself." Then, aware that this is tantamount to an assertion that religion and morals are all dreams and shadows, and the only real prudence is embodied in the maxim, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," he starts back from the abyss into which he was about to plunge, and suggests what he conceives to be "the only practical standard" to which a wise man, living in England in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine, can attain, for the solution of that problem, which if he cannot solve, it had been better for him that he had never been born! Then follows the exposition of this test, and never have we beheld a more instructive example of the bewilderment of man's intellect when floundering on the quicksands of this pretended philosophy. Not in all the chronicles of puzzle-headedness or simplicity is there recorded a more extraordinary case of reasoning in a circle. In order to discover *what* is true and lovely, we are to note what are our emotions when brought into contact with what *is* most true and lovely! In order to find the truth, we are to begin by assuming that the very thing we are in search for is already found! In order to learn the simplest matter of right and wrong, we are to start by conceiving to ourselves what is absolutely perfect! In order to do our duty as men, we are to regard ourselves as God! *Where*, let us ask, do the masters of this school learn what *is* this glorious perfection with which they bid their disciples observe the harmony of their spirits? How wonderful that men should thus deceive themselves with the glittering brilliance of their own phrases, and be content to rest their knowledge of all that is noblest, best, and most true, upon a logical fallacy which is transparent to the mere tyro in reasoning!

And mark the impossibility of applying this test, even granting that it is not essentially worthless. Here are Mr. Fox and many other persons, of regular lives, amiable dispositions, superior abilities, and excellent education, united in alleging that when their minds are in the *most* regular, *most* amiable, and altogether most satisfactory condition, they revolt from the doctrine of the atonement, as understood by all the rest of the nominally Christian world. The same he says of the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, and other points of Catholic belief. But now, I, that is, the present writer, and almost every one who reads these remarks, find in ourselves a directly con-

tradictory phenomenon. When our love to God burns brightest, when we are most successful in overcoming our defects, when we are most energetically and practically devoted to making all around us happy and good, *then* do both our intellects and our emotions acquiesce most cordially and gratefully in these very doctrines, which Mr. Fox and his friends reject. Mr. Fox tells me that the resurrection of the body is a physical impossibility. Arguing on scientific data, I totally deny his statement; and then looking inwardly, I feel that all my feelings tend to make me yearn for the presence of my body with my soul throughout a glorified eternity. The more expanded become my conceptions of the spiritual nature and omnipotence of the great God of all, the more pure and unsensual become the movements of my will and all my faculties, the more fervently do I pant for a state of being in which not only shall my mind be cleansed from all taint of sin and selfishness, but my body shall be transfigured into its celestial habitation, glorified and spiritualised indeed, but yet a body still. Or again, in my purest and clearest moments, I abhor the very thought of revenge for the most cruel injuries, both in my own case and that of others; there is something so exalting in the thought of unbounded forgiveness, and so satisfying in its actual exercise, that at such times I wonder that I can ever debase my nature by cherishing an angry thought, or uttering a revengeful word. Yet when I walk abroad into the world, I perceive that only a small minority feel as I do. Not only, like myself, are they at times guilty of angry acts and words of vengeance; but, unlike myself, they boast of it, they uphold revenge as a virtue, they hold forgiveness in contempt, they count pride a duty, they cannot even conceive a state of mind like that at which I aim as divine, and to which I certainly tend at those moments which to me appear the most pure and perfect. Or, once more, the immense majority of Englishmen can perceive no special perfection and sanctity in a life of virginity. So, at least, *they say*; and whether we believe them or not, in an argument like the present we cannot assume that they do not justly represent their feelings, when they express their total disagreement with the Catholic belief on this point. I, on the other hand, and millions of Catholics throughout the world, judging by *our* instincts, can scarcely conceive a person regarding the state of virginity as no better and purer than the state of marriage. We had this feeling without being taught it. We are as confident that we had it by nature, as that we liked pleasure and disliked pain by nature. It never leaves us; it is a part of our being; we had almost said that we shrink from the opposite belief as we shrink from a denial of the existence of God himself.

Who, then, shall judge amongst us on all these mighty questions? Who shall be the

master to whom Mr. Fox and myself shall both defer? I cannot commence by assuming that I am wiser, better, or more spiritual than Mr. Fox, nor can he commence by assuming the same kind of superiority over me. In his best moments he tells me that his judgment tends in one direction; in *my* best moments my judgment tends in diametrically the reverse. Where, therefore, is the test to which we may both apply ourselves? Or shall we, as our author almost admits in the concluding words that we have quoted, recur to the belief that all is obscure and hidden in mystery, and that man is doomed to remain for ever an unsolved enigma to himself?

Oh, sad and melancholy it is to read the mournful confession that "the true and genuine position of humanity" is, not to *know*, but to *inquire*, in all that is most worth knowing, in all that concerns himself, not as a sensual animal, but as a thinking, reasoning, and loving soul! What notion are we to entertain of this absolute truth and loveliness, towards which we are bid to tend, if it is a part of its decree that we shall live and die without hope, in stupified ignorance of our future destiny, and of every thing but what relates to the well-being of this wretched, perishing, and corporeal frame? They tell us, that at any rate they believe there *is* a God, and that universal benevolence and love is his great and distinguishing characteristic. They tell us that we ourselves are, in a certain sense, divine, and that our nature corresponds to all that is most in harmony with the divine perfections. And yet we are to believe, that while knowledge is not only possible but easy in respect to material objects, to the visible world, and to our comfort and well-being as mortals, nothing can be ascertained respecting all that is most real, most true, most pure, and which alone lasts eternally. Man can know no more of himself than that he is a digesting, moving, talking, and labouring machine. His information cannot extend beyond the compass of a few years of sorrow and anxiety; and he is to plunge headlong into eternity with his eyes closed, as a suicide casts himself madly down a beetling precipice into the raging waves of the ocean below.

Surely, if ever there *was* a thing incredible, it is this. If ever there was an assertion which demanded an unreasoning, blind, superstitious assent, it is this notion that inquiry, as opposed to knowledge, is the proper destiny of man in all that is truly good. He *may* learn how to plant a field, to build a house, to cook a dinner, to clothe his frame, to cure a fever, to ride a horse, to construct a railway, to conquer an enemy, to bury a dead body, and to write a history of the past and the visible; but beyond this he is to aspire no higher than the beasts of the field; he is to die the death of a dog, only removed from the cattle whom he has reared and employed, by his

consciousness of unsatisfied yearnings, and of his ignorance of his future fate! Yet this is the philosophic creed of an age which deems itself an age of science and consistency. God be praised that this is not *our* belief. We do not yet gaze upon the unveiled glories of the Invisible One; we have not penetrated either into his secrets, or fathomed all the mysteries of our own being; but we know enough to be our sure practical guide amid the storms and conflicts of life; a voice has come down to us from the eternal throne, and though it has spoken in no such tones of thunder as to overpower the din and clamour of this babbling generation, it has breathed a whisper into our inmost souls, a clear and sweet and harmonious strain, which reads to us the riddle of life, and assures us what we are and whither we are going.

How is it also, to press the point a little further, that our author does not perceive that on his own system, as set forth in his earlier lectures, we ought to believe that such a distinct revelation as Catholics claim to possess *ought* to have been granted by the Divinity to man? He lays it down as a fundamental axiom, that man's instincts all have a correlative in the region of actual existence; that whatever humanity yearns for, we must conclude is not a mere dream or fiction. He grants, further, that, as a fact, humanity does universally long for a revelation, and that all ages and races have ever believed that some distinct, intelligible revelation of doctrines has actually been given by God to the human race. Why, then, are we coolly to allege that *this* instinct, thus wonderfully universal, is not to be trusted as a token that a revelation, in the genuine sense of the word, is not to be looked for, and that it never has taken place, either at the time of the origin of our race or at any subsequent epoch? Either one view or other must go to the ground. Either that horrible Atheism from which Mr. Fox recoils is true, or the "religious idea" of a revelation points to the positive existence, either past, present, or future, of some intelligible announcement from the Creator respecting himself, respecting ourselves, and respecting eternity. It is an undeniable historical fact, that the whole human kind shrinks aghast from the idea that a *knowledge* of spiritual things is an impossibility. When it has not acquired a reasonable knowledge, it invents a system of faith. It cannot live without one. Even the Socinian himself attempts the very work he denounces, draws an arbitrary line between things that may be known and things that may not be known; he builds chapels, and delivers lectures, and writes books, and expounds a creed, both doctrinal and moral, even while most energetically disclaiming that it is possible to *know* any thing respecting either the Divine nature or moral truth.

When will man be consistent with himself?

When will the Socinian perceive that fervid eulogies on the accuracy of physical science, and strenuous demands for an assimilation of theological knowledge to scientific discovery, involve the duty of treating theology as *fairly* as they treat science? When will they admit that proof is as necessary for their system as for ours, and that the same immense field must be taken for moral experiments as is required for those that are physical? "Where is revelation?" Mr. Fox asks; and thus he replies:

"Every where; every where that man, cherishing his purest thoughts and highest faculties, finds his spirit in communion with the great universal Spirit. It is not here or there exclusively. It is with the poet of an idolatrous country; it is with sages arising in barbarous times, their light shining amidst the thick night of ignorance; and it is with those who, enjoying higher degrees of knowledge, surrounded by an atmosphere of intelligence, find their own minds enabled thereby to look yet higher, even to the great Source of light. Wherever moral and spiritual truth suggests itself to the mind, grows in that mind, passes from it to other minds,—there is revelation; by whatever name it may be called, under whatever external forms of religion it may be conveyed, with whatever establishments and institutions of priests or churches it may be associated,—revelation is there, and there should we thankfully acknowledge its existence.

"There is a state of mind to which it comes—not preternaturally—there is no conformation in the case, there is no violation of law; it comes in harmony with the great laws of matter, mind, spirit. When a man has meditated in solitude, or has discoursed in society,—if he has become familiar with antique volumes, or has listened to living teachers,—whenever and wherever he has felt himself most at one with the scheme of things in which he exists; when, his mind retiring from petty struggles and petty enjoyments, or seeking relief from its weight of sorrows, allowing the course of his thoughts to run freely, he has perceived, amid the great confusion of things, some moral truth, as it were beaming from above,—there has been God's revelation; and let him lay it to his heart, and cherish it.

"There is something analogous to this in science. It was by no logical process, by no calculation, that the theory of the universe first arose in the mind of Newton; at least, according to the story, the apple fell, and the thought sprung up,—how the power of gravitation might bind the planets into a system, and unite system with system, through all the regions of space. And thus it is that moral truth, in the minds of men disposed to be recipients of Heaven's bounty, has come to them in all countries, and in all ages,—and will continue to come, while nature and man exist as they are now constituted. It is true, thought works on these conceptions. It may supply some degree of external evidence, though it does not discover them; but after all, such is not the basis on which they rest. It may endeavour to hew them into a shape more accordant with the acknowledged principles of the time and the country; but this will not affect the essence of the thought itself, the discovery of the moral truth,—what I call the revelation. Bentham laboured all his life in merely amplifying a sentence which he found in the writings of Dr. Priestley—"that the proper end of government is the greatest happiness of the greatest number,"—a sentence probably written by that fluent author without himself having any distinct comprehension of the extent and grandeur of the meaning of that on which he thus conferred expression. Bentham, the most logical of men, spent his life in amplifying and a plying this truth; but he never proved the assertion itself,—the basis of all his philosophy, the spirit and life of his whole system, that which to deny reduces all his juri-

dical and social speculations to a mere hypothesis: he never did prove that—he never dreamt of proving it; and perhaps he might be unaware through his whole life, that he was thus receiving a truth on the ground of its moral fitness and consonance with the best dictates of human nature, which had really nothing of the logical demonstration and foundation that he was endeavouring to give to all his minor propositions.

"Such is the way we deal with things in this western world. The Orientals affect not the logical forms as we do; a thought darts into their minds, and they receive it as something from without—something (if it bear marks of truth and beauty) from above. Hence inspiration is to the Orientals what logic is to the western world; they ascribe their thoughts directly to the great Source of thought. Religions have generally originated with them, and bear the Oriental character. The East has been their cradle, though elsewhere they may have been cherished to maturity. But all that has been done for these elementary thoughts in morals and religion has been only to endeavour to systematise and arrange them, to give them logical forms which did not belong to them originally, and perhaps never can belong to them in the dawn where they were first produced. The revelations, then, which religions make, are only modifications,—modifications of these thoughts; and I might have replied at once to this question of 'Where is revelation?' by the words of William Penn, the Quaker, who, in his work entitled *Fruits of a Father's Love*, thus gives his conception of true religion: 'That blessed principle, the eternal word, I began with to you; and which is that light, spirit, grace, and truth I have exhorted you to, in all its holy appearances and manifestations in yourselves, by which all things were at first made, and men enlightened to salvation. It is Pythagoras's great light and salt of ages; Anaxagoras's divine mind; Socrates's good spirit; Timeus's unbegotten principle, the Author of all light; Hieron's God in man; Plato's eternal, ineffable, and perfect principle of truth; Zeno's maker and father of all; and Plotin's root of the soul. These were some of those virtuous Gentiles commended by the Apostle, that though they had not the law given them as the Jews had—those instrumental helps and advantages—yet, doing by nature the things contained in the law, they became a law unto themselves.'"

This, then, is Mr. Fox's assertion, that the discovery of moral and spiritual truth is analogous to the discovery of scientific truth. It begins with guesses, and is only to be received on subsequent experiment, and that on the largest scale, or on proofs of the strictest mathematical cogency. Now let us take the case of doctrinal religion, and mark how it is treated, and how an antagonist system is set up, by those who thus glorify the certainty and progress of modern science. That very system of investigation which the physical philosopher most justly derides and denounces in the ancients and the schoolmen, he himself unhesitatingly adopts in the domain of moral and religious truth. Scorning the old fantastic hypotheses by which the world, until about 300 or 400 years ago, peopled creation with a world of fabulous beings, he is content to rest, without a suspicion of its fallaciousness, upon a scheme of religious philosophy, which is as unproved, and as diametrically opposed to facts, as the venerable legend of the phoenix, or the tales of the men who carried their heads beneath their shoulders. Maintaining that in all science the boldest and

most plausible guesses at truth are to be rejected unless tested by experiment, and urging upon every student of science the vast moment of extending experiment to the utmost possible limit and to every conceivable combination of circumstances, he audaciously denies the truth of what he accounts the guesses of other ages at spiritual truth, though they have been tested and established by actual experiment in millions upon millions of instances; and at the same time he sets up an opponent system which has either never been tested at all, or breaks down the moment it is tried by a competent experimentalist.

We earnestly commend to Mr. Fox the following doubts as to the rational nature of the grounds on which he denies the truth of Catholicism, and upholds his own opposing philosophy. He is aware,—or he ought to be aware,—that at this moment there exists an immense multitude of men and women, of all ranks, ages, and races, who agree in holding as revealed and infallible the whole Catholic system of doctrine, morals, and discipline. He is aware that with one voice the most intelligent and the most simple alike agree in solemnly asserting that when the Catholic religion is tested by actual, honest, and lasting experiment of its effects upon the mind, it *invariably* tends to elevate the moral character to the highest possible standard of human perfection, including all those elements of moral worth which Mr. Fox himself holds in the profoundest honour. He admits, also, that until a recent period, no one, in any clime, ever upheld the system which he now maintains, save, perhaps, a few wild or immoral fanatics; and further, that in all these bygone ages the same testimony to the experimental effects of Catholicism is borne by the noblest and purest of our common nature.

Now, we would ask, what scientific steps has Mr. Fox, or any single writer of his school, ever taken to ascertain whether these countless assertions as to the results of experiment upon the Catholic creed are really, as he supposes, based upon an insufficient application of the test; and also, what steps has he ever taken to prove his own system by carrying it out to results, and by reducing its component parts into perfect harmony with one another? Of what devout living Catholics has Mr. Fox ever made any such inquiries as we are speaking of? What Catholic philosophical, theological, or moral writings has he studied? He knows as well as we do, and he professes to base his scepticism on this very fact, that *report* is an utterly worthless thing to trust to in scientific experiments; and much more, that reports of the working of any scientific system, when brought forward by its bitterest opponents, are not in one case out of a thousand to be depended upon by the cautious investigator. And yet, in the

most delicate, the *most* difficult, the *most* mysterious, of all subjects of intellectual inquiry, he has been content to accept assertions made by persons whose competence as observers in matters of natural science he would not for a moment allow. This is what we complain of, in him, and in the most candid of Protestants. They do not honestly inquire into facts. They will not institute an *experimentum crucis*, and rigorously abide by its decision. They refuse to look below the surface of vulgar gossip and hostile malevolence. They will not inquire for themselves. They pin their faith on the dictates of their neighbours, and accept as the first elements of eternal truth a series of propositions which are so nonsensical and inconsistent with one another, that we hardly know where to begin to refute them.

Then, further, it never strikes Mr. Fox that he is bound to prove those ideas which he would retain as the essence of a religion for all mankind. It never occurs to him that he is bound to shew that at least his theories are possible, and that he must supply some consistent reasonable explanation of the undeniable facts of humanity.

For example, after rejecting as something unworthy a noble intellect the account given in the Bible of the creation of the organic world from out of a chaotic mass, itself first called into being by the fiat of the Almighty, he tells us that the “true, rational, and universal idea” of the creation is this, that it is “*the finite evolved from the infinite.*” What, in the name of all common sense, does this mean? What, let us ask, is the *nature* of that process which Mr. Fox calls “evolving?” Whether or not it be from some incorrigible stupidity on our parts, we must confess that we have not the most distant conception of the operation which we are here told to believe. The world was *evolved* from God! Talk of the mysteries of the Holy Trinity and Transubstantiation! They are the most palpable of commonplace ideas in comparison with this astounding theory of the way this world, and we ourselves, came into existence.

Yet Mr. Fox does not believe that the present world has existed from all eternity. He is a geologist, and therefore knows well that once there were no men, or beasts, or trees. But it never has crossed his mind that if he thinks that modern science disproves the Mosaic account of the creation, he is logically bound to shew that it is consistent with some other *possible* process of creation. For, be it remarked, it is not, merely the fact that a single pair were first created that is anathematised by our author; it is the whole notion of the calling into being of matter and organic and immaterial substances, at the will of the Divinity, at a definite period, which he rejects. He jumbles up the ideas of God, of

law, of nature, of man, of the finite, of the infinite, of good, of evil, of suffering, of immortality, in one moving cloud of mystifications; never clearly conceiving of any one separate element of his scheme, and especially never thoroughly admitting the actual personal existence of a supreme, independent, self-existent God at all.

In a similar dread of plain definitions and scientific accuracy, Mr. Fox uses the word *law* in such a random manner, that we almost think he forgets that a *law* is an abstraction, and not a concrete reality. The world, he tells us, is governed by laws; and the power of suffering to ameliorate the evils of our race is one of these laws. And so in many other illustrations also. But that a law is not a lawgiver, and that "nature" is not a man, or a woman, or a spirit, but simply a form of speech, he seems to have completely forgotten. He would have us believe in God, but he will not suffer us to believe that God acts as an independent being, and that He truly has in his power, and positively controls and directs, the movement of every material atom, and every individual mind, in the entire universe.

Again, he of course denies the doctrine of the natural corruption of the mind, and bids us believe in the *progress* of humanity. But we look in vain for any rational account of the means by which the evils which have existed from the earliest epochs of history down to the present hour first came to accomplish their accursed work amidst us. The Catholic *rationale* of the existence of vice and misery is at any rate intelligible; it says that once it was not so, and that, from a certain mysterious cause, this evil was introduced by a certain instrumentality. This, we say, is intelligible, and not in the nature of things literally impossible, whether it is believed to be true or not. But Mr. Fox and his fellow-thinkers, denying *our* view, wink hard at the startling absence of any possible substitute for it in their scheme, and bid us believe in *progress*! Progress from what? we reply. Progress to what, we understand. But progress *from* what, we are never told. If the doctrine of the fall of man is false, what was it that introduced crime, and sorrow, and bad example among men? We ask only to be told *how* things came to be as they are, on the Socinian hypothesis. We ask whether mankind existed from all eternity, because, if it did, this law of progress must long ago have perfected our race, or rather, it must have perfected it from all eternity. If our race began to exist at some past epoch, we ask whether it first existed in its present wretched state or not? If it did, we ask why it was so created? If it did not, we ask what agency from without introduced the confusion and woe? But we ask in vain. Modern religionism has no

reply to the questions which are put to it. It shelters itself under magnificent generalities, but shrinks up appalled before a plain query. It puts to shame the old stories about priestcraft and imposture, by the boundless demands it makes on our credulity. It shirks definitions, it abhors proofs, it delights in self-glorification, it abounds in promises, it dislikes reading and history, it assumes every thing that it pleases, it mystifies what is plain, and it shrouds what is obscure in tenfold gloom.

With one more illustration of the dread of self-consistency which besets this boastful system, we shall release our readers. Mr. Fox says:

"Plainly, in the ancient world, the expiatory notion, the notion of suffering transferred, prevailed very largely. There was the idea of one being suffering, so as to mitigate or remove the sufferings of another; and in this idea, which rational theology has often made war upon, I apprehend we have a great and profound moral truth,—the fact that it is by suffering, by the sufferings often of the wisest and the best, that mankind are liberated from the evils under which they groan, and led onward towards the good which they desiderate."

How this is a *moral* truth, we do not precisely comprehend. But letting that pass, we do entreat Mr. Fox, as an upright, honest man, to ask himself in what way the admission he has here made differs in *principle* from the doctrine of the atonement for human guilt offered by Jesus Christ? He here gives his assent to one of the greatest fundamental doctrines of the Catholic faith. We do most earnestly beg him to consider how it is possible for him consistently to reject the idea of the expiatory sufferings of our blessed Lord, as a thing contrary to the elements of truth, justice, and morality, while he thus candidly admits that the principle of atonement lies at the root of all that is best and most purifying in the laws on which human life continues to exist. That the good suffer, not merely in consequence of the sins of the bad, but in order to procure them a remission of their own sufferings, is to our eyes as patent a truth in the facts of humanity, as that prodigality makes men poor, and intemperance destroys their health. To tell us that the doctrine of the atonement of Jesus Christ *cannot* be true, while we see the principle of atonement in operation in every age and condition of our race, is worse than a waste of words. Things that *are* must be believed, in spite of the most cogent proofs of their impossibility. A foolish speculatist may prove, on unanswerable metaphysical grounds, that pain has no real existence except in the imagination of those who fancy they are hurt; but a blow on the face speedily dissolves the delusion, and the unlucky sophist bawls out an assent to the reality of physical torment. And thus it is with the speculations of sophists respecting

the monstrous absurdities of the doctrines of Catholic Christianity: they may prove them, as they believe, impossible; but the soul of

man, when in contact with realities, cries out, that, however impossible, as a matter of fact they do in truth exist.

CHRISTIAN ROME.

Rome Chrétienne; ou, Tableau Historique des Souvenirs et des Monumens Chrétiens de Rome. Par M. Eugene de la Gournerie. 2 vols. Paris, Debécourt; London, Burns.

[Second notice.]

M. DE LA GOURNERIE takes a very decided and equitable view of the character of Innocent III., and of the part which he performed in the Albigensian war. The causes which necessitated the assembling of the Fourth Council of Lateran, and justified the measures which were adopted against the noxious sect which then infested the south of France, are thus alluded to by our author:

"The first sessions of the Council were devoted to the drawing up clear and precise articles of faith upon all the questions which were controverted by heretics. Heresy was becoming, in fact, every day more menacing. From Bulgaria to Spain were to be met with at every step Cathari, Patarini, '*Bons Hommes*,' strange appellations, under which was concealed a violent hatred of all authority in general, and especially of the Catholic faith, the most strenuous defender of all rights. In Italy, Lombardy was nearly wholly perverted; and error, spreading like a leprosy, had arrived even at infecting certain towns of the papal domains. At Viterbo it had seized upon the municipal authorities. At Orvieto it had set itself free by the assassination of the governor, San Pietro Parentici. Society was in danger; for all the humanising doctrines which Christianity had preached to the world were audaciously set at naught by the sectaries. They attacked the ordinance of marriage, and degraded woman into the mere instrument of sensual pleasures. Justice was at an end; for the mind of man, tossed to and fro between two antagonistic deities, was become the plaything of fate. They acknowledged neither laws nor duties, for they admitted no futurity; and this easy morality was accompanied with practices of austerity and mysterious ceremonies, which, by exciting the imagination of their disciples, subjected them like slaves to the mere volition of the *believing*.* They were the freemasonry, the secret societies, of the middle age; and if oaths on the poniard were not yet in use, preaching and reviling were not the only weapons which were to aid in the triumph of the work of destruction. Let men wonder after this to see the civilised world rising *en masse* to repel this new invasion of barbarians! Let them wonder to hear the Roman pontiffs summoning whole populations to arms, and blessing the victories won in the name of order and of law! Was rebellion less culpable in the thirteenth century than it is at this day? Let but a rising take place against the least important legislative enactment; let doctrines be disseminated subversive of public tranquillity; let destructive ideas be elaborated in those obscure haunts where men go and part with their liberty and their very sense of remorse to the profit of crime;—on the instant society will be roused, and its justice will display itself in terrible

* "The heresy of the Albigenses was the negation of all belief, enveloped in the mystical forms of a secret society. The names of *Patarins* and *Bulgarians*, by which these heretics were popularly called, would be alone sufficient to tell us what was the depravity of their morals."

penalties—infamy, perpetual imprisonment, death! Well, then! Society defended itself against the Albigenses and Cathari as it defends itself against all those who attack it; so long as it feels in itself the pulse of life it does not willingly lie down to die."*

The principles on which the Church proceeded in the punishment of heresy have already been discussed and defended in the pages of the *Rambler*. The remarks we are about to make form rather a sequel and a completion to the course of thought which we were pursuing at the end of our former notice of this work. We have said that the political supremacy of the Popes was a fundamental portion of the jurisprudence of the middle age, universally recognised and accepted as well by rulers as by people; that, far from being regarded as an usurpation or a thralldom, it was cherished as the only solid defence against tyranny on the one hand and anarchy on the other,—the only guarantee which could be depended upon for securing justice on the part of governors, and obedience on that of the governed. The Papacy was the keystone of the arch which supported the fabric of mediæval society, the bond of unity and mutual strength, by which the nations of Europe were held together, and formed, as it were, one vast commonwealth. The whole political well-being of the State was bound up with that of the Church. Religion, or, in other words, the Catholic faith, was the acknowledged basis of government and of all existing social relations. To broach heresy, therefore, was not only, as now, to violate the divine principle of Catholic unity, but to innovate upon the one actual universal belief of Catholic Christendom; and this in effect was to break political unity, and to disown all existing authority, for all authority was essentially connected with, and depended upon, the maintenance of that belief, and was centred in the supreme dominion of the successor of St. Peter. Therefore, again, to attack the faith of the Church was to disorganise society, and to strike at the very source of political life. Men resented it

* "The cruelties which were perpetrated in the course of the war were the act of a few individuals, and no conclusion can hence be drawn against the right which every society undoubtedly possesses, of reducing rebellious populations into submission to its laws. Besides, Innocent III. never ceased to urge upon the crusaders justice and mercy (vide *Epp.* xii. 67, 69). M. Hurter, although writing as a Protestant, in this particular, as in many others, has done ample justice to Innocent III. and to the Church."

as they have ever resented an attempt against the established order of things. It was felt to be, what indeed as a matter of fact it was, an act of rebellion against all constituted authority, the first impulse to the commencement of a general revolutionary movement.

Hence it was that the voice of public opinion proscribed heresy as now-a-days it proscribes sedition. Heresy was seen to be the seditious principle; it was sedition in its elementary and incipient form, and therefore laws were enacted and enforced against it. Men felt the necessity of meeting and suppressing the evil in its germ, or at least in its first expression. Now legislation regards only effects, then it took cognisance of principles; now crime alone is punished, then the mischievous and immoral doctrine which originated and fomented crime was put down with the strong hand of authority. Nor can it be denied, that there was a deep political philosophy in this severity, and that it indicated a state of religious belief and moral feeling far superior to that which is evinced by the spirit of modern legislation. The statesmen of those days went more directly to the causes of things. As they punished the inflammatory and seditious speech as a crime against the state, so they punished the erroneous and false doctrine as a crime against society. The same policy which taught them that the one, if unchecked, would issue in lawlessness and rebellion, taught them likewise that the other would be productive of social relaxation and disorder.

Nor was it expediency only that led them to this course. The motive out of which it rose had a deeper source. They knew that heresy, wilful heresy, was an offence and a crime against God. They did not punish men, as the world's phrase now is, for *errors of opinion*, but for *sins against faith*. They did not punish Pagans, or the unbaptised, who had never been initiated in the religion of Christ, or instructed in his doctrines; they did not punish such as, from no fault of their own, had been brought up in hereditary misbelief, as is the case with thousands at the present day who are strangers to the faith of the Church; but such, and such only, as, knowing the truth, the whole truth, willingly and wilfully perverted and rejected it—in other words, apostates. They knew that no Catholic can violate or abandon his faith without revolt against God; that no one can fall into heresy whose will is rightly directed, and who has taken pains to keep his conscience undefiled. They who have never enjoyed the light of divine faith may change their religious views, and wander from opinion to opinion, so that they do not renounce any vital part of such positive truth as they have in any way received, perhaps without injury to their own moral nature, and without scandal

to their fellow-religionists; but with Catholics this is impossible. In giving up their faith, they throw off the authority of God, and substitute their own reason and will for his revelation and law. This conviction it was which lay at the bottom of mediæval legislation, and made men so intolerant of heresy. As even at this day, and in this country, open blasphemy and the worst forms of immorality are punished, so in times when all Europe was Catholic, and men had a full knowledge of God, and of the truth He had revealed, when, because men had *faith*, they knew what it was to violate faith—how insulting to God, how defiling to the conscience, how destructive to the best interests of humanity—the sin against faith, or heresy, was punished from the highest possible motive from which crimes can be punished in this world—viz. as being an offence against Him who is the Supreme Ruler, Lawgiver, and Judge.

They who uphold the laws against blasphemy and immorality at present in force, or approve the regulations affecting the observance of Sunday, do, in effect, maintain the very *principle* of what is now commonly called religious persecution. They punish for sentiments and practices which they whom they punish regard, or affect to regard, as matters of individual opinion or conscience, with which the public law has no right to interfere; and they do so on the very grounds on which heretics were punished in the times of which we speak, though without the same consistent justification, inasmuch as they admit no infallible religious authority. The whole difference, in practice, between Catholics and Protestants on this question depends upon their comparative estimation of the truth and sacredness of certain dogmas, and on the strength and reality of their respective convictions; Catholics regarding those things to be articles of faith—express revelations from God—which their opponents deem at best but matters of private opinion.* If Protestants had as strong and earnest a belief in purely Christian doctrines as they have happily retained in the being of a God, and in those great moral principles which form part of natural religion; if they felt acutely respecting them, and had a deep and vivid perception of their truth, and perceived the consequences that flow from their perversion or denial, they would be as intolerant of heresy as were the legislators of those "dark ages" which it is the fashion to decry. We do not mean that they would shew their intolerance in the same ways; Christianity—or let us rather say Catholicism, the benefits of whose civilising influence modern times are

* On this subject we would refer the reader to two admirable chapters in Balme's work, reviewed in our September number, entitled, "Of tolerance in matters of religion," and "Of the right of coercion in general."

now reaping, while Protestantism takes all the credit to itself—has moderated the severity of the penal code, and introduced milder forms of punishment; but they would come to regard as sins against religion and morality what now they consider as speculative opinions, for which men are not accountable, and would visit them with penalties accordingly. They would do so on the grounds both of religious obligation and of social expediency.

While, then, we would allow, nay maintain, that the severity of punishment would; under any circumstances, be mitigated in the present day, we are far from asserting that the Church has either departed from, or modified, the principle upon which, in the middle ages, she accepted the support of the secular arm in repressing in the germ those errors of doctrine which surely issue in consequences destructive to society. Circumstances are changed; society, instead of being constituted upon the basis of one recognised faith, is split into a thousand divisions. As laws, therefore, must be made with a due regard to the condition of society, it is not to be imagined that the Church, even had she the power, would avail herself of it in the way of coercion towards populations strangers to her communion and her rule. The Church, as such, never domineers, and never employs the power she may possess in the temporal order, except for the good, and, in a manner, with the sanction, of those over whom it is exercised. That sanction she fully possessed while Europe was united in one common faith; the people themselves would have risen, and did often rise, in indignation against heretics, when the proper authorities were considered remiss. Moreover, every polity or state has a right to make its own laws, and exclude from its body those who contravene them; the Christian polity of the middle ages certainly possessed this right, and the Church derogated neither from her justice nor from her holiness in lending it its countenance and support. But the present polities of Europe are not Christian polities. If, then, it be asked, May it not be feared that if the Church were to gain more power she would endeavour to revive repressive laws against heresy?—it may be replied that the question ought rather to be stated thus: Is Europe likely again to constitute a Christian polity; and, in such case, would her people desire to preserve themselves from the introduction of principles which are the fruitful seeds of internal commotion and eventual dissolution? For ourselves, we can see no difficulty in allowing that the Church both would and ought to avail herself of such a desire to secure so great a good, though the means employed would doubtless, as we have stated, be modified by the softened spirit of the present day,

which, indeed, itself has been the result of her influence and action.

However, we are not left to suppose that it was the religious feeling alone, any more than any political theory, which caused heresy to be so universally detested and so rigorously punished in the middle ages, and which led whole populations to devote themselves to its extirpation with so ardent a zeal. Whole nations do not contend for a mere idea, or take arms to defend themselves from an abstract principle of evil. The bulk of mankind are not to be roused to action by a theory of political philosophy, neither are kings or statesmen usually so far-sighted as to detect the existence of a disorder, or to care for its removal, so long as it is restrained from attacking their immediate interests, or affecting their general policy. The effects of heresy had long been manifest. The princes of the West had been warned by the example of the Eastern empire how religious innovation and disunion undermine the foundations of thrones, and render all social progress and prosperity impossible; they had seen the barbarians rushing in upon a people divided by religious contentions, and heresiarch emperors themselves falling under the advancing power of the infidel. Experience, too, had taught the world that innovators in religion were also, not in principle only, but in fact, preachers of sedition, and that heresy did not remain long in a speculative form, but speedily issued in results so violent and formidable as to call for the interference of the secular arm. The modern vilifiers of the Church may in their ignorance imagine, or in their malice pretend, that in the days of ecclesiastical domination men were punished or put to death simply for their religious opinions, and laugh at the folly of essaying to suppress liberty of thought and speech by legislative enactment. They may affect to believe that the heretics of those times were just such quiet respectable persons as form the large proportion of a population now-a-days in a Protestant country.*

* It may be objected that, granting that a large proportion of a population in a Protestant country are friends to social order, it cannot be asserted with truth that heresy is the germ of social disorganisation. Such a concession seems to place us in a dilemma, and either to controvert our principle, or to oblige us to draw a line of distinction between modern and ancient separatists. But this is not so. Every religious error, we contend, contains in it the principle of social destruction. Some strike plainly at the root of social order and morality, and display their true character from the first; such was the Manichean heresy, which for this reason had been detested from the beginning, and pursued with severity, even while other sects were left unmolested; the course of others is slower, and the evil more latent. The human mind does not quickly embrace every conclusion whose premises it admits; evil has its development as well as truth. And yet error in its outset, and while propagated by the wilful malice of the first heresiarchs to whom it owes its birth, seldom fails of giving a forewarning, and, as it were, a foretaste of its ulterior destination;—witness the excesses of the Anabaptists in Luther's time, and the general relaxation of all social bonds, the contempt for the marriage-tie, &c. that then prevailed.

History, however, tells a very different tale. They who have come down to our days under the name of "heretics," and whose well-deserved fate it has been the fashion to surround with a spurious sympathy, as though they were the first martyrs of a purer and more primitive religion, which ultimately triumphed at the era of the Reformation, were for the most part ferocious fanatics, whose cruelty and immorality were equalled only by the blasphemy with which they reviled the most sacred mysteries of the Christian faith, and profaned the holiest feelings of humanity;—wretches who would now be delivered over to the gaol and the scaffold with as little remorse as in the olden time they were consigned to the dungeon and the stake. In fact, it was the excesses to which the heretic leaders instigated their followers which armed society against them; and where the worst effects of their teaching were not immediately evident, social and political disturbances invariably accompanied their movements.

The history of all the chief heresies, from Arianism downwards, proves the truth of this assertion beyond dispute; and as regards the

As time, however, proceeds, men inherit error, they do not invent it for themselves; in many instances they are heretics through the fault of their fathers rather than their own. It is right and just to draw a distinction between Protestantism and Protestants; the former is purely what we have stated, a principle of evil, of negation, of destruction; the Protestant is a man imbued, it is true, and corrupted, in a manner, by this principle, but in many, perhaps in most, cases, still retaining a conviction of various truths, fragments of traditionary belief which he has received from his teachers, but which he believes, or thinks he believes, upon various grounds, *e. g.* as being conformable to his reason and so-called moral sense, or as deducible from the words of Scripture. Moreover, the very instinct of self-preservation leads him to desire to uphold such observance of the rules of morality as he perceives to bear upon the general safety and well-being of society. A mixture, therefore, of prudential and worthier motives induces the respectable, the good, and the wise among Protestants, continually to combine to arrest the progress of the mischief, and to throw up, as it were, dams and dykes against the flood of evil threatening to engulf society. At this the politician, the legislator, the influential member of society, incessantly labour, to stave off the evil day by some device, some panacea, some counteractive force; and not without a measure of effect, for, as we have said, they meet in their endeavours with the support of every element of good still surviving in the minds of men, who, though robbed of so much of the heritage of truth, cling with attachment to many of the fragments which they have preserved.

It is true, therefore, speaking generally and externally of certain periods in Protestant states, that they are days of tranquillity and social order; and for this, be it observed, they are in a great measure indebted to the machinery and police of government having been so perfected in the present day, as to give it a coercive power far more stringent than in former ages, and thus to hinder the expansive force of evil in its more patent aggressions on social peace. It is true also, speaking of individuals, that they are in many cases friends of that very morality and order to the destruction of which their erroneous principles legitimately lead, and that upon higher grounds than mere selfish motives. But it is also true, speaking of those states in their more extended history, that containing, as they do, within them the seeds of disorganisation, it is the ultimate goal to which they are hastening with more or less rapidity. They are sick of a mortal disease, while they harbour the very principle of dissolution in their bosom.

sect to which our remarks particularly refer, even Protestant writers have been forward to allow that the Albigenses were a pernicious confederation, whose abominable licentiousness justly brought upon them the vengeance of Europe. The doctrines they disseminated were, in fact, a determined form of the great Manichean heresy, which, taking its rise in the first ages of the Church, though constantly suppressed, was as constantly reviving, and had reached its most formidable height at that most critical period in mediæval history, when Europe seemed to be balanced between civilisation and barbarism, and there was even question whether Christianity was to retain its hold upon the Western world, or to retreat before a worse than heathen depravity of manners. Society was in a state of extraordinary fermentation; the *people* were beginning to emerge from their political obscurity, and the minds of men were on the alert to catch at every doctrine that might help them to the means of self-aggrandisement and power. M. de la Gournerie, in the passage we have quoted, has pretty clearly described the nature of the sect that then occupied the South of France, and was supported by the passive connivance, if not the active influence, of the feudal lords in those parts, who blindly thought to promote by its means their own independence of the supreme authority, as well spiritual as temporal. If we associate in our minds the most profligate and nefarious doctrines which ever disgraced humanity with the social principles of the more extreme Communists and Republicans of the present day, we shall gain some notion of the tenets of this anti-Christian sect; nor shall we wonder at the efforts which, when all milder measures, long and perseveringly tried, had been obstinately resisted, the Popes, as conservators of public order as well as of religion, made, in conjunction with the princes of the time, and with the concurrence of popular opinion, to deliver Christendom from the moral pest to which it was exposed, and to avert the frightful scourge which threatened to desolate not Europe only, but the world.

That great atrocities were committed by the invading army is unhappily but too certain, as our author allows; but it is as certain that these atrocities were the work of one or two individuals, who, deceiving themselves with the idea that they were subserving the cause of religion and the permanent interests of the Church, contravened the express commands of the Pope, practised an unworthy concealment upon him, and made a war, which was conceived and directed in all the spirit of a crusade, and for the holy purpose of punishing extreme wickedness, a scandal to the age, and the means of heaping possessions upon one who, with all his high qualities and heroic zeal, was both unscrupulously ambitious and

unsparing of human life,—we mean, the leader of the Catholic armies, Simon de Montfort. Of the necessity of the war none can doubt who are acquainted with the history of the times. The heresy of the Albigenses was no subtle attack upon particular Catholic dogmas, but an open assault upon the foundations of all religion and morality.

Innocent III. had a duty to society as well as to the Church, and he would have been faithless to the trust reposed in him had he failed to perform it. His position at the head of the great European commonwealth made it incumbent upon him to proceed against the violators of order; he was the chief magistrate of Christendom, and to him the nations looked for direction and protection. Long time did he consume in paternal remonstrance and earnest menace; again and again did he send out the armies of the Church, troops of bare-footed monks and missionary priests, to win back the deluded people to their faith and to the obedience of the laws; and it was not till they had requited his indulgence by the slaughter of his ambassador, that the impatience of his subjects wrung from him the mandate which sanctioned the use of the judicial sword, when other means had proved vain. And yet, in the last extremity, when justice could no longer sleep without weakness or wrong, a way of escape was left open; the worst malefactor was to be received to pardon whenever he submitted himself to the merciful penances of the Church. Until, therefore, society is prepared to resign itself to a general martyrdom, or to tolerate crime in its most unmitigated forms, or until it can devise milder modes of punishing and reforming the greatest criminals than the Church employed in her discipline of penance, let it not impugn the wisdom and charity of this great Pontiff, or the policy of the age over which he presided. Innocent III. will ever deserve the applauses of Europe for the vigour with which he arrested the tide of demoralisation which had already overrun the fairest provinces of the South, and whose inroads would have been as disastrous to the nations of the West as the irruption of Mahometanism has proved itself to the Eastern world. Had the two floods met, as once there seemed danger, the result would have been one universal moral deluge, in which the faith and civilisation of Europe would have been alike submerged.

We must exclude many passages which we had marked for quotation, and proceed to the description which our author gives of the Paganism in every department of art and letters which prevailed at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, and, together with other deeper and concurrent causes, of which it was itself a deplorable symptom, prepared the way for that

outbreak of Protestantism and infidelity, the effects of which seem destined to endure till the end of the world and the final triumph of the Church.

“The search after antiquities was become a business and a passion. A century and a half before the epoch at which we are arrived, Petrarch and Rienzi had begun ransacking the libraries, and clearing away the rubbish from the temples, with a pious ardour. It seemed as if the present was to be completely effaced and annihilated before the recollections of ancient times, and that the future had no hope of glory but by imitation of the past. This impulse had a wide-spreading effect; nor can it be wondered at, for every thing which has survived the lapse of long years, every thing which has endured the trial of ages, is magnified in the admiration of men, whose life is so short, and the memory of whose actions so soon passes away. The study of mythology, and of the Latin and Greek authors, became henceforth the favourite occupation of all the literary spirits of the age; the Rome of the Popes disappeared before the Rome of the Consuls and Emperors, and the universities laboured to familiarise their pupils with the world of Jupiter, Caesar, and Brutus, much more than with the Christian community amidst which they were called to perform the business of life. ‘The care of the dead is in high commendation amongst us,’ says Montaigne, speaking of the ancient capital of the world; ‘and from my infancy I have been brought up among them; I had a knowledge of the affairs of Rome long before I had any of those of my own house; I was acquainted with the capital and its plan before I knew any thing of the Louvre, and with the Tiber before I knew any thing of the Seine. I had a clearer idea of the condition and fortunes of the Luculluses, Metelluses, and Scipios than I had of any of our own worthies.’* This worship of antiquity deprived Christian genius of much of its originality and natural grandeur. To such a degree was the field of art narrowed as to admit but one only order of beauty, the elements of which it was necessary to study amongst the ruins of the temples of Paganism. These ruins were measured and restored with an indefatigable skill; calculations were made of their proportions; models were taken of the capitals and the flutings; and every work which departed from an imitation of the ancients was branded with the epithets of ‘Gothic’ and ‘Tudesque,’ though it called itself perhaps Our Lady of Milan, or San Petronio of Bologna. Rome became a place of necessary pilgrimage for artists. Brunelleschi came there with Donatello before raising in the air his admirable dome of Santa Maria dei Fiori. One while he was to be seen crawling, compass in hand, on the cornice of the Temple of Concord; at another drawing a plan of the Coliseum and the Arch of Septimius Severus; or, armed with a spade, searching in the bowels of the earth for some fragment of a column, some bust, or some medal: the people took him and his companion for necromancers, and called them the *treasure-seekers*. Happily this labour of copying did not spoil the talent of these great men; and, as we gaze on their works, in which the antique forms are reproduced with the original conception enlarged and exalted by the Christian idea, we stand in admiration before this wonderful feat of genius.

“At the same time painting, which was at first devoted exclusively to the Christian mysteries, made itself the reflection of Pagan impressions: by the side of madonnas, virgins, and martyrs, by the side of those ‘crucifixions’ in which the angelic beauty of virtue and the hideous deformity of crime had found their most perfect expression, there began to appear Venuses, Ledaes, Danaes, seductive images which, instead of elevating the soul, intoxicated it with sensual ideas. The idolatry of form and exterior beauty became the religion of the artist, and he abandoned himself to pleasure as to one who alone could disclose to him all its secrets.

* Essays, book iii. ch. 9.

"Literature allowed itself to be influenced like the fine arts; or rather, it even hastened and stimulated this transformation in the mind of society. The lofty poetry of Dante was abandoned for the mythological pastorals of Politian. It was no longer allowable to follow any other model but Homer and Virgil, unless, indeed, one could sing of love like Petrarch, or expose vice in her nakedness to make her ridiculous without reforming ourselves, like the story-tellers in the Decameron. Yet up to the end of the fifteenth century the theatre was able to move the feelings and excite a passionate interest in the souls of the spectators by the representation of scenes from the Bible, or of martyrdoms of saints. Celebrated artists—Cecca, Bartolommeo, Della Gatta, San Gallo,—consecrated their talents to painting angels, to representing heaven or hell, in order to give additional brilliancy to these solemn performances; but the moment was approaching at which all these Christian dramas were to appear cold and insipid beside the incest of Myrrha and the adultery of Clytemnestra. Soon men will venture no more to speak of the martyrdom of St. Agnes in presence of that of Iphigenia, or to interest themselves in the patriarchal reminiscences of Jacob, or of Ruth the Moabitess, while listening to the delicate jests of the lenos of Plautus, or the courtisans of Ariosto."

So deep-seated an evil could not take possession of society, at a time when society and Christendom were virtually identical, without affecting the Church herself. Depravity of taste, like corruption of morals, could not, indeed, interfere with the intrinsic holiness of her supernatural life, or impair the purity and integrity of her faith; but it could, and did in places, lower the tone of her popular teaching, and partially obscure her heavenly character; and the extraordinary spectacle is presented to us of an age which retained unalloyed all the mysteries of religion, reviving the mythological forms of the Pantheon, and speaking the language of classical Heathenism. The influence of the Pagan revival invaded the very precincts of the Church, and entered the sanctuary itself. The strange infatuation extended even to the phraseology of the preachers, as we shall see in the passage given below.

Is the Church, then, to be held responsible for this classic mania, and its injurious results, so far as it infected her own members, and penetrated even into her sacred edifices and functions? Assuredly not.

The Church, being a living body, has a living power within, causing her in all things to develop herself in her own proper form, and clothe herself in the outward garb best expressive of her inward mind. We see this power energising in all ages, and combating the pedantic and antiquarian spirit of revivalism, to which man is so subject, and which is ever making its reappearance with more or less accompanying injury, according as it takes a more or less respectable form, and according to the model period which it chooses for imitation. The Church is not a copyist; she adapts instead of imitating, while the pedants of all days are disposed to servile imitation rather than to an assimilating appropriation. But while the spirit of revival-

ism is repugnant to her own, it is not her practice to interfere with the free action of man's mind, save where any thing directly against faith or morals is advanced. Thus, for instance, though ever ready with her protest and condemnation when some proposition of a pantheistic or rationalistic order was enounced, and while keeping an ever-watchful eye over the teaching of the schools, she tolerated the employment of those Pagan forms of philosophy, whose influence has been often so baneful, and whose tendency, though, in the hands of Christian saints and doctors, they might be forced to do homage to the cause of revelation, was ever to separate philosophy from religion, and thus to paganise the intellect, as much as it was the tendency of Paganism, in forms of art, to sensualise the imagination. The Church, then, as such, is neither Aristotelian nor Platonician, Classic nor Gothic; she is the Church of the present in all time, but she permits her children to be all these, as long as first and exclusively they are Catholics, and do not fetter faith and devotion, or worse, run counter to them, by their bigoted attachment to partial, erroneous, and antiquated systems.

Thus much, then, as respects the Church's sanction and countenance, or mere toleration of the classic mania, considered simply in its influence on the *forms* in which art displays itself. But, as we have remarked, she ever keeps a watchful eye upon faith and morals. The enemy is perpetually assaulting these, and one of his most powerful engines in the intellectual order is the spirit of system, by which he strives first to seduce man's higher faculties, that he may more surely render him the slave of the lower. This is no peculiar feature of any single age, though the forms in which it exhibits itself vary with the prevailing spirit of the age. It is the combat between the world and the Church, which meet and intermingle in deadly strife. The Church is never wanting to herself and her high calling in the hour of danger; and when the evil threatens to invade her sacred deposit, then it is that she comes forth in her power, when perhaps her enemies deem her most abased and helpless. Thus were St. Gregory VII. and his holy successors raised up to contend against the simony and corruption of the eleventh century, and thus, immediately following the times of which we speak, a line of saintly pontiffs appeared, the glorious and successful combatants against the Pagan sensualism of the sixteenth.

"The Latin language was in the sixteenth century the object of especial veneration and minutest study. People applied themselves above all to Cicero; they wrote comments upon him, they endeavoured to reproduce the measure and the cadence of his periods, and no word was tolerated which had not first acquired the rights of citizenship by passing through the orations

against Verres or Catiline.* 'Christendom' was now become 'the Christian republic'; the Sacred College was the 'senate,' heresy 'sedition'; people spoke of 'persuasion' instead of 'faith,' the 'magnificence of the Divinity' instead of 'Divine grace,' 'interdiction from fire and water' instead of 'excommunication'; they no longer spoke of 'God,' but 'the gods.' Thus from absurdity they proceeded even to blasphemy. 'Is it to be believed,' exclaimed Erasmus, 'that if Tully returned from the dead, and were subjected to the influences of our religion, he would find the appellation of God the Father less eloquent than that of *Jupiter optimus, maximus*? the title of Catholic Church less splendid than those of 'Conscript Fathers,' '*Quirites*,' 'senate and people of Rome?' No; he would with us speak simply of 'faith in Jesus Christ'; he would speak of 'unbelievers'; he would speak of the 'Paraclete,' the 'Divine Spirit,' the 'Holy Trinity.' Nor was it only poets and scholars who adopted this foppery of speech: whilst Sannazar introduced all the deities of fable, Apollo, Proteus, nymphs, dryads, hamadryads, into the sublime scene of the stable of Bethlehem, the priest gave utterance to the same mythological language from the pulpit of truth; and the means they employed to excite the feelings of their audience were nearly always borrowed from the sources of ancient history. Let us hear Erasmus give an account of a sermon which he heard at Rome, under the pontificate of Julius II.†

"I was invited a few days before by some learned men to attend this sermon. 'Be sure to be there without fail,' they said to me; 'you will learn, at last, all the harmony which the Roman language possesses in the mouth of a Roman.' I repaired with extreme curiosity to the church, and placed myself close to the orator, that I might not lose a word. Julius II. was himself present; an unusual circumstance, owing to his health no doubt. A great number of Cardinals and Bishops were to be seen there also, and among the crowd most of the literati to be found at Rome at the time. The exordium and the peroration were nearly as long as the rest of the discourse, and they repeated under every possible form the praises of Julius II. He was the all-powerful Jupiter, brandishing in his right hand the trident and thunderbolt, and by the mere movement of his eyebrows accomplishing his profound designs. All that had occurred for some years past in Gaul, in Germany, in Spain, in Portugal, in Africa, in Greece, was but the effect of this intimation of his will; after this came a hundred times repeated the words 'Rome,' 'Roman,' 'Roman mouth,' 'Roman eloquence.' . . . The plan of the orator was to present to us Jesus Christ, first in all the agony of his passion, then in all the glory of his triumph. He called to mind the Curtiuses and the Decii who had devoted themselves to the Manes for the salvation of the republic; he called to mind Codrus, Menæceus, Iphigenia, and other great victims, who had valued their life at less price than the happiness and dignity of their country. The public gratitude had always, at least (added he with tears and a voice profoundly lugubrious), surrounded with its homages these noble and generous characters; at one time it had raised gilded statues to them in the Forum, at another it had decreed them divine honours; whilst

* "Erasmus has burlesqued this mania most exquisitely in his *Ciceroniana*. He presents us with the *Ciceronian* "dining off ten currants and three coriander-seeds candied in sugar," in the recesses of his sanctum, all the issues of which "are stopped up with plaster or with pitch." There he passes his time in dissecting Cicero, and in reducing all his modes of expression to customary formulæ, for the various circumstances of life. He compiles enormous lexicons of Ciceronian words, Ciceronian phrases, tropes, and epiphonemas, and even of the ideas, the maxims, and the pleasantries of Cicero; all these lexicons are four times as large as the complete works of Cicero."

† It is well to remember that the account would not lose in the telling from the mouth of so caustic and, we may add, so prejudiced a narrator as Erasmus.

Jesus Christ, for all his benefits, had received no other recompense than death. The orator then proceeded to compare the Saviour, 'deserving so well of his country,' to Phocion and to Socrates, who were compelled to drink the hemlock without any one being able to accuse them of a single crime; to Epaminondas, forced to defend his life against the envy which his high deeds had excited; to Scipio, and to Aristides, whom the people of Athens were tired of hearing called the Just. . . . Could any thing, I ask you, be imagined more cold or more silly? and yet, I assure you, he had sweat blood and water to compete with Cicero. In short, my Roman preacher spoke Roman so well, that I heard not a word of the death of Jesus Christ."

To transport our readers to a very different scene, we present them with the following spirited description of the siege and occupation of Rome by the Constable Bourbon, to which recent events lend a peculiar interest. What would our modern prophets and apocalyptic seers have said, had they beheld Rome in the agonies of such an awful chastisement as is here related?

"The army continued its proud advance upon Rome, although an armistice had been signed with Clement VII.; and on the 5th of May, 1527, at forty-five minutes past four in the evening, from the top of the walls of the city, it might be perceived deploying upon the meadow-lands of Nero, down the slopes of the Marian Hill, and threatening with its close battalions all the quarter of the Transtevere. The Romans could not believe their eyes; some even persisted in seeing in these terrible bands the army of the Duke of Urbino and of the republic of Venice hastening to the succour of the Pope. But Clement did not let himself be imposed upon by this illusion. His anxiety was extreme; sometimes he thought of flying towards the sea, at others of abandoning the Vatican and breaking down the bridges. He had not a single troop about him, for, in his blind confidence, he had just disbanded the Swiss who were in his pay; and was it to be expected that among shopkeepers and grooms there should be found a *corps d'élite* strong enough to resist the enemy? Time, however, presses; Lorenzo da Ceri is charged with the organisation of the defence. Batteries are erected, the fascines are furnished with scalding pitch, and Clement VII. recovers at this last moment of an inevitable crisis all his energy, all his courage. He even succeeds in communicating the same to those that surround him; he represents to them the hostile army without artillery, without victuals, compelled to disperse after the first assault, if that assault should not be crowned with success. The dawn of the 6th of May was hailed by both parties as destined to display their triumph. It rose under the veil of a thick fog, which intercepted the light and made blows fall at random. The Spaniards were at first vigorously repulsed by some members of the Pontifical Guard; their colours were taken, and their standard-bearers hurled into the ditch. Bourbon then precipitates himself at their head: he plants with his own hands at the foot of the walls some boards, some garden-palings, in default of ladders, and daringly scales the fortifications amidst an unceasing fire from cannons and arquebuses. He is followed by his squire, John de Bridieu, and by the German captain Seidensticker, who brandishes a huge war-sabre; but scarcely have they mounted the battlements than Bourbon is pierced with a ball, and his squire falls at his side. 'Soldiers,' cries Bourbon, 'conceal my death, and march forward; the victory is yours.'

"A sort of frenzied rage then seizes the assailants: the German lasquenets themselves, who up to this moment had regarded the assault as impracticable, rush to the ramparts; they cling to the projections of the stones, and are not to be beaten off either by the blazing torches or the pieces of timber which the Romans roll down upon them. At the same time the Spaniards make their

way through a loop-hole into an uninhabited house in the quarter of the Santo Spirito, and from this house they introduce themselves into the city through the window of a cellar. When the Romans perceived their enemies among them, without being able to ascertain their number, they were seized with a panic, and there was heard on all sides the fatal cry of dismay and tumultuous flight. The walls were at once abandoned, the rout became general, and the tide of the hostile army, pouring through the gate of San Pancrazio, rolled like a torrent down the descent of the Janiculum.

"Then commenced those scenes of horror, that new and unparalleled calamity, or, as Benvenuto Cellini expresses it, *inestimabile novità*, which were to convert the capital of Christendom and the queen of the arts into a tomb and a ruin. The shopkeepers, the Cardinals, and a dense crowd of women and children, sought a refuge in the Castle of St. Angelo; the Pope had himself retired there at the news of the disaster, through the long corridor which Alexander VI. had caused to be constructed to serve as a communication between the palace and the fortress. A deep dejection, a sullen terror, froze all hearts: at every instant, in fact, was heard the shout of 'Slay, slay;' at every instant were heard the cries of the dying, the shrieks of mothers whose daughters were torn from them, and the dismal crackling of the flames devouring all houses the inhabitants of which had tried to defend themselves. Soon the devastation no longer confined itself to one side of the Tiber; the Sistine bridge was carried without almost any resistance, and every where there reigned consternation and death. It is to the pens of contemporary writers that we must look for the detail of these frightful excesses; it is for them to describe to us the fanatical joy of the Lutherans as they profaned the sacred vessels, bedaubed with ordure the paintings of the great masters, crushed to pieces under their feet the relics of saints, and rifled the graves in the churches; it is for them to exhibit to us these hordes of savages violating and then murdering holy virgins, young girls, and mothers, even in the sanctuary of their homes, yea, at the very foot of the altars where they had fled to ask aid of the mercy of God. 'Many fathers, with poniard in hand, preferred sacrificing their unhappy daughters rather than let them fall into the hands of the conqueror: but—one shudders to say the words—not even so were they able always to preserve them from outrage. . . They who were eye-witnesses of these horrible scenes had no longer tears to shed or voice to bewail; they gazed on them with fixed look, as inanimate as statues. Many mothers, unable to endure the sight, tore out their own eyes with their fingers; others fled away into subterranean caverns, where, no one daring to bring them relief, they perished of hunger. Frequently there might be seen a man, a woman, or a child, precipitating themselves from the top of a house into the street below, preferring to die mutilated on the pavement rather than fall into the power of these ferocious bands; sometimes it was the soldiers themselves who dashed them from the windows.'* There is no sort of torture which was not invented to force the inhabitants to give up their treasure even to the last trifle. Sometimes the victim was hung up by his arms for several days; sometimes he was suspended above the river with the threat of cutting the rope; he was branded with a hot iron; splinters of wood were driven under his nails. The imperialists who remained at Rome were treated no better than the Romans, for the soldiers, infuriated with blood and debauch, acknowledged neither rules nor country.

"When they were weary of slaughter, and weary of pillage, they abandoned themselves to those gross buffoneries in which the hateful spirit of the Reformation has not unfrequently displayed itself. The lasquenets put on their heads the hats of the Cardinals, dressed themselves in their long robes, and so paraded the city mounted on asses. One day they proclaimed Martin Luther Pope; on another they laid the Cardinal of

Araceli on a bier and carried him through the streets, chanting the office of the dead; then one among them, mounting the pulpit of a church, pronounced, in the form of a funeral oration, a revolting discourse of impudence and obscenity. And this state of things lasted not only days and weeks, but whole months. Philibert of Orange, who had succeeded the Constable Bourbon, was unable to put a stop to the disorder; Lannoy was equally so: they ended by both retiring, and the soldiers remained their own masters. The history of the Frundsberg estimates the booty at ten millions in gold and precious things, and the ransoms at a much larger sum. Those Germans who had come without coats and without stockings now paraded themselves in dresses of silk or brocade, in the company of courtesans decked out with precious stones torn from remonstrances and reliquaries. The churches, the Pope's chapel itself, had been turned into stables; the crucifixes were riddled with balls, and the ornaments of the altars lay scattered about in the litter with the bones of saints intermingled promiscuously. And now imagine, if possible, the anguish and the sufferings of Clement VII., condemned to be a spectator, from the top of the Castle of St. Angelo, of these impious scenes without power of arresting them. Often he was surprised beating his breast and exclaiming, while raising his eyes to heaven, 'My God, I have put my trust in Thee, deliver me from all them that persecute me:' *Deus meus in te speravi, salvum me fac ex omnibus persequentibus me.*"

We wish we could find space for some of the biographical sketches with which the work is enlivened, especially of the more remarkable Popes, or of the Saints of the Church, as St. Thomas Aquinas, and the two great contemporaries, St. Catherine of Sweden and her namesake of Sienna, or of the eminent artists, Fra Angelico, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Benvenuto Cellini; but the following account of Galileo must suffice:

"The Jesuits were always the first educational body in Europe. When Galileo made any discovery, it was to them he communicated it before all; and often, he tells us, they made 'very pleasant use of it in their sermons.' Father Clavius, who had written a profound work on the reform of the calendar, was one of those men for whom Galileo entertained the greatest esteem; and the philosopher regarded it as a piece of good fortune when he sometimes met pupils of this religious among the Jesuits residing at Florence, or who came to that city. Father Griemberger was another of his devoted friends. 'He is a great mathematician,' said Galileo, 'and, moreover, my great friend and patron.' When a Jesuit of Mantua attacked the opinion of Galileo on the mountains in the moon, Griemberger and Biancani immediately took up his defence. There was a sweet and noble intimacy in the intercourse which scholars and men of letters maintained with each other, and the happy expression of it is often to be met with in their correspondence. Even whilst the Jesuits differed in opinion from Galileo on the famous question of the earth's motion, their dispute preserved that serious character which gives honour to science. Before pronouncing for the system of Copernicus, Galileo had already given to the world his fairest titles to renown: he had invented the telescope, he had discovered the satellites of Jupiter, to which he gave the names of the *Stars of Medicis*, the spots on the sun's disc, and the phases of the planet Venus. One may judge what effect, even at that time, must have been produced by the part he took in support of the astronomical theory of the philosopher of Worms. Copernicus had put forth his ideas with all the coolness, all the natural simplicity, that befits a mathematical question; and although he had dedicated to Pope Paul III. his two treatises, *De Motu Octavæ Sphæræ et de Orbium Cælestium Revolutioni-*

* "The Sack of Rome. By James Buonaparte, gentleman, of San Miniato."

bus, he had not been interfered with. But Galileo was of a nature very different from that of the learned Pole. Gifted with a genius no less enlarged, there was, in his very manner of expressing himself, that decided mark of a self-confident mind. In discussion he knew well how to lend to science the most abstract aid of a vehement eloquence and a sarcastic railery; he possessed, in fine, in the highest degree, every thing calculated to render his system popular, and at the same time to excite against himself violent opponents.

"The first time that we meet with him at Rome is in 1611; the storm had not yet been raised; he is courted and fêted by every body; the academy of the Lincei is proud to inscribe him in the number of its members; and every where he meets with nothing but admiration and respect. He returns to the great capital in 1615; but already dark clouds are beginning to rise, his teaching is become the object of numerous attacks, and a priest has hurled at him from the pulpit those words of holy Writ, '*Viri Galilei, quid statim aspicientes in cœlum?*' We should be wrong, however, in being surprised at the vehement opposition which the theory of the earth's motion encountered. To the notions and settled convictions of more than 5000 years was joined the impression, invariably deep, which is produced by the probability of things, and which resists an apparent impossibility. The course of the sun appeared to be one of those self-evident facts which belong to every one's cognisance, and which only the blind can deny. The belief was consecrated by all the forms of ordinary parlance; and what, moreover, is very worthy of notice, to this very day people speak of the rising and setting of the sun, 300 years after the death of Galileo. The sacred writers had availed themselves of the only expressions which were capable of being understood when they spoke of the motion of the sun and the stationariness of the earth; but these expressions at a time when the new theory was far from being demonstrated were taken by many theologians in their literal sense. They saw therein, not so much one of the ordinary signs of language, as a dogmatic formula.

"Galileo, then, arrives at Rome, where every body is curious to see a man of 'so remarkable a mind,' and to hear his 'astonishing discourse.' It is at the palace Cesarini that we meet with him most frequently: he is fond of that palace on account of Don Virginio, a noble scion of the family Cesarini, and a young man of high promise. Around the philosopher are grouped the most learned men of the Christian capital, and the discussion becomes animated; the 'fiercest assaults' are directed against him: but Galileo beats off his assailants with a smile on his lips; in all he says there is a flow of originality and a point which rarely fails of its effect; it is to be regretted, however, that he does not succeed in establishing his principles with the same ability of which he gives proof when it is only question of demolishing the arguments of his adversaries.

"It was, in fact, very difficult for Galileo to present a complete theory of his system, for at the present day that system is explained only by a train of phenomena unknown at that time, and of which Galileo himself had not a suspicion.* Thus at every step contradictions and impossibilities came to obstruct his course; and Cardinal Bellarmine ended by prohibiting him, in the name of the Holy Office, from maintaining his opinion for the future. The treatises of Copernicus were prohibited at the same time; but four years afterwards, May 15,

* "Amongst others, the principle of the gravity of the air, which alone makes the theory of Copernicus explainable. To this discovery have since been added" (I quote Venturi), "those of the aberration of the stars, the reciprocal perturbation of the planetary movement, the diminution of gravitation at the equator, and the true cause of the tides, all the other laws, now understood, of gravitation generally, and finally the velocity which heavy bodies acquire out of the perpendicular, in the direction of the east, in falling from a height." (See a curious article in *L'Université Catholique*, vol. xi. p. 219.)

1620, their sale was again authorised with a few alterations, the object of which was to reduce the new theory to a simple hypothesis. Science would thus have progressed peaceably if Galileo had not all at once, by the publication of his '*Dialogues*,' thrown a spirit of violent animosity into the dispute. In fact, there was a want of openness in the way in which he introduced his discussion; the real argument of the work was concealed under a veil of irony. Simplicius, the advocate of the old system, was ridiculed in it in a manner so much the more insulting as the author pretended to yield him the victory. Galileo even pushed his want of propriety so far as to put into the mouth of Simplicius arguments which had originated with the Pope, taking care to subjoin that he had them from 'the highest and most illustrious authority.' Alas for the extraordinary vanity of genius! the Pope's argument still stands good, while that of Galileo has perished. The truth was, that the subject in dispute in this part of the dialogue was the explanation of the flux and reflux of the tides; Galileo amused himself at the expense of Kepler's simplicity, who believed in the influence of the moon upon the sea, and 'other perilities of equal weight.' He little foresaw that Kepler's 'puerilities' would one day be the only solution admitted by science, and that his own theory would be declared by Laplace 'contrary to the laws of equilibrium and of the motion of fluids.'

The publication of the '*Dialogues*' was followed by a citation to appear before the Holy Office. It is now necessary not to lose sight of Galileo for an instant, in order to see what foundation there is for the assertions of Bernini, De Montucla, and others, who talk sometimes of an imprisonment of five years, and sometimes of a horrible punishment that was inflicted upon him; there are people that will have that his eyes were put out. Galileo has described in his correspondence all the minutest particulars of his detention at Rome; so that in every thing that concerns him we will have recourse to nobody but himself. He arrives on the 10th of February, 1633, and instead of finding a dungeon, he is conducted to 'the delicious palace of the Trinità del Monte,' now the Academy of France, and lodged with Francis Nicolini, ambassador of Tuscany. Nicolini went immediately to apprise the Pope of his arrival. Urban VIII. remarked to him, that Galileo had followed bad counsels in publishing such opinions, because although he declared he meant to treat of the earth's motion only hypothetically, nevertheless in resuming his arguments he states and propounds them in a simply positive and conclusive form; besides that it was in contravention of the order which had been given him in 1616 by Cardinal Bellarmine. Urban had always been well inclined to Galileo, and of this we need seek no other proof than that expression of Galileo's, written in the very course of his trial, in which he displays the habitual irony of his character: 'I was consigned to the sovereign clemency of this tribunal (the Holy Office), and to that of Pope Urban VIII., who nevertheless deemed me worthy of his esteem, though I was unable to compose either an epigram or a love sonnet.'

"On the eleventh of February, Hippolytus Mary Lancio, Commissioner of the Holy Office, took Galileo in his carriage, and conducted him to the Palace of the Inquisition, 'which is situated to the west of the magnificent church of St. Peter.' He presented him to Monsignor Vitrici, and to two Dominican monks who were with him. Then Galileo commenced explaining the grounds of his opinions, and he did so afresh on the following Thursday in the presence of all the assembled Congregation. Whilst the process lasted, Galileo was lodged in the private apartment of the fiscal of the Holy Office, his own domestic waited upon him and slept by his side, and the servants of the Tuscan ambassador brought him his food. His opinions were condemned on the 21st of June, 1633, not by the Pope, as some Protestants have pretended, but by the simple tribunal of the Inquisition. He was made to retract, as a true Catholic, the opinion that the sun is the centre

of the world, and immovable, and that the earth is not the centre, and that it moves. Then he heard pronounced this severe sentence:—"Galileo Galilei, son of Galilei the Florentine, of the age of 70 years, . . . we condemn thee to the regular prison of this Holy Office for such time as we shall think fit."

It should be observed that the opposition of the Church, which led to this sentence of the Inquisition, Galileo brought upon himself, not by broaching his opinions, and insisting on their probability on the ground of scientific demonstrations, but by pressing them as indubitable truths, by urging the Church to decide that there was nothing in his system of astronomy contrary to Scripture, and by persisting in publishing his conclusions in spite of a formal prohibition to the contrary. That the opinions themselves might have passed free, had not Galileo given them a theological bearing, is plain from the fact that Nicholas V. had raised to the dignity of Cardinal, Cusanus, a German, who had maintained the earth's motion round the sun, and that Copernicus, when astronomical professor at Rome, had brought out his works under the auspices of Paul III. And that Galileo supported his conclusions on inadequate data is as evident, for one of the most convincing proofs which he adduced of the truth of his system was the flux and reflux of the tides, now no longer held to be a satisfactory demonstration of the motion of the earth. And on the general question, it cannot be matter of surprise that, under the circumstances of the case, the ecclesiastical power should be unwilling suddenly to upset the commonly received opinions, which had the literal statements of Scripture in their favour, by giving a religious sanction to doctrines apparently opposed to the Divine Word, and as yet so imperfectly ascertained; and should, therefore, first enjoin silence on the pertinacious philosopher, and on his disobedience require him to abjure his position. But to proceed with our author:

"If we wish to know now in what manner this rigorous sentence was executed, we may learn it from a letter addressed by Galileo to Father Ranieri. 'After five months' sojourn at Rome, I was sent away at the time that the plague was ravaging Florence, and, with

a generous pity, I was given for a prison 'the palace of the dearest friend I had at Sienna,' Monsignor the Archbishop of Piccolomini. My mind at this time enjoyed so much peace and happiness in his agreeable society that it could return to its studies. It was then that I conceived and demonstrated the most part of my principles on the resistance of solids. . . . Then the plague with which my country was infected having ceased at the end of about five months, his Holiness condescended, at the beginning of December 1633, to change the confinement of my residence for that freedom of the country which I love so much. I returned then to the 'villa' of Bellosguardo, and subsequently to Arcetri, where I still remain, inhaling the salubrious air, so near to that which one breathes at Florence, my beloved country.'

"Galileo passed eight years at this little country-house of Arcetri, which was called Il Gioiello (the Jewel). There they still shew his chamber hung with leather, the terrace from which he observed the stars, and a tower known by the name of *Galileo's Tower*, where at times, no doubt, he went to enjoy the view of Florence, and the enchanting landscape of the vale of Arno. But an afflicting blindness, caused by his long labours and old age, soon came unhappily to rob him of these sweet enjoyments, and the consolations which he found in study. Galileo lived three years in this isolation from every thing which had constituted the happiness of his life. When he was dead, the cheerful hill of Arcetri was covered with all the citizens of Florence, attired in mourning, and the remains of the great man were transported solemnly to Santa Croce, where Macchiavelli and Michael Angelo awaited him."

We have noticed these volumes more at length, perhaps, than their intrinsic excellence may have seemed to some to deserve; but we have done so because they are a specimen of a class of publications which we should wish to see more prevalent in this country—we mean, historical works which inculcate principles as well as record facts. We want books of history which, at the same time that they are lively and popular in style, and unencumbered with long and, to the many, uninteresting disquisitions, shall yet really instruct and inform the mind, and give it matter for thought which after-reading may develope and mature. And such, in the main, we consider the volumes we have been reviewing. We can truly say that we have rarely met with any thing which would better serve as an introduction to a really profitable study of the history of the Christian Church.

ROME AND THE ABBEY.

Rome and the Abbey. The Sequel to, and by the Author of, "Geraldine." Burns.

FEW of our readers have not read *Geraldine*. Its wit, its enthusiasm, its lively painting of some of the more gentlemanly phases of Protestantism, and the spirit of romance which animated its author's pen, unquestionably made it one of the most agreeable of controversial and theological novels ever written.

Its merits have, indeed, one undeniable proof, *Geraldine* still sells; a rare thing with a story now many years old.

Its accomplished authoress has now published a sequel to her former production, and we account this her new work to be not the least bold of all the steps that have been taken by one whose energy, courage, and perseverance are well known to so many of the Catholic world. *Rome and the Abbey* is neither

more nor less than a history of the course pursued by its authoress in the foundation of a new religious institute, recently established and in actual operation in London itself. The idea of such a book is therefore perfectly new, and it is no little credit to its writer to have attained any moderate degree of success in her difficult task. The task in itself is *so* difficult, that perfect success is perhaps impossible. A writer who professedly describes herself under a fictitious character, and under the especial disadvantage of being compelled to write eulogistically of her own conduct, while her personal modesty would impel her to keep silence, has to encounter obstacles requiring almost more than human skill for their conquest. Add to this, that (we believe) no one before ever thought of narrating the foundation of a real religious institute, under the semblance of a tale, introducing at the same time living contemporaries and friends, so that the writer before us has had no landmarks, whether for warning or encouragement, to guide her steps; and we shall have said enough to shew that the Mother Superior of London Abbey has here accomplished a labour from which most ordinary authoresses would have shrunk dismayed.

At the opening of the story we find Geraldine at Vevey, on the lake of Geneva, wending her way to Rome, in company with another religious friend, a priest, and a daughter of the family of the Sinclairs, whose domestic-clerical affairs are made to amuse the reader in the earlier portions of *Geraldine*. The exact ecclesiastical position of the heroine is not distinctly stated. She does not seem to belong to any religious order, and she is entirely her own mistress; but she wears a religious habit, keeps at will a sort of semi-enclosure, is termed "reverend mother," with other peculiarities ordinarily confined to actual nuns alone. Lilia Sinclair, the damsel above mentioned, is a convert, full of ardour and enthusiasm, who is under Geraldine's protection, having been consigned to her care by her old friend Mr. Everard, to whom again Lilia had been made over, as a kind of free gift, to be had for the asking, by her Protestant parents. Lilia herself is very prettily drawn, all through the tale. She divides with Geraldine the chief interest of the book; and though her thoughts at times verge a trifle upon the impossible, her character is well conceived, and painted with considerable delicacy, animation, and skill. She has a couple of lovers, rather boyish ones to be sure, but she refuses her heart to them both; and the end of the story leaves her a novice in the newly-established institute in London.

From Vevey the travellers journey onwards to Rome. Geraldine and her companions, together with Mr. Everard, who becomes a Catholic, and afterwards with Katherine Gra-

ham (also now a Catholic) and various other personages, whose acquaintance the reader will make for himself, are congregated at a certain hotel near the Capitol, well known to most of our readers who have been recently at Rome, for its combined excellent intentions and dirty accommodations, but which our authoress describes as a "pious locanda," in every way charming to the devout. There Geraldine establishes herself in a semi-monastic seclusion, seeing visitors from behind a grating—except when she goes about the city—and keeping even her nearest kindred at a very respectful distance in the way of personal endearments. There also she matures her plan for forming an institute upon the old Benedictine statutes, but combining in one house the active with the contemplative life, which she considers was practically the case in many of the Benedictine abbeys in the middle ages. Various personages are here introduced, some now living, and others, like Cardinal Acton, only lately dead; some appear by name, and others, like one of our English Vicars Apostolic, by description. Cardinal Acton's conversations with Geraldine are precisely those which passed between the venerated Cardinal and our authoress, as she herself informs us. Her presentations to Pius IX. are also related just as they took place; and generally, there is a far larger amount of real events and conversations than we usually meet with in works of fiction. Altogether these are the best parts of the book. Throughout the rest there is a tone of what is called high-flown sentiment, and a *couleur-de-rose* mode of picturing the realities of the ecclesiastical, Christian, and religious life, which scarcely accords with the facts of existence, as it unhappily is found, even in the most favoured spots of this lower world.

The exact nature of this defect we can scarcely characterise by any single phrase. We do not like to call it enthusiasm, or romance, because both enthusiasm and romance are often very excellent things. We cannot call it unreality, or, much less, fanaticism, for it is far from meriting any thing so severe. The fault, such as it is, arises partly from a certain tendency to credulity on the part of the accomplished writer, and partly from her dwelling too much upon the world within her own breast, and seeing every thing without through the brilliantly coloured atmosphere of her own imagination. When she *does* escape from this region of fantasies, and sketches the scenes of life as she has actually beheld them, few writers possess a greater power of pleasing and instructing, as *Geraldine* has fully testified. But ordinarily, in the present work, she preserves a certain strain of thought and feeling which, admirable as it is in intention, is scarcely *real*; and which, in our humble judgment, is not likely to do so much good

as a more unvarnished tale of life, as it is, would probably have produced.

The same tendency of mind betrays our author into an occasional passage or incident in which we think she is scarcely warranted by any trustworthy authority. The whole account of Lilia's instruction by Father Duago, at the time of her reception into the Church, we cannot but regard as passing the bounds of probability; and we cannot believe that any priest would be justified in teaching a child so much that is a mere matter of opinion (however highly sanctioned, or even certainly true) as if it was a matter of *faith*. For instance, Father Duago—was there ever such a Jesuit?—tells Lilia, as an undoubted truth of Christianity, that the human race was created in order to supply the place of the fallen angels; and that faith, hope, and charity, and other virtues, are brought to the soul each by an individual angel.

Another point which appears to us extremely objectionable is the marvellous facility with which Geraldine is represented as believing herself favoured with special divine inspirations. We speak on this subject with great diffidence, knowing that it is as necessary to be cautious in asserting that the ideas which arise in the minds of pious persons are *not* inspired as that they *are* inspired. But we cannot help thinking that the heroine of *Rome and the Abbey* is sometimes represented as assuming that the thoughts which arise within her are direct manifestations of the Divine will, without any of those proofs which are essential to the preservation of the soul from most serious evils. If we might venture so far, we should say that the work before us scarcely recognises the nature of the difference which exists between those thoughts of the mind which we are justified in merely believing that Almighty God approves, and those which are positive inspirations of the Holy Ghost. On the other hand, it is one of the characteristics of an inspiration, that it is produced in the intelligence by a communication from God, *not* in accordance with the laws by which thoughts at other times spring up within us. The laws of thought are, indeed, a profound mystery; but still, we must consider that they *are* laws, which are not broken, however powerfully they may be controlled by the ordinary operations of divine grace on the soul. When we pray for divine light and guidance, whether in the most trifling or the most momentous affairs of our lives, we are warranted in believing that, if our prayer is sincere, it does really bring down upon us the illuminating teaching of the Holy Spirit; but we believe that this result takes place in strict accordance with the laws by which we naturally think, remember, imagine, or exercise any one faculty of our minds. The particular *modus operandi* of the enlightening

presence of grace we cannot pretend to fathom, nor does God give us any sensible proof that it is *certain* that He has answered our prayers. We are compelled still to act upon what seems to us, after mature deliberation, to be wise and prudent; we look upon our decision as an act of our own judgment after all, only hoping and trusting that it is purified and guided by Almighty power. All this is what every Christian has a right to expect in answer to heartfelt prayer.

But when we come to what is termed an *inspiration*, matters are far different. A person who receives an inspiration is made the subject of a direct communication of the Divine will, on which he is bound to act, wholly irrespective of any judgment he may himself have formed on either side of the question before him. An inspiration is not the necessary result of prayer, even of the most exalted saints. Sometimes it is given without any prayers at all being offered for it. Sometimes, as in the case of Balaam, it is, as it were, forced upon an ungodly and resisting intelligence. When we would ascertain whether the thoughts in our minds are truly an inspiration or no, it is not sufficient to consider whether we prayed fervently for them, and whether they appear holy and wise to our personal judgment; other tests must be applied, which, whatever they ought to be, we think are not applied in the incidents to which we allude in the present work. All through it is unhesitatingly assumed that the heroine has received a direct call from God to found the new institute. And not only is such an inspiration distinctly claimed, but various miracles are reported as having been vouchsafed by Almighty God to encourage her in her work, with a special sanction of its peculiar character. It is even stated that Cardinal Acton and two other persons appeared after death, in order to manifest the Divine approbation of the work. Cardinal Acton is, indeed, asserted to have appeared repeatedly after his decease.

"On each side of the holy Cardinal," writes our authoress, "who had been their best friend on earth, and was now often seen radiant in glory above the high altar of the church, Sister Agnes had that day marked with joy, on the saint's right hand, the, to her, well-known countenance of the late Superioress of the Perpetual Adoration in Rome, dressed according to her order in the crimson scapular, and other insignia of her vocation. On his left hand stood a taller, fairer religious, in venerable, yet blooming age; the dress, in every detail, was that of a Sister of Mercy. Could it be the beloved and lamented foundress of that congregation? On the following day, in heavenly condescension, the sainted three re-appeared; and the blessed Catherine MacAuley, dressed in the cloak and bonnet, with the speckled straw-basket for the visitation of the sick poor, appeared with characteristics of feature and complexion so marked, that Sister Agnes, who had never beheld her in life, was enabled to describe what she saw to the entire and grateful content of her who saw not, and yet believed!"

Now, not for a moment would we assert

that the author who thus describes her own case has *not* received such a call from Almighty God. But we consider that in making a public statement of her conviction that she has been positively inspired, she should have furnished us with a knowledge of the tests which she applied to those ideas which, after all, might have been the mere natural suggestions of a pious, energetic, and able mind. On one occasion she actually goes so far as to make Lilia receive an inspiration to put on a white frock!

If the subject of this story had been a pure fiction, we should not have spoken so seriously upon this defect. A writer is justified in making the creatures of his invention just such as he pleases. But when so delicate and important a matter as the foundation of a religious order is involved, we should have been glad to have seen even the slightest blemishes of a theological character, at least, most scrupulously avoided. All persons have, of course, in like manner, an abstract right to *believe* that what they conceive to be visions or inspirations are really such; and, further still, with the exercise of due caution, all persons have a right to publish that opinion to the world as their personal opinion. But when these supposed visions and inspirations are claimed as the basis and sanction of an actually proposed or actually existing religious order, the state of the case is entirely changed. The question then becomes one for the decision of the proper ecclesiastical authorities; before whom all such subjects should be formally laid prior to any single practical step being undertaken in conformity with their supposed dictates. Indeed, in matters of far less moment we do not believe that any competent theologian would uphold us in altering the ordinary course of our daily Christian life, on the ground of a supposed inspiration, without the previous sanction of that particular authority to whom we owed allegiance. Knowing the extreme peril of delusions of this nature, we should not like to walk across a room (when the ordinary rules of our life forbade it) in accordance even with the strongest personal conviction that we were *inspired* to do so, without the sanction of those who alone are competent and have the right to decide such questions.

Having thus discharged our rather painful duty, we shall, without farther delay, proceed to quote a passage or two from *Rome and the Abbey* which may give our readers an idea of the objects its author has most in view in its publication.

The Abbé Gerbet, one of the most eminent of the living French clergy, is introduced thus discussing the system and details of the new order with its foundress. We must conclude that it is a real conversation which is so re-

corded. From the first few sentences of the extract, our readers will gather the species of *inspirations* to which, as we have said, the authoress lays claim.

"Geraldine, once a Sister of Mercy, was to become a solitary of Jesus—a silent adorer of his sacramental presence, a choral vocalist to his praise, a meditative, studious recluse, and to associate to her devotions and employments other kindred spirits. But could she forget the poor? Could she forget that a voice had once said, 'Sick, and in prison, and you visited me not?' Behold here the mental conflict of years. Behold the vision of the perpetual adoration in her cell, with other celestial invitations to personal seclusion, and yet the ever-recurring inspirations to deeds of charity and mercy! And now the struggle is past. The mystery is solved. This new branch of the Benedictine Order contains, besides the usual two ranks of choir nun and lay sister, an intermediate class, to whom are confided the 'spiritual and corporal works of mercy,' under the title of 'Handmaids of Jesus and Mary.'

"Next to the holy Cardinal, the mind that had the most immediately grasped the whole scope of the institute was that of the celebrated Abbé Gerbet, at that time chaplain to the two Russian Princesses. He had not actually left the walls of Rome, but had removed from the Locanda to the Princesses' villa, near St. John Lateran, where, in a cool alcove formed under the ruined aqueduct of Nero, he was continuing his work entitled 'Sketch of Christian Rome;' and as he was aware that our English pilgrim was still to be found in the holy city, he occasionally returned for a day and night to his old rooms, and, notwithstanding his laborious studies and weak health, would not only pass a leisure half-hour in spiritual recreation with the religious, but still more, kindly consented to the thought and responsibility of giving his comments on the manuscript she now presented to him.

"In about a fortnight the abbé brought it back, saying, 'I perceive, madam, that you have, in fact, two active bodies in your institute, and that those who are wholly contemplative form the middle body. In this you have, perhaps unconsciously, followed the principles laid down by Saint Bernard and Saint Bonaventura, who, in treating of the active life, hold that it ought to precede the contemplative: and again, that when the soul has been nourished and strengthened by divine love in contemplation, she should occasionally return to action; not, as in the earlier career of the active life, to lay up a store of good works for herself, but to benefit others.'

"'You mean,' said the religious, 'that those holding offices of trust in their convent must necessarily lead a mixed life, however contemplative may be the order of their vocation?'

"'Yes, I do mean this,' replied the ecclesiastic. 'Superiors and officials in a convent cannot be wholly contemplative. However secluded the position of the convent, however strict the enclosure, the duties entrusted must oblige them to descend from the solitude of their preference to the action required of them. Saint Bernard declares that seldom did his monks leave him a single half-hour to the repose of contemplation. It is, therefore, well for the soul to have been previously occupied with God alone in solitude, or at least in the solitude of the spirit: that during some years he has lived undisturbed by public or private concerns: and, to continue in the words of Saint Bonaventura, that he has not 'occupied himself with the temporal affairs of his relations and connexions, remembering them only in reason, in piety, and compassion. Nothing of himself, for himself. The contemplative soul must cast every thing rapidly behind him, and become as if insensible or dead, that he may give himself up to God alone, unless some necessity, in spite of himself, should hinder him.' In your proposed institute, madam, there is such a body of blessed contemplatives, who, whether they have passed through the active life in its first state,

or have at once been called by the Divine Spouse to be alone with Him, are to furnish those who govern the community, and who, in so doing, return to the active life in its second state. With respect to this body of contemplatives, I observe that you have again followed those two great masters in the spiritual life, Saints Bernard and Bonaventura, in protecting Mary from the well-meant persecution of Martha; for what says Saint Bernard?—'Be not surprised if he who works and does good murmurs against his brother who remains in the inactivity of contemplation;' because we find in the Gospel that Martha did thus with Mary. But we do not find that Mary murmured against Martha for not imitating her conduct. Could you have believed that, in the house where the Lord is received, the voice of murmuring should be heard! Happy the house, and blessed the community, where Martha complains of Mary! And behold the prerogative of Mary—in every circumstance God is her advocate. 'The Pharisee is indignant with her, her sister complains of her, the disciples even murmur at her; yet she remains silent, and Christ replies for her. Let Mary, then, remain in peace; let her taste how sweet is the Lord; let her sit at the feet of Jesus in security and devotion, beholding Him, preserving her soul in his presence, and receiving every word from the mouth of Him whose tenderness is lovely, and whose speech is sweet! for grace is poured forth on his lips, his beauty surpasseth that of the sons of men, and the glory even of the angels. Rejoice and give thanks, Mary, who hast chosen the better part. Blessed are the eyes which see what thou seest, and the ears which deserve to hear what thou hearest. Blessed thou who receivest the Divine whispers in the midst of that silence in which it is good for a man to expect the Lord.' This for Saint Bernard. And now, madam, I will turn to a part in your Constitutions which, for its prudence, I the more especially admired. It is a good commentary on Saint Bernard's text, 'Let Mary, then, remain in peace.' The reverend abbé then opening the manuscript, continued: 'The part I allude to is from the chapter relating to those entitled 'The Handmaids of Jesus, or the Active Sisters of the Institute.' Thus—'As these religious sisters are constantly employed in advising, instructing, consoling, and improving others; commanding every respect and obedience from their auditors, and receiving on all sides applause and admiration; let them rejoice to occupy in the abbey no offices but those specified in the Constitutions, of the almoner and portress. Let them employ their monastic hours in renewing the purity and fervour of their vocation—in leading an interior and hidden life, in performing with humility the penances in choir, chapter, and refectory. Let them delight to be no longer teachers, but listeners; leaving the anxious cares of the mistress, to become a little child in simplicity and peace.' This is a law full of prudence, madam—this will prevent all rivalry and confusion in your abbey.'

"Have you remembered, reverend sir," said she, 'the request I made you in your last visit respecting the head of the active sisters, under the title of the Mother Almoner?'

"I have, indeed, remembered the request with which you honoured me," said he. 'It was to place her for you exactly where she ought to be among the officials of the abbey; and I assure you, reverend madam, I did not attempt so important an affair without great thought: the Mother Almoner has, in consequence, become a sort of spiritual daughter of mine—I hope she will behave extremely well, and so justify my solicitude for her interests! I considered that in the Benedictine Order, on which your institute is based—the government being that of Abbess, Prioress, Sub-prioress, and Economist—considering that of these the Sub-prioress, having the charge of the choir duties, is more especially the 'Mary' of the community, and considering further that the Economist has generally the immediate government of the lay sisters, who are, or ought to be, subordinate to the missionary sisters, I placed my client, the Mother Almoner, in quality of 'Martha,' next to 'Mary,' the

Sub-prioress. On looking again through the distribution you had made, I think I was right; for you legislate for choir nuns and lay sisters, but introduce an active body of perhaps well-educated women into the institute, who, having the privilege of ascending hereafter to the choir duties, ought at once to be placed above the lay sisters: therefore their immediate superior and representative should hold her middle place, between the representative of the choir nuns and the representative of the lay sisters. Are you pleased with this arrangement, madam?'

"Perfectly so," replied she; 'it is where I supposed, reverend sir, that you would place your 'client.' In France, as in England, we are accustomed to find well-bred and well-educated women in the active and uncloistered religious life. Not so in Italy: the different ranks in religion are preserved with the greatest care, not, of course, from worldly pride, but for the sake of conventual peace; and all those orders or congregations devoted to popular instruction, or to the care of the sick, are composed of pious women in humble life, whose portion is given from a fund under the disposal of certain functionaries, or from endowments made by noble families. It would be difficult, therefore, to make an Italian ecclesiastic comprehend that any of our future active sisters could be eligible to pass into the rank of choir nun. I have laid down the reasons for affording such a possibility,' added the religious, 'in the first chapter of the Constitutions:—but, as you are looking at your watch, we will discuss this point another time. And now give me your parting blessing!''

Our next quotation is also matter of fact; though some of the personages concerned are fictitious.

"On the morning of the 7th of April, our religious pilgrim was informed that his Eminence Cardinal Acton approved of the application made to him from other quarters, that she should, as Lady de Grey—a convert whom many circumstances had made a public character—be presented with her fellow-converts on that memorable day to his Holiness, in the Quirinal Palace. As to her own private request, to be excused so public a presentation, she heard nothing in reply; and was assured by the ecclesiastic who conveyed to her the wishes of his Eminence, that it would be in vain to seek further explanation—the audience-chambers were closed, and his Eminence had retired, extremely indisposed, within his private rooms. The hour appointed for all the English converts in Rome to assemble in the ante-room of the Papal audience-chamber was four in the afternoon, and the intermediate hours were busily employed in arrangements according to each person's feelings and position. Lilia obtained permission to put on the postulant's habit, already blessed by Mr. Terrison, and from that day to return no more to the dress and ornaments of the world. Katherine Graham was making her final purchases of crucifixes, rosaries, and medals, to be blessed by the Pope, and skirmishing without spleen, but most energetically, because the word 'English' and not 'British' was used by every one in Rome, as if Scotland had ceased to be a nation. Mr. Everard was laying down his positive commands to Mrs. Moss to remain humbly hidden, with her friend and fellow-convert, behind the group of ladies, on their own side of the Papal ante-room, and not to give any outward token that she remembered his existence. 'For,' said he, 'as there is no train of thought, or studious investigation, which you will not interrupt to talk of warmth or cold, or food or repose; so is there every risk, but for a timely prohibition, that you would rush out upon me, with some physical dilemma, at the very instant when, having kissed the Pope's foot, I had arrested his notice and was enjoying the privilege of a few words from Christ's Vicar on earth!' Our pilgrim was making her immediate preparation for an interview, which had had the distant preparation of many months, but which now required some additional thought, as she had every

reason to believe that the kind offer of Cardinal Acton to write to Monsignor Medici, the chamberlain, had been frustrated by the illness of his Eminence, and that many things therefore would fall upon herself to state.

"At four o'clock, carriage after carriage was rolling along the various streets leading to Piazza di Monte Cavallo, and, by the half-hour after, the destined room in the Quirinal Palace was filled with those privileged to unite under that august roof. As deep emotion filled the breasts of some, anxious expectation that of others, and not a few were absorbed in classifying the crucifixes, rosaries, and medals, which they had brought to get the Papal blessing, the select crowd was a silent one, each group whispering, and but partially mingling with other and perhaps well-known parties near them. One of the whispers was from Lilia to her brother Frederick, 'Oh, look, dear Fred, how many priests! Young, and with much apparently to offer to God, of beauty and of love!' At length the folding-doors were thrown open, and, attended by a few of the Guardia Nobile, his Holiness Pius the Ninth stood in the midst, as a father among his children. The Pope first addressed the gentlemen who were ranged on that side of the room, and received their homage; then, before the ladies could advance, the English ecclesiastic appointed to conduct the presentations to his Holiness drew our friends immediately forward, and the pilgrim Geraldine was at the feet of Pius the Ninth.

"Ah!" exclaimed his Holiness, 'a nun—a Benedictine!'

"After kissing in deep submission the foot of him who represents our Lord Jesus Christ, she replied, 'Holy Father, I humbly hope to become such.'

"You hope to become such!' repeated the Pope.

"Of what order are you, then, my daughter?"

"The history then commenced, but scarcely from herself, the English dignitary who presented our pilgrim recounting every thing with an accuracy and zeal which left her nothing to add; and she remained on her knees, with her arms folded on her breast, watching the countenance of the Pope, who, finding that the English nun before him was the same to whom he had already granted the rescript of encouragement, and who was openly protected by the Cardinals Fransone and Acton, stooped down to speak to her in a low tone, granted her immediate and confidential request, and promised her a private audience whenever she might wish or require it. So long did his Holiness condescend to continue speaking in this low tone, bending over her, that both private and public audience were included in this memorable day, and it was several months before she again sought an interview with this true father, priest, and king."

We can now only find room for Gerald-

ine's second presentation to the Pope at Gaeta; recording, as it does, his Holiness's lively good-nature, and what would be familiarly termed his "rap" at our English passion for all things English.

"At length it was in order for the English religious to enter the audience-room; the canonico advanced a few steps before them, and then, Monsignor Medici conducting them forward, they were once more, and in farewell, at the sacred feet of Christ's Vicar on earth. After the usual prostration and salute, they were favoured by kissing the ring and hand of the Pope; and then, being still on her knees, the elder pilgrim humbly presented the copy of the rule, in folio, which had been beautifully bound in white vellum and gold, with the Papal arms stamped in the centre. His Holiness smilingly received it, saying, 'Oh, che galanteria!' and, turning over the first leaf, read the dedication, in which Sister Mary Agnes' name followed that of the mother superior's as the associated foundress. He laid his hand on her arm, saying, 'Questa dunque è Suor Maria Agnese di Gesh?'

"Never had the countenance of Pius the Ninth looked so benignly beaming as during that interview; and with paternal goodness and patience, his Holiness, although he remembered the senior religious, yet looked over all the documents previously accorded in Rome, and promised that whatever Cardinal Fransone should write for on their account should be granted. His Holiness then kindly conversed with Lilia, and congratulated her on the heavenly grace vouchsafed her; and then turning to Sister Mary John of the Cross, and finding that she did not understand Italian, he exclaimed, 'Ah questi Inglesi, ecco che restono sempre Inglesi, perchè non vogliono dire un 'Miserere' che nella lingua loro: e come ha fatto la poverina, senza potere dir le sue miserie?'

"The reverend canonico then explained that in Rome Sister Mary John had had the constant advantage of an English confessor, and that at Valmontone a confessor understanding English had come at intervals from Albano, a missionary father of the Precious Blood, and the Pope was satisfied. His Holiness then blessed with indulgences their spousal rings, and pectoral crucifixes, and the rosaries destined for England; and the parting time had arrived. With true filial veneration, affection, and emotion, the English pilgrims again prostrated to kiss for the last time, and under circumstances of such adversity, the feet of Christ's representative on earth. Could they have yielded to these feelings they would gladly have lingered, but this might not be. They received the last benediction, and retired."

SHORT NOTICES.

Invocation of Saints proved from the Bible alone.

Substance of an Address delivered by R. Simpson, Esq., B.A., at a Discussion between him and Dr. Cumming, at Clapham. Burns.

MR. SIMPSON'S texts and exposition on the subject of intercessory prayer are very complete and valuable. The *proof*, however, of Invocation of Saints from the Bible alone is necessarily defective. We cordially trust much good has arisen from the discussion, but we have little faith in the virtue of public theological disputes, especially with men like Dr. Cumming. In such cases the unscrupulous rogue generally puts the honest man to shame, simply because he is ready with a falsehood whenever truth fails him. Those who still think that Dr. Cumming tells the truth should read the note at p. 35 of Mr. Simpson's tract.

Pilgrimages of St. Mary of Walsingham and St. Thomas of Canterbury. By Erasmus. Translated, with Notes, &c. by J. G. Nichols, F.S.A. Westminster, Nichols and Son.

FOR the wise, the learned, and the steadfast, such re-publications as this translation of one of the witty attacks of Erasmus against the Catholic religion will not be without profit. They shew how the best things are liable to abuse, and in what way abuses, whether real or imaginary, strike men of the world like the keen-eyed and unbelieving author of these Pilgrimages. Mr. Nichols's translation is well executed, and the notes contain a good deal of information as to the popular feeling of the enemies of the Church respecting pilgrimages, relics, shrines, and so forth. As a fair and candid account of the real state of morals and doctrine in the Church

of the time, Erasmus's satires are no more to be relied on than a Mahometan's account of the creed and practices of Christianity. The book, we may add, is remarkably well got up.

Handbook of Medieval Geography and History. By W. Pütz. Translated by the Rev. R. B. Paul. Rivingtons.

Pütz appears to be a Protestant; but if he is, he is a clear-sighted and honest one; and in compiling this outline of the history of medieval times, he has steered clear of the rocks and shoals which beset the chronicler in every direction. As a general and brief manual for students and teachers, and as a book for rapid reference, his Handbook is unusually well planned and executed. A more useful, and less dry, work of the kind we never met with.

Menzel's History of Germany. Translated by Mrs. G. Horrocks. Bohn.

THE translator of these volumes (which are among the last issued of Bohn's extremely cheap series) is greatly mistaken in supposing that Menzel is "perfectly free from bigotry." His book is strongly Protestant and Anticatholic. Nevertheless, as far as we have looked into it, it appears a lucidly written and clever, though rapid, sketch of the destinies of the great German race, and will be serviceable to all who know what Catholicism really is, and are thus able to judge

what the theological views of such writers as Menzel are actually worth.

Mylin's History of England. Sixth Edition. Richardson.

THE sixth edition of this deservedly popular manual speaks well for the permanence of its reputation. The latter portion has been judiciously enlarged, and brought down to the present time.

The Dublin Review for October contains, besides other papers on important subjects, two articles especially worthy of attention: a short one on Father Faber's Hymns, and a longer and more elaborate essay on the parables of the New Testament. It shews, by many admirably worked-out illustrations, the impossibility of a true and genuine appreciation of the parables of our Blessed Lord by any but the devout children of the one true Church. So far it strikingly confirms our remarks in our last number on the great truth, that the Bible *belongs to Catholics alone*.

Scapulars of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel. Printed on Linen and Silk, from a Design by H. Doyle, Esq. Burns.

A VERY happy effort of Mr. Doyle's chaste and Christian pencil. Printed on silk, these designs form one of the most elegant things of the kind we know of.

Correspondence.

REVENUES OF THE DISSENTERS.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—I have read the article in your last Number on the "Money Prospects" of the Catholic Church in this country, and it has occurred to me that a few facts might not be uninteresting to your readers, pointing, as I think they do, to the only course which can rescue what we all so much love from her embarrassments.

If our circumstances should ever be laid before the followers of John Wesley, they would surely say to us, See what we do! Now the Wesleyans number from three to four hundred thousand members, which may be taken to represent a population of somewhere about a million, or from that to twelve hundred thousand. The Catholics in Great Britain are generally stated to be about one million five hundred thousand, comprehending a vast body of paupers, a small section of the middle classes, and a still smaller one of our very wealthy gentry and aristocracy. The Wesleyans comprise a number of poor persons, myriads of our artisans and labourers, a good slice of the shopocracy, and the most moderate sprinkling imaginable of the educated class living upon independent incomes. It is admitted at the outset, that Wesleyanism is rather better off in the way of pecuniary means than Catholicism; but yet not so much so, when all circumstances are considered, as to fail in furnishing us with an illustration of how much may be done by well-organised energy.

In one word, then, the Wesleyans are not an opulent community; and, beyond all question, they are less numerous than ourselves. Yet, in connexion with their Conference, they maintain

in quite competent respectability as near as possible twelve hundred ministers, all of whom may be married men, besides supplying what they consider the spiritual wants of upwards of four thousand congregations. They also pay the interest of a most enormous debt upon their numerous chapels; their Sunday-school scholars are reckoned by tens of thousands; they support the incessant expenses of a rotatory and itinerant ministry without grudging; they distribute tracts to an inconceivable extent throughout those districts where their doctrines are prevalent; they raised at their recent centenary jubilee nearly a quarter of a million in sterling money; and they now gather and expend every year for foreign missions amongst the heathen the astounding revenue of one hundred thousand pounds! Why should not Catholics, if they cannot do all this, at least aim at something of the sort?

But let us look for a moment at what the Evangelical Dissenters of this country do *en masse*! In 1838 the Congregationalist chapels amounted to 1840; the Methodist of all classes to 4239; the Baptist to 1741; the Presbyterian and Moravian to 130; in all, 7950 chapels! Now it is a well-ascertained fact, that these various places of worship are attended by from two to three millions of people, more or less; that they represent, speaking statistically, about four millions of souls; that a minister of some sort or other is maintained for every 506 hearers or attendants; that all kinds of religious societies are supported beside, for schools, tract-distribution, and home or foreign missions; and yet these four millions, raising all the necessary means for supporting such an outlay, are far from embracing any very

considerable proportion of affluent persons. When Dissenters get rich and genteel, they speedily become absorbed into the Dead Sea of the Establishment; for, as is abundantly well known, no shape of nonconformity will stand a carriage for two generations! The seven thousand nine hundred and fifty conventicles,—I repeat it,—thrive or exist through the well-organised and energetic efforts of a multitude not three times the number of Roman Catholics in this island, and very little richer in proportion than they are. This mighty result is produced and supported after a manner analogous to that in which the coral reefs are formed in the Pacific Ocean, namely, *the union of members, individually any thing but powerful, yet well directed towards the accomplishment of one given purpose!* Allow me most respectfully to ask, why Catholics should not go and do likewise?

I will trouble you with only one instance more, and that shall be the present noisy and bustling Presbyterian Free Church of Scotland. Their numbers are not seven hundred thousand, many of them very poor; and yet they raised for religious objects in the year 1847-8 the enormous sum of 221,589*l.*, including the maintenance of one pastor for every 938 members! Mr. Conder, than whom no one can be better informed, states the salaries of Dissenting clergymen generally as ranging from 50*l.* to 600*l.* per annum; and the average he takes is 110*l.*, which, divided amongst 506 members, assigns rather more than four shillings per annum as the sum contributed by each. The Free Church of Scotland, as will be perceived, gives about six shillings each as the yearly cost contributed by each member. Your proposal, therefore, of twopence per week per family is much under either of these. In the name of all that is honest let something be done immediately, if it were only to demonstrate, by that argument which all commercial nations understand, *that we are in earnest*; and that our religion is the stone cut out without hands, which will one day fill the whole earth!

Believe me to remain, sir, yours very sincerely,

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

Chester Hill House, Woodchester,
4th October, 1849.

MONEY PROSPECTS.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—When deeply rooted and long-standing prejudices have taken possession of men's minds, nothing short of continued and persevering efforts can remove them; and it is this consideration which induces me to address you on a subject which has occupied so many of your columns, but which, I am convinced, must, if any general reform is to be obtained, occupy many more.

After what has been so ably written on the subject, it would almost appear superfluous for me to point out any of the multifarious and serious objections to be shewn against the present *seat-system* of our London churches; but I will venture to mention some few points which, I think, have not been prominently brought forward. In the first place, one cannot help noticing that, as things at present exist among us, the one great note of the true Church is almost, if not quite, lost. What does our divine Redeemer give as the great distinguishing mark of his mission? Of

miracles He speaks,—of healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, making the lame walk; but greater, far greater, miracle than all, *pauperes evangelizantur*, “the poor have the gospel preached unto them;”—such are his divine and hallowed words. But look around upon the churches of this city, and what do we behold? Take, for instance, one of the largest churches, St. Mary's, Moorfields; in a small space under the organ-gallery, and which will not contain a tithe of the thousands of poor belonging to the district, these children of the Church, so dear to the heart of Jesus, are compelled to *stand*, while from a pulpit at the extreme end of the building a gospel is preached, which it must be physically impossible for them to hear; while the vast majority, who are of course quite unable to enter the sacred edifice, are not even *present* at a sermon. Perhaps this may be an extreme case, but others are very nearly as bad. I can say, from experience, that in the free seats at Our Lady, St. John's Wood, the sermons can often only be heard (so to speak) piecemeal; and I am convinced that it is impossible for uneducated and poor people to have that facility for connecting by a mental effort half-heard words and detached sentences, which exists with many among the more educated classes; therefore any advantage in point of hearing should surely be given to the former; more especially when we consider, that ten or twelve hours' daily bodily work during the live-long week must do much towards incapacitating a man for mental exertion; nor can we be surprised that those whose religious feelings are not very strong should prefer spending an hour in rest at home, to sitting, or more probably standing, in church, while a sermon is preached of which they cannot hear sufficient for it to be intelligible to them.

Another point which seems to be quite overlooked is, that the Church in England holds, or should hold, a *missionary* position; her clergy have the title of “missionary priests;” and yet where is the missionary work? Instead of the church-doors being thrown wide open, to receive the poor wanderers who wish to enter the sacred precincts, every applicant is stopped by a demand for money; instead of going into the high-ways and hedges, and compelling them to come in, obstacles are placed which prevent their attempting to approach the truth; and of those alien from the fold, few but the careless sight-seers, who pay their shilling for their Sunday's amusement, are ever seen within our churches. Where is the missionary work? Ask those who know the many converts, both rich and poor, who have lately embraced the Catholic faith, how many of them were converted to the Church *by* the Church? Few, very few.* Among the higher classes, studies, and investigations, and prayers, out of the Church, have been the means by which in most cases God has prepared them for the great grace which He has given them; while among the poor, the society of a Catholic fellow-servant, the lodging in the same house with Catholics, or the being present during the visit of the priest at the deathbed of some Catholic neighbour, or some similar event, will generally be found to have been under God the cause of conversion. That which in other mis-

* I of course except the crowds of converts made during the retreats given by religious, when the churches are entirely free.

sionary countries is the great means of conversion, and always has been from the time of the Apostles, I mean, the preaching of the Gospel, is here almost powerless, every obstacle being thrown in the way of the great masses ever hearing it. Who can tell what, with God's blessing, might be the result in this city of ours, were our churches accessible to those without the fold? were there no barriers, no enclosures, no demands for money at the doors, which drive away those who fain would enter in, or who, should they pass the portals, and yet belong to the immeasurably largest class of mankind—the poor—find themselves thrust into a dark, crowded, unwholesome corner, under a gallery, where either seeing or hearing is all but impossible? Indeed, the missionary character of the Church in England seems to be almost ignored by most English Catholics; we constantly hear people talk as if our churches were simply and solely intended for the use of the Catholics of this or that locality, and as if they had no idea that the clergy had duties towards heretics as well as towards the faithful over whom they are placed by God; as if the conversion of heretics were a merely accidental circumstance, and not one of the great duties of an apostle and a missionary; as if the commission had not been given to preach the Gospel to *all* men, but only to those who have heard it from their childhood, or to those who by external causes have been drawn to the Church; while surely it is rather our duty, by affording every facility, by even holding out every lawful attraction, by using every innocent wile, to draw all men to the Church, to call *all*, faithful or heretic, Jew or Greek, to hear the glad tidings of salvation. Again, within the last few years many noble and costly buildings have been raised to the service of Almighty God; and although the rich have of course had a share in building them, yet in many cases, where painted windows and gorgeous vestments have been the ostentatious offerings of the wealthy, the main structure, the wood, stones, and mortar, the walls, roof, and pavement, have been obtained by the shillings, and often by the pounds, freely, generously given by the poor day-labourer, but which have been earned slowly and hardily, and almost with his life's blood. And at last, when such a church is finished and opened, is it not a shameful and frightful scandal, that these faithful children of the Church, who do so much, and sacrifice so much for her, should be thrust down to the western ends of long-drawn aisles, where, perchance, the altar-bell alone gives any indication of how the Sacrifice proceeds, whilst the well-dressed heretic sight-seer, who pays his shilling for admittance, stalks past them almost to the gates of the sanctuary, and there gazes at his ease? I am sure that many of those who habitually frequent the poor-seats of our churches give to the church, without having any return for it, as much as they would have to pay for a seat in the "enclosure,"—doubtless their reward is in heaven;—and perhaps the reward of some other folks is a "*genteel seat*" (as the phrase goes) in church here below, for which they pay their price as for any other commodity. Supposing even that enclosures were as necessary as their advocates would have us believe, surely some fair proportion of space ought to be appropriated to the poor; but what is the fact? all our churches (except those of two or three mis-

sions lately opened) are arranged on a totally different principle. In most districts the proportion of poor to rich is as ten to one, and yet in none is above half the church, and in very few is nearly that space, given to the poor. Often the enclosures may be observed not nearly filled, while for a great part of the poor it is physically impossible to hear Mass, and this while portions of the church are empty.*

And now I wish to say a few words on what I conceive to be the only practical means of remedying these abuses; I mean, the introduction of *chairs* into our churches instead of *fixed benches*: and I will first glance at one or two of the objections made to chairs. We are told that chairs are unsuitable to English feelings and habits. I willingly grant they are unsuited to those who would continue the present system; who advocate the separation of classes; who would rather take their place in church beside a man, whose behaviour may be scandalous—perhaps some mocking unbeliever, who, his usual haunts being closed, has come to make a Sunday theatre of the Church,—who would rather pray, if pray they can, beside such a man, let him be dressed in a good coat, than beside the ragged-jacketed, toilworn son of Erin, who, faithful and true, pours out his whole soul in worship of his God; but is it not a slander to call these *English* feelings? Then we are told that chairs are more *inconvenient* than benches, that moving them is so much trouble, &c. They may have certain inconveniences, every thing in this world has; but I doubt if benches have not as many: take, for instance, that which so often happens, when, after Mass has commenced, a whole row of people have to rise from their knees to allow some finely dressed lady or very stout old gentleman, who can never come in time, to pass to the seat at the end of the bench.

Now, before we turn to the *advantages* of chairs it will perhaps be advisable to state clearly the system pursued with regard to seats on the Continent, and here I refer especially to Belgium. The churches there are arranged in this manner; a bench is placed round the church against the interior walls, excepting, of course, the spaces occupied by altars, confessionals, &c., and similar benches are placed at considerable intervals down the nave, perhaps a dozen or so in a large church, and generally two or three of them are close to the pulpit; these benches are quite free from payment, and are occupied by those amongst the *very* poor who wish to sit, although most of that class prefer kneeling on the floor in other parts of the church. The great mass of the congregation use chairs, the charge for which is two *centimes* on week-days, and four or five on Sundays and holy days. Almost all can pay this without inconvenience, and consequently nearly all use chairs; benches are never paid for; and I must remark, that at the only continental city in which I have seen all fixed seats in the churches, Liège, there is *no* payment whatever for the use of them.

I cannot see why the above plan might not well be adopted in our churches here. Supposing, for instance, the rates charged were a halfpenny on week-days and a penny on Sundays; surely no

* I have been informed (I trust erroneously, and I mention it in hopes that it may be contradicted) that no part of St. George's is open without payment at High Mass or Vespers on Sundays, and that consequently those who cannot pay sixpence or a shilling are never able to attend those services.

one can doubt that almost all would pay for chairs, and the amount collected by this means would be very much larger than that obtained by the present system, while the offertory collections would also, I am sure, much increase: they take place in Belgium at every service. To shew that the receipts abroad are very considerable, I may mention that they are often farmed out to the persons who collect the payments for the chairs, who, in the great towns, usually pay a large annual amount to the church, and make a living by the seats into the bargain. A great advantage, to my mind, in chairs is, that when the services are over they can be cleared away and piled up together; whereas benches must always encumber the church. I have never been present at "The Stations of the Cross" in a benched church, but I cannot understand how this beautiful devotion can be at all properly managed in them; it certainly must have a very different effect from that which it has when solemnly performed by priest and people in a continental church, where the aisles are clear of encumbrances. Another advantage of chairs has been touched upon before in *The Rambler*,—they enable fastidious people to choose their neighbours. I should have expected that this consideration, of all others, would have made English Catholics hail their introduction with joy. Chairs also afford a great facility for the collection of the Offertory. I believe I am right in saying (should I be mistaken, I shall cheerfully thank any body who will correct me) that the use of fixed benches cannot be traced to a period much more distant than a century prior to the Reformation, and that their adoption was almost confined to those countries which were preparing to embrace heresy—England and Germany. I may remark, that I have been informed that the plan proposed by you of reserving a place in church for the filthily dirty is acted upon in many French churches, especially the cathedrals.

From the above observations it will be seen that what appear to me to be the principal objects which we should endeavour to obtain are, free entrance and free access for all persons to all parts of the church, except the chancel, chapels, &c., a few benches for the very poor, especially for cripples, and chairs at a low rate for all the rest of the congregation. To this I would add the offertory system, fully carried out, and a constant inculcation of the great and fundamental obligation of supporting one's *own* church and one's *own* pastor, a duty which I have heard, with much surprise, disputed by many English Catholics, who seem utterly ignorant of the *divine right* which those clergy who are appointed by God immediately over them have to support and payment at their hands, in a manner which no other clergy or churches have, and who are in the habit of making private presents to the priests whom they may have chosen for their directors, often not the priests of their district, while they neglect to contribute any thing, or contribute most sparingly, and as a secondary consideration, to the support of their own pastor by the ancient and apostolic method.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, Y.

BIBLE CONTROVERSY.

[In inserting our correspondent's letter, we must observe that he seems to have overlooked the

meaning of our expression that "texts are of scarcely any use except to puzzle." This is meant to apply to heretics, for the puzzling of whom texts are of the greatest value. An argument in favour of the necessity of an authoritative interpreter, based on the hopeless confusion or indefinite theorising which is the inevitable result of any attempt to *prove* the great Christian doctrines to the individual judgment from the words of Scripture, is a most valuable means for the conversion of unbelievers. But that, ordinarily, Bible controversy succeeds in *proving doctrines* to the independent judgment, we entirely disbelieve. Both truth and error, as a general rule, are conveyed to the mind by other sources. Almighty God did not give the Bible to be the means of converting the world; and as He does not think fit to employ it, *ordinarily*, for the convincing of Protestants and infidels, so (we truly believe) He does not, except in a few cases, permit his sacred words to be the source from which the deceived mind actually draws, by perversion, its errors. False doctrines are received into the mind through some purely human or diabolical agency, and their propagators only go to the Bible in order to bolster up their cause with texts.

The Scriptures, let it not be forgotten, were addressed to the *Church*; and to the Scriptures, Catholics, and Catholics alone, can go with any right to expect instruction and edification. And it is for this purpose alone that almost every one of the authorities whom our correspondent cites uses the expressions he alludes to. Surely our correspondent does not conceive that the Catechism of the Council of Trent is addressed to heretics. It is the teaching of the Church, addressed to her own children. And, in like manner, when we see our Lord and his Apostles appealing to the Old Testament in arguing with the Jews, it must be remembered that the Old Testament *belonged to the Jews*, just as the Old and New Testaments together now belong to the Catholic Church, and to her alone. The Jews were the elect people of God, and an argument drawn from the Old Testament, and addressed to them, was just like an argument from the Bible urged by Catholics to one another in discussing questions of doctrine or morality not yet authoritatively defined by the Church; and was as dissimilar to a modern anti-Protestant Bible controversy as can well be conceived.—ED. *Rambler*.]

To the Editor of the *Rambler*.

SIR,—Allow me to call your attention to a few propositions from an article in the *Rambler* for October, entitled "Bible Controversy and Bible Reading," which appear to be not only false in themselves, but also highly unfit to be maintained in this country, as tending to confirm Protestants in their prejudice against what they call the Scripture-phobia of Catholics.

Your reviewer says (p. 383): "Bible controversy is radically valueless as an instrument for the discovery of truth. Texts are of scarcely any use except to puzzle."

The exercise of reason on the Bible alone can never lead a man to faith, or the full certainty of the truth; for faith is a gift of God, given generally only through the Church. But study, controversy, criticism, are all instruments for the discovery of truth, which often lead a man to re-

cognise the Catholic doctrines as proved to such a high degree of probability, that he has no difficulty in acknowledging the authority of the Church, when he sees that after all, on whatever point you examine her closely, she has so much to say for herself.

Again: "An attempt to convert a heretic, by proving to his private judgment that the doctrines of the Council of Trent are to be found in the Bible, is based upon a dogma which directly contradicts the Catholic religion itself." Private judgment has its own sphere, and in this sphere is supreme. Its office is to recognise the depositary of divine revelation, and its infallible authority. Before you can convert a heretic you must convince his private judgment that the doctrines of the Council of Trent are true; your arguments must vary according to his frame of mind; some will be convinced by being shewn that so many of the reputed corruptions of Rome may be explained by the theory of developments, that there appears to be fair ground for trusting her on all other points. This is Mr. Newman's plan. Others will be convinced from being shewn historically what have been the effects of the Catholic doctrine on the mind, on the heart, on society. This is the plan of Lacordaire's *Conferences*, and of Balmez's celebrated work. Others by the consideration of the notes of the Church, as Milner's *End of Controversy*. Others from Scripture alone; for this class of persons Bishop Hay wrote his *Sincere Christian*; Bishop Wiseman his *Lectures on the Eucharist*; and all the well-intentioned men (and women) whom your reviewer so unreasonably censures have contributed their mites. It is not easy to see how a dogma can be involved in the choice of means to convert a heretic; it is simply a question of prudence, how we shall best prevail on him to present himself before the priest, and claim the gift of faith from the hands of the Church.

He says in the same paragraph that neither the Apostles, nor the primitive Christians, nor the doctors of the Church, nor the Council of Trent, adopted this system: the reverse is true.

In Matthew xxii. 29, our Lord proves to the heretical Sadducees the dogma of the resurrection by a controversial argument from Scripture.

St. Paul (Acts xvii.) reasoned with the Jews at Thessalonica out of the Scriptures, explaining and insinuating that Christ was to suffer and rise again.

St. Luke (ib.) praises the Bereans, because they looked into the Scriptures to verify St. Paul's arguments.

Apollos (Acts xviii.) with much vigour convinced the Jews openly, shewing by the Scriptures that Jesus is the Christ.

St. Cyril of Jerusalem tells the catechumens not simply to believe him, unless he proves what he tells them from the Scriptures.

St. Athanasius' orations against the Arians are scarcely any thing else than Bible controversy.

In the middle ages, St. Ouen says of St. Eloy, that he reclaimed several heretics, "*erat enim ipse in studio scripturarum subtilissimus*;" for he had minutely studied the Scriptures; and of course used them in controversy.

The Council of Trent orders that in "disputationibus" controversies the Vulgate should be held as an authentic version of the Scriptures. The Catechism of this Council is nothing but an elaborate scriptural proof of all its doctrines, addressed, I suppose, not to the eyes or nose, but to the individual reason or private judgment.

After all, there is a grace attached to the words of Scripture, which not only goes to the heart, but also enlightens the intellect of the honest inquirer. The Bible is something more than a books of prayers and meditation. Tertullian's objection to Bible controversy is perfectly reasonable; for when the audience is Catholic, *i.e.* is in possession of the truth, and not in the position of an inquirer, you cannot add to its faith, though you may possibly destroy it, by Bible controversy. At the time of the Reformation again, nothing did more mischief than these public disputations. But now the case is changed. Truth is no longer in possession; error has the pulpit, the schools, the lecture-rooms; then we had every thing to lose, now we have every thing to gain: the multitude are still inquirers; and, as Tertullian says (*De Pros.* xv.), how can we possibly speak to them and argue of the things of the faith, except from the records of the faith? Besides this, the experience of 300 years has rather cooled the confidence of the better informed Protestants in the Bible only; many of them suspect very strongly that after all the Bible is for us.

Allow me to conclude with proposing the following dilemma:—

Your reviewer means, either that Scripture, as interpreted by individual reason, is not the ultimate test of truth—and this is a truism as old as the hills.

Or that scriptural controversy is of no use whatever as a preliminary means of discovering the truth, before we have come to the certainty of faith—and this is certainly a mare's nest; but unfortunately, diametrically opposed to the universal practice of the Catholic Church.

Hoping that you will be able to find a place for this in your next number,

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, P.

Ecclesiastical Register.

CONSECRATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE ANNUNCIATION, WOODCHESTER, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

On the 10th ult., the church just built by Mr. Leigh at Woodchester, near Stroud, was consecrated by the Right Rev. Dr. Hendren, assisted by the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, and a considerable number of Catholic clergy of the Western

District. The church is attached to a house of the Passionists, who are about to build a monastery adjoining, so soon as they can raise the necessary funds.

A Spiritual Retreat was commenced on the Sunday afternoon by the Rev. Father Ignatius, who succeeds the late Father Dominick as Provincial of the Passionists in England. Father

Ignatius preaches with a simplicity and fervour which promises the best results for the mission. Already many converts have been made by the Passionists since they first came to Woodchester. They wear the habit of the Order, and the sight which was presented at the Consecration was such as has never been witnessed among the hills and valleys of Gloucestershire for 300 years. The population of Woodchester is remarkably dense for a country neighbourhood, the surrounding vales being crowded with cloth-mills and other factories, while every species of Protestantism has hitherto thriven undisturbed among them. It will be a matter of deep interest to watch the progress of such an Order as that of the Passionists in such a spot, and under such circumstances, while it requires but little exercise of faith in the Divine power of Catholicism to anticipate results the most happy and consoling from their labours.

The church itself, built from the designs of Mr. Charles Hansom of Clifton, is one of the best churches erected in modern times, and will accommodate from 500 to 600 persons. It is in the style of Tintern Abbey, with portions of a somewhat later date. The general proportions of the building are admirable; the details are at once effective and simple; the carvings and decorations are few, but are so judiciously disposed as to relieve the church of all appearance of baldness or meagreness; and above all, the church has cost an extremely moderate sum.

Several of the windows contain painted glass, by Wailes of Newcastle, and are the best we have seen of his execution. They present a remarkably pleasing harmony of colour, and the figures are as good as can be expected while the present system of employing painters of an inferior class is continued. A good painted window cannot be looked for until far higher sums are given for painted glass than is now even thought of. The channel and a side chapel, dedicated to the Forty Martyrs, are elaborately painted and gilt, by Souter of Birmingham. The effect of the decorations of the roof, the high altar and reredos, and the screens, is excellent, being both rich and chaste. The rest of the painting is somewhat deficient in repose and breadth, and interferes with, rather than assists, the architectural effect. The screens (of which there are two), setting aside the debated opinion of their use, are the most elegant we have seen.

The most striking feature in the church, however, is a large picture of the Day of Judgment, above the chancel arch, by Mr. Henry Doyle, displaying much genius and skill, and promising still better things from the young artist's pencil. In the middle sits our Blessed Lord on his throne of judgment; on one side of Him kneels our Blessed Lady, as representative of the Saints of Gospel times, and on the other St. John Baptist, representing the Saints before the coming of Christ. Above are the choir of Angels, and below, on either side of the arch, are the redeemed and the reprobate.

Altogether, though of course there are minute points of detail on which there will be a difference of opinion as to their beauty and their propriety, the church is highly creditable to the artist's knowledge and good taste, and to his judgment in making the most of his means. And were every large Catholic landed proprietor to follow Mr. Leigh's example, the face of England would soon indeed be changed.

We must add, that no payment of any kind is made for seats, and no money is taken at the doors, nor are there any distinctions between rich and poor. Part of the church has benches, and part is left free, or has chairs.

LETTER OF HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL FRANZONI TO THE REV. FATHER PAGANI.

[The following letter has been handed to us for publication by the Very Rev. Father Pagani.—Ed. *Tablet*.]

REV. SIR,—As soon as I received your letter of the 9th instant, signed by you and by your consultants, Dominic Ceroni and Peter Bertetti, I hastened to present it to his Holiness, after having perused its contents agreeably to your wishes. I did so without any delay, although your letter had for its primary object to prevent a fact already consummated by the publication of the decree which regards the two known works of Rosmini. And I felt great pleasure in so doing, that the Holy Father might know the sentiments of full and entire dependence on the authoritative tribunal of the Apostolic See by which both you and the priests under your charge are animated; and the Holy Father not only has vouchsafed kindly to receive the said letter, but also has expressed himself pleased with the laudable sentiments contained therein, no less than with the humble submission with which the author of the said works received the decree concerning them. Such being the case, I feel sincerely grieved for the affliction which you and your brethren must have endured on account of so unpleasant an event, but at the same time exhort you all to comfort yourselves in the Lord, who will not fail for this reason to bless your apostolic labours in behalf of souls, but will rather turn to their greater profit this same event, in consequence of the edifying submission to, and dependence on, the authority of the Church, of which your Institute, as well as its celebrated head, now gives a salutary and illustrious example.

In the full hope, therefore, that both you and your brethren, far from being discouraged by what has happened, will rather redouble their zeal, in order to continue to reap abundant fruits of conversion in the kingdom whose salvation I have most at heart, I pray God that He may deign to impart to you and to your reverend brethren every choicest blessing and consolation.

CARDINAL FRANZONI, Prefect, &c.

Naples, 29th September, 1849.

Historic Chronicle.

THE firmness and moderation of Pius the Ninth, the power of the Church, and the foolishness of Louis Napoleon, have been displayed in no dim colours during the past month. In September the Pope issued his long-expected *motu proprio*, giving, or rather confirming, to the Romans all that could possibly be given. It granted an amnesty to all who could be trusted for the future, it conferred the widest municipal powers on the people, it established a State Council, and promised every practicable reform. But it did not transfer the sovereign power to a Roman House of Commons, by giving to them the power of taxation. The republicans of Rome, accordingly, and the red republicans every where else, together with all the *quid nuncs* of England, have spent the last few weeks in reviling Pius the Ninth.

In Paris the battle of opinion raged the hottest, and in Paris the Pope has won a triumph which ought to open the eyes of every rational man to the mysterious power which dwells in the Pope's religion, and which enables it to survive and conquer while all else perishes. M. Thiers first astonished the world by issuing an official report on the Roman question, which eulogised the Pope, accepted thankfully the *motu proprio*, and shelved the French President's awkward letter. It was expected, however, that when the subject came to be discussed in the Chamber, either the Government would split, or a majority take part against the Pope, or the President would carry his wishes triumphant. In the debate, Victor Hugo, hitherto a moderate, attacked the Pope violently, and was answered by Montalembert in one of his most brilliant speeches, in which the most Catholic sentiments were interrupted with repeated rounds of applause; and after two stormy sittings, an immense majority gave in their adhesion to M. Thiers' report.

Next to the Papacy, the Mussulman power has attracted general European attention. The Emperor of Russia, in an insolent letter to the Sultan, demanded that the Hungarian refugees should be given up to him. The Sultan declined, and the Russian Ambassador instantly left Constantinople. The French and English Ambassadors backed up the Turkish Government, and the audacious tyranny of Russia is every where execrated. The quarrel may lead to a European war. Meanwhile, Bem and some others of the refugees have turned Mahometans, to ensure the friendship and protection of the Turks.

In England the cholera has been diminishing rapidly, and has almost left London. The sanitary agitation is happily not yet lulled, but reform makes slow progress. A semi-Sabbatarian disturbance has been got up by a Post-Office

regulation for sending country letters on through London on Sundays, which adds a little to the London work, and diminishes the work in the country offices. A small fuss has also been made about a new two-shilling piece just issued, and called a florin, which does not bear the old absurd title of "Defender of the Faith," as one of the attributes of English royalty. Many wisacres believe the omission to be the work of the Catholic Shiel, the Master of the Mint. Agricultural and financial reform meetings go on throughout the country, and produce small results.

A new outrage has become common in Ireland. The tenants cut and carry off their crops illegally, and so cheat the landlord, who has nothing to seize when his rent is not paid. Murder also is again commencing, and the potato crop has unquestionably failed to a considerable extent. Lord Roden, and two other Orangemen, have been dismissed from the commission of the peace, for sitting in judgment on themselves, and refusing to grant inquiry into the affray at Dolly's Brae. The Repeal Association has also been revived.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * We should recommend our correspondent to lay his question before some one learned in the canon law.

NOTICE

To Subscribers to the Rambler.

In order to meet the convenience of some of our Country Subscribers, who wish to receive their copies of the RAMBLER by post, and at as low a cost as possible, a Quarterly Edition of the Journal will for the future be issued, on the first days of January, April, July, and October, and comprising the current and two immediately preceding Monthly Numbers. They will be stitched together in one wrapper, and thus be sent by post for Sixpence only, in addition to the selling price of Four Shillings and Sixpence.

Each Monthly Number of the RAMBLER contains so large a quantity of matter, that three such numbers are nearly equal to two numbers of the ordinary Quarterly Reviews. The Quarterly Edition will thus be by far the cheapest quarterly publication in the kingdom, giving to its readers for 4s. 6d. nearly as much matter as others give for 12s.

The second Quarterly Part of the RAMBLER, containing the Monthly Numbers for August, September, and October, is now ready, and will be forwarded on application to the Publisher, or by any Bookseller in Town or Country.

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PART XXIV.

THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

It was said the other day by one of the most independent and able of those formidable organs of public opinion, the daily press: "Would it not be a strange issue of religious controversies and political perplexities, if the whole or the majority of the Romans should embrace Protestant principles, whilst the shades of Wiclif and Cranmer saw England drifting before the tide of Catholic reaction?"

Can any man look back 300 years, and mark what Englishmen have been and still are, and believe that this speculation is within the limits of possibility? Is it possible, is it credible, that the people into whose heart and head the very essence of Protestantism, in its most malignant form, has been so deeply ingrained as to have become the one only thing in which all Britons rejoice to agree, should bow itself down before the Pope of Rome, believe in transubstantiation, and worship the Virgin Mary? Who could go into general society, who could mix with peers or with peasants, with lawyers or with shopkeepers, with men, women, or children, and note the intensity of those prejudices of triple brass with which the mind of England is begirt, and yet count such a conversion a thing to be contemplated among rational contingencies? Who could go into a bookseller's shop, and glance over the pages of histories, novels, poems, books of devotion, and even books of science, and not come away with the impression that we might as well attempt to square the circle as to make England Catholic?

Yet, wonderful to see, in every nook and corner of society tokens are springing up, which shew that the national mind is preparing to regard this incredible change as at least a possibility, if not absolutely probable or morally certain. Wrapped up and absorbed as are our thoughts in the occurrences of each hour as it passes, we scarcely note, as we ought, the extraordinary revolution in men's ideas which must already have taken place, in order to permit them even to regard the conversion of England as a subject for sane and practical persons to prepare for. Yet look back some ten or fifteen years, and observe what a mighty stride has already been made. Let any intelligent Catholic or Protestant, who,

ten or fifteen years ago, was acquainted with the relative position of Catholicism and Protestantism in this kingdom, recall the state of things which then existed, and compare it with that in which we now find ourselves. What were the prospects and what were the circumstances of the Catholic faith when Catholic Emancipation was carried? Why, even then an actual, living, walking, speaking, and praying Catholic was regarded as a sort of wild beast, a *lusus naturæ*, an anomaly in the race of Britons, a product of Satanic agency amidst a heaven-born people. "What!" cried the indignant Englishman, if by any chance the thought of the progress of Catholicism was suggested to him; "do you speak of Catholics setting themselves up at *my* door, of *my* family being disturbed by priestly craft, of *my* being compelled to hear Papistical bells ringing for Mass, of a Popish priest walking in his foreign-looking dress before *my* house, of Popish books lying upon *my* table, of people telling *me* what the Pope wishes, and what the Catholic Church would have *me* believe? Begone, sir; is not Protestantism a part of a Briton's birthright? Never, no, never shall that accursed system make its way in our happy island. Englishmen are free, Englishmen are bold, Englishmen are honest, Englishmen love their Bible, Englishmen love their king and constitution, and therefore they never *can* endure the mummeries of priests, and all their idolatrous cruelties."

But now, so rapid has been the march of truth and candour, it is no longer a part of the national creed that Catholics are necessarily unlike other men, either in body or in soul. It is beginning to be received as an established truth, that they may be Christians, may be attached to their wives and families, and, above all, may be patriotic Englishmen. It appears that Catholics possess a very tolerable share of the usual attributes of humanity, after all. They dress like other people, they eat and drink like others, they pay their bills, they make love and marry, they are very fond of their children, they read the newspapers, the reviews, and *Punch*, they fall sick, and send for Protestant doctors and take Protestant physic; in short, if there is any distin-

guishing peculiarity attaching to them, it is this, that they are less madly devoted to business, and more given to merriment, than the common species of Englishmen. Priests too, and even monks and nuns, appear to be much the same as other men and women; and perhaps very respectable men and women too, in their way. They also eat, drink, talk, laugh, fall ill and send for the doctor, and pay their bills, like other folk. Priests do not generally carry about with them either daggers or bowls of poison, or concoct treasonable plots against Queen Victoria, or schemes for burning the House of Lords and the bench of Bishops in Smithfield. And if the concrete Catholic is thus unlike what he has been represented, perhaps also, say his Protestant fellow-countrymen, his religion is not so bad as some people say. There is something in it, they think to themselves, notwithstanding all the sermons and speeches against Popery. Catholics do, somehow or other, get to heaven; and perhaps quicker, oftener, and more easily than Protestants; though, *of course*, say the latter, their religion is not so pure as *ours*. And thus, when daring speculatists suggest that if Rome become Protestant or infidel, England may become Catholic, men now only shrug their shoulders, and content themselves with admitting that if it must be so it must; and then proceed to their wonted labours or amusements, without experiencing the slightest tremor or distress.

In addition to the natural reaction against ultra-Protestantism, to which this change of feeling is partly due, two other causes may be specified as having powerfully tended to its production. The first of these is the "Oxford movement." Few, in comparison to the population, as have been the converts made to Puseyism, in its various modifications, its influence, without its own proper circle, has been immense. It has held up the Catholic Church before the eyes of the nation, and forced it to look at her as a real, powerful, and attractive institution, whose might was to be dreaded as much as her charms were to be loved. All the denials of the Tractarians, by which they strove to prove that they themselves had no inclination for Popery, have been laughed at by the bulk of the people. The crowd cannot draw distinctions, whether the crowd is made up of nobles, gentlemen, or mechanics. The nation, as a body, has believed that a large section of the Established Church were devoted, heart and soul, to the faith and ceremonies of Rome; and has thus been driven, for many consecutive years, to consider how vain a bulwark is Protestantism against this terrible creed. The whole mind of the country has been familiarised with the fact that the Catholic Church exists, that she shews no signs of decay, that she ardently desires and strenuously aims at the conversion

of England; and that so mighty is her power to charm, that neither Articles, nor Prayer-book, nor wealthy livings, nor all the terrors of domestic persecution and worldly dishonour, are sufficient to deter free-born Protestants from yearning for her embrace.

Another potent cause of the revolution of thought which we speak of has been the conversion of individuals of all ranks and professions during the last few years. These conversions, in numerical multitude, have been few; but they have been of such a character, and so widely spread throughout the social system, that they have brought every class of Englishmen into personal contact with living Catholics, either converts or otherwise. Men and women who would formerly have started with horror from the very sight of a Papist, as they would from a rattlesnake or a tiger, have been led on by uncontrollable circumstances to see Catholics, to speak to them, to associate with them, to shake hands with them, to sit down to dinner with them, to sleep under the same roof with them, to look at their writings, and to hear them justify or explain their creed. What in their youth they thought an impossibility, they have now found to be a reality, and no very terrible reality, notwithstanding all their fears. The vast surrounding wall of prejudice which shut them in has been broken down in countless breaches, and they behold the foe marching in upon their citadel with bands of music and flying colours. And the natural result of this personal contact with Catholics has ensued. The old true British hatred, contempt, and dread of Catholicism is passing away. Common sense is resuming its sway. People are becoming ashamed of palpable absurdities. The better parts of the Englishman's character, his love of justice and fair play, are being called into action. It is believed that a Catholic priest may sometimes be a very good man, and work wonders among the poor. "There seems to be something to be said for the celibacy of the clergy," thinks the observant Englishman. "Catholicism is a cheap religion in many respects. Judiciously controlled, it works well. The Established Church is all very well in its way, and is a highly respectable institution, but there is a certain rough work to be done, which the priests do better than the parsons. In some way or other, the Anglican Prelates do not gain by a comparison with the Romish Bishops. Even though an exile, Pius the Ninth has something more attractive about him than Dr. Philpotts, or the excellent and amiable Archbishop of Canterbury. Certainly High Mass is very fine and splendid, and it looks like real worship. Catholics undoubtedly have many advantages which Protestants have not. Their clergy do not lock up their churches; and it appears that it is not a practice to pay for absolution, or for leave to com-

mit future sins. I wish I had been born a Catholic; it would have saved me a great deal of painful thought; and if it were not for family disunion, I should not mind my children being brought up Catholics."

Thus, in his secret heart, meditates many a person who was once a bitter foe of every thing that verged upon the religion of Rome, and who would have thought it an insult if he had been told that he would come to think Popery no worse than Protestantism. Silently and hidden, but surely and universally, is the change at work. Not a year goes by, but we perceive its noiseless advance. Not a wild and zealous attack is made upon Catholicism by its implacable foes, but we see that those foes have lost ground with the nation, and that Catholicism has made good its footing a few steps further than when we last watched its conflict with its adversaries.

Viewed, then, as a mere question of change in opinion and national reaction, it is clear that having gone so far, England may yet go farther. If it once, as Protestants and philosophers have it, debased itself to the superstitions of Popery, why should it not once more submit to that yoke which its forefathers delighted to wear? The men who achieved *Magna Charta*, and fought at Cressy and Agincourt, and built York Minster and Westminster Hall, were surely not less manly, bold, and great, than a generation which glories in Peel, and the Reform Bill, and the new Houses of Parliament. What once was, may be again, by the ordinary laws of humanity; and now that the *robur et æs triplex* of anti-Catholic hate is cracking and decaying in all directions, who shall say where the revolution of opinion shall stay itself?

Apart, then, from all hopes resulting from our knowledge of the truth of our religion, and our confidence in the power of Divine grace, it is impossible not to anticipate a period when heresy shall be laid low, and at least a majority of our fellow-countrymen return to the creed of their fathers. We anticipate such a period, we say, as possible, and almost probable, though more than this would be rash and senseless. The mysteries of Divine Providence are unfathomable; and He in whose hands are the hearts of men so often delights to teach us humility by defeating all our most careful calculations, that we can venture on nothing more than a joyful hope for the future conversion of our country. Still, what has passed is an undeniable source of encouragement. It ought to strengthen our hands, and bid us redouble our energies, and at the same time warn us to look well that we play our own part with wisdom, and in such a spirit as to co-operate with, rather than frustrate, the designs of Almighty love towards our wandering brothers. And it may not be altogether profitless if we call attention to one

or two points in connexion with this great subject which demand to be constantly borne in mind, and thoroughly well considered. There may be little that is new in what we have to suggest; but still it may be of advantage now and then to recur to the question, for the purpose of refreshing our memories and quickening our zeal. So many and pressing are the topics which interest us respecting ourselves, that we may be led to overlook our duties towards our Protestant fellow-countrymen, unless we occasionally return to the general subject of their conversion, and reconsider it in all its various bearings.

A paper has recently fallen into our hands which can scarcely fail to awaken the sympathies of all English Catholics in respect to the conversion of their country, and which calls attention to one great and glorious instrument for effecting it, which has not hitherto been roused into action with sufficient energy and faith. We give it at length, premising that it has received the approval of all the Irish Prelates, and that many, if not all, of the English Bishops have also expressed their warm approval of the sentiments it utters and the work which it proposes. It is an "Address to the Catholics of Ireland," and runs as follows:

"The Catholic people of Ireland are invited to unite in prayer to Almighty God, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, for the conversion of England to the true faith.

"This object has been dear to the hearts of many holy servants of God, who, in different parts of the world, have prayed for it, ever since the unhappy fall of that kingdom; but, in later times, various causes have combined to increase greatly the number of faithful souls who have zealously entered into this devotion.

"And is not the present state of England such as may encourage them to persevere? But a few years back, who would have expected to see the magnificent churches, the numerous great colleges, the many flourishing religious houses of different orders both of men and women, which may now be seen in England, where for so many years our holy faith was hated and proscribed? And that it may not be said, that the obstacles to conversion are insurmountable among any class of men in England, it has pleased Almighty God that the light of Catholic truth should have again begun to shine on the minds and hearts of multitudes from the University of Oxford, which may unquestionably be called the chief bulwark and nursery of Protestantism in the country; and a body of men has been gathered into the Church within the last few years, and of these many are already numbered among her priests, who, in becoming Catholics, had to make sacrifices of worldly

interest, pride, and ambition, such as no other class of men in the kingdom would be called to make.

"May it not, then, be said, that there is hope for England, if only humble fervent prayer be offered in her behalf to God by his faithful servants throughout the world?"

"But where are the Catholics, in whose prayers for England the chief reliance may be placed? The eyes of one English Catholic at least—of him who writes these lines—have long been turned to Ireland. Oh, let the Catholics of Ireland, as one man, enter the lists in this great struggle. Let them take the lead in this great assault on Heaven in behalf of England. And why should the choice fall on Ireland? First, because it is written, 'Hath not God chosen the poor in this world, rich in faith?' (James ii. 5.) It is the poor of Ireland especially to whom this appeal is made. The people of Ireland are poor in this world, but they are rich in faith. Their faith, like that of the Roman Church of old, 'is spoken of in the whole world.' (Rom. i. 8.) For three centuries, all the power and all the wisdom of England have been engaged to root it up. It has borne the shock unmoved. May it not be that Almighty God has thus strengthened it, that now Ireland may rise, and, by the power of her faith and the holy violence of prayer, may bring England herself once more under obedience to that faith?"

"But it may be asked, Can it be from Ireland that clarity and prayers for England are looked for? For England, from whom she has suffered such wrongs? These very wrongs, for which no excuse is here pleaded, are the strongest reason why the prayers of Ireland are called for in preference to all others. Let it be granted that these wrongs are unexampled in the history of man. For this very cause, the prayers of Ireland for England will be the most powerful that have risen to God for the conversion of souls, since that ever-memorable prayer on Calvary, 'Father, forgive them!' uttered by the Son of God for his enemies. But will a whole people be ever moved to act on principles of heroic charity? Yes, such a people as the Irish will, if the attempt be made. An Irishman of the true sort cannot resist an impulse of religious generosity. It is an Englishman who speaks thus. Let not the Irishman be found who will deny this honour to his people.

"This is an offer made to Ireland of certain vengeance on her persecutors. To those who seek vengeance thus, God himself promises entire satisfaction, either in the conversion or the confusion of their enemies. 'If thy enemy be hungry, give him to eat; if he thirst, give him to drink; for, doing this, thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head.' (Rom. xiii. 20.) Fire will either melt or burn.

"It may be—though God forbid it should

be so—yet it may possibly be, that England will reject the grace thus proffered her, and not receive benefit by these prayers. But it cannot be, that, if Ireland worthily enters on this work, it should fail of opening for her the richest treasures of Divine bounty. For it is again God himself who says: 'Forgive, and you shall be forgiven; give, and it shall be given to you; good measure, and pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall they give into your bosom.' (Luke vi. 37, 38.)

"In conclusion, it may be asked, what prayers are especially proposed? It has been thought well to ask for very little, but to ask this of all. It is, then, asked, that every man, woman, and child should say, for this object, one Hail Mary every day; and, where this is said in company with others, as it is hoped will be done in communities, schools, and private families, if not publicly in churches, let the person who leads the prayer remind the others of the intention of it, by using the following or some similar words: 'Let us pray for the conversion of England. Hail Mary,' &c.

"Let millions be thus enlisted in the cause; and in due time, it is hoped, God will direct us as to what farther may be done.

"Although this trifling prayer is all that is now asked, it is not supposed that the flame of charity, once kindled in zealous breasts, will stop here. And if any would do more, let them offer their Masses, Communions, Rosaries, &c. Above all, let them offer themselves as victims to God to gain the great end; and do this again and again, if possible hundreds of times in the day: the oftener and the more generously such offerings are made, the richer will be the heart which makes them.

"Feast of the Assumption of our Lady,

"August 15, 1849."

That great efforts have been made in various parts of Europe, especially through the untiring energies and zeal of one individual, to arouse all Catholics to pray systematically and daily for the conversion of England, is known to most of our readers. Many are the prayers which have mounted up to the throne of God in consequence of these efforts, and many are the communities, as well as private persons, who never cease to call upon Almighty God to hasten the day when this mighty nation shall be taught to choose between the worship of God and Mammon, and obey the faith it has so long reviled. But until recently little has been done to induce the Irish people to join in this noble and most Christian work, for the pure love of those who have been so long and so cruelly their oppressors. The madness of political contention: the wild cries of the starving, the enslaved, and the dying; the shouts of party; the indignant remonstrances of those who would fight for the poor and despised; and all

those more worldly, though natural, and often lawful means, which have been undertaken for remodelling the relations of the two kingdoms, have absorbed the thoughts of the most sincere Catholics, and the Christian relation which Ireland bears to England has escaped our notice. That one most honourable, most Christian, and most efficacious instrument for the remedying of her wrongs which is indeed in the hands of her Catholic sons has been comparatively laid aside, and Irish patriots have forgotten that God wills the salvation of Englishmen as truly as He wills that they should do their duty to their fellow-creatures in Ireland.

May we not hope, then, that as the devotion proposed in the paper to which we are referring has already found a certain degree of footing in Ireland, it may be cherished and spread among her faithful children wheresoever there is a priest to preach the gospel of love, and to teach his people that glorious Christian duty, the returning of good for evil? May we not hope that they who have endured with such heroic patience all the pangs of hunger, disease, and death, may be brought to add to their virtues that one Christian virtue which is pre-eminently divine? Were it only for the sake of their own temporal well-being, Irishmen might well devote themselves to pray and labour for the conversion of England. Were England a devout Catholic nation, could she, do we imagine, continue to treat her sister-island with an alternation of pity and anger, of liberality and reproaches, of fairness and dishonesty? Could she, as now, be content to do for Ireland only what she dare not refuse, and receive as infallible truths all those slanders against her clergy and laity which often work up her heavy, lumbering, practical popular mind into a very frenzy of rage and vexation? The first result of the conversion of England, or even of many Englishmen, must be a policy of fraternal love towards those who of late have suffered almost as much from the chastising hand of Providence as from the senseless fury of man.

Nay, without waiting the full answer that might be hoped for from such prayers, it is impossible that the heart of England should not be touched by the sight of Irishmen praying for her conversion. It is a popular idea, indeed, with some people, that Protestants would only be irritated and made more hostile by the knowledge that Catholics were thus interceding with God on their behalf. They would take it as an insult, it is supposed, and close their ears more angrily than ever to the voice of divine truth. But this is a baseless fear. Amidst all the wrath such prayers might arouse, the *hearts* of all Englishmen who retain any love for what they know to be noble and Christian would be softened. A man who knows we are praying for him may be excited

to a storm of passion if we make a boast to him of our zealous charity, and ostentatiously announce to him our profound pity for his blindness. But far different is the influence of a knowledge that he is prayed for upon a conscientious Protestant, when this prayer comes to his knowledge in the ordinary way of matter-of-fact, unobtrusive intelligence, and is not rudely thrown into his teeth. That the Protestants of this country would not, at the first tidings, be pleased to hear that the Catholics of Ireland were with one heart praying for their conversion, is very probable; but that no deep or lasting ill-feeling or increase of prejudice would be the result, we are sure. There is scarcely an honest man in England who would not feel some little humiliation at the sight, and who would not after a while admit that much that was pure, and admirable, and worthy of cherishing, was to be found among a people whom he had been accustomed to regard as unworthy of his friendship, and fit only to be ruled with fire and sword.

That the prayers of Ireland would be of especial efficacy with Almighty God, every Christian must concede. If there is any prayer which is acceptable to Jesus Christ, and accords with the spirit of *his* prayers while on earth, it is a supplication on behalf of an enemy. The whole Christian world would scarcely present so glorious a sight as that of Ireland, trampled on, deceived, starved, and insulted even when most pitied and most bountifully aided, nevertheless ceasing not to entreat the God of nations to have mercy upon the hand that smote her, and to bend the English soul to the love and fear of Himself. If there is any prayer which would be *certain* to convert England, it would be a prayer thus learnt from the pattern of the dying Redeemer of the world, who shed his blood and offered his supplications for the people of this haughty nation as truly as for that thief upon the cross beside Him upon Calvary.

It ought not at the same time to be forgotten, that English Catholics, from whom prayers for the conversion of their country are to be expected as an obligatory duty, are still far from uniting in these supplications as they ought to unite. With all that has been effected by the zeal and energies of those who have devoted themselves to spread this devotion, and with all the sanction and encouragement of the Catholic Bishops and clergy, it cannot be doubted that many are the individuals, and many the households, by whom no *special* daily prayers are offered up for this great end. To our eternal shame be it spoken, there are even those with whom it must be said that this devotion is what is called *unpopular*. Personal considerations have made some of us careless as to this paramount duty;

and because we may not have altogether approved some of the steps that have been taken in its furtherance, we have forgotten that nothing on earth but incapacity can absolve us from habitually calling upon God for the salvation of those who are nearest to us in the ties of natural flesh and blood. May we not, then, hope that the example which is already being set before us by many Irishmen will stimulate our torpor and awaken our love; and that where nothing more can be done, at least one "Hail Mary" will be added to our private or household prayers, for the conversion of our beloved country?

Apart, however, from the necessity for instant and continued prayer, the question as to the *mode* in which the Catholic Church may best act directly upon the world around her is one which every day acquires a deeper interest. Wonderful and glorious as are the results which we have a right to expect from the united cries of the faithful on behalf of England, it cannot be denied that these results are, to a certain extent, dependent upon the wisdom of the system we adopt for opening the eyes of Englishmen to the claims of the true Church; and the subject admits of being viewed in so many various lights, that a few suggestions on one or two of its most important bearings may not be uninteresting to our readers.

To thoughtful minds, indeed, the question will again and again occur: "How can we convince the great mass of the people that Catholicism alone is the true Gospel of Jesus Christ? What are the kind of arguments to which the general run of mankind are accessible? What rational and undeniable proof can be adopted, which shall be at once in strict conformity with the laws of sound reasoning, with the capacities of the various classes of this country, and with the pure spirit of Christianity itself?" Few of our readers have not at times put some such queries as these to themselves, and some of them may perhaps be hardly prepared for the views we are about to lay before them as a solution of the problem. We venture, nevertheless, to press the subject most earnestly upon those who may differ from us, and to entreat them to give a candid consideration to the remarks we have to offer.

First, then, what method for the conversion of Protestants may we regard as *not* adapted to the exigencies of the times and the relative claims of the Church and her adversaries? Of those systems which we cannot but account either useless or mischievous, the most prominent is that which is commonly termed *controversy*. By 'controversy' we do not, of course, mean all appeals to the reason, the common sense, and the good feelings of Englishmen; but that elaborate argumentation which is based on difficult Scripture texts, recondite analogies,

obscure historical facts, or abstruse philological and patristic investigations. For the vast mass of mankind—for it must be remembered that we are speaking of the many, and not of the learned few—all such proofs, we are convinced, are often worse than a waste of time, toil, breath, and patience. We do not believe there exists a congregation in the empire which is (except in a very few instances of its whole number) intellectually capable of entering into any such style of argument. The mingled stupidity and ignorance of man is profound. Most men know little; and they cannot reason, except in the roughest, simplest way. They can seize, more by instinct than on any argumentative grounds, a broad, mighty principle, and apply it to themselves, to their neighbours, and to religious questions, with a rude, vigorous, and effective decision. They can go straight to the real question involved in a discussion, when fairly led to it; they can think like men, though not like scholars; they can follow the path which God has marked out for the poor, though they are only bewildered by an accumulation of learning and a logical display. But they can no more enter into the true merits of what is termed theological controversy, or comprehend a critical inquiry into a mysterious text, than a village blacksmith could manufacture the wheels and springs of a watch.

Great, indeed, is the error of those who measure the average intellects of mankind by their respectability. Men talk of an *educated* congregation, as if such a thing were not a mere oasis in a desert of universal ignorance. We fancy that because a congregation is *well-dressed*, therefore its brains are cultivated in the same proportion as its garments. The few, whether clergy or others, who are the really educated and cultured class, often marvellously overrate the facility with which their hearers and readers comprehend them. No man can take the pains to investigate the question for himself, without learning the unpleasant truth, that if the learned and the able are really to make themselves understood by the generality of mankind, they must humble themselves to a level which is both painful to their intellects and mortifying to their pride.

We only wish that those zealous persons who bring to bear upon Protestants a battery of learned disquisitions and irrefragable Scripture proofs, would take the trouble to inquire how much of all they have been at the pains to write or to utter has been tolerably understood by those for whose benefit they have spent all their labours. We wish that those who entertain a high opinion of the knowledge and reasoning powers of the well-dressed and gentlemanly portion of society, would simply sum up a list of those of their acquaintances who can follow the steps of any close argument, who can define what is the real point under

discussion, who know when they are properly answered, and when they are put off with a deceptive reply. We should like to see drawn up a catalogue of the explanations of common theological terms, such as are necessarily used in controversy, by those Protestants with whom we argue. As a general rule, they literally know nothing whatever to serve for a foundation to begin upon. They have learnt—some of them at least—to talk a sort of theological gibberish, and to quote texts, under the delusion that they affix definite ideas to the words they utter; but beyond this, they have little more than a few strong, though vague ideas of morals, and of what they suppose to be the characteristics of a divine religion and a true Church. And if we would go direct to their hearts, and infuse actual ideas into their minds, we must adopt a far simpler process than recondite metaphysical, patristic, historical, or Scripture reasoning. We must take noble and lowly, rich and poor, on one common ground, and bear in mind that few persons, until they become Catholics, have really any religious ideas or definite faith at all. They may have a multitude of words and very good intentions, but the depth of their positive ignorance is scarcely credible to those who have not made the incapacity of man their special study.

If, however, elaborate controversy fails to command the obedience of Englishmen, still less will they yield to personalities and irritating sarcasms. Not that satire and an exposition of the follies and abuses of Protestantism is not at times a most effective weapon in the hands of the Catholic; but that, *for the most part*, attacks upon their clergy and the clergy's wives, exhibitions of the absurdities of their professed creed, and abuse of them as wilful, stupid, and God-hating heretics, serve only to give scandal, and to arm their already prejudiced feelings with a triple armour of self-justifying indignation. Perceiving, as *we* do, the hollowness of every shape of Protestantism, its inconsistencies, its self-deceptions, its worldliness, and its Pharisaism, it is difficult for us to realise the amount of wrath and disgust which result from our ruthless displays of its weaknesses and follies. Nothing demands a greater care and delicacy than the convincing a man of his own sins, ignorance, or stupidity. True though it be that he is outrageously sinful, ignorant, and stupid, we shall never succeed in opening his eyes to his condition, if we adopt a mode of proof which is tantamount to saying, "Sir, you are incapable of reasoning, you are too dishonest to look truth in the face, and your religion is all hypocrisy and deceit." These unpleasant truths must be gently insinuated; they must be well *oiled* with courtesy and consideration; they must be urged in the way of calm disquisition, and in appeals to an ad-

versary's *good* qualities, to his sense of justice, to his love of truth, to his fear of God, and to his veneration for Christianity. All this, indeed, requires so nice a care and tact, that it scarcely ever happens that what we may call the *personalities* of controversy do not work far more mischief than good.

Again; England will never be converted by the mere outward show of the splendour of Catholic worship. Admirable and natural as is all that magnificence of ceremonial and artistic decoration with which the Church delights to approach her God, we may rest assured that the English nation is not in a state to regard this external beauty as a proof that she alone is the true spouse of Jesus Christ. Protestants will neither be conciliated, nor convinced, nor yet scandalised by it. They will quietly put it aside, as not being the real test of truth and error. If we obtrusively thrust it forward, and entreat them to come and view our gorgeous rites, they will count them either as a subtle snare or a theatrical *spectacle*. If, on the other hand, they see us paying little heed to the proprieties of divine service, and neglecting its glory when it is really in our power to adorn it, they will despise us. In neither case will it convince them that ours is the one true Church. It will serve, indeed, the purpose of attracting them to look on, and see what we do; but if we depend upon any such means for finally making them Catholics, most wofully shall we be deceived. English common sense knows perfectly well these two great Catholic truths, viz. that splendour of worship is no part of the *essence* of spiritual religion, and also that it *is* the right and natural *result* of spiritual religion, when it does not interfere with higher duties. Therefore, let us never for one moment fall in with the cant of the irreligious, and pretend that we do not love the splendour of the house of God, or admit that the gorgeousness of Catholic ceremonial is in the faintest degree unfavourable to the devotion of the heart; but let us beware of making Protestants imagine that we build superb churches, and arrange long-drawn processions, and lift up our voices in captivating strains, in order to please *them*, or for any other reason whatsoever except the true one, namely, that the soul which loves God must delight to serve Him with all its faculties of both body and soul, and with all the gifts of grace and beauty which He has bestowed upon us in this lower world. So long as they behold us adorning the service of the Lord for such a motive as this, they will be constrained to admit its undeniable excellence, and it will need no lengthy argument to teach them that their own meagre and frigid worship must be the product of a questionable creed. But the moment that they detect us in thinking of

them, and not of God and of ourselves, in our elaborate ceremonial and costly buildings, that moment will they feel more convinced than ever that "Romanism" is a religion of the senses and not of the heart, and a snare rather than a blessing to the soul.

Still less may we hope to make any impression upon the bigotry or ignorance of our fellow-countrymen, by pandering to that very bigotry and ignorance itself. The most short-sighted of all devices for the conversion of England is the Protestantising of Catholicism. Failure and contempt are the only fruits to be reaped from a system of compromise. While we attempt to deceive man, we dishonour God; and as we have no right to expect the Divine blessing, so we are quite sure to fail of winning earthly honour. What Englishmen need is to see what the Catholic religion really is, and not to what extent it may be assimilated to Protestantism. We must not suffer ourselves to be deluded by the dreams of a few Anglican divines, who call upon the Church of Rome to return to a primitive purity, and to meet the Established Church half way. These men of books and fancies do not represent the English people. England cares not a straw for such compromise. England knows too well that Catholicism and Anglicanism are two distinct religions, opposed to each other in mortal feud. She will not be deceived by a few men of books, and suppose that a reconciliation between the Church of Pius the Ninth and the Church of Queen Victoria is a possibility, or that there is any affinity between the Thirty-nine Articles and the Decrees of Trent. The popular mind cares nought for an arbitration between the two creeds; and the more each one of them attempts to copy the peculiarities of the other, and make itself look less like what it really is, the more undisguised is the contempt which Englishmen feel for the promoters of such folly. What England wants to learn is, which of the two religions is the true one, and not how far they are alike. And as England has scorned, rejected, and trampled upon Puseyism, even while listening to its expostulations, and granting much that it urged, so will she deride and turn away from every Catholic who tries to lull her watchfulness by suggestions that Popery is not so *very* Popish, and that Catholicism in England may lawfully be a very different thing from Catholicism in Italy and Spain.

Truth, be it ever remembered, gains nothing by being made to look like falsehood. The religion of Jesus Christ is much better adapted to win the hearts of men when left as its divine Author framed it, than when "improved" by a few suggestions from Luther or Calvin. Almighty God has promised no blessing to Anglicised Catholicism. Therefore, let us beware of encouraging the notion that the pri-

vate judgment of individuals is a fit test of doctrine, because Protestants like to hear Scripture quoted for every thing. Let us beware of paring down our words of veneration and love for the Saints to that frigid decency which Tractarianism will applaud, and men of the world count harmless. Let us ever pray under an overpowering recollection that prayer is an intercourse between God and ourselves alone, and that Protestant objections to our devotions, or misapprehensions of their meaning, must be ignored and forgotten. Let us eschew all false nationalism, and take heed of pretending that we esteem the temporal authority of a king or parliament of higher importance than the spiritual authority of the Viceroy of Jesus Christ. Let us never be ashamed of owning that we are Catholics, or entreat our clergy not to appear in their ecclesiastical dress. Let us cast off that odious conceit with which sometimes English Catholics have revered a British Protestant as something wiser and nobler than a continental Catholic. Let us bend all our energies to shew to our fellow-countrymen what our religion is, when freed alike from the worldly corruptions and Protestant latitudinarianism which sometimes dishonour its followers. Such a system as this England will at least respect. She will account us to be honest men while we pursue it; she will honour our courage, even while she fears our advances; for if there is one infirmity for which she has no compassion, it is cowardice; if there is one fault which she denounces, it is deception.

All this, at the same time, by no means implies that we ought to pay no heed to those mere peculiarities of nations or individuals which have no connexion with a false religion. As it has pleased Almighty God to make no two individuals precisely alike, so there are certain deeply seated characteristics attaching to every separate race of men, of which it would be folly, and worse than folly, to take no account. Climate, geographical position, past history, political institutions, commerce, and literature; these and other such influences stamp upon our people certain definite features of character which demand our most careful attention. And when these things can be respected without the fostering some latent heresy or moral delusion, the wise Catholic missionary will never put himself into opposition with them. What he would do in Italy, or in Spain, or in France, or in China, he would never attempt in England; and what he would count of little moment in a foreign clime and a Catholic country, he will sometimes bend all his energies to accomplish in the midst of established Protestantism, and beneath the political liberty and murky skies of Britain. All we plead for is, that the Catholic religion shall be exhibited precisely as she is, without caricature, or exaggeration,

or diminution. We no more desire to see every minute continental custom or rite introduced in England, than we desire to see the Catholic clergy walk about in a Chinese costume, because they dress themselves like Chinamen in China. And so, on the other hand, we deprecate every modification of the ordinary Catholic system—of Catholic prayers and Catholic social life—merely because Protestants will take offence, and think evil of our religion.

Where, then, lastly, shall we turn for arguments, and for a practical system which shall open the eyes of England to the truth? Our reply is but one brief sentence. Let the Church claim her rights, and do her duty to her own children, and England will bow down and hail her as its mistress and its mother. The human heart and intellect in England are accessible to those proofs alone which have ever been the credentials of the ambassadors of Christ. Let us put forth our claims, not merely by asserting them, but by shewing that we alone *can* teach England what is the true word of God; by forcing men to see that without that gift of infallibility which all other religions disown, the religion of Jesus Christ is an actual mockery; and let us confirm our claims by those simple proofs to which our blessed Lord and the Apostles appealed as furnishing conviction to the most simple and the most ignorant. Whatever be our duty in a few exceptional cases, let us act towards the great body of the people on the example of Jesus Christ; what He did, let us do, and we shall share his triumphs. He came, at once claiming authority to be heard, pointing to his works of grace and love, trusting to his divine words to make their way direct to his hearers' hearts; and, if they would not thus be convinced, appealing as a last proof to the miracles which He wrought. He expounded his doctrines; He shewed the Jews their blessedness; He commanded them to obey Him; and as tokens that He *was* to be obeyed, He said, "Go and tell what you have heard and seen: the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, the poor have the gospel preached to them." This was the only proof He vouchsafed that He came from God; and with this proof we can still convince this unbelieving nation that we too come from Him, and, coming from Him, come from God. This is the only argument which the immense majority of men are thoroughly capable of appreciating; and as it has a divine origin, so also it is instinct with a divine power. It is an exhibition of that one "note" of the Church which alone can be rationally investigated and mastered by the whole of mankind. The *holiness* of the Church, which she thus proves herself to possess, is a mark of her divine origin, which goes straight to the

conscience of the humblest of the sons of men, and is an unanswerable proof that she presents herself with a divine authority. The investigation of the other three great notes of the Church, her unity, her apostolicity, and her catholicity, requires a far larger amount of learning and acuteness than is possible, except to the studious few. Her "unity," indeed, may be to a certain extent appreciated, and, undeniably, it will ever be found most profitable to enforce it upon Protestants of all kinds, because they are not altogether without means for fairly testing the truth of what we allege. There is not a street in a country town which does not, *as far as it goes*, prove that the Catholic Church alone is One, both in doctrine and discipline. As far as his own limited experience can inform him, there is scarcely a peasant or mechanic in the land who does not perceive that while the variations of Protestantism are boundless, and its discipline little better than anarchy, Catholics do agree in doctrine, and submit themselves to a living and clearly ascertained authority. Thus far, therefore, the note of "unity" is one which can be urged upon Englishmen of all classes, with the most perfect argumentative fairness, and without claiming from them any irrational assent to our personal assertions.

But as an instrument for carrying irresistible conviction to the judgment, and for winning the affections of the heart, the note of "sanctity" is unrivalled in its conquering power. It needs not the wisdom of the worldly-prudent, the accomplishments of the scholar, or the profound reasonings of the metaphysician, to be thoroughly mastered, and to be accepted with a homage as rational as it is humble. Man *knows*, in spite of all sophists, that a religion which can conquer sin must be divine. Every false religion finds its strength in its imitation of this sanctifying strength of the Catholic Church. It is only because Anglicanism, Methodism, Presbyterianism, Socinianism, or any other similar creed, confers, or seems to confer, a certain measure of holiness and peace of conscience on its adherents, that it makes its way among men. In the absence of that entire mastery over the temptations and sorrows of human nature which the Catholic Church alone can bestow, man, groaning, weeping, and struggling with his destiny and with himself, yields his respect and love to any creed which first presents itself, and claims to work those blessings which he knows that a divine religion *must* accomplish, or it would be no religion after all.

And it is because the mind of England at this very moment has detected every one of the creeds of Protestantism in failing to accomplish this sanctifying mission, that it is preparing to give the Catholic Church a fair trial; and if *she* does what Protestantism has

failed to do, England will bow down, and kiss the hem of her garment, and hail her as the one true Church of the living God. The incontrovertible fact that the Reformation has now had three hundred years' trial, and has left the enormous mass of the people to become practically heathens, has taught every candid man to question whether, after all, the Reformation was not a frightful curse upon this kingdom. Men turn their eyes around them, and behold millions upon millions of their fellows, including almost the whole body of the actual poor, lost in sin and desolation, so far as the Established Church and Dissent do ought to help them. While the elements of social dissolution are daily gathering strength, and a raging tempest threatens to engulf us together in the abyss, Protestantism stands aghast and powerless, now crying out that nothing is done, and that nothing can be done; now calling on the State to interfere and save men's souls; now denouncing the machinations of Papists; now confessing that, with all her abominations, Popery alone possesses the courage and the power to confront vice in its most hideous haunts, and alone seems to ride upon the storm, while every human institution is merged beneath the waves.

When, therefore, this country shall see our blessed Lord's description of His own works apply, in all their spiritual meaning, to the Catholic Church in England, England will own that with that Church alone Christ is still present. "Art thou she that has come, or do we look for another?" is the question our anxious fellow-countrymen are putting, in their secret hearts, to Catholicism in England. And it is for us to take care that it shall be in our power to point out to her the miracles of divine grace which testify our mission from the Saviour of the world. It is for us to put forth all our hidden strength for the redemption of *our own children* from ignorance and sin; to make the blind see, and the lame walk, and the deaf hear, in London, and Liverpool, and Manchester, and in all those densely-thronged spots where poor Catholics are congregated in all the misery, and almost all the vices, of heathenism. It is for us to reply, that though we can only appeal to a few miracles of bodily healing, yet that the miracles of grace with us are unbounded, and open to every eye. It is for us to grave upon our churches, and write in our books, and proclaim in our speech, these great and most glorious words, "The poor have the Gospel preached to them." It is for us to be in a situation to say, that whatsoever there be most proud in man's heart, most acute and

learned in his intellect, and most sinful in his soul, all this meets with its master and its remedy within our sacred pale; to point to the success with which, while Protestantism and unbelief are powerless to cope with the agonies of the time, *we* succeed in our efforts to preserve, guide, sanctify, and elevate our children, upheld by that same mysterious charm with which, both in primitive and mediæval times, the Church fought the world and won the victory. Here is the weapon of controversy which we can wield with irresistible power. Here is the sword, tempered in the furnace of the love of God, which will smite asunder prejudice, and bigotry, and pride, and worldliness. Here is that argument which is not more simple than it is irrefragable; which is as truly in harmony with man's innate instincts as with the example of Jesus Christ and the practice of the Church in her happiest times. Here is the logical proof which requires neither study, nor learning, nor striking ability, to comprehend; for it is that one argument which, above all others, Almighty God himself has bid us employ, and which He himself has promised to bless.

When, then, the hour has arrived when English Catholicism has accomplished her appointed duties to *her own children*, we shall expect to see the prayers for the conversion of England receive an abundant, and, it may be, an instantaneous answer. When our children are all educated; when our churches are multiplied and our confessionals thronged, until not a Catholic remains who is not a wilful sinner solely through his own fault; when the terrible tokens that we think of the rich *before* the poor are swept away from our churches, and, still more, from our hearts; when the astounding ignorance of their religion, its doctrines and its duties, which now prevails among so many of our better-conducted and more wealthy Catholics, is no longer our reproach and our sorrow; when our communions are increased tenfold; when the blessed Sacrament of the Altar is visited and adored by crowds of worshippers in every mission throughout the land; when the whole heart of our people turns with deeper and more tender love to the Mother of God, and ceases not to invoke her aid for the conversion of the nation,—then, and not till then, may we hope to behold the idols of mammon and heresy fall prostrate before the living God—then once more will the Philistines, when they enter into the temple of Dagon, behold their god dashed down upon the earth, and shattered into pieces before the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord of Hosts.

A SUNDAY IN LONDON.

[Continued from p. 432.]

CHAPTER III.

THE YOUNG LAWYER'S LODGINGS.

WHEN I first came to reside in London (said T., commencing his story), to study law, as a pupil of Mr. —, of Paper Buildings, I was a perfect stranger to the ways of the great metropolis, and was grievously perplexed where to fix my habitation. Without a friend to guide me, I wandered up and down the streets; and wherever "Apartments Furnished" met my inquiring eye, I forthwith knocked or rang, and requested permission to survey the accommodation promised. And sorely was I puzzled how to decide amidst the scores that I surveyed. All were dirty, most were dark, many were dear. Some were too high up, others too low down, others were fusty, others were hot, others admitted gales of air from all corners. In one the landlady looked sour, in another she was dingy, in a third she was vulgarly smart, in a fourth she was bold and impudent. Here the maid was flaunting, there she was black and grimy; here she was bearish, there she was saucy; here the landlady was to *do* for me, there the daughter, and here again it seemed as if I was to *do* for myself. One objected to me that I should not often dine at home; another said I must always be in my rooms by ten at night; another forbade smoking; and another disliked visitors. At length I made my choice. In a neighbourhood which, for various reasons, I shall not name, I found all I wanted; cheap lofty rooms, on the ground floor, clean and well furnished, with a quiet, steady-looking landlady, and a clever-looking daughter, who was to wait upon me. All was soon arranged, and I took up my abode at No. 10 —, —.

The odd part of the house was, that the two upper stories were cut off from the lower, and had no possible communication with them. There was no staircase above the drawing-room floor, and no trap-door, or any visible means for mounting higher, though the street and back fronts of the house shewed that two more stories surmounted those rented by Mrs. Walmsley, my landlady. She herself told me that these unapproachable apartments were practically a part of the adjoining house, and would be occupied by the people who were just about to become her next-door neighbours, as her landlord, who owned both the houses, had informed her. Of course, I considered there was nothing peculiarly strange in such an arrangement, though it was not common; and I thought no more upon it, until a day or two afterwards, when sauntering home from my day's work in Paper Buildings, I saw a van containing the furniture of the incoming tenant at the open

door of No. 11, and the porters bustling in and out with the chairs and tables, the crockery and the bedding. From the idle curiosity which prompts some people to seize every occasion of prying into their neighbours' affairs, I took the opportunity of walking over the house, and searched it from top to bottom, as far as I could. The basement I found a forbidden region; for a stout, iron-cased door shut in the staircase, and was firmly locked. Over the remainder of the house I walked, and saw nothing worth noting.

When I was lying in bed at night, however, half awake and half asleep, and the incidents of the past day were floating in half indistinct shapes before my brain, the thought suddenly struck me, that in surveying No. 11 I ought to have found the rooms which formed part of the house in which I was dwelling. In a moment I was wide awake, and taxing my memory for some indication of the unknown apartments. I recalled the image of every single room in the house, for I had accurately remarked them all, being given to close observation of walls, fire-places, doors, and so forth. Besides, I remembered well that I had, in impertinent curiosity, opened *every* door in the house that I met with, with the exception of the iron-cased barrier I have specified. There was not a door up stairs that I had found locked; not a cupboard which did not reveal itself and its contents to my search. I was morally confident that there was *no* means of reaching the rooms beneath which I was lying from the house to which they were said to belong.

What could it mean? How strange a mystery! Every thing looked quiet, and respectable, and open; what could be the meaning of what I had heard and seen? I lay fidgetting and restless for two or three hours, and at last fell asleep, resolving to penetrate the secret which I was convinced lay at the bottom, and to use all the caution which in my juvenile legal pride I accounted a necessary ingredient in all such matters. The circumstances were just such as to stimulate me to an absurd degree of anxiety. I was then a mixture of romance and shrewd worldly curiosity. I loved a mystery, I loved a secret, I loved a difficulty; but at the same time I had a great notion of applying a lawyer's craft to the disentanglement of a novelist's combinations of wonders, and thought myself lucky in being already in a position to exert my youthful skill. In this mood I closed my eyes for the rest of the night.

Sad and bitter tidings from my own home, far away from London, which reached me early the following morning, dissipated all my thoughts of penetrating the mystery of the unapproach-

able rooms. I was summoned from town without an hour's delay; and though in a few days the cause of my anxiety was removed, yet so completely had it absorbed all my faculties, that when I returned to No. 10 I had entirely forgotten every thing that had passed, and went to bed without a thought of the mysterious chambers above me.

I have mentioned that my rooms, both sitting-room and bedroom, were on the ground floor. My bed-head was also placed immediately against the partition-wall which divided my own room from the next house, at a little distance from the fire-place; so that as there were no hangings or curtains of any kind around me, the wall acted as a tolerably efficient conductor of sound to a person whose head was resting upon his pillow, and whose ear was in that morbidly sensitive state in which the hearing often is at night-time. It so happened that on the night of my return to London, what with the past excitement, and what with the feverishness induced by a long coach-journey, after sleeping two or three hours I woke restless and wakeful, and lay listening to the occasional tramp of a passing watchman or traveller. All at once, I fancied I heard a strange noise immediately on the side of my bed. I strained my ears in instant attention, but all was still. Again I detected some incomprehensible sounds in the same direction, but apparently not quite so near me. I started up from my pillow, and with my eyes fixed on the gloom, listened with nervous intensity. Again the sound was heard, and I was confident it was the sound of a voice speaking in a low tone; and almost at the same moment, my eyes caught a faint line of light peeping through a crevice of the floor, close to the wall, and at the very side of my bed, next the fire-place. I sprang upon my feet, and hastily wrapping myself in a dressing-gown, knelt down and put my ear to the crevice whence the light issued, and listened, for I could see nothing, through the smallness of the aperture.

At first no more sounds could be detected; but by and by I discerned distinctly two or three voices conversing in suppressed tones; but though here and there a single word was intelligible, I could make nothing of what they said. Of course, I was sure that there was mischief of some kind going on; but where it was, or what it was, I could not divine. At first I concluded that the light and sound came from the kitchens of the neighbouring house; but observing that the crevice was in the floor of my own room, I saw that this was impossible, and that the mysterious voices were almost under the spot where I was. Then I thought there must be burglars in the house; and after a minute's hesitation, I unlocked a case of pistols which I had brought with me from the country, loaded one of them, and

quietly opened my door, and stealthily descended the kitchen-staircase. No sounds, however, of any persons within the house reached me as I went down, and I listened at the kitchen-doors for several minutes without detecting the faintest noise. The keyholes also were not closed, and I peeped through them without seeing a trace of any persons within. At length I took courage, and opened the door of the front kitchen; still no one appeared. Then I turned to the back part of the premises, and explored them thoroughly. Nothing was visible or audible, and there were no signs of thieves. I applied my ear to the wall just below the spot in my own room where the light had appeared, but I could hear nothing. At last I grew weary, returned to bed, and was soon asleep.

When I awoke in the morning, I could hardly convince myself that all was not a dream. I examined the flooring and walls, but no trace could I find of any thing that looked like an opening to another apartment. There were crevices enough in the boards, as there always are in floors; some open, some choked with dust and dirt; but clue to the mystery I found none. At last, I felt sure that I had been dreaming, and recollected that as a boy I had once had a habit of walking in my sleep; and satisfying myself in this way, I dressed, ate my breakfast, and went to my chambers. As the day wore on, my conviction of the reality of what I fancied I had seen gradually returned; I was sure it was not a dream or a delusion, and I resolved to leave no stone unturned till I had solved the mystery. At the same time, I mentioned the subject to no one, as I prided myself on my penetration, and had a secret romantic delight in any thing that seemed to promise an adventure, and a relief in the dreary monotony of a young lawyer's studies.

My first object was to search the basement apartment of the neighbouring house. I felt convinced that the problem would be solved, if I could once get within that iron-bound door, which had stopped my progress when I had before gone over the remainder of the building. Accordingly, to gain a sight of these underground rooms I bent all my energies, and thought over every possible difficulty that might come in my way in any attempt to see them. How to devise an excuse for what would seem an impertinent curiosity, was the grand puzzle. I could think of no decent pretence for begging to be allowed to survey another person's kitchen without betraying my secret. Chance, however, soon favoured me. The chimney of the very room I wanted to see caught fire one evening, just as I returned home; and I was the first to discover it, or at least to notify it to the inmates. I knocked loudly at the door, frightened the maid-servant out of her wits with my eagerness and excitement, and put her master and mistress (who turned out to be as dumpy, good-natured, stupid-

looking a couple as ever I beheld) into a state of bodily terror by the cry of "Fire" with which I rushed in and announced to them the circumstance which promised me what I desired. Forthwith master and mistress and maid hastened down stairs, I taking the liberty of following them; and while they were busied in extinguishing the fire in the grate, and in summoning a man to mount to the roof, I surveyed the apartment at my leisure, and discovered—nothing. On the side of the room which abutted on the house where I was living was a large fire-place, standing out with its flue from the wall; but the recesses by its side were plain, flat, plastered surfaces, with no indication of any thing beyond. Suddenly it struck me to measure the room, that I might judge whether it did really stretch beyond the party-wall of the upper rooms, beneath my own sleeping-room. In the bustle I easily effected this without attracting notice, and making a note of the exact dimensions, I hastily retreated to my lodgings, where I took the first opportunity of measuring my own apartments, and the kitchen beneath it. Great, then, was my amazement at finding myself still far from any clue to the mysterious light and voices. I drew out upon paper the ground-plans of the two houses, I marked the positions of the walls, windows, fire-places, and doors; there lay two contiguous apartments, side by side, each taking up its proper place, and separated merely by a party-wall of no extraordinary thickness. In both of them there was a large fire-place standing out from the wall, with bare, blank recesses on each side. It seemed a physical impossibility that what I had seen and heard could have been aught but a dream.

Nothing, however, could satisfy me that it was not a reality; and the more I thought upon it, the more determined was I to sift the matter to the bottom. That very night, too, the light again appeared, and the voices were heard; and so excited was I, that I hardly closed my eyes before daybreak. I concocted a thousand projects for discovering the truth, but all seemed futile; for I was resolved to name my romance to no one. At length I determined on taking up the floor of my room at the spot where the light emerged,—a task of some little difficulty, considering that it must be so managed as to escape the notice of my landlady and her household, and all marks of my work must be removed during my absence in the day-time. I procured the necessary tools, and commenced operations; and, after toiling as noiselessly as possible for some evenings, I removed all the flooring and the skirting-boards near the fire-place, replacing what I took up during the day. Still no hint shewed itself of any tangible description, till, on the fourth night, as I was watching the opening I had made, the light again shone forth, and in a far larger stream than before; revealing to me the

certainly that a little brick-work alone now hid what I sought for from my eyes. I could also distinctly hear the steps of persons moving at some little distance; but in what exact spot I could not possibly conceive. With a palpitating heart I strove to see through the cracks in the bricks and mortar, which I dared not attempt to disturb, till the light disappeared, and all was again still.

Early the following evening I commenced moving the bricks themselves, and was not long before I had made the aperture so large, that by the help of a candle, I perceived a small square perpendicular passage, or flue, running up by the side of the fire-place, where all appeared solid from without, and just large enough for a man to ascend and descend. But no visible means of ascent or descent could I discover. The bare bricks, all covered with dust, were marked with no signs of steps or holes. Whatever the passage was, it seemed practically useless as a means of egress or ingress. I looked upwards and downwards, as far as the flame of a candle could lighten the obscurity, but could see nothing different from what was within reach of my hands. After pondering and wondering for a long time, a confused hum, as of many voices, murmuring in the distance, warned me to think over what I had done, and I lost no time in replacing the dry bricks as well as I could in their former positions, so as to cause no suspicion that the secret passage had been discovered.

And lucky I was in having delayed no longer; for scarcely had I filled up the aperture, when my ear caught sounds *above*, as of the opening of some door or grating; and this was speedily followed by what seemed the thrusting downwards of a pole or ladder, which appeared, as far as I could judge, to be rested against the sides of the passage, very little below the level of my own floor. As soon as this was done, I could plainly hear the footsteps of a man descending slowly and with difficulty, as being scarcely able to squeeze himself along. When he seemed to have reached the foot of the ladder, or pole, whichever it was, I fancied I could hear him making his way still lower, by placing his feet against some supports in the brick-work, until he reached the ground, when I heard no more. In a minute or two another person descended in precisely the same way; and finally, a third; when all was still, and the ladder was drawn up again as it had been let down.

Here, then, was the entrance to the chambers in the upper part of the house, which were innocently supposed to be approached from the neighbouring tenement. But what could be the *meaning* of it all? Who were the occupants of the hidden rooms? Who did the house itself belong to? Was my landlady really cognisant of the character of the dwelling she lived in, or was she a mere blind to the public, employed by some designing landlord to conceal

the iniquities, whatever they were, which I was convinced must go on up above her head?

And where was the outlet to the passage? Certainly not in the rooms beneath me, nor any where in the adjoining house, which I had so carefully examined. I was utterly confounded and bewildered, not to speak of the uncomfortable sensations produced by my near proximity to such unaccountable neighbours. Should I reveal what I had discovered to my landlady, to a magistrate, to the barrister with whom I was reading? Or should I wait for some accident to reveal the whole mystery, or at all hazards endeavour by some means to explore the passage myself? I could not decide; all I could fix upon was to plant myself close to the spot where I had replaced the bricks every night, to endeavour to hear, if I could not see, more.

This accordingly I did on the following evening, and again heard the same sounds of the ladder, and the descent of three men, at about the same hour. For three nights successively the sounds were again repeated, and my curiosity became so insupportable, that what with broken nights and anxiety, and the sense of a concealed mystery, which never left me for a moment, on the fourth day I was so exhausted, that I was unable to proceed to Mr. —'s chambers, and resolved to stay at home all the morning. And I was the more willing to do this, that I had not yet heard any signs of the ascent of the three men who nightly came down; I guessed, of course, that they returned after I was gone from home, which they might easily do without being heard by any person in my room, as I always carefully replaced the boarding, and covered it with chairs and parcels, to prevent any suspicion that the floor had been removed. As I was forced to stay at home, however, I resolved to listen till I heard something; and giving directions to my landlady not to disturb me, I took up the wood-work, and stationed myself in my usual position for hearing. After some little time, the ladder was gently let down, and a few minutes afterwards a man mounted upwards from below, and I could distinctly hear him ascend to the top. After he had been up for a short time, the ladder itself was drawn up, and so remained for an hour, or more, when it was again let down; and, instead of being ascended by the two who had not returned, first one man came down, and then another, and as far as I could judge, the ladder was left resting fixed in the passage.

Nothing more then took place during the morning, and at last my excitement became so great, that nothing would satisfy me but that I would open the aperture I had made, and myself mount the ladder. From the circumstance of its being left where it was, I concluded that no person remained in the rooms above, and I thought I might venture up with

safety, as it had occurred to me that at the slightest sign of noise below, I could at least pull the ladder up, and so prevent any person from following me.

This intention I immediately put into execution. I softly took out the bricks, and saw the ladder firmly resting on a ledge some little way below me. I squeezed myself through the aperture, seized the ladder in my hands, and slowly mounted, holding in one hand a lighted candle, and in the other one of my pistols, loaded and cocked. With considerable difficulty, owing to my being thus deprived of the free use of my arms, I went up a height of steps, corresponding, as it seemed, to about the height of my own room and of the rooms immediately above them, which my landlady herself inhabited. At the summit I found a narrow door, scarcely closed, at which I stood, listening eagerly for several minutes. Hearing nothing, I pushed it slightly open, and peeped in. The room was evidently empty; and with eyes almost starting from their sockets, I entered, totally forgetting to draw up the ladder after me. The truth instantly flashed upon me; the secret chambers were the den of a gang of forgers and coiners. I saw all their materials; base metal, dies, a press which from papers lying about was manifestly used for printing forged bank-notes, all that was needed for smelting, polishing, &c.; together with the remains of a half-eaten supper, bottles, glasses, tobacco-pipes, and so forth. Rapidly completing my survey, I resolved to risk no longer stay, and had reached the door, when to my horror I heard clear tokens of a noise below, as of persons calling aloud in angry expostulation. My forgetfulness in leaving the ladder where it was rushed on my thoughts, and holding my pistol with a nervous tightness of grasp, I stood for a minute or two listening to the sounds. It was soon clear that whatever they were, they were not actually within the narrow passage, and that no one was touching the ladder at the bottom. I accordingly descended as rapidly as possible, and my steps were quickened as I got near my room, by perceiving that the noise I had heard came from my own door, where my landlady and her daughter were knocking and shouting to know if I were ill, because no answer was given to their call. So soon as I could thrust myself back again into daylight, I shouted to them in return to be quiet, for I was tired and must not be disturbed. Then replacing the bricks and the flooring as before, I sat down on my bedside and panted for breath, so violent was the excitement under which I laboured.

To do nothing further, after the discovery I had made, was clearly impossible. I had too high a sense of duty to imagine that I could be guilty of such a connivance at crime, as I felt would be involved in any protracted silence as to the nature of the occupations carried on in

the same house with myself. But instead of cutting the matter short in a plain business-like way, by lodging an information at the nearest police-office, I resolved to prosecute the adventure a little longer after my own fashion, and to discover, by some means or other, the outlet at which the occupants of the chambers made their way daily into the world outside. Besides, I could not help reflecting that, until this outlet was known, any persons sent to capture the criminals must run the risk of being murdered in ascending the passage in the wall, if they attempted to mount while the gang was up above; or would infallibly fail to secure their prey if they could not guard the outlet, wherever it was that it opened out into the streets. I accordingly made up my mind to wait a few days, and to try to recruit my strength by calming my excited feelings, and getting two or three nights' good rest.

This I did tolerably successfully; and when I found myself pretty calm and collected again, I resolved to devise some means for descending the passage, and tracking it as far as could be done with safety. This I determined to do in the daytime, when, as I had remarked, the inmates of the upper chambers seemed to remain shut up there, busied, no doubt, at their unlawful toils. I also contrived some excuse for keeping my bedroom-door locked, and for inducing my landlady to leave me undisturbed all through the morning which I fixed upon for staying at home and undertaking the search. As it happened, however, the same thing took place as on the day when I had discovered the secret. Only one man returned; and as before, soon after his return, he descended with his companion, and left the ladder standing. "Shall I venture up again?" thought I. "Suppose they do return, and find the ladder drawn up; what can they do to me? And if it comes to the worst, I can give the alarm from the windows, and call to the people in the street below."

Accordingly, with a candle and a loaded pistol, I clambered up as on the former occasion, and once more found myself in the coiners' haunt. Having rapidly looked around the room, and tried in vain to find some clue to enable me to identify its occupants, I went into the back room, which was almost empty, and contained only a pallet bed and some chairs; and thence I mounted to the attics, where were three or four beds, with the usual bedroom-furniture, of a wretched description; but nothing to indicate the names or connexions of their inhabitants. I was so determined, however, to gain all the information I possibly could, that instead of returning to my own room without further lingering, I peered about in all directions in the apartment where the coining was carried on, hoping to find perhaps some other means of communication with the lower stories, or with the adjoining houses. I

opened every drawer and cupboard, but could observe no tokens worth recording. At last, as I was standing in the middle of the room, pondering on the mysteries of the place, my eyes, which had become wonderfully observant of all the details of flooring, through my practice upon the boards in my bedroom, detected signs of something unusual in the planks immediately under my feet. I was confident that they were designed to be taken up at pleasure, or at any rate that they had been taken up and put down again after the first flooring of the room had been completed. Forgetting how the time was running on, I searched about for some implement for ascertaining whether the boards would really come up when tried; and finding a large chisel, I set to work vigorously upon them. The joints of the flooring soon opened, though I fancied it must have been some time, perhaps years, since they had been disturbed; and what was my horror at perceiving, amidst a heap of undistinguishable fragments and rubbish, a human skeleton, nearly entire. How long it had been there it was impossible to tell, but a deep cleft in the skull betrayed the violent death which had befallen the soul that once dwelt within that whitened frame. "Was it the remains of an associate of the gang who owned the chamber?" I thought to myself; "or was it the bones of one who, like myself, had penetrated their secret, and been discovered and murdered?" I stood transfixed and stricken with terror; for though I had heard of such discoveries being made in old houses, both in London and in the country, yet I had never come across one myself; and the first time that we actually encounter such objects of dread, however familiar the mind is with them by report, they wear all the aspect of unheard-of novelties.

Thus I lingered on, wondering and speculating, when a thrill shot through my limbs, as I heard clear sounds rising up the passage from persons below. I ran to the door, to be certain that I had not again forgotten to draw up the ladder, and was too plainly convinced that though the ladder was pulled up, the noise did not this time proceed from my own bedroom, but from the bottom of the passage itself. Trembling, I listened to catch their words, and heard one man distinctly say to another that the ladder was gone. To this his companion replied that some man, whose name I could not catch, must have returned before them, and gone up, and forgot to leave the ladder in its place. They then agreed to go back to make some signal or other, the nature of which I could not comprehend, to their comrade, whom they supposed to be up in the chamber, and then retired. Paralysed with fear, I hardly knew which way to turn. I dared not descend instantly, thinking they might return before I was down. I then thought of rushing to the windows and alarming the people in the street,

when for the first time I perceived that iron bars were fixed across every window within the room, at some little distance from the glass, so as to be concealed from observation from without; which bars very effectually prevented my shewing myself to the passengers below, or making myself heard in the opposite houses. Frantic, I strove to tear the bars asunder, but they resisted my wildest efforts; and as my only chance, not knowing whether the gang had not some other way of entering, which would bring them suddenly upon me, I hastily pushed down the ladder, which was skilfully devised with joints and hinges, so as to be capable of being pulled up into the room, and tried to fix its foot firmly, as I had found it when I mounted. But this I could not contrive; it hung, swinging loosely on the hooks to which it was suspended, and by what means to secure it I could not conceive.

There was, however, no alternative; I must take my chance; and I ventured down, stopping every few seconds to listen. All remained still, and I reached my room, the ladder swaying to and fro as much as the narrowness of the passage would allow; and in a few minutes I was safe, and the bricks restored to their proper places. After a short time three men ascended, and I heard no more. It then struck me that I had left the boards open in the coiners' chamber, and that in all probability they would take the alarm and decamp. For some nights accordingly I continued to listen, but they went and came as hitherto, except that there were clearly but three persons altogether in the gang.

At last I could bear it no longer, and resolved to explore the lower part of the passage, and bring the adventure to a close in some way or other. One evening, just after nightfall, I let a lamp several feet down the opening, and saw that just below where the ladder rested were a series of small stone ledges in the brick-work, evidently intended for ascending and descending, and worn smooth by footsteps. Taking one pistol in my hand, and putting another into my coat-pocket, I carried in my disengaged hand a dark lantern, and prepared to go down. With some difficulty I stepped from the ladder to the uppermost ledge, and then on and on till I reached the bottom, where I found myself at the termination of a narrow passage, just wide enough to allow two persons to cross one another. The floor was damp, and the air cold and clammy, as was naturally the case, considering that I was now below the level of the kitchen-floors of the houses above.

I immediately proceeded along the gallery in which I found myself, and after going a distance which seemed to be about the length of three or four houses, suddenly came upon a flight of stone steps, which I mounted, and speedily perceived my way blocked up by a strong door. Whether this was fastened or not I did not

think of trying, for loud voices, laughing, singing, and conversing, told me that I was close upon a large company of people. The door had plenty of crevices, wide enough for me to see all that passed, and at my leisure I examined the strange scene before me.

In a large apartment, tolerably well lighted with gas, sat some twenty or five-and-twenty men and women, of all ages, and seemingly of every class in life, except the respectable, meaning by "respectable" that which is to be respected, whether it be rich or poor. Some were eating and drinking, others smoking, others playing at cards or dominoes, and some were engaged in emptying pockets and bags of various strange contents. It was clearly not the public room of a common tavern, and yet as clearly not a private house. Every one seemed at home, and each seemed to make common cause with the rest, more familiarly than would be natural in the chance association of a public-house tap-room. Heaped on the floor too, in one corner, was an incomprehensible medley of cloaks, sticks, crutches, rags, baskets, some of them especially disgusting in appearance, and filthy beyond the general aspects of the occupants of the apartment.

For a few minutes I could make nothing of the scene. All was confused talking, and rude, coarse laughter, intermingled with oaths and jests, the latter apparently chiefly directed against persons not present. The noise was so great, that I could distinguish nothing in the conversation of any one group to let me into the true character of the place, when a loud knock was given at the door opposite to that behind which I was concealed; instant silence followed, the door opened, and a woman, cleanly and decent-looking, with misery and starvation depicted in her countenance, walked in, leading by the hand a young man, clad in tattered black, and seemingly sinking in the last stage of exhaustion. He tottered in and sank fainting on a chair, while shouts of laughter, and cries of "Bravo, Becky!" and "Well done, young Bill!" greeted the visitors from all parts of the assembled company.

"What on earth is it?" thought I to myself.

"Oh, good gentlemen and ladies!" cried the woman saluted as Becky, wringing her hands, and turning towards them a face of woe and piteous supplication, "save a poor young man, that's dying with hunger, and has walked thirty miles this blessed day!"

"That's it, old woman!" answered a voice from the crowd.

"Oh, sir, have pity on him for the love of God," continued the woman; "do, sir; do, kind sir; he's my son, sir; my only son, and his father's dead, and we are dying too;" and she burst into an agony of tears, and hid her eyes in her hands for a few moments, and then went on:

"Look, my lady, at his poor face and hands;

he's dying for want, I'll assure you : we haven't tasted bit nor sup since eight o'clock yesterday morning ; and he'll die, I'm sure, this very night. Will your honour go and feel the poor boy's pulse, and see if he isn't almost dead already ? And just look at the foam and spittle coming out of his poor mouth. Oh, he's dying, he's dying, my boy, my child !" And she threw herself on the floor at the young man's feet, and clasped his knees, and taking his hand between her own hands, convulsively kissed it.

With a horrible oath, expressive of delight and satisfaction, one of the men now got up, and seizing the youth's hand, felt his pulse. After trying it for a minute or two, his countenance shewed amazement and something like fear, and he cried to the woman :

"Why, you infernal devil, what's this ? Here's a go indeed !" with a fresh hideous imprecation, which, like a great deal of what I subsequently heard, was too revolting to repeat.

"He's dying, sir, I know he's dying ; unless you give him some wine or brandy, he'll die on that very chair."

"Confound the jade !" replied the man, turning to the rest of the people present, "I think young Bill's dying, after all. He was precious near dead, with this go, once before ; I swear I think he's gone at last."

"Send for a doctor, sir !" interposed the woman, still retaining the same intense earnestness of manner. "Oh, my child, my child !" and she again clasped the young man's knees, and burying her face between them, sobbed convulsively.

The whole party was now really alarmed ; and one man, a little more respectable-looking than the rest, suggested that after all they had better send for a doctor, for fear of the consequences to themselves. "Besides," added he, "if that she-devil has brought him to this pass, that's no reason why Bill should die just like a dog."

Upon this, one of the party went out, and quickly returned, accompanied by a man whom I immediately recognised as the owner of a druggist's shop hard by, where I had bought some medicine myself a few days before ; and who, like many of his trade, practised a little among the poor as a professed apothecary. He stared about him when he saw the place he had got into, but held his tongue, and proceeded to inquire into his patient's case ; feeling the pulse, examining the mouth, opening the lids of the eyes, laying his hand on the breast, and evidently puzzled at the symptoms.

"How long has he been like this, my good woman ?" he said at last to the mother.

"Not long, sir ; not long," said she. "Is there any hope ?"

"Well," said the druggist, "I can't exactly say. I think we must bleed him, and take away a little——"

"Oh, no, sir ! for heaven's sake," interrupted the woman ; "that 'll kill him outright ; I know it will. There's Doctor Smith, who's attended him ever since he was a child, always told me ; says he, 'Becky,' says he, 'if ever you let William be bled, he 'll die. Mind my words,' says he, 'his constitution can't stand it, and he 'll die,' says he. So, sir, whatever you do, don't bleed him."

"Well, then," said the doctor, "you must put him to bed, and put mustard-poultices to his feet, and rub him till the life comes again ; and give him hot brandy and water."

And he then proceeded to detail all else that he considered necessary for a case of suspended animation ; and promising to send something to be taken, and to come again as soon as possible, went away, saying that he had another patient dying and waiting to see him.

"Now, Becky," said the man who had first spoken, as soon as the doctor was gone, "tell us, you villain, is Bill really dying, or is this one of your old jokes ; for if it is, it's going against the rules, you know, you devil, to call strangers in ; and as sure as my name's Dick Havers, I'll make you smart for it." And saying this, he seized the woman's arm with a gripe that made her writhe with pain.

One of the party who had crowded round the fainting young man now burst forth with a cry that Bill was opening his eyes, and was no more dying than he, the speaker, was. All eyes were turned to the reviving Bill ; and while Becky broke out with a shrill, hideous laugh, the youth sat upright on his chair, and grinned sardonically with a frightful look of satisfied pride and triumph. Dick Havers turned savagely to Becky, and said in a somewhat subdued tone, "Well, Becky, you've won your bet sure enough, and done us all ; and we'll see you rightly paid the ten guineas ; but as sure as you're paid the money, you shall suffer for bringing that doctor here."

The woman looked sulky and fierce, but said nothing in reply, and took her place at a table, where she called to a lad who seemed to be a waiter, for gin, porter, and broiled meat, and quietly proceeded, with Bill, who was now walking about the room, to eat her supper in silence.

The gamblers, smokers, and drinkers now resumed their occupations, and I watched them for some time longer. The hubbub of conversation was less noisy, and I soon perceived, what the incident of Becky and her son had suggested, that I was observing the nightly festivities of a gang of professed beggars, and that the coiners had egress from their workshop through this haunt of vice and villany. I was afraid to wait late into the night, lest some of those present should be the coiners themselves, and should suddenly enter the secret passage. As soon, therefore, as any signs of the party's breaking up appeared, I returned to my room,

but not before I had heard a proposal made and approved, that on the next night there should be a general exhibition of the character each individual of the party was accustomed to sustain for the deception of a charitable public. This, it seemed, was a thing that took place at intervals, generally on Sunday evenings, partly as an amusement, and partly that all the members of the gang might the more easily recognise each other when they met in the streets in the broad light of day.

CHAPTER IV.

A SUNDAY ENTERTAINMENT.

THE next evening (which was a Sunday), at an early hour I examined whether the ladder was in its place in the passage of the chimney; for if it had not been there I should not have ventured down, dreading lest the inmates of the chambers above should descend while I was observing the beggars' festival, and from fear of detection should murder me. The ladder, however, was hanging down; and after dusk, and having made my usual preparations for preventing my landlady from entering the bedroom, I descended, followed the windings of the under-ground gallery as before, and soon found myself watching the strange assemblage which I had seen the previous evening. The business of the night had commenced when I reached the door, and the apartment was about half-full. As far as I could comprehend, the beggars were coming in from an adjoining room, one by one, and presenting themselves to their comrades in the guise and with the cant talk with which they pressed their petitions while employed in their hypocritical trade. As each came in, he placed himself against the wall just opposite where I stood, so that I had a perfect view of the scoundrels' faces, and was astonished at the consummate skill with which they played their parts. "The blind dodge" (as I heard them call it) was just begun as I got to my hiding-place. An old-looking man stood silent against the wall, with his face turned slightly upwards, a very model of humility and patient blindness. He did not move a limb or a muscle of his countenance. His hat was on the floor, between his feet, ready to receive the silver or coppers of the benevolent. His hands were joined over his breast in an attitude of supplication. His forehead was open, his head bald, and his hair silvery. His eyes were wide open, and the eyeballs turned up so far into the head as to be scarcely visible; and so complete was his command over them, that though his comrades tried every device to make him start or wink, and so betray that his blindness was assumed, he shewed no sign of being conscious of the existence of a visible world. At last one of them seized the poker which had been thrust into the fire, and suddenly placed it so close to the actor, that I thought it impossible that he

should not start. But no; though I saw a slight quivering of the muscles of the face, shewing the intensity of the effort required for such superhuman self-command, the eye-lids winked not, while the man himself meekly whined out, "Pity the poor blind." Three rounds of applause followed this exhibition of skilful acting; and with many a blasphemous and cant phrase, the whole party protested that "the blind dodge" was unrivalled. The rascal himself then let down his eyeballs to their natural position, and took his place with the rest.

Another was now summoned by three raps on the table with a stick, and a man walked in who took me completely by surprise. I could positively have asserted that he was a gentleman by birth, by education, and by natural feeling. Neatly, almost fashionably, dressed, but with nothing in the world to strike the eye in his personal appearance, he had all the ease and self-possession of one both well-born and well-bred. But that something singularly offensive lurked in his countenance, I should have pronounced him a remarkably pleasing and prepossessing person. He bowed low on entering, and walking leisurely up to the table, began his story in a subdued and slightly puritanical tone of voice. He represented himself as secretary to a mendicinity society, and produced a long list of subscribers' names, a prospectus, and a report detailing the society's operations. His audience seemed almost awed by the perfect assumption of the character; but when he begged respectfully to lay before them an account of the shocking impostures practised by vagrants, and the measures taken by the society for clearing the metropolis of all such scoundrels, the absurdity of the thing was too much for their gravity, and amid roars of laughter and clapping of hands he concluded by begging to be allowed the honour of adding their names to the subscription-list, and produced ready-written receipts for the various sums of money he was to receive.

The next that entered was a repulsive-looking old hag, more like a witch than a beggar, carrying a basket full of thimbles, smelling-bottles, earrings, and trumpery jewellery. She hobbled hurriedly up to the nearest of the company, and looking up with a grinning smile into his face, muttered, "Would your honour like your fortune told? Cross a poor old woman's palm with a shilling, and I'll tell your honour where your heart was yesterday at ten o'clock in the morning."

There seemed nothing particularly novel or charming, however, in the miserable creature's trickery, either to the man she addressed or the rest of the gang.

"There, there, Sal, that's enough; that'll do, old witch; that'll do for the shop-boys and the housemaids; and many's the penny you've turned in your long bad life, though you're worn out now. So sit down, and let's lose no

time." This was all she got for her acting; and she sat moodily down in a chair apart.

Then entered a man, a woman, and a girl, filthy and disgusting beyond expression. The man's legs were both bare, from the knees to the ankles, and covered with what seemed sores, but what I had heard enough of London beggars to know to be artificial. Every garment on the woman's back was a mere rag, begrimed with dirt, and patched in a dozen places. Her hair was dishevelled, her voice hoarse, her hands long and bony; and she carried an infant that screeched prodigiously the moment she entered the room, doubtless from being secretly pinched. At her side was the girl, in size about twelve or fourteen years of age, but in countenance several years older. As they came in, I heard the woman mutter some savage command to the girl, who trembled violently, and was evidently on the point of bursting into tears.

The man and woman began a doleful ballad, sung in the true street-singer's style, as they slowly paced the apartment. After the first stanza, the man turned with a whispered curse to the girl, and asked her why she didn't sing; but the girl only shook still more, and fell to weeping bitterly.

"Hollo! what's this, Sam?" cried the man whom I had before heard called Dick Havers.

"Why, curse the girl," replied the man, "she's taken to snivelling, and won't sing."

"Eh?—what?—won't?" said Havers; "I suppose she knows the use of the strap."

"I believe you, she does," rejoined the other.

"I can't help it, Mr. Havers, I can't indeed," interposed the girl; "I've been singing and walking all day; and I'm so bad, I'm sure I shall die."

"She's too fine for the trade, the jade, she is," answered Sam, as he was called. "She's always saying she's been miserable ever since she was one of us; and it's my belief one of these fine days she'll peach."

"No! no! no!" cried the girl, in increasing agitation; "only let me go; let me go, Mr. Havers. Send me any where; send me to the workhouse, or any place you like; but I can't tramp and sing; indeed I haven't heart for it; and I came first to it against my will."

This brought a blow upon the wretched girl from the hand of the woman, and a volley of imprecations from the man; while I saw from the grumblings and looks of the rest of the gang, that the poor creature was looked on by them with jealousy and suspicion as one too good for her miserable occupation. I felt sick at heart at the sight of her sufferings, and could scarce control myself, or remain quiet in my concealment. Havers was the only person who seemed to have a trace of the feelings of humanity left in his heart; and with a sort of rude, rough justice, he swore that the girl, whom they called Susan Pilchard, should have her rights, and not be beaten or bullied beyond her

deserts. He got her sent out of the room while the remainder of the exhibition went forward. What followed, however, I could not tell, for I felt suddenly so ill, from the close damp atmosphere, and from the nervous excitement natural to my position, that I could stay no longer; and wended my way back again, and retired to rest for the night.

The next day, as I was crossing one of the least-frequented London thoroughfares, my attention was attracted by the very group of street-singers I had seen the previous evening in their place of revelry. There they were, diligently exciting compassion with their ragged, miserable dress, and the odious lachrymose, whining strain which belongs to the genuine metropolitan ballad-singer. The girl Susan Pilchard was one of the party, joining in the singing, and looking the picture of real woe, which, by the side of the hypocritical wretchedness of her companions, struck me to the heart with compassion. I could not help loitering for a few moments to watch their proceedings, and was about to go on about my own business, when the girl evidently became so faint that she could scarcely stand. She said something to her companions, who spoke angrily to her, and at first took no other notice of her complaints; till she was manifestly so ill that they led, or rather dragged her down a narrow street hard by, into an ill-looking public-house. I followed, and waited a few minutes outside, when the man and woman came out, leaving the girl behind them. I then went into the tavern myself, and saying I had seen a sick person brought in whom I knew something of, asked how she was. The barmaid, to whom I spoke, stared at me, as if wondering what I could have to do with a common street-beggar, and not very civilly told me the girl was so ill she thought she could not live.

"Have you sent for a doctor?" said I.

"Doctor!" ejaculated the woman; "a doctor for the likes of her! Lord bless your heart, such as she die by dozens every day without the doctor's help, and none but the parish to bury them."

"Well," said I, "I've good reason to know the poor girl's not so bad as she seems; and if you'll send for a doctor, and take care of her, I'll undertake myself to pay the expense."

"As you please, sir," replied she; "only you'll excuse my saying that you'll be so good as to pay the money down beforehand."

I then arranged with the woman what was to be done, and told her that circumstances had made me acquainted with some particulars in Susan Pilchard's history, that I believed she was not a bad girl, notwithstanding the appearances against her, and that though she did not know me, I should be glad if she would see her well used and taken care of. This she willingly undertook; and in the evening I had the satisfaction of hearing that Susan's chief complaint

was exhaustion and misery of heart. What next to do I could not decide. To send back the girl to her misery I could not think of, for it seemed like an interposition of Providence, that after my being witness to her real character she should have been thrown upon my hands; and without calculating consequences, with all the ardour of a youthful mind, I resolved to do my best to rescue her from vice and sorrow.

The first thing to do was to remove her without delay from the public-house where her companions had left her, for it was certain that they would return to make inquiries; and if they found her alive—which no doubt they hoped would not be the case—take some steps to prevent her from getting out of their clutches. But where could I get a decent lodging for a girl in such a plight, and dressed in such garments as those which half clad poor Susan's attenuated frame? No respectable person would take her in without knowing more of her story than I wished to reveal, and I was at my wits' end to devise any practicable scheme for getting her provided for. At last I thought of getting her a change of dress before taking her away, and this, with the help of the mistress of the public-house, who was willing to execute my commissions, was easily arranged; and after consulting my own landlady as to the best quarters to apply to, I succeeded in arranging with a respectable person, one Mrs. White, living near my own lodgings, to give her board and lodging for the next week. To Mrs. White's accordingly she was conveyed that very night in a hackney-coach; and I returned to my own home with a lightened heart, and a sense of delight at having been the means so far of rescuing one poor creature from degradation and distress. As soon as Susan was recovered, I intended to get her a place in some shopkeeper's family.

Not many days afterwards I again ventured down the secret passage. I was inflamed with curiosity to learn whether any inquiries had been made about Susan Pilchard, and if so, what was the result. I had discharged my debt at the public-house when I took her away, desiring that if any persons asked for her they were to be told that a gentleman who knew her relations had come and taken her away; and since then I had not ventured to go to the house myself, as I wished to conceal all traces of Susan's abode.

When I got to my former place at the door next the beggars' meeting-room, it was rather late in the evening, and for some unexplained reason the party were in the act of dispersing when I first observed them through the chinks in the panels. Havers and one other alone remained, smoking, drinking, and playing at cards. They said little, and seemed surly and savage. Presently the man called Sam came in from the street, and slamming the door behind

him, dashed his hat upon the table where the others were sitting, and with a dreadful oath told them that Susan Pilchard had certainly been kidnapped, and would undoubtedly betray them.

"Not she," said Havers, sulkily.

"I tell you she will," retorted the other.

"She won't," said Havers.

The ballad-singer looked fierce, but said nothing more for a while, and then went on to relate how he had just been to the public-house, and found that what had been reported by the woman who was his companion was quite true. The girl had been carried off the very night they left her by a stranger, who said he knew her friends and would take care of her.

"Friends!" echoed Havers, when he made this statement; "why she has none. To my certain knowledge, she's been in the streets ever since she was four years old, and never knew father, nor mother, nor brother, nor sister, nor any home at all. There's something in it that looks against us. But I'll lay my life Susan Pilchard won't peach. She's the only one here that isn't a born devil; and I never heard of her telling a lie, no, not to save herself from Sam's beating; and if no more's known than she tells, we're safe still."

Just at this moment the door was again opened, and in walked a tall, black-haired man, with a scowling visage, a thick bludgeon in his hand, and a savage dog by his side, mongrel in breed, and looking as if he was reared for the service of thieves and forgers.

"Well, captain, you've made a precious long holiday of it!" was the salutation he met with from Havers.

"Couldn't help it," replied the man. "Trade's bad, going to the dogs; and that scoundrel Jew haggled for days together about the notes."

"Why, what's in the wind now?" asked Havers.

"Oh, nothing's in the wind; only the dog objected to the signature, and said it was badly done and wouldn't pass; and I could get nothing from him without taking off another ten pounds."

When the gang had sufficiently expressed their hatred of the Jew, who I concluded was their agent in uttering the notes forged upstairs, Havers said to the man who had just entered, "What was it called you off the day you went away, and made you leave the boards all up? Don't you know, captain, we're sworn against letting that floor stay open when we come down the passage?"

"Boards up!" echoed the captain; "I never touched the boards, and haven't touched them for months past."

The others looked at each other with a wink of incredulity, and one of them replied:

"Come, come, captain, that's no go. We found them all open, and the rubbish strewed about."

The captain made a frightful asseveration that he knew nothing of the matter, and said they were joking him ; and while my heart beat hard against my bosom, I heard them discuss the question of the captain's honour, until all were convinced that he was speaking the truth, and with him were thunderstruck at finding that some stranger must have penetrated to their secret working-place. At last they remembered that on one occasion they had recently found the ladder hanging loose in the passage, and not fixed upon its usual resting-place. This seemed a confirmation of their suspicions, if any were needed.

"Was it any one from here, do you think?" asked the captain.

"It couldn't be," replied Havers. "They have none of them the keys of the door ; and if they had, and had found their way up the ladder, how should they have known what was underneath the boards upstairs. Besides, whoever it was that took up the floor, only turned up the rubbish and saw the bones, but he missed the gold. That was all safe."

All relapsed into gloomy silence for a while, till one said to the captain :

"Susan Pilchard's gone."

"Gone? Where? Is the obstinate girl dead?"

"I wish she was," said Sam ; "she's laid hold of somehow." And he proceeded to detail the story of Susan's disappearance.

When he had concluded, the captain seemed to think for an instant, and then started to his feet, and shouted,

"She knows it all. I remember when she was lying all but dead a year ago in this very room, and we thought her insensible, Havers and I were talking about the gold and the hiding-place in the floor, and we found by-and-by she was neither dead nor asleep. I see it all ; we shall hang for it ; and that girl will swear away our lives."

At this moment the dog I mentioned as having come in with the captain, gave a low growl, and turned towards the door behind which I was hidden.

"Why Turpin seems to know what's coming on," cried Sam, with a bitter laugh. "Down, sir, down!" he cried to the dog, who however continued his growl, pricked up his ears, and glared savagely towards my place of concealment.

Instead of instantly flying, I felt fascinated. I perceived that the dog had discovered that there was something unusual, and supposed that I must have made some noise which had attracted his attention, though too slight to be heard by his masters. Almost immediately the dog rose and flew at the door, while all the party sprang to their feet and watched him.

"Open, open!" cried the captain, and proceeded to feel in his pockets, as I guessed, for his key.

"Stay a moment," interposed Havers, more calmly. "Fasten that other door first, or we shall be having some one else in." And they all stopped to bar the door that led out into the street.

I turned to fly, but had not gone half the length of the underground gallery, before I heard the keys turned in the three locks which secured the door at which I had been listening, and the moment afterwards the dog dashed in, and would have pinned me to the ground in an instant if he had reached me. Watching him, therefore, and turning the light of my dark lantern full upon him, I levelled my pistol, and, when he was within a yard or so of me, I fired, and with a loud cry he fell. The reverberation of the pistol-shot in the confined space was tremendous, and drowned the voices of my pursuers as they came on. I saw that my life was in their hands, and was confident that if I could not gain my room in time to close the entrance against them, they would murder me on the spot. Accordingly when I reached the termination of the passage, where it ended in the perpendicular ascent, I stood still ; and, as soon as the first man appeared through the smoke of the pistol, I again fired ; and as it was hardly possible to miss at so short a distance, I saw the man fall headlong, while one of his companions was prostrated over him, either wounded by the same shot, or unable to stop himself when his comrade fell. I then turned and mounted the ascent with the utmost speed I could command ; and, as soon as I was within my room, reloaded my pistols before attempting to stop up the aperture, knowing that this last must be the work of several minutes, and that my only safety lay in shooting my foes down if they should venture to follow me.

No one, however, came on : and I could hear the groans of the wounded man gradually becoming inaudible, as his companions carried him back to the room which they had just left. I then lost no time in replacing the bricks in the opening ; and laying down the boards, I dragged a chest of drawers to the spot, so as to make it impossible for any person within the passage to force his way into the chamber, without such violence as must arouse the inmates of the house.

As soon as I had tolerably calmed myself, at least in appearance, and the smell of the gunpowder, which had come up the passage into the room, had passed off through the window, which I threw open, I went to seek my landlady or her daughter, to learn whether the report of the pistol had been so distinctly audible in the house as to excite their curiosity as to its cause. I found them talking of a strange noise they had just heard from behind the fire-place ; but it seemed to them to come so clearly from the adjoining house, that they had set it down to the falling of a heavy weight, or some

other cause not worth troubling themselves to inquire into. So far relieved, I set myself to consider what must next be done. Should I act like a man of sense, and go the next morning to Bow Street, and tell the whole story to the police-magistrate; or should I follow my love of mystery, and fondness for managing all affairs my own way, and go on a little longer, striving to find out something more by my own unaided efforts? After long meditation and irresolution, I decided at length that as perhaps I had killed a man, I might come into great trouble if I lost any time in being informer against myself; and the next day I laid the whole affair before Mr. —, the Bow-Street magistrate; and before noon I was in company with several police-officers searching every nook and cranny of the apartment where the beggars and coiners met and feasted. Nothing was said to the inhabitants of the house where I lodged, or to the neighbours, that as little suspicion as possible might be excited.

I found that the room where the nightly carouse was held was situated at the back of a low public-house, in a street running parallel to the street in which I myself lived, and which was so well known to the police as a house of more than doubtful character, that, on receiving my information, they instantly guessed where to commence their search. The room itself was quite unknown to them; as, though they knew well that the house was the resort of men and women of the worst characters, they had never had occasion to examine the back premises, and supposed them to consist of nothing more than common outhouses and stables. But though the nest was found, the birds were flown; not a man was to be seen; nor could the slightest clue be discovered as to the names or hiding-places of the late inmates. The landlord of the public-house protested that he knew nothing more of the persons who frequented his back rooms than that they were some of his regular customers; and as they paid for every thing they had, he asked no questions. Nor was there any visible communication from the apartment to the underground passage. The whole room was panelled, and *apparently* with solid wood-work. It had been arranged that nothing should be said before the landlord which should betray how it was that the police had been brought upon him. They professed to come in search of some housebreaker, who was supposed to be concealed in the neighbourhood, and said nothing of all my story; I myself appearing as having nothing personally to do with the business. And thus, when the outlet into the passage was found to be concealed, no notice was taken of it at the time; though one of the police-officers contrived to ascertain that a few moments' work upon the panelling with a crow-bar would suffice to lay bare the door behind. Apparently disappointed, they then left the

place, and returned to the police-office, where I repeated my whole narrative to the superior officers, adding also all that I had done respecting Susan Pilchard.

From this poor girl it was immediately supposed that information would be easily gained sufficient for the detection of the whole gang; and no time was lost in sending to her an officer supposed particularly skilful in making use of such hints as it was concluded she would readily furnish. I had my own doubts, indeed, as to Susan's betraying her old associates, much as I was sure she detested their avocations. From what I had heard Havers say of her extraordinary strength of character and singular uprightness, united to a look of openness and mental vigour, which not even the haggardness of her countenance could wholly conceal, I was morally convinced that no power on earth would induce her to turn against her tormentors, especially now that she was out of their power.

And so it turned out. She denied nothing that I already knew; for I thought it right to tell her what I had discovered, and that I had actually seen her, from my place of concealment, on the night when the beggars' exhibition took place. All this she did not affect to deny. She said she was a beggar by profession, and that from her infancy she had been one; but she protested that she detested the trade, that she had never stolen any thing or cheated any one; she declared that one or two of the gang were kinder to her than the rest; that she had sworn never to betray any of them; and that whatever were her suspicions, she *knew* nothing certain about the coining and forging which was carried on by some few of the confraternity. As to their all being common rogues and vagabonds, she did not deny it, but said that it was not her business to bring them to justice; and as to any thing more, she was not preventing justice being done by withholding what information she had as to their other haunts, which the police must find out by their own cleverness. Reasoning with her was out of the question. Nothing affected her. Neither bribery nor threats moved her for a moment. She had done no wrong herself, she said, and she could not see that what other people had done was any business of hers.

The police-officers were confounded. Men who live in detecting and punishing villains of every degree of blackness generally come to believe that all villains are equally black, and that all who associate, through necessity, with thieves and coiners are unconscious of a single remaining virtuous or amiable sentiment. They were for having poor Susan committed as a vagabond on her own confession; but happily the magistrate was a man of humanity and more than common penetration, and he shared my conviction that Susan was honest and told the truth, and would not suffer her to be any

more molested—at least for the present—till she was better in health, when he thought he would himself try his hand at coaxing and wheedling out of her the information he wanted.

The next step was to search the coiners' den in the upper part of the house where I lived. This was easily done from the opening in the bedroom; and I accompanied the police-officers in the examination. We found all much the same as when I was there last, but no clue to the names or other haunts of the gang. We took up the flooring of the whole room, and on subsequent days the flooring of the whole set of rooms. The skeleton we found without difficulty; but no hoard of money could be discovered, nor any thing else to help us towards the object we had in view. In short, nothing remained but to keep a strict watch upon the public-house at the back, in the hope that, after a while, some of the gang might pluck up courage, from finding that so little notice had been taken of them, to return. At the same time the perpendicular passage was bricked up at the bottom, so as to make it impossible for any one to reach the upper chambers except through my apartments. All this was done with perfect secrecy by the adoption of certain little devices which made my landlady wonder what I could possibly be doing with so many visitors and packages, but told her nothing of what was really going on.

In the mean time inquiries were quietly made respecting the landlord of the house, who proved to be a man of considerable property, but with a bad name for niggardliness and unscrupulousness as to the means by which he got his wealth. It appeared that he was not only the owner of the two houses adjoining each other, but of the public-house at which the beggars assembled. He had also possessed the property for a long period, and the party who had owned them before him had been dead many years.

I must now return to Susan Pilchard. I visited her every day, and had the pleasure of finding her rapidly recovering health, and such spirits as were to be expected from one so prematurely old. At the age of eighteen she was no taller than a mere girl, while her mind was that of a person of middle age. Her mind struck me as something singular, and almost wonderful. Destitute as she was of all religious knowledge, she had a strange way of wandering in thought from the visible to the invisible world, and, in her rude manner, had fashioned for herself a sort of creed, in which she firmly believed, and according to which she did her utmost to shape her conduct. A more utterly unmanageable person I have never known. When her opinion was once formed, and her will fixed, she seemed made of adamant. Nothing could shake her, nothing bend her, nothing move her. Before I had conversed with her half-a-dozen times, I became positively

afraid of her, so commanding was the force of character which she displayed. Her peculiar, distorted, yet well-intentioned morality struck me as something more than human, and I respected her, and almost loved her, for it, while I felt more and more every day that she was a person who would no more acquiesce in my views for her future life than in those of a child half her own age, unless they fell in with her own judgment and wishes. Of the general purity and correctness of her past life, so far as she had known right from wrong, I could not entertain a doubt; and I therefore felt satisfied that, whatever she decided upon doing, all would go well with her in the end. I could not get her to fix upon any immediate plan, though she promised, if nothing fresh occurred, to take any decent situation I could procure for her, and expressed the deepest gratitude towards me for rescuing her from her miserable slavery.

Still, I saw that in some extraordinary way she felt a sort of affection for some of the people whom she had left. I suppose that in a character of such intensity as hers, it was natural that the affections should correspond in tenacity with the energy of will and power of endurance; so that her regard for Havers, for whom she seemed to feel more regard than any of the rest, was something between the tenderness of a child to its parent and the love of a woman to her lover. Evidently slow in forming any fresh attachment, she yet struck me as exhibiting the constancy of female regard in a wonderful degree; and the more I talked with her—for she was excessively open in all her conversations—the more convinced I was that, without knowing it, she had given her heart to this man, in return for the occasional kindness and protection he had shewn her amidst the cruelties of the rest of her companions.

A full month passed away, and I had not been able to procure Susan any respectable situation, and I was beginning to despair, when, calling at her lodgings one morning on my way from home, I was informed that she had gone out the previous afternoon and had not yet returned. This most unexpected news distressed as much as it surprised me, and my bewilderment was as great as my surprise and distress. That she had deceived me, I could not believe. That she had been discovered and entrapped by some of the beggars or coiners I thought highly improbable, as from the change in her dress, and the improvement in her health, it was impossible to recognise in her the miserable girl whom I had first seen in an agony of distress by the ballad-singers' side. I examined the room she had been occupying, to see if she had left any note for me, forgetting at the moment that she could not write; though she had managed to learn to read a little. Her apartment, however, bore no marks

of desertion. One or two articles of dress were lying about, and a book or two which I had given her were on the table. I went to my work, and returned to my lodgings at night, extremely vexed and sorry, and half angry with her, and was restless the whole evening with expectation of hearing something of her. Still no tidings came, nor could I learn any thing of her when I called the next day again upon the person with whom she had lodged.

In the course of the next evening, however, I was called out to speak to a man who asked to see me. He bluntly said, "Are you Mr. —?" And on my saying, "Yes," put a small note into my hands, and bade me read it. It ran as follows :

"I have not run away, and am safe. Pray, sir, come to see me, for one is dying whom you know. The man that brings this will shew you where I am.—S. P."

"Who wrote this?" said I, when I had read the note.

"I did," said the man.

"You did?" I replied inquiringly, and astonished.

"Yes, I did. *She* can't write," he rejoined.

"Who can't?" said I.

"You know who," he answered roughly.

"But I can't come without knowing that she desired you to fetch me," I said.

"Of course you can't," said he; "but I'll shew you that she did. What did you say to her, when you left her the day before yesterday? Think, and I'll tell you what it was."

I thought, but could not remember.

"Was it,—I think we shall have thunder to-day?" asked the man.

I recollected that I had said something like this when I parted from Susan the last day I saw her, and acknowledged it.

"Well, then," he continued, "you see I know her, and she must have told me this. Will you come now?"

I hesitated for some time, thinking it was very doubtful that the message came from Susan, till I reflected that she could hardly have repeated my trifling observation about the weather, except for the purpose for which the man professed to relate it. I therefore agreed to go with him, and taking my old friends the pistols, I prepared for a night walk, and left the house with my guide.

"Who is it that is dying?" I asked, as soon as we were in the street.

"I don't know," said my guide, as roughly as before. "I know nothing, except the way I am to take you. Besides, talking stops walking, and there's no time to lose; so, if you please, we'll hold our tongues."

This advice I took, and said nothing till we reached our destination. The journey was long, perhaps four miles, and the place we reached was in one of the London suburbs, still thinly

populated, and on the banks of the river. The house to which my guide conducted me stood quite alone, and was reached by a narrow by-path, seemingly little frequented by any visitors. He rang the bell loudly, and the door was opened by an old woman, haggard and wretched-looking, and miserably clad.

"He's come," said my guide, as soon as the woman appeared, and, without adding a word, walked away.

"Come in," said the woman to me, "and don't stand there, keeping me shivering here at this time of night. It's much that I've suffered from the likes of you in my time."

What more she might have added I could not say, as I lost no time in entering, putting my hand in my pocket to see if my pistols were safe.

"Ay, ay," grumbled the woman, as she saw me do it, "look to your gold; keep it safe. But there's no need to look to it here. This isn't a thieves' house now-a-days; they are all dead, dead, dead; ay, all but one, and he's not long for this world."

I had no time to reply, for at this moment Susan Pilchard herself came down the stairs, saluted me respectfully, and cordially thanked me for my kindness and "condescension" in coming so far.

"You are my only friend in the world, sir; and what could I do but send to you? And I knew you would forgive me, and was only afraid I could not make sure of your knowing that the message came from me. Besides, you were bound to come, for your own sake."

"For my own sake?" I rejoined. "How can that be?"

"Come upstairs and see," she replied, and led the way to a room, where on a low bed lay a sick man, on whose countenance death had already laid its pallid hand.

"Don't you know me?" he faintly whispered, reproachfully, yet not angrily.

"Havers!" I cried, and my heart smote me, as the conviction seized me that he was the man I had shot the night of the discovery. Oh, how horrible it was to see death seizing upon a fellow-creature, through the deed of my own hand, even though done in self-defence! Not centuries of existence, amid the cares and amusements of this life, could efface from my memory the anguish which at that moment pierced me to the soul. I had all along been aware how possible it was that the shot I had fired had taken a fatal effect, but had never realised all the misery of taking away life, even to save my own. I could not speak; a burning dryness parched my mouth; I knelt down by the bedside, and buried my face in my hands.

"You've nothing to fear," said the dying man. "I should have murdered you if you had not shot me; and for the sake of what you have done for *her*," pointing to Susan, "I

would forgive you, even if you had killed me willingly."

I gave him my hand, which he grasped ; but I could say nothing.

"There's no time to lose," he continued ; "I deserved my fate, and I've got it, though they that are worse than me, and have shed blood, which I never have, are gone free. And now you must promise me one promise : will you take care of this girl here ?"

Susan here sunk upon a chair, unable to stand, and gazed upon the dying man with such a look as I have never since seen.

"Till I die," I replied to his question. "She shall never want a friend so long as breath remains in my body."

"That is enough," rejoined Havers. "Now listen to me, and hear about her. She is *not* one of us ; she never was in heart. I know it well, because I always saw it was so ; and I know it still better, because all the rest hated her, and but for me many's the time she might have been made away with among them. But she has no relations in the world that I know of. Her father and mother were decent people, but they're long ago dead, and there's none but you to save her. You see what she's like, when she came out here to hear news of me at the risk of her life, because she could not get it out of her head that I was the man you shot that night. She knew I sometimes came out here alone, when I durstn't stay in the city ; and here she came, and here she found me."

Little more was then said for some time on either side, as Havers grew faint with the exertion of speaking. I renewed my promises to be Susan's friend, and in a lame sort of way gave vent to my bitter grief at having been the instrument of taking Havers's life, even though in self-defence. It seemed certain that he could not live another day, and I offered to wait downstairs as long as they pleased. This they agreed to ; and I sat through the night by the fire in the kitchen, while Susan and the old woman sat up with the dying man.

In the morning they gave me a homely breakfast ; and as Havers was not much worse, I went up to see him again. He was talking to Susan when I entered the room ; and she went on with the conversation after I had said a few words to herself and Havers.

"'Tis awful, indeed," she said to him ; "'tis awful to think of ; but 'twill be worse when it comes."

He shuddered, and then replied, "Then why don't we *know* what is coming ? I know you, and myself, and all the rest of them ; and why don't I know God, if there is one after all ?"

"I can't tell," said Susan ; "but for all that I am sure there is *something* on the other side of death, and something more in the world than you and I have ever seen."

"So the rich folks say," answered Havers ; "but what I want to be told is, why I can't

know this, if it's true, just as I know all about what happens here ?"

"Why, you didn't know you were to be shot that night that Mr. — killed you," replied Susan, with a fearful quickness, which, joined to the dreadful words she spoke, made my blood run cold.

"Ay, true," said he. "And you mean, then, that after all there's a hell before me now, though I don't expect it, and never knew any thing about it beforehand ?"

"Or a heaven," replied Susan solemnly and gently.

At her words Havers heaved a deep sigh, and said no more.

"Oh, God !" I cried to myself, in agony, as the terrible realities of eternity were thus forced upon my thoughts ; "why cannot I tell them more ? They know as much as I do." And for the first time in my life I tried to pray ; that is, really to address myself to the Almighty, in the hope of gaining something from Him.

"Well," said Havers, after a long pause, "if it is true, what then ? Where should such as I go to ?"

"I don't know," said Susan ; "God knows whether you *could* have been better than you have been. And He can't be a harder judge than man is. Sometimes I do beg Him to pity me and help me, and somehow I never feel as if it was labour spent for nothing."

"Ah, *you* may, Susan," replied he, "but not I."

"Why not ?" asked she, with the same startling quickness and earnestness as before.

Whether Havers then tried to pray, or whether he was only overwhelmed with *thought*, I cannot tell ; but he sunk at once into a death-like silence, not moving lip or eye, while Susan continued looking at him with an equal fixedness, and with an expression of bitter sorrow and affection which I regarded with actual awe. In a few minutes I left the room, and Susan following me down stairs assured me that she had no need of any help, and that Havers had money for his needs. She then bid me good morning, and promised to let me know as soon as I could be of any service to her ; and I immediately left the house, and returned into town.

For some days longer I heard nothing either of Havers or his devoted companion, when a letter reached me from her, written in an awkward female hand, and conveying the information that Havers died soon after I left the house where he lay, and that he had given her a sum of money sufficient for her immediate wants. She also told me that she was intending to leave the country, and was going to engage herself as servant to a respectable family going to America, who found it difficult to get any servant, and therefore took her, though a stranger. Finally, she entreated my pardon for not coming to see me, saying that she could not

bear it, as I was, though unwillingly, the cause of Havers's death. From that hour to this I have never seen her or heard of her.

I lost no time in relating all that had passed to the police-magistrate with whom I had originally communicated, and who was still bent upon discovering the rest of the gang. All his efforts, however, were suddenly put an end to by what we were convinced was a bold stroke on their part to destroy all traces of the past. In one night, the house where I lodged, the adjoining one, and the public-house, with all its back premises, were burnt to the ground, and undeniable proofs were found that the

whole was the work of incendiaries, though nothing could be done to fix the guilt upon any individuals. The houses were all found to be insured to their full value, so that we strongly suspected the landlord's complicity in the crime, as even the publican's furniture was also found to be insured. No lives were lost, the fire having begun at an early hour, and a great part of my landlady's furniture was saved, as also that of the neighbouring house. Thus all was ended, and one more den of iniquity was destroyed from the heart of London.

[To be continued.]

CHURCH DECORATION.

AN accomplished architect has, we understand, compared us to Judas Iscariot, in consequence of the views on Gothic architecture expressed in a recent number of *The Rambler*. It is therefore in much trepidation that we venture once more to request our readers' attention to a few thoughts and suggestions on a kindred subject. We write in dread lest an ingenious parallel should be discovered between our speculations and the evil doings of Pontius Pilate, Herod, Caiaphas, Jeroboam, Julian the Apostate, Balaam, Pharo, Cain, or some other of the great sinners of antiquity.

Another fear also besets us, as we think over what we are about to say. We fancy we see a large body of our subscribers, the moment their eyes light upon our sentiments, and long before they have given themselves time to ascertain what those sentiments really are, rushing out, stick or umbrella in hand, to their booksellers, and, half breathless with haste and indignation, crying out to the perturbed bibliopole, "Stop that abominable *Rambler*. Let it never enter my house again." To all such zealous individuals, we venture therefore, in the first place, to suggest a far more rational and satisfactory plan for the refutation of our mischievous theories. Let any one who is opposed to our ideas forthwith sit down and write a letter "to the Editor of *The Rambler*," and request him to insert it in his next No.; and when this letter appears (as we promise shall be the case) let him purchase fifty, a hundred, or two hundred copies of the No. in which the said epistle is to be found, and distribute them among his friends, acquaintances, and the public in general. This scheme will undoubtedly please all parties. In such a case we make but one stipulation. The letter must not be too long; and, if it is absolutely necessary to the elucidation of the writer's views that we should be likened to some unworthy personage or other, we must request our

correspondent to compare us to some one of the milder villains of biblical or ecclesiastical history; and to reserve Herod, Pontius Pilate, and Judas Iscariot for some more weighty occasion.

Seriously, however, we cannot refrain from putting in a plea in behalf of the exercise of Christian charity in the discussion of questions of architecture and other arts. Nothing whatever is gained by the perversion of a writer's views, or by treating a question of æsthetics like a question of faith or morals. Why will some English Catholics continue to give a colour to a witty saying of a certain well-known priest, who protests that he likes Gothic churches very much; but that there are three things which he *cannot* like, and these are, Gothic vestments, Gothic letters, and *Gothic manners*? Why should Catholics carry on their arguments on such matters in the style of the savage old commentators on the Greek and Latin classics, who reviled one another with all the voluble virulence of Billingsgate, because they could not agree as to the omission of a Greek particle or the use of the Latin subjunctive mood? Supposing our humble ideas on questions of art, whether musical, pictorial, architectural, or decorative, are worthless, incorrect, full of practical evil, alike contrary to history and common sense; well—let them be answered and exposed temperately and good-humouredly. *We* do not pretend that our notions are a part of the Christian revelation, or feel one whit less friendly feeling, or even affection, towards an individual who delights in rood-screens, thinks the Parthenon ugly, and would pull down St. Peter's at Rome. On the contrary, we have the happiness of numbering among our friends various persons who entertain ideas on these subjects diametrically opposed to our own, and, what is more,—“tell it not in Gath!”—such persons not unfrequently favour us with

contributions to the pages of *The Rambler*. In the name of Christian charity and the interests of our common religion, which is equally dear to us all, let us have done with this needless vehemence, and expound our own notions, and controvert those of our opponents, with good nature and charitableness, and especially with care that we do not impute to others ideas which they strenuously disown. And now to our more immediate subject.

First, as we have already spoken of Gothic vestments, may we venture a suggestion to those who admire them? and let us premise, that none can admire them more than ourselves. We really can hardly conceive a person of cultivated taste and independent judgment, who has given the subject any consideration, not preferring the Gothic vestments, especially the surplice, the cope, and the chasuble, to those even of the best modern Roman form. We would put the question to any painter in Europe, and ask him in which kind he would prefer to paint an ecclesiastic. We feel confident that there is perhaps not an artist to be found who would hesitate for a moment in choosing the more ancient pattern. And the reason is this: the old vestments look like real *vestments*, i. e. garments; and not like some silken or linen fabric, fixed upon a man's person for the sake of show. They look like what they originally were, namely, actual clothing; like things meant to be worn; and not (as the French, and even many Roman chasubles) like advertising boards, fastened on the back and front of a man hired to perambulate the streets of London with those strange frontal and dorsal announcements of the merits of "Warren's Jet Blacking," or Madame Tussaud's "Chamber of Horrors."

Notwithstanding this, there exists among very many of the English clergy an idea, not based upon mere anti-Gothic prejudice, that the Gothic vestments are inconvenient, and that the chasuble especially actually puts hindrances in the way of saying Mass with due reverence, and even safety, to the consecrated species. Now, has not a certain plausibility been given to this objection by the use of heavy, stiff materials for Gothic vestments, simply because they were rich and costly, and—though in our eyes, very erroneously—such as were supposed to be more handsome? Considering what is the actual weight and heat of the Church vestments in tolerably warm weather, and considering the paramount importance of facilitating, rather than obstructing, the movements of the body in the performance of any ecclesiastical function, we cannot wonder that a large number of the clergy should denounce vestments thus made less for use than for show. People, even very pious and learned people, will not always discriminate; and the advocates of the ancient

vestments may be assured that no little of the prejudice which still exists against them is based upon their occasional use in unusually splendid ceremonies, when cloth-of-gold and richly embroidered silks are the least gorgeous of the materials of which the vestments are made. As we have said, we regard the more expensive vestments as unquestionably *less* beautiful than the more simple. They hang less gracefully, they fit the person less naturally, and they convey an idea of discomfort in the wearer which is any thing but favourable to cordial admiration. In truth, in vestments, as in every thing else in art, *ornament* is the most difficult of all subjects for judicious treatment. Nothing is so easy as to overdo it, to mistake quantity for quality, and to destroy all true beauty by aiming at an increase of mere magnificence and costliness.

To turn, then, from vestments to the general decoration of churches themselves, it may be laid down as an axiom, that decoration which has *religious meaning* is better than decoration which has no meaning at all, and is merely pleasing to the eye; and consequently, that where our means are limited, as in the present day, and we are compelled to consult a rigid economy, the former species of decoration should be generally employed in preference to the latter. In the former kind are included pictures, images, banners, bas-reliefs, painted windows with figures, Scripture texts, and lights. The latter comprise mere architectural or pictorial ornamentation, such as richly carved mouldings, foliage, panelling, stencilling, gilding, stained glass in patterns, and all such decorations, which, however beautiful they may be in themselves, do not naturally represent any religious truths or personages, and suggest only ideas of riches and munificence. Were it not for the difficulty of making oneself understood, we should not detain our readers by reminding them that this last kind of decoration is, of course, admirable and right in itself, and most fitting for a Christian church. We are only drawing attention to the fact, that it is of secondary importance to those decorations which are more purely Catholic and religious, and which more powerfully remind us of the reality of the invisible world and the great doctrines of our faith.

It is a difficult matter, indeed, for a cultivated mind to divest itself of its own personal predilections in the choice of the furniture and ornament of a church designed for an ordinary congregation. We who have nurtured our feeling for visible beauty and grandeur from our earliest infancy, and who perhaps cannot cast our eyes upon any single object in existence without a consciousness that it is either ugly or pleasing, need a strong effort of will in order to appreciate the state of mind of the

poor and uneducated, and of that vast majority of all ranks whose taste for art is neither very deep nor very refined. We walk along the aisles of a new church or a venerable cathedral, and note with delight its perfect proportions, the elegant tracery of its windows, the delicacy of its sculptures, the harmony of its tints, the skill with which it has been gilded and coloured, and our whole mind is filled with sympathy for the genius and munificence which combined to create so elaborate and superb a structure. But all this is *caviare* to the million. After a hasty glance of admiration at the vulgarest of all elements of perfection, namely, size, and a stare of wonder at its golden, and azure, and vermilion hues, the ordinary visitor of a church turns at once to that which ever most interests humanity, viz. man himself. He gazes at the statues, he contemplates the sweet or solemn aspect of a well-carved head, he examines every detail in the pictures, he labours to make out the story in a painted window, he reads devoutly the texts from the Bible which are written upon the walls; and when he would add his own humble offering to the splendour of divine worship, he presents his lighted candle, or his few pence to multiply the number of the tapers which blaze upon the altar at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

We cannot, then, but suggest to church-builders, whether lay or clerical, that when they have but a small sum of money to expend in adorning a church, they should devote it to this more edifying description of decoration, rather than to that which pleases the artist and the amateur, while it sends the poor man empty away. "The poor you have always with you," said our blessed Lord, when Judas murmured at what he called the "waste" of the precious ointment which Mary poured upon her Saviour's feet. Jesus Christ has given the poor to us as his legacy for all generations; and though doubtless that gift includes more than a regard for the feelings of the poor man when in the house of God, yet in a double manner shall we fulfil the Divine command, when we combine a special thoughtfulness for the poor with that pouring forth of precious spikenard with which we delight to honour his sacramental presence in his sanctuary. That art is most truly Christian which employs its resources for touching the depths of the souls of the children of toil and penury, and which aids them in offering to the Lord of the poor some touching token of their adoration and their love. We yield to no man in our delight in the charms of visible beauty and the triumphs of the painter, the sculptor, and the architect; but we would rather see a humble church, in which the poor man delighted to dwell, where he came to bathe the feet of the crucifix with his tears, where groups of children pointed out to one another in large and

intelligible pictures the events of the life and passion of Jesus Christ, where the frequent image of our Lady and the Saints reminded the suffering heart of the blessedness of its eternal home and of its present communion with the Church triumphant, than hear the raptures of a thousand critics as they stood beneath the wondrous dome in the Eternal City, or watched the gradual rising to completeness of the glorious pile of Cologne.

Nor let it be forgotten, that it is of serious importance to give to our English churches as purely a Catholic appearance as is possible in our present straits. Of the whole variety of decorations and furniture with which a church is completed, there are certain features which are peculiarly Catholic, and others in which Protestantism continually copies us. Thus, in many an Anglican church we not only see the font and the pulpit, but the rood-screen, the painted window, the sedilia, the richly carved stalls, the tessellated floor, while walls and arches and foliage are resplendent with all the beauty that mere painting and gilding can confer, and all the spiritual meaning which can be derived from Evangelistic symbols, monograms, and ancient Christian emblems. But certain portions of a Catholic church furniture they cannot have, or dare not have. They cannot have a sumptuous altar, striking the sight of every worshipper as the one most sacred and beloved spot in the entire temple; they cannot cover their walls with pictures, or represent the angelic and saintly host in noble images; they cannot cause their buildings to blaze with countless tapers, rising from the altar to the very vault of the lofty roof, at once expressing the joy and adoration of the Christian, and the glories of the heavenly Jerusalem, of which the Lamb of God, now hidden beneath the sacramental veils, is the eternal light and glory. It is the altar, the images, the pictures, and the candles, which distinctively mark the Catholic church amidst the most skilful imitations; it is the altar, the images, the pictures, and the candles, which are the *special* delights of the ordinary Catholic in the house of God; and therefore it is to the furnishing every church, however humble, with a sufficiency of these more spiritual, intelligible, and Catholic decorations that we would *first* apply the resources at our command.

In those instances, further, in which the merely artistic species of ornament is freely employed, we cannot but think that improvement is often called for, even when the more truly Catholic decorations of a church are not wanting. Nothing is easier than to spoil a good church with painting and gilding. Miserable and cold as is a naked stone or plaster edifice, even when highly enriched with foliage, panelling, arcades, and every decorative device of the architect, it is not so

offensive as a church bedaubed with an innumerable variety of gaudy colours, and gold-leaf laid on wherever the slightest pretence for gilding can be discovered. There is a fatal facility in covering the walls, foliage, and mouldings of Gothic churches with stencilled patterns, which promises to become a positive nuisance. Already, there is scarcely a large town in the country which is not "decorated" in parts with a perfect eruption of tasteless spots and shapeless flowers, inferior in design to a third-rate bedroom paper which may be purchased for one penny per yard. With some exceptions, our churches are being "decorated" to death. All the architect's skill in designing, and all the mason's skill in carving, are sacrificed to a morbid and vulgar passion for colour and gilding. Instead of viewing the building as a whole, and endeavouring to master the architect's conception of the effect to be produced, the decorator (unless he is of the very best class) proceeds to smear every inch of stone, plaster, and wood on which he can lay his hands with a boundless variety of "patterns," in all the colours of the rainbow, laying on the gold-leaf to the tune of perhaps hundreds of pounds worth, until what was before a very excellent building becomes one bewildering mass of strong colours, in which the eye searches in vain for repose, and knows not where to turn, and is puzzled to distinguish a single architectural feature with ease and pleasure.

Decoration with colour ought to be conducted on the same principle as decoration in wood or stone. Its office is to *aid* the architectural effect, by bringing out its lights and shadows with additional distinctness, by treating the walls and flat surfaces as backgrounds, from which the furniture and elementary features of the building shall (to use the painter's phrase) *stand out*, and strike the eye without bewildering it. But in the mere covering a church with patterns (even if they were individually beautiful, and not, as in general, individually ugly), there is no more taste, or beauty, or art, than in the multitudinous buttons and stripes which characterise that anomalous creature now called a "page." The visible result of such a proceeding is very much akin to gilt gingerbread; and the mental result is a regret that so much time, money, and gold-leaf should have been expended with so poor an effect. The decorators of the present day, whether Italian, Byzantine, or Gothic, ought to take a warning from the abuse of colouring into which the profusion of marble has betrayed the church-builders of Italy during the past 300 years. Magnificent and exquisite as the untravelled reader supposes that all churches must be in that land, where brilliant marbles are almost as common as Kentish rag amongst us, bitter is his disappointment when he comes to behold the miserable

tastelessness which pervades a large proportion of the marble-decorated churches of Rome and other Italian cities. Just as our revivalist decorators think they never can lay on too much red, and blue, and green, and gold, so these Italian artists (so to call them) seem generally to have had but one rule to guide them, viz. the variety and brilliancy of each separate species of marble. Consequently, there is many and many a church and palace to be seen south of the Alps, in which the architectural design is literally ruined by the profusion and confusion of its marble covering. Regardless alike of general harmony and of architectural structure, the marblers have spread their beloved material over floor, and wall, and column, and entablature, until the whole building bears no slight resemblance to the show-room of a "plumber, painter, and glazier," who wishes to attract admiration to the skill with which he can imitate all the rarest products of the quarries of Italy. It is only when the judgment of a Raphael, or some other truly great artist, has directed the choice of the marbles, that the cultivated taste does not fervently wish them all safe again in the bosom of the earth whence they were taken.

The colouring of statues and bas-reliefs is a kindred subject which has not yet been sufficiently studied amongst us. The question, however, really presents little difficulty. It is a canon in art, or rather, it is the fundamental principle on which all art is based, that its office is not to attempt to produce actual illusion. The office of art, like that of poetry, is to *suggest*. Its work is to aid the imagination, and not to cheat the eye and ear. When it would go farther than this, it enslaves the mind, instead of ministering to its necessities. Instead of assisting the spiritual portion of our nature to triumph over the sensuous, it subjugates the spirit to the body. It makes fools of us, in place of elevating us into a higher order of being.

Hence every great artist, whether musician, sculptor, painter, or architect, observes with anxious care the natural boundaries of his art, ascertains its capabilities, and gladly obeys those laws which the great Author of nature has imposed upon man's faculties and on the universe in which he dwells. Literal, deceptive imitation may captivate the vulgar, who seek in objects of art only food for astonishment, but it is condemned by judicious critics of every age; and when it is attempted by men of real genius, the skill with which they work serves only to make more palpable the error by which they are deluded. What can be more ridiculous than certain of the imitative passages in Haydn's *Creation*, in which musical sounds are employed to represent the movements of birds and beasts? How weak and theatrical the architectural

feats of Bernini in Rome, where the artist has designed buildings on the principles of pictures, and arranged their features with a view to their being *looked at* from certain points alone!

A similar violation of the essence of all art is to be seen in the attempt to paint images so as to look like life. So far from transporting the mind of the spectator to the *real* scene represented (which they ought to do), they chain us down to the coloured figures which we contemplate. The attempt at deception is either so futile as to be offensive and absurd, or it produces a painful irritation of mind, because we *expect* to see life and motion in what seems so real and true. *Death in life* is the only idea which painted statues produce in the mind, when not occupied with observing the cleverness of the person who produced the deception. If such imagery rises beyond the elevation of a dressed-up doll, or a wax-work exhibition of kings, philosophers, and murderers, it is distressing and enslaving, and defeats its own ends by fastening the soul down to earth, while it ought to aid it to rise to heaven.

If it be said that the poor and uncultivated *like* painted images, we reply that this is no proof that such things work a beneficial effect upon them. The object of pictures and statues in a church is not to make nursery-maids and clowns stare, but to assist the soul in realising invisible things. We do not want to give to a congregation what most amuses them or pleases them. We want to bring before their inmost souls those glorious scenes which eye cannot see, but which are revealed to faith, and on which the Christian rejoices to dwell with all the powers of imagination which God has given him. We want to carry the thoughts far away from the material temple and its decorations of wood, stone, and metal, to the presence of saints and angels, to the choirs of cherubim, to the throne of the Almighty himself. And such an end as this is positively frustrated by any attempt at actual illusion, such as that which is aimed at by the painting of statues and bas-reliefs. The soul is impeded in her heavenward flight, and called back again from communion with her Lord and the company of the redeemed, to gaze at a piece of stage trickery.

All this, be it remembered, by no means implies that sculpture is to be left in its frigid nakedness. A sparing use of gilding and tinting may be made powerfully to serve the genuine purposes of the sculptor's art. Statuary of all kinds is generally wonderfully aided by a little careful marking out of the borders of drapery and other such delicate aids, as are clearly not meant to cheat the spectator by an imitation of real life. In this, as in every other point, we shall be perfectly safe if we bear in mind the great principle,

that the duty of art is to suggest, and not to deceive. Its office is to teach the visible to minister to the invisible; to compel the body to serve the soul; and not to drag us down to earth from heaven.

With one more remark we conclude. In the name of common sense, of religion, and of true Gothic art, let us banish Gothic and Old English *letters* from our churches. If we would not have William of Wykeham, Reginald Bray, and the whole army of Gothic architects rise from their rest and laugh at us as simpletons, let us learn, in this and other respects, to adopt the *principles* of the mediæval artists, and not abjectly copy all their literal customs. When did any artist of the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries employ in a church, or any where else, any alphabet but that which was in frequent common use in his own day? When did any one of our forefathers countenance the notion that the use of letters is to be looked at and admired as pretty, and not to be read with ease by every body who can read at all? Was there ever—in minor things—a more arrant absurdity than to paint texts from Scripture or from the Fathers upon church-walls or pictures, in a character which none but antiquarians can read?

It is said that the Roman letters in common use at the present day are not so elegant as the Gothic or Old English character. And certainly it must be admitted that, though far from ugly in themselves, the mediæval alphabets are more flowing and graceful. But what of this, if they are unintelligible to most persons who will be called to read them? If things are to be rejected because they are ugly, why are we not summoned to doff our decent coats and waistcoats, or our bonnets and shawls, whenever we go to church, and to deck ourselves in some fancy costume which was in use five hundred years ago? Why do not the admirers of Gothic letters wear Gothic shoes, some twenty or thirty inches long, drawn out to a point, and fastened by a string to the knees? Why do we not return to unshorn beards, and tight crimson pantaloons, and caps with feathers—(and *bells* too, to be consistent)? If we are to pick and choose among all known alphabets according to their beauty, some people will be wanting to adopt Arabic, some Syriac, some Malay, some Chinese. For ourselves, we should certainly employ the Hebrew character, which in our eyes is the most beautiful of all.

We can now only say once more, let us cultivate the *principles* of Gothic art, and Italian art, and Byzantine art, or whatever style of art we choose to adopt, rather than slavishly imitate its minutest rules and customs, when those rules and customs have become absurd or useless. There is no lack of

industry, no lack of knowledge, no lack of talent, no lack of zeal, in many of our modern artists. They have already done well, and they may do much better, if they will only think a little more of the *spirit* and the *system* of the days whose buildings they study. Utility does not constitute beauty; but in buildings intended for use, and not to be exhibited in an architectural museum, there can be no true beauty *without* utility. And if those who are most ardent in reviving middle-age practices and middle-age art would study a little more of middle-age history and the lives of middle-age people, they will find that no one virtue was more prevalent in those

much-misunderstood times than the plain, every-day virtue of *common sense*.

With a view to shew what may really be accomplished in the way of church-building and decoration in our present necessities, we propose in an early number to lay before our readers a plan for building churches and *paying for them*. The same number will also contain the first of a series of designs in the various styles of architecture which have been in use in the Christian Church from primitive until modern times, prepared by some of our ablest Catholic architects, and adapted to the circumstances of our crowded cities.

CHURCH FESTIVALS.

ADVENT.

No precise date can be assigned for the period when the solemnities of Advent were first observed in the Christian Church. Whenever we find it mentioned by old writers, or in the acts and decrees of Councils, it is spoken of as the custom of ancestors. St. Leo, in his second sermon on the December Fast, speaks of it as a custom already established.

The duration of this devotion was at first equal to that of Lent, and was called the Christmas Lent. It was also known as St. Martin's Lent, because it began from that saint's festival, which was its carnival. The reason assigned for the number of days being fixed at forty, is, that this number is representative of the 4000 years passed by the world in preparation for the Messiah. Charlemagne's capitulary* had made the forty days obligatory on all, notwithstanding the silence of the canons on the subject. In the reign of Pepin, these forty days were reduced to four weeks, without losing the mystical meaning of the 4000 years. According to St. Jerome, it embraced five Sundays, and this same number is given in the Sacramentary of St. Gregory, and also in Egbert's Pontifical. Durandus also is of opinion that the fifth Sunday strictly belongs to Advent. Advent consisted of six weeks at Milan. St. Ambrose speaks in one of his sermons of the time of Advent, and of its observance being an ancestral custom. That it consisted of six weeks we know from Raoul de Tongres; from whom we also learn, that in his time (the fourteenth century) they still fasted at Rome. In the time of St. Charles Borromeo, the same space of time was allotted to this preparation. The Church of Toledo and the whole Spanish

Church observed the forty days, as we learn from the Mozarabic Missal.* In some places, even after the reduction of the length of Advent to four weeks, the whole forty days were observed, and that for many centuries. In the Council of Salzburg, in 1281, it is ordained that Advent should commence from St. Martin's day; and in the Bull for the Canonisation of St. Louis, issued by Boniface VIII., it is mentioned that this saint observed a fast of forty days before Christmas. St. Bede relates that St. Cuthbert passed an Advent of forty days, as also did a priest named Egbert.

The manner of observance was as varied as the duration of Advent. In St. Leo's time, the faithful fasted thrice in the week, on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, as we do at the present day; this we find in his sermons on the December Fast. The second Council of Tours, in the year 567, can. 17, orders the monks to fast thrice a week during the months of September, October, and November, and during the month of December to fast every day. Such was the Advent of the monasteries. That of the laity was differently regulated by the Council of Mâcon in 581, can. 9, which ordered the Mass to be said as in Lent; from which canon the appellation of Christmas Lent probably arose. St. Gregory of Tours relates, that St. Perpetuus, one of his predecessors in that see, in the year 480, or-

* We have already explained in a former article the nature of the capitularies, whence it will be seen that Charlemagne did not pretend to authority in spiritual matters.

* Mozarabic is another form of the word 'Mixtarabic,' and was applied to denote the Christians of Spain who preserved their religion whilst under Moorish domination. This name was also applied to their liturgy, which lasted till the eleventh century, when, at the instance of Gregory VII., the Spanish Church adopted the Roman rite. To save this liturgy from being lost, Cardinal Ximenes founded in Toledo a chapel for the Mozarabic rite, with a college of thirteen priests, who were always to celebrate according to that rite. An edition of the Mozarabic Missal was published in 1500. It is also called the Gothic Missal, because it was in use when the Visigoths abjured Arianism and embraced Christianity in the year 589. Its other name was given to it after the invasion of the Moors.

dered the faithful to fast thrice in each week from St. Martin's Day till Christmas. The first trace of the reduction of Advent is found in the letter of Nicholas I. to the Bulgarians.

Abbo, abbot of Fleuri, or of St. Benedict-sur-Loire, a man of considerable learning, and of high standing in the age he ornamented, mentions the reduction of Advent by one third. The same is testified by Bernon, or Berno, abbot of Richenon, near the Lake of Constance, in the eleventh century.*

Hitherto, the length and manner of observing this fast varied according to the devotion of the people or the leniency of the Bishops; but from this period a more general mitigation begins to rule in all countries, although many monasteries continued to practise the full rigour of ancient times. It was never totally discontinued, nor were its privileges, such as the *truce* of Advent, as mentioned in the acts of the Council of Clermont, held in the year 1095, rendered valueless, or lost.

In the commencement of the thirteenth century Innocent III. was consulted as to the obligation of fasting during Advent by the Bishop of Bracara in Spain. The holy father replied that in Rome the fast had been always observed. Urban V., in the fourteenth century, commanded his household to abstain only. St. Francis of Paula, in the fifteenth century, commanded his religious to fast only twice in the week. St. Charles Borromeo advised his people to fast during the entire Advent (which, as we mentioned above, was of six weeks duration in his diocese), or at least thrice in each week, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday.

At the present day the observance of the space of four weeks is universal; though of the practice in the diocese of Milan, however, we cannot speak. The manner of observance is now as variable as formerly, different countries following different modes, and diocese differing from diocese, even in the same country; some fasting on three days of the week, as in England; others fasting or abstaining according to the ordinances of the Bishops and prevailing custom of the province or diocese.

Such, briefly, is the history of the institution of Advent. We proceed to the consideration of the intentions proposed by the Church in the penitential exercises of this season.

In his third sermon on Advent, Peter de Blois† explains how our Saviour visits us at

three separate periods and in three different manners. "Christ has already visited us by the Incarnation and Nativity." The anniversary of this visit we prepare for as if Christ were really to come again on earth, and in the same humiliation and suffering. The Church directs our thoughts specially to this object, as will at once be perceived on an examination of her office during this period. The prophecy of Isaiah, the prophet of the Incarnation, and of the principal circumstances connected with that mystery and our Saviour's sufferings and death, is placed before us for our meditation. At the various hours of the day at which she speaks to her Lord by her priests, she pours forth fervent addresses of ardent desire; and with an insatiable thirst for the graces of the redemption, she exclaims, "Rorate cœli desuper, et nubes pluant *Justum*"—the Just One by pre-eminence, who came to impart his justice, his sanctity to us.

"The second advent of Christ is uncertain," because it entirely rests upon our own endeavours, and is dependent on our own wills. If we desire it and ask it, the Just One will eagerly obey the summons; but not so, if we, heedless of the fruit which would accrue to us from the visit, use the fearful liberty of refusing to afford Him shelter. This coming likewise is put before us, and our holy Mother untiringly suggests to our souls sentiments of sorrow and repentance. "Veni ad liberandum nos—Ostende faciem tuam—Visita nos in salutari tuo—Domine Deus virtutum, converte nos—Leva Jerusalem oculos tuos . . . ecce Salvator venit solvere te a vinculo—Quærite Dominum dum inveniri potest—Veniet ut salvet populum suum." At one time calling upon the mercy of God, at another rousing us to a sense of our necessities.

The third coming of Christ is twofold, but on both occasions of awful import to each individual. "It is certain to take place, but the time and place are uncertain; for nothing is more sure than death, and nothing more unknown than the day of its coming." The judgment-day will see the last coming of Christ, alike important with that when "He comes like a thief in the night." Although not touched upon by our author, it has a distinct place in the office, the gospel of the first Sunday being the prophecy of our Saviour regarding the destruction of Jerusalem and the day of judgment. And, in another place, she calls the same to our mind—"De cœlo veniet *Dominator Dominus*, et in manu ejus honor et imperium." The same sentiment is expressed in both of the hymns, which are said on each Sunday of Advent, in contrast to his first coming as a lamb, his second being

the request of Henry he made a collection of his letters, to the number of 183. He has left a number of sermons, and seventeen small works.

* St. Peter Damian, on the other hand, states the contemporary custom of observing an Advent of forty days.

† He was named de Blois from his native town. At our Henry the Second's solicitation he passed some time at his court, but soon retired, and was employed by Richard Archbishop of Canterbury in transacting business with Alexander III. and Urban III. He had been made Archdeacon of Bath, but after Henry's death received that of London in exchange, which brought him much labour, but a small revenue. He died in 1200. At

that of a lion. "The first Advent was humble and concealed; the second is mysterious and full of love; the third will be striking and terrible. In his first advent Christ was judged by men unjustly; in the second he justifies and sanctifies us by his grace; in the third he will judge all things with equity. A lamb in the first coming, a lion in the third, and in the second a friend full of tenderness."

The Advent office was compiled by St. Gregory the Great, and these three comings of Christ seem to have been kept in view in his choice of the lections and gospels. Nearly all the lections of the first nocturn are taken from Isaias, and consequently refer to the natural birth of the Messias. Those of the second nocturn, with the exception of the second Sunday, consist of extracts from St. Leo's sermons on the fast of Advent, in which is set forth the duty of penance and prayer, concomitantly with the obligation of bestowing on the poor what we retrench from our sustenance and pleasure. The third is recalled to us in the gospels; in that of the first Sunday, the last coming of Christ at the general judgment; in the second and third, his preaching among men, and shewing signs of his power, and the testimony of the Baptist to his being the Christ, is recorded; those of the Ember days and of the fourth Sunday relate the incarnation, and the time of our Saviour's birth, and the preaching of St. John; but in the gospel of the Sunday we are reminded of the long preparation of the world for his coming. We are particularly reminded of the accomplishment of the prophet Daniel's prediction, of the expiration of the seventy weeks of years, the transfer of the sceptre into the hands of foreigners. In the gospel of the first Sunday the general judgment is mixed up with the destruction of Jerusalem, because the same signs which were prophesied by our Saviour as indicative of the one, also prognosticate the other.

In the minor portions of the office, the expectation and desire of the Messias is kept alive. In the invitatories and capitularies the addresses become more ardent and stirring as the festival approaches. "He must increase, but John must decrease." We are invited "to adore the King who is to come." "The Lord is nigh." "Rejoice always in the Lord: again I say rejoice . . . for the Lord is nigh." And on the vigil, "To-morrow the iniquity of the earth shall be wiped away." "Mary's days are accomplished that she should be delivered, and bring forth her first-born."

The distinctive feature of Advent does not appear till the 17th of the month, the eighth day before the feast of the Nativity. On this and the following days the rubric ordains the recital of the greater antiphons before and after the Magnificat, each commencing with the exclamation "*O*." They are distinguished

as *greater* antiphons, because all other antiphons, even such as are proper to the festival, must give place to these. They are addresses to the Messias under the appellation of the titles by which He is known in Scripture: *O Sapientia! O Adonai! O Radix Jesse! O Clavis David! O Oriens! O Rex Gentium! O Emmanuel!* the supplication accompanying each corresponding with the exclamation. In the first, we beg for wisdom; in the second, that He who delivered Israel from Egypt will redeem us. In the third, "O root of Jesse, which stood as a sign to the people, come and deliver us." In the fourth, "O key of David, liberate from prison thy fettered one, sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death." In the sixth, "O Orient, brightness of light eternal, and sun of justice, come and illumine thy people sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death." In the seventh, "O king of nations, come and save man whom Thou didst form of the slime of the earth." In the eighth, "O Emmanuel (God with us), our king and lawgiver, expectation of nations, and their Saviour, come to save us, O Lord our God." They are sung before and after the Magnificat, to signify the close connexion between the Mother and the Son; the same motive which nearly always couples the Hail Mary with the Our Father.

The number of these antiphons has not been the same at all times. Some Churches added two others, one to our Lady, and one to the angel Gabriel. To these two, three more were added by other Churches, one to our Saviour, another to our Lady, and the third to Jerusalem.

The sorrow of Advent is not so unbroken as the grief of Lent, which ends in the celebration of the Passion; the event which it prefaces imparts to it a tinge of its own joy; the alleluia is not dropped throughout Advent. In other respects, the penitential character of the time remains undiminished; the colour of the vestments is purple, the *Gloria in excelsis* and *Te Deum* passed over in silence. This feeling should not be violated by decking the altars with flowers or ornaments, betokening joy. An exception is made on the "*Gaudete*" or third Sunday, because that day is appointed as a relief from sorrow.

Another sign of the Lenten character of Advent is the laying aside of the dalmatic and tunic by the deacon and subdeacon at High Mass, the third Sunday excepted. These vestments are a sign of joy, as we learn from the ordination service. In lieu of these vestments, the deacon and subdeacon put on chasubles, similar to that worn by the priest, but folded up as high as the breast in front. This rubric should be strictly observed by cathedral, collegiate, and regular churches; other smaller churches are not strictly bound, according to Merati, to comply with this rule, but the deacon and subdeacon must serve in albs, not in dal-

matics. This rule holds for Lent, with the exception of "*Lætare*" Sunday. This is a relic of the ancient mode of vesting. In early times the chasuble* was common to priest and ministers. It enveloped the whole body from head to foot, one aperture being left for the head, which, of the whole body, was the only visible part. Thus clothed, the priest began Mass, and not until he approached the altar were his hands freed, by the ministers lifting up the sides of the chasuble, and arranging it in folds on his arms. A relic of this is still preserved in the ceremonies of an Episcopal Mass; the Bishop does not put on the maniple until he goes up to the altar, nor did the priest when those chasubles were used; it was put on then, because it was the first time the arms appeared. During the Mass, the encumbrance of the folds was relieved by the ministers holding them when the arms were much used. The same custom is now observed at the consecration and at incensing, although no longer necessary. The ministers, however, whose functions were numerous and continued throughout the whole Mass, were not so assisted; to avoid the impediment of the inconvenient amplitude of the chasuble, they folded them up in *front* over their arms, not at the sides as the priest did; their arms were thus at full liberty. This expedient did not fully answer its purpose, so that, when they had any particular function to perform, it was judged more convenient to take the chasuble off. The subdeacon thus laid it aside to read the epistle, but resumed it at its conclusion, there being little for him to do during the remainder of the Mass. The deacon did the same before chanting the gospel; but as his functions were continuous, he folded it up in an oblong form, threw it over his left shoulder, and fastened it with the girdle under the right arm, to prevent its falling off. After the communion, having fewer duties, that part of the Mass resembling the first, he resumes his chasuble. After the introduction of the dalmatic and tunic for the deacon and his assistant, the old vestments and accompanying ceremonies were retained during Lent and Advent. The whole of this is still observed in the Church, although with considerable modifications.

The prohibition of making no commemoration of the cross, on account of the anachronism of making a remembrance of the death of Him whose birth we are preparing to celebrate, is quite peculiar to Advent.

CHRISTMAS.

The Feast of the Nativity of our Lord is called Christmas from the custom of the

* This word is anglicised from the Latin word *casula*, signifying a *small house*. It is applied to this vestment, because it was so large that one might move about in it as in a small house. The word *planeta* means *wandering*; this is another name for this vestment, and is very applicable.

Saxon Church, which designated a feast by some characteristic term added to the word Mass; as *Candlemas*(s)-day is the name of the feast of the Purification of our Lady, because candles were then offered at the Mass for the use of the altar. *Lammas-day** is another example of the peculiarities of the Saxon nomenclature: this day is the first of August, and is called *Lammas-day* from the custom which existed at York, and most probably in other places, of offering to the Archbishop during the Mass a *lamb*, because lamb ceases to be eaten at that time. The French name for this feast is Noël, from the word Emmanuel—the termination for the entire word.

With Christmas-day commences the time consecrated to thanksgiving for the coming of Christ, equal to that which had been spent in preparation. It closes with the Purification of our Lady. Unlike Easter and Pentecost, it is not a movable feast, and is never celebrated on any other than the 25th day of December. The Pasch of the Jews was variable, being fixed on the 14th day of the first month, as was commanded to Moses in Exodus, and decreed by him in Leviticus; we have fixed Easter on the Sunday after the 14th day of the full moon of the vernal equinox, observing the same rule as the Jews, with the exception of confining it to the Sunday. Christmas, being independent of any similar regulation, is always celebrated on its own day. Great discrepancy has, however, existed in the Church both as to the month and the day on which the Nativity was supposed to have taken place; the Eastern Churches differing among themselves, and from the Latins, who unanimously observed it on the 25th of December. Clement of Alexandria enters into a lengthy chronological discussion of the dates of the actions of our Saviour's life; and with regard to the Nativity of our Lord, he states that some consider it to have been on the 28th of August, or 15th of the month Πάχων, and others on the 20th or 21st of April, the 24th or 25th of Pharmuth. Many Churches celebrated the Nativity and the Epiphany both on the same day; and to the honour of these two passages in the life of Christ, others, and, in fact, most of the Greeks, added that of his baptism.

The Latins, however, were considerably earlier than the Greeks in honouring the birth of our Saviour with a special feast, and in fixing the day on the 25th of December. They had anxiously laboured to ascertain the exact day, and satisfactorily proved it to be that on which we now celebrate it. Their success was much facilitated by their position and the proximity of the necessary means. From the Gospel they ascertained that the

* In chap. xviii, of Leviticus we read of the same ceremony.

birth of Christ took place during the census ordered to be taken of the whole Roman empire by Augustus. The correctness of this statement, although questioned because we find no mention of this important fact in contemporary Pagan writers, remains unshaken when we reflect that we have no history of the whole reign of Augustus. The archives of this census were preserved in Rome, open for inspection; and a reference to them in proof of the birth of Christ was frequently challenged to heathens and heretics by Justin in his *Apology*, and by Tertullian in the fourth book of his work against Marcion. St. Chrysostom, while yet a priest at Antioch, delivered his discourse on Christmas, and therein speaks of the altercations of two classes of persons concerning this festival, some reproaching it as of recent introduction, and others defending the antiquity of its observance. Against the first he declares that it had long been celebrated from Thrace to Gibraltar, although of only ten years' date in the Church of Antioch; that is, in the year 376, for this homily was delivered in 386. That the 25th of December was the proper day for this feast he proceeds to prove by explaining the Gospel narrative of the census of Augustus; for the truth of which passage he refers them to the archives at Rome, where people might prove it for themselves; and if unable to do so, they must take it on the authority of those who dwell in Rome, who have proved it, and long celebrated this day as the feast of the Nativity. Another proof he adduces from the same Gospel, by examining the history of the promise and birth of St. John the Baptist and of the Annunciation to the Blessed Virgin.

The Greeks, having no authority for fixing Christmas on any particular day, adopted the Latin custom, and from the fifth century observed this festival contemporaneously with the Western Church.

For most of the circumstances connected with the birth of our Saviour we must, of course, take tradition as our authority; very few of them are related in the sacred Scriptures, although most probably known to the inspired writers, from their conversation and protracted intercourse and connexion with our Lady, during the four-and-twenty years she remained on earth after the ascension of her divine Son.

It is generally believed that our Saviour was born on a Sunday—the day on which the Fathers place the creation of light. This is the more credible from the fact, that two other manifestations of light, or glory, the Resurrection and Pentecost, occurred on the same day of the week.

The place of our Saviour's birth, as assigned by authors of considerable weight, was not in Bethlehem itself, but in the suburbs; and this, on two accounts, seems to be true,—the

stable was a cave, or a hole in a rock, either an artificial excavation, or a natural recess in one of the hills' sides by which Bethlehem is surrounded; and if such a place were within the city, it would probably have been the property of some one, and occupied by some of the crowd who thronged the streets. St. Jerome mentions in two passages in his letter to the Virgin Eustochius, which is also called the epitaph of St. Paula, because it is a sketch of her life and a panegyric on her virtues, that it was not an ordinary stable erected for the shelter of cattle, but a cave in the rock, entirely corresponding with the place now venerated as our Redeemer's birth-place. The tradition of the ox and the ass being in this cave is supposed by Tillemont and Calmet to have been originated in the fifth century. St. Jerome, however, in the letter already alluded to, supports the opinion of its not being a mere fiction, but a reality, and cites this circumstance as the fulfilment of the prophecy of Isaiah i. 3: "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib."

Baronius cites, in support of St. Jerome's notion, St. Gregory of Nyssa and St. Gregory of Nazianzen. A still stronger confirmation exists in the fact of the Church favouring the tradition, and alluding to it in her office on this day, in the response after the first lesson of the second nocturn.

In Aringhi's work on the Catacombs, called, "*Roma Subterranea*," is given a plate of two sarcophagi taken from the catacombs, on one of which several scenes of our Saviour's life are represented, and in the centre that of the Nativity, the Child lying in the manger, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and one or two other figures, and the ox and the ass leaning over, and looking intently upon the Saviour. This is a proof of the existence of this tradition being of a much earlier date than the fifth century.

The manger in which the Evangelist records that our Saviour was laid, was of wood, and was placed in a hole in the side of the cavern. The fragments of it are preserved at Rome in a crystal case, in the church of St. Mary Major, which is called *S. Mariæ ad Præsepe*, and at the midnight Mass, which is usually sung by the Pope, it is carried in procession and laid upon the altar. The authenticity of this relic of our Saviour's birth is considered to be most substantially authenticated: by it lies St. Jerome's body, which had lain near it in Bethlehem.

The only miracle recorded in the Gospel as annunciative of the birth of the Redeemer, is the apparition of the angel Gabriel (that it was St. Gabriel will appear from his being employed throughout the whole mystery of the Incarnation) to the shepherds.

The first words addressed to them were, "Fear not." This is an exemplification of the

rule given by Benedict XIV. for ascertaining whether a vision be from God or Satan; those of heavenly beings always inspiring fear first and joy afterwards, as occurred also in Zachary's case, when the angel Gabriel made known to him that he should have a son. The angel then announced to them the birth of a "Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: you shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger." These particulars were given to them, lest they should be deceived in their expectations, thinking, according to the general belief of the Jews, that the Messiah would come in power and majesty; the circumstance of his being laid in a manger would prevent them seeking for Him among the palaces of the great, or at the caravansera. In confirmation of the truth of what the angel informed them, the songs of the angels in heaven, praising God, were permitted to reach their ears. The words of this celestial hymn—"Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis," have been variously interpreted, some referring the words "*bonæ voluntatis*" to "*pax*," thus giving it the meaning of "peace of good-will to men;" the other division understand "*bonæ voluntatis*" as relative to "*hominibus*."

In Catholic countries there is an almost universal custom of having a manger filled with straw, containing the form of an infant, in some part of the house, or raised on a throne in the church. In Spain, the whole mystery is often dramatised to an extent which, to some English eyes, would appear unwarranted and ill advised. A stable is erected outside the town, and in it are grouped an ox and an ass, several persons representing the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and the shepherds; an infant laid in a manger; the people crowd round this with lighted torches, and there perform their devotions. The origin of this custom may be ascribed to the devotion and faith of the mother of St. Francis of Assisium; whence, perhaps, the extraordinary devotion of St. Francis to the mystery of the Nativity. In the ardour of his zeal to promote the love of the faithful for our Saviour in this mystery, he applied to the Pope for permission to carry out his design; and this being secured, he selected a stable, or a building similar to one, and placed in it a manger, some straw, an ox and an ass, and invited thither numbers of people, celebrated Mass on a highly decorated altar, illumined by a multitude of wax lights, sang the gospel, and preached with touching devotion and tenderness.* It is a curious fact, and not unworthy of remark, that the cave or stable of Bethlehem in which our Saviour was born is now under the care of the Franciscan monks, and can be entered only from their church. It contains an altar and a picture of

* Ribadancira,

the Nativity; its walls are faced with marble, and a star of different coloured marbles marks the spot where He lay. This custom still retains a strong hold on the Spanish Catholic. This dramatising of religious mysteries among the Spaniards is not confined to Christmas; on the Purification likewise, the whole scene of the presentation of the Child in the temple is acted; a child is presented to the priest at the altar by a veiled female, and with a pair of turtle doves in a richly ornamented basket.

Christmas is the only festival which brings with it privileges, or exemptions from the general laws of the Church. These privileges are two, one for the clergy, and one for the laity. All priests, except those who on this day celebrate their first Mass, are, on this feast only, permitted to offer the holy sacrifice thrice. This privilege was originally confined to the Pope, other priests saying two Masses, as was the contemporary custom in the French Church. The reason of the Pope's celebrating the third Mass was on account of his visiting the Church of St. Anastasia on that day, who, by many, is considered to have been present at the birth of our Saviour, and performed for our Lady the office of midwife. When the Roman order of the offices was introduced into France under Charlemagne, this custom was taken up first by the Bishops, and afterwards by all the priests. In the earlier ages, priests sometimes celebrated more than once on the same day. The discipline of the Church on this point has now changed, following the alteration of the custom which sanctioned the celebrating Mass and receiving communion after the evening meal. Now, priests are not allowed, when they celebrate more than one Mass on the same day, to drink the ablutions of the first Mass, or on Christmas Day of either the first or second, but are required to reserve them, and receive them after the communion of the last.

When the custom of allowing only one Mass in a city, at least on Sundays and Feasts, and that to be said by the Bishop, was the discipline of the Church, all the priests assisted at the sacrifice, and offered it with the Bishop, enunciating all the prayers, and likewise the words of consecration;* a remnant of which custom is preserved in the ordination service, where the newly ordained priests accompany the Bishop, who speaks aloud during the whole of the Mass, pronouncing the words almost simultaneously with him.

The other privilege is common to both clergy and laity, that of being exempted from the law of abstinence if Christmas-day falls on a Friday or Saturday, as may happen in Catholic countries: "*Propter excellentiam Festi*," as Honorius III. says. It was mentioned by Nicholas I. also in his instructions to the Bulgarians. Among the Greeks no

* Amalarius, De Divin. Offic.; Mabillon, Ordo Rom.

abstinence at all is observed during the Do-decameron from Christmas till Epiphany. In Catholic countries the abstinence of Saturday is suspended during the six weeks after Christmas. In the middle ages Christmas conferred also the privilege of the "week of remission," during which creditors could pursue no claim on their debtors; it was extended also to Easter and Pentecost. In those times a peculiar ceremony was performed in the Papal chapel during matins: a helmet and sword were blessed for a knight or prince, and if the individual for whom they were destined was present, he chanted the fifth lesson, holding the newly blessed sword in his hand; the antecedent ceremony being, that he should approach the feet of the Pope, draw his sword, and touch the ground with its point thrice, and brandish it thrice; then proceeding to the lectern, should take off his helmet, and put on the cope. The reason of this is, be-

cause the lesson is illustrative of the combat between Christ and the demon; because it commences with "Exiit edictum de Cæsare."* This ceremony was instituted by Charlemagne, who chanted the gospel of the midnight.

Three Masses are celebrated on this day, to commemorate and honour the three births of Christ: his birth or eternal generation in the bosom of his Father, his birth from the womb of the Blessed Virgin, and his birth in just souls. The first of these is commemorated in the Midnight Mass, the second in the Aurora Mass, and the third in the Mass of Noon, for which reason the opening of St. John's Gospel is appointed to this Mass; the epistle is a passage from St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, on the eternal generation of the Son. The Pontiffs celebrated the first of these at St. Mary Major's, the second at the Basilica of St. Anastasia, and the third at the Vatican. M.

Reviews.

PROTESTANT CHURCHES.

The Houses of God: as they were,—as they are,—and as they ought to be. A Sermon.

By the Rev. A. J. Dayman, Curate of St. John Baptist's, Wasperton, Warwickshire, late of Exeter College, Oxford. Rivingtons.

OF all the ecclesiastical phenomena of the past quarter of a century, there are few more curious than the architectural revivalism which has sprung up in the Protestant Church of England and the Dissenting communities of this country. Endless as are now the new Gothic edifices,—Anglican, Independent, Methodist, Baptist, and Socinian,—which greet the eyes of the traveller whithersoever he roams, in country or in town, it is difficult to realise the fact, that it is *not yet* a quarter of a century since this devotion to the æsthetics of religion was born in the land. We remember well the period when,—the Catholics being preeminent in the cultivation of ugliness,—a new church or chapel was not only a rarity, but when it *was* erected was usually a doleful, hideous, whity-brown, brick production, modelled on the true conventicle type, intolerably unhealthy, extraordinarily inconvenient, and expressing in an infinitesimally minute degree the ideas of worship and prayer. Inability forbade the Catholics to build; want of inclination forbade the Nonconformists; and Acts of Parliament forbade the Established Church. Here and there a triumph of industry, energy, and art was called into life by some self-denying priest, some speculating builder, or some fanatical expounder of Evangelicalism. But these things were rare; and whensoever the

stagnation of the times was broken, so far as the appearance of the newly-created edifices was concerned, one was tempted to join in Dr. Johnson's cry, when a certain lady extolled her daughter's musical performance as a thing most difficult of execution, "It is to be regretted, madam, that it is not *impossible*."

At last the movement began. Orpheus struck the lyre, and the stones were instinct with life. Lord Liverpool—(for we are not about to speak of the architectural movement in the Catholic Church)—passed an Act of Parliament; and commissioners, noble and episcopal, began to sanction and encourage the building of churches. London, especially in its suburbs, and various country towns and cities, responded to the sound, and a considerable number of edifices were reared, aping the Italian forms and the classic grace of the buildings of Wren and Gibbs, and at a respectful distance copying the Catholic churches of Italy and France. The movement, however, was for some time only Act-of-Parliamentary, and in no sense did the people, or any heartily interested class of the people, take it up. The whole affair partook largely of that truly English spirit which, by a word untranslatable (we suspect) into the other tongues of mankind, we designate *jobbing*. Pews and pulpits reigned triumphant in the dismal fabrics; architects and builders sent in enormous bills; and recalcitrant parishioners were mulcted of large additional church-building rates.

By and by, while a zeal for the beauties of

* Dom. Martene. Albertus Argent.

the house of God was rapidly increasing in the general body of English Catholics, all at once the architectural tide among Protestants not only took a turn, but began to flow with a torrent that astonished the hum-drum world, which had accounted even Lord Liverpool something like an ecclesiastical revolutionist. After a few premonitory symptoms, the Established Church went mad on the subject of Gothic architecture. Bishop and dean, rector and curate, High Church and Low Church, took to building Gothic churches with a perfect frenzy of zeal. Marvellous were the works of art then called forth by the genius of Britain. Indescribable were the efforts which for some years bore testimony alike to the enterprise, the extravagance, the bad taste, and the ignorance of their promoters and designers. The superb remains of mediæval splendour which still survive in rich profusion were copied with ambitious but blundering hands; and not content with a humble imitation of the modest parish-church of other days, nothing would satisfy the aspirations of church-builders but designs after the patterns of cathedrals and abbeys, and plaster imitations of chapels on which the wealth of kings and prelates had been lavishly expended.

Meanwhile criticism seized the pen, and praised and blamed with no sparing hand. Books, pamphlets, and periodicals took up the "church-building question;" societies were formed, architects were brushed up, caricatures laughed down the most flagrant of the new enormities, while a powerful impetus was communicated to the work, and a semblance of vital power spread over the whole, by the self-denying views of the new Oxford school, which was now beginning to make itself heard in the nation. Puseyism, animated by certain sparks of the old Catholic fire, loudly proclaimed that it was the worship of Mammon which had put an end to church-building since the epoch of the Reformation; and that no man who wanted to save his soul could do better than foster the erection of superb and highly-adorned churches, signifying, as far as Bishops and Ecclesiastical Courts would permit, the great forgotten doctrines of the Real Presence, of Baptismal Regeneration, and of prayer.

By degrees good taste increased, and knowledge began to prevail. Church-builders were scourged so remorselessly by critics, that for very fear architects and clergy began to look well to their doings. The *British Critic* and the *Ecclesiologist* took the lead in the work of castigation; while ever and anon a few words of severe remark from a Catholic writer quickened the zeal of Anglo-Catholics and Establishmentarians alike. The epidemic also spread among the Dissenting communities. Every heresy under the sun began to be preached beneath a Gothic roof; and for once at least, the frightful, grinning faces, and spor-

tive monsters, which our middle-age ancestors delighted to see in the house of God, found a fitting habitation, and mutely testified to the amazement with which their original inventors would have listened to the discourses of a Methodist, a Calvinist, a Lutheran, or a philosophical Christian. And now the æsthetic revival seems firmly rooted in the land. At the first blush of a new Gothic building, one can form not the faintest conception of the theology which finds a home within its walls. Many a fourteenth century edifice, with nave, transepts, and chancel, bright with coloured glass, and sparkling with pinnacles and dainty tracery, is found to resound to the declamations of an inspired tea-dealer, or to expositions of the mythical character of the dogmas taught by the Apostles.

And amidst all this architectural epicurism, we mark an ever-increasing self-complacency in the members of the Anglican Church, and a belief that this multiplication of lofty roofs, and sculptured capitals, and gorgeous windows, is not only a sign of the spiritual life of the body, which thus expresses her inward, evangelical loveliness, but is, moreover, a true revival of all that was best and most primitive in mediæval times. Many and many a fond heart—and we say it with no feelings of unkindness or satire—dwells with delight upon these copies of ancient splendour, and rejoices to persuade itself and others that the Church of England is thus making glorious that which is really the house of God, and attracting the *heart* of poor and rich alike to the place where God's honour dwelleth. The measure of success which has attended the efforts of church-builders, the general desire for church restoration and decoration, the aversion to high-backed pews, plaster Cupids, and images of lions and unicorns; the passion for painted glass, for gilding, and for painting; the fondness for mediæval remains, and the tenderness with which every ancient fragment of other days is caught up and cherished; all these things combine to fill the souls of many an honest and kind-hearted Churchman with a belief that the mind of England is gradually finding a home in these decent or costly edifices. They will not believe that all this movement is not deeply and fervently religious. They cannot endure to regard it as a mere frigid or professional æstheticism. Their eyes wander, with pleasing emotion, over the resuscitated gilding of walls, the daintily carved foliage of capitals and mouldings, the glowing hues in which saints and martyrs appear, looking down upon them from golden niches in "monumental" windows; and they ask, Is not this spiritual life? Will not this attract the poor? Is it not better than loading our sideboards with silver, and decking our drawing-rooms with hangings of velvet and satin? Does it not speak to the soul, of by-gone glories, of faith, and austerities, and the power of the Church over the world? And

will not the great heart of England once more love to dwell in these tabernacles, and, amidst their reviving splendours, anticipate the blessedness of the eternal home?

The author of the sermon before us is not behind his coadjutors in thus creating an imaginary world of spiritual beauty within the walls where the Anglican ritual is celebrated. He calls on his hearers, in earnest and sincere tones, to awake to a sense of their forgotten privileges, to look around them, and behold how all things tell of the glory of God, and the doctrines of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He bids them listen to the sweet notes of the bells, inviting them with the voice of messengers from heaven. He reminds them how the church is the place for receiving absolution from sin, and for feeding on the body and blood of Christ, and for praying for the souls departed. He speaks to them of the Communion of Saints, to be realised and rejoiced in by those who now meet in an edifice reared by Catholic hands, when England was truly Catholic. He tells them they are brethren of the saints and martyrs, and calls on them to rejoice with those souls of the righteous whose bodies were of old laid in the dust beneath their feet, and who—he supposes—are viewing with delight the meeting and the acts of their spiritual children of the Church of England as by law established. Above all, he strives to rouse them to look back with sympathetic gladness to the day when a Catholic Bishop, with the Catholic ceremonial, first consecrated the venerable building to the service of Almighty God.

“Enter,” says he, “(as by easy sympathy you may), into the joys which must have gladdened their heart when, as on this day, they first saw the fulfilment of their prayers, the fruit of their oblations, the completion of their labours, the consummation of their dearest wishes. Consider what a blessed and joyful day this must have been to the young men and maidens, the old men and children, and all the faithful among the folk of Packwood, when many hundred years ago they first caught sight of the holy Bishop going forth with his priests and deacons to bless and hallow this their ground, by them set apart for the Lord, to receive it from their hands and offer it to Him; to consecrate these walls, and all within them, and dedicate them by a perpetual oblation unto the Lord for ever. How beautiful must their feet then have been to them! How gladsome must have sounded their voice of melody: how solemn the chant: how imposing the procession of the white-robed choir as they went forth, like the virgins in the Gospel, with lamps burning in their hands: what a blessed ceremonial to the people of this land: what a jubilee for the holy angels: what a day of confusion and vexation to Satan and all his demons!

“How imposing to see the light of this new city first giving out its light: how sweet to inhale the incense with which these walls were then first fragrant, to behold the symbolic lights then first shining before men, from out upon the altar: to behold the multitude covering the pavement with bended knee and bowed head, while the hands of the anointed of the Lord were lift up in the sanctuary, and diffusing the Divine blessing which was descending on all alike: how soothing to catch the syllables of the Benediction which he was invoking in the consecrating prayer, ‘that the invincible cross might guard the threshold of this church:

that to all visiting it there might be peace with abundance, sobriety with modesty, redundance with mercy; that all disquietude and calamity might depart far from it, with want and pestilence, and the invasions of evil spirits; that here, purified and blessed in every corner and recess, might ever reign the joy of quiet, the grace of hospitality, the abundance of fruit, the reverence of religion, copious salvation, and that those frequenting it might have with them the angel of peace, of chastity, of charity, and of truth.’ What a solemn, calm impression must have hung around the whole building, and filled the hearts of the worshippers, while the choir were singing the Dedication Psalms of David: and one to another making glad response in the Benediction then invoked:—‘Peace eternal be from the Eternal to this house.’ ‘May the Eternal *Peace*, which is the Word of the Father, be peace to this house.’ ‘Peace to this house may the holy Consoler grant.’”

And thus, with more than ordinary boldness, and more unmistakeably “Popish” aspirations, he gives utterance to the feelings which more or less move (we are confident) a far larger number of the clergy and laity of the Anglican Church than is now often supposed. Checked, frightened, confounded, and “halting between two sides,” as is that large body of persons who have taken up with the Tractarian theology as the true Gospel of Jesus Christ, so that, as a body, they are almost forgotten by the nation, and ignored alike by Catholics, Evangelicals, and men of the world; still we cannot doubt that a considerable body of them sympathise with the preacher of this sermon in his longings for something better than the shadows and shams of Establishmentarian Christianity. Disorganised as are the Puseyites, lacking the guidance of any great and commanding leader, and irritated with those who have left them and submitted to the Catholic Church, they still cannot thoroughly persuade themselves that the Established Church is a true “branch” of the Church of Christ, and they delight to rear and deck their material temples with a hope of strengthening their convictions that they are “safe” where they are.

To the Catholic, who perchance wanders into one of these richly-decorated and handsome buildings, modelled as nearly as may be upon the character of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the first glance reveals the utter impotence of all this outward religion to touch and guide the hearts of those who, in true earnest, are seeking “rest for their souls.” His eye, by a natural instinct, fixes itself instantly upon that object which, in *his* creed, constitutes the very essence of a church; and behold, instead of bread, he perceives a stone! Around him are lofty, solid walls, superb windows, graceful arches, and stately columns; above him hangs a solemn roof; beneath is a pavement strewn with evangelical symbols; far away, at the extremity of the building, is a mystic-looking chancel, sometimes guarded by a screen, and adorned with lavish expenditure and cultivated taste; but where is the token of the spiritual banquet, for which all these gorgeous trappings have been prepared?

Where is the altar? And where is the Lord of the altar? At that very spot where—if all the rest were real and truly full of meaning—the utmost skill of the artist, and the most costly offerings of the worshipper, would be reasonably summoned to express the adoration and love with which the Christian prepares a place at once for sacrifice and for the feast of the soul, he beholds a laboured, struggling, and faltering effort to defy the decisions of prelates and courts of law, and to introduce into a Calvinist ceremonial the solemnities of Catholic belief. In spite of every thing that ingenuity, zeal, and money can achieve, in an instant the terrible truth is proclaimed. The presence of Jesus Christ is disowned in the society which meets in this building. A few men, here and there, may attempt to realise that awful and blessed Presence; a few men may writhe and torture themselves in efforts to escape the judicial declarations of that authority *to obey which* they have solemnly bound themselves; and the curious and instructed observer may detect certain peculiar symptoms of the efforts of such enthusiasts to force upon a Protestant temple the semblance of a Catholic church: but all is vain. If ever there was a palpable and universal failure, it is this conflict with the iron hand of Protestantism, waged by its sons in its own chosen retreats. If ever there was an unmixed and futile waste of power and splendour, it is this attempt to make glorious that structure where Jesus Christ refuses to dwell.

The most perfect of all the restored churches of the Establishment strikes a Catholic observer in some such way as the picture of a man without eyes. In an instant he sees into the very heart of that system which thus embodies itself in visible magnificence. He perceives in a moment that this system has nothing to embody which is divine. It can speak of itself; it can declare its own zeal, its own self-denial, its own wealth, its own ingenuity, its own learning, its own good taste; but *it cannot speak of Christ*. It has but one symbol which even refers to Christ, and that one declares that Christ has departed. It places on its shivering table two candlesticks, *with unlighted candles*; testifying thus against itself, and proclaiming to those who have ears to hear, that the Lord of the temple has called around Him all those that love Him, and has departed thence. "Arise, let us go hence," said Jesus to his disciples in England 300 years ago; and when his sacred Presence was gone, the flame that at once typified and honoured it was quenched. And never, never—we assure our Anglican brothers—will their renovated churches become the home of this people until Christ returns and dwells again upon their desecrated altars. Sinners who seek salvation will not flock to and love a building calling itself a Christian church, only because a zealous clergyman teaches that he believes,

and that many others believe, the doctrine of the Real Presence in some indefinite form or other. If our Lord Jesus Christ had been truly present in the eucharistic rite in the Established Church, He would not have waited for a revived study of the Fathers in order to draw to Himself the hearts and souls which He died to save. The preaching, in a certain building, of the Real Presence will not make Christ actually present there. They may preach it till the last trumpet sounds throughout the world; but they will not alter the irrevocable law of Jesus Christ, and drag Him down from heaven, so to say, against his own omnipotent will.

And therefore it is that all this architectural and antiquarian grandeur is vanity, and worse than vanity. It is a mere spreading of opinions and belief, and not a bringing down of Almighty God to the body and the soul of man. Oh, that we could open the eyes of our brethren according to the flesh to this most momentous and unchangeable distinction! Oh, that by our poor efforts we could dart one single ray of celestial light into their minds, and convince them that the propagation of the most Catholic doctrines concerning the Eucharist is *not* the calling down of Jesus Christ from his throne of glory! In vain they adorn their churches; in vain they speak of saints and martyrs; in vain they argue and prove that the Church has ever held the dogma of the Real Presence; in vain they silently defy the mandates of their superiors and magistrates, and strive to the utmost to make a Protestant communion-table look like a Catholic altar. One thing is still wanting upon the board they spread forth—the Son of God is not there!

Vain, too, will be their labours to propagate among their people that feeling towards their churches which they know and see is cherished by the children of that Church of Rome, to whose calls of love they are deaf, and whose anathemas they defy. If they could know what it is which makes a church dear to the Catholic, they would despise all these artistic and controversial labours as much as they now admire them. To us, the material church is nothing without the presence of Jesus Christ, sacrificed, fed upon, reserved, and adored upon our altars. Except with a view of honouring and meeting Him who is at once our Saviour and our God, we should not dream of making our churches any thing more than mere masses of brick and mortar. And still more, could they comprehend how, when our churches *are* mere shapeless masses of stone, or wood, or brick, or plaster, they are still to us the homes of our souls,—still more, we say, would they perceive the futility of all thoughts of setting up a Christian church without Christ himself. Inexplicable and paradoxical as the conduct of Catholics appears even to enlightened Protestants, perhaps in nothing is it more strange and incomprehensible than in this alternation of

magnificence and meanness which they perceive amongst us. How that can be the same faith and the same devotion which worships at Cologne, at Milan, or at St. Peter's, and which is content with the wretched hovels, or vulgar conventicle-looking erections which are termed "Catholic chapels" in this kingdom, they cannot understand. Yet the solution of the enigma could be furnished by the simplest Catholic. It is not marble, cedar, and gold, which constitutes the Christian church, but the presence of Jesus Christ. When our means permit it, we honour his earthly dwelling-place with the choicest of our offerings; but when we can do little more than nothing to express our love and adoration, still his presence is ever the same; and wheresoever He comes, there we delight to be.

Do Protestants imagine that it is because of their splendour, their images, their pictures, and their ceremonial, that Catholics flock to pray, at all hours and in all seasons, to their churches? Do they think that our churches are generally kept open through the day, because they are magnificently adorned, and captivating to the natural sight? Do they fancy that those silent worshippers, scattered up and down the benches, or kneeling upon the stone floor, who continue their prayers, scarcely disturbed by the idle gaze or impertinent remarks of lounging visitors, are attracted by any worldly beauty or show? Do they believe that we snatch a few minutes in the midst of a walk, or a journey, or from our labours, to pray in one of our churches, because there is a sort of magical charm in what we perceive around us? *They* may come to see the show; *we* come to adore and hold converse with our adorable Saviour. This it is which draws the Catholic to his house of prayer, and makes him prefer it for his devotions to any other spot he can command in the world. If it was only to pray before a crucifix, or some other image, or before a picture, or to touch himself with holy water, all this he could often do at home, with less trouble and no loss of time. It is to hold communion with his Lord and Saviour, present in the tabernacle of the altar, that he frequents the church, and makes it the home of his affections. Undoubtedly it is a more gratifying and soothing thing to him to pray in that which looks like a church, and which expresses his faith and love, and which calls to mind the glories of God and the triumphs of his grace, than to pray in a barn, or a bedroom, or an edifice like a Methodist meeting-house. But in comparison with the influence of his knowledge of the presence of his divine Master, all these aids to his devotion are literally nothing. That which draws him with the cords of love is the temple not made with hands, the tabernacle in which Almighty God vouchsafed to become incarnate for our salvation, and in which He now resides on every Catholic altar, alike in

the gorgeous cathedral and the lowliest chapel on the mountain-side.

Few points, indeed, in the manifold contrast which exists between Catholicism and her various counterfeits, are more instructive than this difference between the Catholic's use of and love for his Church, and that of those Protestants who seek to arouse in themselves a similar feeling of delight in frequenting the house of God. All the preaching, all the scolding, all the example, which the zealous Anglican can bring to bear upon a congregation, to induce them to enter their churches at other times besides the fixed times of public prayer, are hopelessly futile. They might as well stand at the door, and summon each wind of heaven in turn to enter in and do their bidding. But see what takes place in a Catholic congregation, when the least painstaking efforts are made to encourage them to frequent their church or chapel for the purpose of private devotion. Little more than the bare permission is all they need. A few suggestions, a few hints as to the blessedness of perpetual adoration of their Lord and Saviour, suffices. The priest has only to do his ordinary duties to his flock, to instruct them rightly in the elements of their faith, and to stir them up by an occasional word of affectionate warning, and at once all Catholics of any pretensions to sincerity and spiritual diligence will crowd to the sacred dwelling, and find no spot so sweet to their soul as that silent chamber where the miracle of the Incarnation is ever in perpetual renewal, and before which, as before the crib of Bethlehem, the wise man and the shepherd together fall prostrate and adore.

The Psalms of David, with pious Anglicans, are the object of the warmest eulogies, and, we indeed believe, of a very heartfelt love and reverence. But we cannot forbear asking them whether in their mouths the expressions of the Prophet-King, in which he utters his deep affection for the house of God, do not savour of exaggeration and that false display of unreal feelings which they so justly condemn in their ultra-Protestant companions. Who but a Catholic can, with pure, simple-hearted truth, adopt those endless strains in which the man after God's own heart pours forth his gladness then bowing down before the altar of his Lord? "Lord," says he, "I have loved the habitation of thine house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth." This is but one out of hundreds of such expressions, which, in David's mouth, were the utterance of a real truth; for the glory and honour of the Almighty did indeed dwell, though after a less perfect fashion, in his temple at Jerusalem, and in the humbler tabernacle where David worshipped. The book of Psalms literally overflows with the outpourings of a heart which loved to meet its God, not only in every place wheresoever it moved, but especially in one building, where it accounted that its God did specially dwell.

But what Anglican, with calm, unshrinking countenance, can appropriate these songs of the sweet singer of Israel, without actually *lowering* the blessings of the Old Covenant, and accounting that the honour of God's house was *greater* in the days of David than it is now? Alas! where is now that *honour* which of old time was offered to the Saviour of mankind in his countless homes in this haughty isle? "Where are thy altars, my King and my God?" would David now cry out, could he revisit for a while this lower world. "Where is that sacrifice, with which Thou didst unceasingly renew the mysteries of thy passion? Where that sacred banquet, with which Thou didst inebriate thy sons and daughters with new wine? Where is the incense that bespeaks the adoration of thy spouse, as she welcomes thine advent to her beating heart? Where are the white-robed bands, the mystic-vested priest, the jubilant song of joy, and the note of

prostrate adoration? Where the lowly bending of the knee, the gentle whisper, the reverent calming of the countenance, and the smile of grateful joy, which tell that Thou art here upon earth still, blessing thy people, not as when the glory of the Lord of Hosts filled thy temple at Jerusalem, but with an invisible, a spiritual, an eternal glory, a glory all divine? Alas! they have thrown down thine altars, and disowned thy presence, and slain thy priests with the sword, and they call thy people idolaters because they worship Thee. I hear that awful voice again speaking, and saying to this nation, as to that people whom it has chosen for its example, 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered together thy children, as the hen doth gather her chickens under her wings; and thou wouldest not.'"

TITHES.

Dichiarazione della Dottrina Cristiana; composta per ordine della Santa Memoria di Papa Clemente VIII. Dal Ven. Cardinale Roberto Bellarmino. Roma, 1842.*

An Abridgment of Christian Doctrine; with Proofs of Scripture for Points controverted. Permissu Superiorum. London, printed in the year 1717.†

As the whole subject of the duty of the laity to find an adequate support for their clergy must shortly be brought more urgently before English Catholics, it may not be without profit if we lay before our readers a few hints on the *spirit* in which this good work ought to be accomplished, by recalling to their memories what the Church has taught on the subject of *tithes*. Whether actual tithes are due to the clergy or no, there can be no doubt that the selection of a tenth part of our substance, first by the law of Moses, and secondly by the Christian Church, as the proportion of our wealth to be given to the service of religion, very plainly indicates ideas on the duty of almsgiving entirely at variance with those of modern times.

The subject is, in fact, of so much import-

* "D. Oltre ai comandamenti di Dio, vorrei sapere, se ce ne sono altri da osservare?—M. Ci sono i comandamenti della santa Chiesa, i quali sono questi . . . 5. *Pagar le decime alla Chiesa.*"—Bellarm. Dott. Crist.

† "The fifth precept of the Church expounded.

Q. What is the fifth [precept of the Church]?—A. To pay tithes to our pastors.

Q. Why so?—A. Because they feed us spiritually, it is fit we should feed them corporally.

Q. How prove you that?—A. Out of Gal. vi. 6: *Let him that is catechised in the word communicate to him that catechiseth in all his goods.* And 1 Cor. ix. 13: *They that serve the altar participate with the altar.*"—Abridgment, &c.

ance, that grave theologians have not hesitated to condemn, as guilty of sacrilege, those who refuse to obey the Church when she commands the payment of tithes. Thus Lessius (lib. ii. cap. 16, n. 18), Elbel (n. 569), Sporer, and others. On the other hand, Croix and Tamburini, whilst they decline asserting that the non-payment of tithes involves so grievous a penalty, nevertheless determine such refusal to be a more grievous sin than *irreligiousness*, a sin tending against the reverence due to God, "because the payment of tithes is ordained for the recognition of God's supreme rule over us." And Panzuti, the present General of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, speaking of the duty of the sheep towards their shepherds, writes, that "besides the love, reverence, and obedience due to them, there is also the duty of the payment of tithes; for as, under the old law, it was prescribed by God that a tenth part of the fruits should be paid by the other tribes to the Levitical tribe, from which the sacred ministers were taken, so, in the new law, it was just that the same should have also from the laity whence they might be decently supported, and might more freely perform their sacred offices."* "Hence," says he, "the payment of them is *de jure divino*, although, as to the *modus*, it be *de jure ecclesiastico*, and depending on custom, whether, namely, the tenth, the eighth, or another part ought to be paid. Wherefore, in many places, when ANY OTHER *congrua sustentatio* is assigned to the incumbent, it is not in use to pay tithes;

* Inst. Neapoli, 1840, l. 2, tr. 4, de 4to Decal. Prac. n. 179.

and therefore the received custom of the place is to be adhered to. But where the custom of paying them is in force, not to pay them is a grievous sin against religion, and *contrary to justice*, and therefore obliging to restitution; and it is proved from the second and third Councils of Lateran, and that of Trent, which say, that 'whereas the payment of tithes is due to God, and that they who refuse to pay them, or hinder those who give them, usurp the property of another, *res alienas invadunt* . . . and that they who either withhold them or hinder them (from being paid) shall be excommunicated, nor be absolved from this crime until after full restitution has been made.' The holy synod further exhorts all and each that, of their Christian charity, and the duty which they owe to their own pastors, they grudge not, out of the good things that are given them by God, to assist bountifully those Bishops and parish priests who preside over the poorer churches, to the praise of God, and to maintain the dignity of their own pastors, who *watch* for them.* And excommunication, reserved to the Bishop, is pronounced against regulars who, in sermons, should turn away the faithful from the payment of tithes."

Thus much it was necessary to premise, in order to set before our readers in a clear light the nature of the religious obligation, and at the same time to satisfy those who might be alarmed at learning the stringent manner in which the Church has spoken on the subject.

It was one of the various heresies of John Wicliff, condemned by Martin V., in the Council of Constance, art. 18, that "tithes are mere alms, and that the parishioners may take them away at their own pleasure, on account of the sins of their prelates." Thus, whatever extortions may have been committed in troubled times in other countries, it was peculiarly reserved to England, amongst its varied inventions, to produce a heretic on the subject of tithes.

But to our task. Tithes, says Ferraris, may be considered in a twofold light, namely, whether we look upon them materially, and according to their substance, as a stipend necessary for the decent maintenance of the ministers of the Church; or, secondly, formally, and according to a certain and determinate part of the fruits, namely, a tenth part, not an eighth or a twelfth. Now according to St. Thomas (2. 2. quæst. 87, art. 1), Pihring (lib. 3, decret. cit. 30, n. 6), Reiffenstuel (ib. n. 6), Engel (ib. n. 2), and others, whose opinion is called by Ferraris "*communissima*," (Prompt. Bibliothec. in re), tithes, considered in the first light, namely, as a necessary stipend for the decent maintenance of those who serve at the altar (*altari deserviunt*), are due to the ministers of the Church by natural,

* Sess. 25, De Ref. c. 12.

divine, and human law—*jure naturali, divino, et humano*.

They are due by the natural law, because the law of nature and natural justice dictate, that as the ministers of the Church give spiritual things to the people, the people in return should give them corporeal things for their maintenance; for nature itself dictates to us, that he who does a service to another should receive from him his just return.

They are due by the divine law, because the payment of them is expressly inculcated in various places of Holy Writ. Matt. x.: Our Lord, speaking of the ministers of the Church, says distinctly, "The workman is worthy of his meat." And in Luke x.: "The labourer is worthy of his hire." And the Apostle, writing to the Corinthians (1 Cor. ix. 7), asks, "Who serveth as a soldier at any time at his own charges?" And again (ver. 11): "If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great matter if we reap your carnal things?" And further (ver. 13): "Know you not, that they who work in the holy place eat the things that are of the holy place; and they that serve the altar partake with the altar? So also THE LORD ORDAINED that they who preach the Gospel should live by the Gospel."

They are due by human law, as is sufficiently proved by the various texts of the canon law on this subject, and particularly in chapter *Commissum est*, 4; cap. *Pervenit*, 5; cap. *Nuntios*, 6; cap. *Cum homines*, 7; cap. *Dilecti filii*, 8; and in the whole of the title *De Decimis*. So in like manner in *Sexto Clement. et Extravagant*, where the payment of tithes is prescribed throughout. So in chapter *Admonemus*, 2; cap. *Præcipimus*, 3; caus. 16, q. 2; and cap. *Decimas*, 1; cap. *Pervenit*, 3; cap. *Quicumque*, 4; cap. *Omnes*, 5; cap. *Decimas*, 6; cap. *Majores*, 8; caus. 16, q. 7. So also the Council of Trent, cited above.

Hence we infer, that tithes, considered in the first point of view, as they precisely comprehend the necessary maintenance of the ministers of the Church, are to be paid to them, *although they have other means of living*, as from a patrimony, a farm, or the like. And the reason for this is clear. Payments are not made to the clergy as a mere work of mercy, or by way of charity as an alms, but as a matter of strict right or justice, as a stipend due to labourers. Such is the doctrine of the great Jesuit Suarez (tom. i., *de Regul.* tract. 2, lib. c. xi. n. 9), and of the learned German Jesuit Layman (lib. 4, tract. 6, c. ii. n. 1), and of Pihring (locato citato, n. 6). If, however, the clergy receive a sufficient maintenance from other ECCLESIASTICAL sources, in that case tithes will not be due to them *jure naturali et divino*, for they would not then have the title of necessary maintenance, and therefore the reason why tithes are said to be due *jure naturali et divino* would cease: and, in fact, in

many places, as we all know, there is a regular foundation from other sources for the priests of particular churches or parishes.

So much for tithes considered materially, and as a necessary maintenance for the ministers of the Church. We come now to consider them in the second point of view, namely, formally, as a certain fixed portion or *quota* of the fruits of any possession, namely, the tenth, not the eighth or the twelfth.

In the old law, tithes thus considered were due *jure divino positivo*, because such was the express command of God, and hence it could not admit of modifications from any inferior authority. In the new law, however, they are thus due only *ex jure positivo canonico*, or by the ecclesiastical law; and as they are thus a command of the Church, it is perfectly competent to the Church to modify them, but to no inferior authority. And as the Church is a spiritual power, hence the princes of the earth have no authority to interfere in what she decrees; and if the civil power seizes upon the tithes of the Church, and diverts them into other channels than those for which they are intended, the payment of tithes to that newly created power, or whatever it may be, at once ceases to be binding in conscience, nay rather should be resisted by all constitutional means as a grievous violation of the rights of the subject, and can only be made as a choice of the lesser of two evils, and as a tax imposed by the civil power, illegally indeed, unconstitutionally, and in violation of the rights of conscience, but which those who are oppressed have not the power to resist.

That tithes, formally considered, and according to a certain *quota*, were due in the old law *de jure divino positivo*, is clear from Exodus xxii. 29: "Thou shalt not delay to pay thy tithes and thy first-fruits.—Decimas tuas, et primitias tuas non tardabis reddere." And from Leviticus xxvii. 30, 32: "All tithes of the land, whether of corn, or of the fruits of trees, are the Lord's, and are to be given to Him. . . . Of all the tithes of oxen, sheep, and goats, that pass under the shorn rod, every tenth that cometh shall be given to the Lord.—Omnes decimæ terræ, sive de frugibus, sive de pomis arborum, Domini sunt, et illi sanctificantur. . . . Omnium decimarum bovis, et ovis, et cupræ, quæ sub pastoris virga transeunt, quicquid decimum veneris, sanctificabitur Domino."

That under the new law they are only, thus considered, due *jure positivo canonico*, seu *ecclesiastico*, and not *de jure naturali*, or *divino positivo*, appears from the reason, that the natural law would not require that more than a *congrua sustentatio* should be supplied to the ministers of the Church who minister unto us spiritual things; and it is evident that the natural law would not exact the tenth part any more than a third, a fourth, or a thirtieth;

wherefore, under the natural law, previously to the law of Moses, there was no command to pay tithes, and it is hence probable that the offering made by Abraham to Melchisedec, the priest of the most high God, of a tenth of all the spoils he had taken in battle, proceeded merely from his goodwill, and was, as it were, a grateful offering in return for his sacrifice, and for the blessing he had given to Abraham previously to going to battle. So Jacob, by a *special vow*, devotes to Almighty God a tithe of all he should receive from his hands: "Cunctorum, quæ dederis mihi, decimas offeram tibi."—Gen. xxviii. 22.

It is clear that Christians cannot be obliged to pay tithes by force of the positive divine law, or the law of Moses, because the law of Moses, or the old law, as regards judicial precepts and ceremonies, is entirely abolished in the new. And more than this, the moral precepts of the old law are no longer binding precisely as commanded by Moses, but only as confirmed by Christ in the new law, or as they are supported by the natural law that is within us. So say Suarez and Pihring, quoted above.

It is also clear that, under the new law, the obligation of paying tithes, formally considered, is not *de jure divino*, but only *de jure positivo canonico*, seu *ecclesiastico*, for no such command is to be found in the New Testament; hence it can only be a command of the Church, as is proved from the numerous texts *de decimis* in the whole of the canon law. It is farther proved from the fact, that tithes, by custom, have in some places been commuted or diminished, and also, in regard of certain religious, have been wholly abolished. See cap. *Licet*, 11, and cap. *In aliquibus*, 32, *de Decimis*; and also the various Pontifical Constitutions contained in the *Bullarium*. This, however, could not be done, either validly or lawfully, if tithes, formally considered, obliged under the new law *de jure divino*, for custom does not hold against the divine law; capit. *Cum tanto*, 11, *de Consuetudine*; nor in that case could the Pontiff dispense with it, from the fact that the law of a superior cannot be abrogated by an inferior. C. *cum Inferior*, 16; *de majoritat. et obediën.* Et Clemen. *Ne Romani*, *de electione*.

We have chosen rather to tread in the footsteps of those who have gone before us than to start any new theory on a subject at once so familiar to canonists and so completely ignored in these latter times in this England of ours. Our object is to make clear to the reader the nature of tithes, and the obligation of paying them. It will be seen from what has gone before, that there exists the positive command of God in the new law as in the old, that the faithful should support their pastors who watch for them, and should supply them with decent maintenance, such as is suf-

ficient not merely for food and raiment, but for preserving them in that position which they are called upon to fill in the social republic, *congrua sustentatio*. It will have been seen, moreover, that there is a positive command of the Church,—that Church of which Christ has said, “He that despiseth you despiseth Me, and he that despiseth Me despiseth Him that sent Me,”—that there is, we repeat, a positive command of the Church, obliging the laity to the payment of a certain assigned part of the fruits of their possessions for the support of their clergy; a command binding under mortal sin, and whose violation, according to moral theologians, obliges to restitution; a command, moreover, the infraction of which, in the words of the intrepid Hildebrand, the sainted Gregory VII., involves the awful guilt of sacrilege: “*Sciant se sacrilegii crimen committere;*” and hence its perpetrators incur the pain of eternal damnation,—“*et æternæ damnationis periculum incurrere.*” *In cap. Decimas*, 1, caus. 16, quæst. 7.

In the earliest days of the Church, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles (i. 34, 35), Christians had all their things in common. Hence there was then no precise necessity for tithes: nor do we hear that they then existed. When they were first enforced in the Church is a point controverted amongst ecclesiastical writers: for even after the community of goods amongst Christians had ceased, so large, according to St. Cyprian,* were the offerings of the faithful, that the necessities of the Church were amply provided for, and hence there was no need of tithes. But when charity grew cold, and these voluntary oblations came to be seriously diminished, then was it that the Fathers of the Church began to exhort the faithful to the payment of tithes, proposing for their example the law of Moses. See St. Austin, Ep. 85, *ad Casulam Presbyter*, and his book *De decem Chord.* c. 12.

In the Greek Church tithes were never paid as a *due*. Nor can the precise time be fixed when they were first commanded by a special law of the Church in the Latin Church. One of the most ancient Councils that speaks of them is the second Council of Tours, held in the year 567. But the second Council of Mascon (anno 585) in Burgundy, seems to imply that tithes were paid before the year 567. This Council, in its fourth canon, orders the offertory to be made every Sunday by all men and women, “that by these oblations they may both be freed from the fetters of their sins, and may deserve to be companions with Abel, or with others who offered justly.” And the Council pronounces *anathema* against the disobedient. The fifth canon deprives of communion those laymen who do not pay tithes to the Church.†

But, however involved in obscurity be the precise time when tithes were first commanded by the Church, one thing is quite certain, that the payment of tithes, or their proper substitute, is now enjoined; and that those priests who are placed by our Bishops to preside over certain districts or parishes have a positive right to support from all members of their flock who dwell within the bounds of their parish. Let the people make as large offerings as they choose for the glory of God's house in other places; let them assist as they think fit the ministers of religion of other districts, in the way of free presents, and the like; the strict obligation still remains of paying a fair support to their own pastors, who watch for them, and who are appointed by the Bishops, whom the Holy Ghost hath placed to rule the Church of God.

It will have been seen from our previous remarks, that the Council of Mascon enjoined both the offertory, in which all were to join, and the payment of tithes; and it is this double mode of supplying the wants of the clergy, and thus providing for the spiritual welfare of the faithful, that we should wish to see fully carried out in this country. This double mode would thus be at once apostolical and eminently Catholic, and would soon obtain much more general favour with the laity than the present objectionable mode of bench-renting.

Further, to contrast the two opposing systems, we will put a case which of course is common in every Catholic congregation. Two honest citizens, gaining their livelihood by the profits of a trade, frequent the same church; let them be called A. B. C. and X. Y. Z. The profits of each of them average, we will say, something like two hundred pounds a-year; but A. B. C. has a wife and ten children to provide for, X. Y. Z. luxuriates in single blessedness. They are both excellent Catholics: hear Mass every Sunday, perhaps on the week-days too. X. Y. Z. has his seat in the chapel, for which he pays five shillings per quarter: he drops a fourpenny-bit into the collection as the offertory is being made; moreover, he subscribes to the schools, and considers that he has complied with all the obligations of a good Catholic towards the Church. A. B. C., with his large family, occupies a whole bench, which is perhaps made to serve for the whole family by their attending at two Masses, half at one and half at the other. For this accommodation he pays thirty shillings per quarter, and each one of his family drops a trifle, be it only a penny, into the offertory-box as it passes; and in all other things he subscribes according to his means, and is not wanting in mercy towards the poor of Christ. Now it is clear upon the very face of things, that here is a manifest inequality in the modus in which these two good citizens are called upon to contribute to the sup-

* Ep. lib. ad Cler. et Pleb. Turrit.

† Nat. Alexandr. H. E. in sæc. sextum, art. 38.

port of their pastors. Common sense would tell us, that he who has the most relative capital at his command should be called upon to contribute most largely to the wants of his clergy; while, by the system of bench-rents, we proceed exactly in an inverse ratio. Introduce a better system, and things are brought to their proper level. The house of God is wholly free to all alike; A. B. C. no longer feels the burden of his large family whenever he goes to church; and X. Y. Z., on consideration of getting his seat for nothing, gives much more largely in the offertory. The same would be the result, if, in addition to this, a halfpenny were paid for a chair.

And we may observe, that canonists reckon tithes amongst the chief rights or dues of parish priests. They are divided into *real* and *personal*. *Real* tithes arise from the produce or fruits which nature produces, whether spontaneously or through the industry of man; as the tithes of corn, wine, olives, apples, and other orchard fruits, of the young of animals, and of such animal produce as milk, wool, eggs, honey, butter, and cheese. For *in pecudum fructu etiam fœtus est sicut et lac, et pilus, et lana*, l. 28, *D. de usuris*. These real tithes are also called *predial*, as arising from a farm or estate (*prædium*), and from the soil. And to this head are also to be referred civil fruits or products arising from the rents of a house or farm, or from interest on money, or valuation according to a man's property, and the like. *Personal* tithes are those which depend on the profits gained by industry, art, or ability. To this head are referred profits on manufactured goods, merchandise, or the windfalls of a merchant, from salaries received on account of any employment or dignity, the profits of business farmed to another, a soldier's pay, booty taken in war, money obtained by the chase, shooting, or fishing.

There is this difference between these two species of tithes, that real tithes are due without the expenses being deducted, and

they are due to that church within the limits of which those fruits arise. Personal tithes are only due after deducting the expenses, or on the net profit, otherwise it could not be called gain; and these are due to that church within whose limits the person lives who enjoys the gains from which they arise.

Here naturally arises the question, Who is obliged to pay tithes, from what is he obliged to pay them, and in what manner? Without entering into the question of the degree in which this obligation is binding when not enforced by ecclesiastical authority, we may safely say that the Church has generally made it a rule that all the faithful shall pay tithes of every thing that they may lawfully acquire: "*Fidelis homo de omnibus, quæ licite potest acquirere, decimas erogare tenetur.*"—C. 23. He who possesses a farm or estate, by a secular title, within the district of the church or parish in which the tithes are due, is bound to pay predial tithes. He who receives sacraments from the Church, namely, every baptised person, is bound to personal tithes, and that to the church within whose limits he dwells. Amongst personal tithes must also be reckoned the rights of the stole, as fees at baptism, marriage, mortuary fees, and Easter offerings, &c. This, we say, at least shews the spirit in which the Church enjoins her children to fulfil the apostolic precepts respecting the maintenance of the clergy.

We may here remark, in reference to our own country, that at the Council of Grately, the royal residence of Athelstane, in Hampshire, held in 928, kings and princes were held to be liable to the payment of tithes, an example of piety and devotion to the Church which it would be well had it been followed in these latter times; instead of which, those who are in power seem to have vied with each other in despoiling the Church of her riches; and, as if taking a lesson out of their book, many of our Catholics of this day seem disposed to deny the *right* of the clergy to a maintenance from their flocks.

JOHN HOWARD.

John Howard, and the Prison-world of Europe. By Hepworth Dixon. Jackson and Walford.

IF the national self-admiration of Englishmen were not incorrigible, this book might do them some good. If it were not devoutly believed by every man, woman, and child of the Protestant persuasion, and (we are sorry to add) by some Catholics also, that a kind of exemption from the curse of original sin is a part of a Briton's birthright, we might hope

to see a brief lull in the storm of panegyrics with which our fellow-countrymen cease not to flatter one another from generation to generation. Pious, benevolent, enlightened, philanthropic, self-denying, civilised, gentlemanly, wise, prudent, prosperous, and, in short, immaculate, as is this present age, beyond the shadow of a doubt, even to the meanest capacity, the story of Britannia's prison-world before the days of Howard might suffuse her cheeks with at least a tran-

sient blush of shame. Though it cannot be denied, except by the most obtuse or the most unpatriotic, that we are an example to every nation on the face of the earth, and that (notwithstanding the cholera, the potato-blight, and the national debt) we are Heaven's most distinguished favourites; and that while all Europe (including Belgium, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Russia, and other countries) is groaning under Popery and revolution, we alone—for our virtues—are exempted from all sorrows; still it *might* be admitted that there was a time when the perfections of our national maturity were dimmed by a few trivial defects, and when this present Christian millennium, under which we are now so happy as to be living, had not yet beamed in all its radiance upon our shores.

The story which is here told of what English prisons were before the commencement of that reform which was mainly owing to the exertions of Howard, is in truth so terrible, that we should scarcely be surprised if its truth were denied by many of our most obstinate *laudatores temporis acti*, were it not that the proof of the atrocities practised by our fathers is beyond all possibility of contradiction. The mind shudders to read of the scenes which the benevolent energies of the zealous nonconformist discovered to be literally universal throughout the realm of England scarcely half a century ago. And again and again does the author of the volume before us, with all his Protestantism and insular prejudices, confess that at the time when Howard commenced his labours there was perhaps no other kingdom in Europe which was to be compared with England for the crimes which she committed within her prison-walls upon the souls and bodies of those who were unfortunate or guilty. Blinded as was the Protestant zeal of Howard himself to the real nature of society and religion in the many continental countries which he visited, he admits with shame to himself that, notwithstanding many glaring evils in certain places, on the whole the prison-world of Europe was a paradise of enjoyment and innocence compared with those hells on earth in which the victims of English law literally *rotted* away in anguish and death.

In the life before us Mr. Dixon has collected a large amount of very valuable information in connexion with the life and labours of his hero, which, notwithstanding his own grandiloquent style, gives his book a real and a permanent value. He also details more events in the life of Howard than were before known to the public; and on the whole exhibits what we take to be a faithful portraiture of one who was unquestionably one of the most remarkable and the greatest Englishmen of modern times.

John Howard was born in 1726, in or near London. His father was a retired Quaker

merchant, and brought up his only son to trade like himself. His mother died in his infancy. He was a dull boy, and his abilities, apart from excellent common sense, and a good deal of tact, never seem to have risen above mediocrity. He certainly never could write his native tongue with perfect correctness. On his father's death he purchased his freedom from apprenticeship, being still only seventeen years old, and set out to France and Italy, on a tour to gain health and knowledge. On his return he lived at Stoke Newington; and, partly from finding it conducive to his bodily strength, which was slight, devoted himself to a diet more like that of a Trappist than that of an ordinary English Dissenter. Until the end of his life he lived almost entirely without animal food, and without tasting wines and spirits.

At the age of twenty-five he performed a singular matrimonial feat. He took to wife—out of gratitude—a decent widow, aged fifty-two, with whom he lodged, and who had nursed him through a severe illness. The quaintly matched pair lived happily for three years, when the more venerable of the two died. Howard then made a trip to Portugal, and was carried a prisoner of war by the French into Brest. There his amiable and upright manners won such an influence upon his captors that he was permitted to go to England on parole, pledging himself to return to his captivity unless he could effect an exchange between himself and some French prisoner in England. This he succeeded in accomplishing, and did the same for many of his fellow-captives. His sufferings at Brest were his first initiation into the miseries of a prison-house.

Still, however, he felt no call to the great work of his after-life. He settled down as a quiet, steady, prosy, non-sporting country gentleman; married a second wife, this time for love, and with her passed seven years at his paternal house at Cardington, near Bedford. We can readily believe his biographer's statement, that he set about improving the cottages and manners of his poor tenants with a zeal which was neither common nor fashionable in those days. At the end of seven years his wife died, after giving birth to a son. Howard was prostrated by the blow, and, we suspect, never recovered it till his own death came. An incident which betrays his constant affection for his wife is related by Mr. Dixon. Just before he left England on one of his prison-exploring tours, he was strolling through his grounds with his son, now half grown up, when he suddenly stood still, and said, "Jack, in case I should not come back, you will pursue this work or not, as you think proper; but remember this walk was planted by your mother, and if you ever touch a twig of it may my blessing never rest upon you."

This son afterwards became his father's bitterest sorrow. During Howard's frequent absences from home, he was left in the hands of a servant of the vilest character; and bereft thus of both father and mother, he fell into the lowest depths of vice, and at length died a raving maniac while yet little more than a boy. Such was the price the philanthropist paid for the work he accomplished on behalf of the prisoners of Europe. Many a reader will instantly exclaim, that he had no right whatsoever to neglect the *first* duty of a parent, though he would thus have tended but one solitary being, for the sake even of millions who were strangers to him. Whatever was right, however, in his circumstances, we have little doubt that the real *cause* of his son's awful end lay partly in the repulsive austerity of the puritanical system, which chills all the tenderest affections of a child towards its parents, and partly in the wretched deficiencies of Protestantism, which has no kind, cordial, and Christian home to offer to those whom either the death or absence of a father and mother converts practically into desolate orphans. Had Howard been a Catholic, his child might have grown up in peace, happiness, and innocence in some one of our colleges, and been the sweetest solace of his father's unwearying toils.

Three years after the death of his second wife Howard was nominated sheriff of the county of Bedford. He prepared personally to superintend the administration of justice. He visited all the prison-cells, and the abominations he discovered, thus close at his very doors, inspired him to extend his inquiries into the other gaols of the empire, and finally into those of almost the whole of the European continent.

What was the state of English prisons at this period, a few extracts from the work before us will shew. A specimen from the gaols of London will suffice to unveil the horrors of what was ironically called *justice* in our great metropolis.

"In the Marshalsea, debtors and pirates were confined; the former generally of the poorer classes,—many of them common sailors. The gaol was under the charge of the Deputy-marshal of the Marshalsea of the King's household,—an officer who, in defiance of the express prohibition of the deed constituting him governor, farmed out the fees, victualling, and lodgings of his prisoners to various parties, from whom he received ample considerations. Thus the corruption began at the very source. The inferior officers were only too ready to follow the example set before them. When a person was sent in,—and his commitment might be for a debt of a single shilling, increased to forty by legal expenses,—he had first of all to pay garnish, in the shape of a bowl of punch for his companions. If, as was often the case, the new comer had no money wherewith to buy his freedom of the gaol, he was stripped, in a riotous and disgraceful manner, of the greater part of his scanty clothes, which were sold or pledged to pay for the bumper. Next, he had to make his selection of a side of the gaol—namely, the master's side, where he would have to pay exorbitant prices for his bedding, food, and drink;

or the common side, where he would have to fare as he could, on the occasional and utterly inadequate supplies of such charity as the cupidity of the officials might suffer to be applied to their legitimate purposes. Out of the persons confined on the master's side the profits of the establishment were chiefly made; but it is not to be supposed that they were well treated on that account. On the contrary, the fact of their being able to pay for accommodation pointed them out to the wardens as the best subjects for the exercise of their peculiar arts. Means the most barbarous and illegal were used to extort money from them or from their friends.

"As for the miserable wretches who were unable to buy the mercy of their keepers, no words can paint the terrible condition to which they were reduced more forcibly than the simple and matter-of-course language of the parliamentary report. 'The common side,' it explains, 'is enclosed with a strong brick wall; in it are now confined upwards of 330 prisoners, most of them in the utmost necessity; they are divided into particular rooms called wards, and the prisoners belonging to each ward are locked up in their respective wards every night, most of which are excessively crowded,—thirty, forty, nay, fifty persons having been locked up in some of them, not sixteen feet square; and at the same time that these rooms have been so crowded, to the great endangering the health of the prisoners, the largest room on the common side hath been kept empty, and the room over *George's ward* was let out to a tailor to work in, and nobody allowed to lie in it, though all the last year there were sometimes forty, and never less than thirty-two persons locked up in *George's ward* every night, which is a room of sixteen by fourteen feet, and about eight feet high; the surface of the room is not sufficient to contain that number when laid down, so that one-half are hung up in hammocks, while the other lie on the floor under them. The air is so wasted by the number of persons who breathe in that narrow compass, that it is not sufficient to keep them from stifling,—several having, in the heat of summer, perished for want of air.' The more offensive part of this account is omitted, but it may be seen entire in the State Papers. Truly the reformer was much needed here!

"Next follows an example of the infliction of the *question*, which Blackstone says is utterly unknown to the laws of England: 'In the year 1726, Thomas Bliss, a carpenter, not having any friends to support him, was almost starved to death in the prison, upon which he attempted to get over the prison by a rope lent to him by another prisoner. In the attempt he was taken by the keepers; dragged by the heels into the lodge; barbarously beaten, and put into irons, in which he was kept several weeks. One afternoon, as he was standing quietly in the yard, with his irons on, some of the said Acton's men—[Acton was a butcher, and lessee of the prison]—called him into the lodge, where Acton was then drinking and merry with company. In about half an hour Bliss came out again, crying, and gave an account,—That when he was in the lodge, they, for their diversion, as they called it, fixed on his head an iron engine or instrument (which appears to be an iron skull-cap), which was screwed so close, that it forced the blood out of his ears and nose. And he further declared,—That his thumbs were at the same time put into a pair of thumb-screws, which were screwed so tight that the blood started out of them;—and from that time he continued disordered until the day of his death. He was let out of prison without paying his debt, and at his going out, Acton desired,—That all that was past might be forgot, and that he would not bear him any ill-will. This miserable wretch was put into St. Thomas's Hospital for help, but died very soon.' What succeeds is still more horrible: 'The various tortures and cruelties before mentioned not contenting these wicked keepers in their pretended magistracy over the prisoners, they found a way of making, within this prison, a confinement more dreadful than the strong-room itself, by coupling the living with the dead; and have made a practice of locking up debtors who displeased them in

the yard with human carcasses. One particular instance of this sort of inhumanity was of a person whom the keepers confined in that part of the lower yard which was then separated from the rest, whilst there were there two dead bodies which had lain there for days; yet was he kept there with them six days longer, in which time the vermin devoured the flesh from their faces, eat the eyes out of the heads of the carcasses, which were bloated, putrified, and turned green during the poor debtor's dismal confinement with them!"

What London was, such also were all the chief cities of England. The horrors Howard found every where were such that the details cannot possibly be published in all their naked hideousness. The plan he adopted was to urge the subject on the attention of the House of Commons; and in order to force the Legislature to do its duty, he personally collected such an array of facts, that it was impossible to withst and that cry of the public voice which the publication of the truth would call up from the whole people of the country. Two small bills, of the patch-work kind, for amending the state of prisons were passed in 1774; but little that was satisfactory was accomplished until Howard's book on *The State of Prisons* was published. During the three years which he had spent in collecting the materials for this book, he had journeyed more than 13,000 miles, visiting especially, besides his own country, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland. The effect of his book was immense; and in a short time the whole civilised world knew and did honour to his name. He was examined before the House of Commons; and while his influence was gradually amending the abuses at home, he extended his continental travels, almost every where hailed with respect, and shrinking from no steps which might tempt or compel the governing powers to treat their prisoners as men, and not as soulless and senseless brutes or stones.

Mr. Dixon relates a few curious anecdotes of Howard's wanderings, one or two of which we shall quote, of course without expressing any opinion as to their accuracy. Probably they are all substantially correct.

In the first we find him threatening to report the conduct of some disorderly monks at Prague to the Pope!

"While making a short stay at Prague to visit the prisons and hospitals, he was induced to make a call at the principal monastery of the order of Capucines in that ancient city. A very curious observer of men, Howard liked to see the effect of various kinds of discipline upon the mind and character; and in this instance he was perhaps attracted by the ascetic reputation of this order of friars. It was a fast-day when he made his visit; but judge of his surprise and indignation when, on entering the great hall, he saw the holy fathers seated at dinner round a table sumptuously furnished with the most delicate and costly viands which the season and country could furnish! Being known to some of the principal personages present, he was politely invited to sit down and partake of the feast. Had it been a palace instead of a monastery, he would have refused, it being contrary to his usual habits to indulge in such dainty food; but to see such costly extravagance in a religious house

was more than his severe sense of fitness could quietly brook. He therefore not only declined their proffered hospitalities, but, turning to the elder monks, read them a pretty sharp lecture on the subject,—telling them he had been led to suppose that they had retired from the world in order to live a life of abstemiousness and prayer; instead of which he found they had turned their dwelling into a house of revelry and drunkenness. The jolly fathers, whatever they may have thought of their heretical reprover, deemed it politic to appear alarmed at the tone which he had taken, especially when he told them he was going to Rome, where he would see his Holiness, their master, and could ascertain if such loose discipline met with his approval. This threat went home. Next morning four or five of the penitent fathers waited upon him at his hotel, to beg his pardon for the offence which he had witnessed, and to implore his silence on the subject at head-quarters. Howard answered that he would make no promise; on the contrary, he would be guided entirely by circumstances. He would take the necessary means to be well informed as to whether the offence were repeated or not, and would be governed by the result. If it were not repeated, he would use his own discretion as to what course he should take; if it were, they might be certain that he would do as he had said. With this, after giving a solemn promise that such disorderly violations of their rules should not again be permitted, the deputation withdrew."

Here again we have Howard with the Pope himself:

"From Leghorn our countryman proceeded through Florence to Rome, where he was grieved to find the noble hospital of San Michele suffering great neglect from the Cardinals under whose care it was placed. The flourishing condition in which he found a charitable institution for the education of young females, patronised and protected by the reigning pontiff, the unfortunate Pius VI., did something, however, to redeem the character of the Eternal City. At the earnest request of the venerable Pope, Howard waited upon his Holiness at the Vatican,—but only after stipulating that that absurd mark of homage, kissing the foot, and indeed every other species of ceremony, should be dispensed with. The Christian Philanthropist and the Christian Priest spent some time in conversation; a nearer acquaintance more profoundly impressing each with respect for the distinguishing virtues of the other. It was a noble thing to see these two illustrious men,—alike remarkable for their public virtues and their private sorrows,—casting aside the traditional and religious antipathy which each conscientiously felt towards the creed of the other, and meeting together as men and as Christians on the common ground of human charity. At parting, the pious pontiff laid his hand upon the head of the distinguished heretic, saying good-humouredly, 'I know you Englishmen care nothing for these things; but the blessing of an old man can do you no harm.' A truly noble and catholic sentiment, which his visitor was too large-minded not to accept in a becoming spirit."

One more brief paragraph, for the benefit of those who conceive that Protestant countries are the sole oases in the desert of human suffering, we must give as our last extract. Mr. Dixon thus describes the gaols of Protestant Sweden:

"The prisons of Stockholm generally exhibited the vices most common in English gaols,—much more so than any others on the continent,—which is about the severest thing that can be said of them, namely, idleness, drunkenness, and uncleanness on the part of the inmates; filth, insecurity, closeness, dampness, and darkness on the side of the gaol."

In Stockholm the torture was also still up-

held, notwithstanding the mandate for its suppression by the reigning king, Gustavus III.

In 1785, Howard undertook to visit the cities where the plague chiefly raged, hoping to discover a remedy against its ravages. He passed through France in disguise, as his pamphlet on the Bastille had roused the anger of the French Government. At Smyrna he caught a terrible fever, and while suffering under its torments he received the first news of the insanity of his son, and at the same time was informed that his fellow-countrymen were about to raise a monument in his own

honour. Returning home, he did all that was possible for his child, and put a stop to the monument, returning the subscriptions, or getting them distributed in releasing poor debtors. In 1789 he travelled, on his way to Turkey and Egypt, through Russia, as far as Cherson, in Russian Tartary. There he caught an infectious fever, and died. The best token of the universal sorrow his death occasioned was its insertion in the official columns of the *London Gazette*, a distinction never before given to a private individual.

LORD CLONCURRY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Personal Recollections of the Life and Times, with Extracts from the Correspondence, of Valentine Lord Cloncurry. Dublin, M'Glashan.

LORD CLONCURRY truly says, that a man who has lived through three-quarters of a century must have something to tell worth knowing, if only he would tell it plainly. Acting upon this belief, he has forestalled his future biographer, and, in his old age, has given the world a sketch of his public career. Though not a man of first-rate political importance, still he was one of sufficient note to be bullied by the Government of the day; and he has maintained an acquaintance or friendship with so many men of mark, that he needs no apology for coming before the public. Like all biographers, indeed, whether autobiographers or not, Lord Cloncurry is a little too lengthy, and hardly knows when and where to stop, or how to discriminate between what is only interesting to himself and his personal friends, and what is interesting to the general reader. Nevertheless, his book is well worth a few hours' study, and furnishes some curious revelations of the deeds and misdeeds of veteran and deceased politicians.

The author of these memoirs is the second Lord Cloncurry. His father was brought up a Catholic; and the son thus narrates the father's apostasy to Protestantism, a thing which, in those days, was well worth its price in the market of this world.

"My father, who was born about the termination of the first third of the eighteenth century, was one of the many Irish Roman Catholics who sought in foreign countries for liberty to enjoy those privileges of property and talent from which they were debarred in their native land. Very early in life he settled in France, upon a considerable estate, which he purchased at Galville, near Rouen; and there my elder sisters were born. He was not long, however, in finding out that they did not order things much better in France than in Ireland; and that although nominally equal to his neighbours in religious caste, the Church made invidious distinctions in the distribution of her honours among the faithful. My father, probably having previously experienced more substantial annoyances, was finally so net-

tled at the partiality shewn by the curé in administering the honours of the censor to a neighbouring seigneur, whom he thought to have no right to be fumigated before himself, that he sold his estate and returned to Ireland, where he conformed to Protestantism, and became thereby qualified to hold a territorial stake in the country.

"So far the French priest's nationality was a fortunate matter for my father and his descendants. He found a good market for his chateau and lands, the ownership of which, fifteen years later, would, in all probability, have cost him his head; and he made a good investment of the proceeds in his native country. His first possession in Ireland was the estate and borough of Rathcormac, in the county of Cork; but this he subsequently sold to the first Lord Riversdale, and bought the estates in Limerick, Kildare, and Dublin, which still remain in the family. To the active mind of my father, however, neither the duties nor the rights of landed property afforded sufficient occupation; and he accordingly entered, to a large extent, and with considerable success, into the banking and woollen trades. He also became a member of the Irish House of Commons, was created a baronet in 1776, and removed to the House of Peers in 1789."

The son, of course, was brought up a Protestant, but was as far as possible from turning Orangeman, and has always remained on friendly terms with the Irish Catholics. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards was entered as a law-student at the Temple in London. There he joined, heart and soul, the anti-Government party, was an United Irishman, and made speeches at debating societies, especially at the Historical Society—the great object of Government suspicion. He also wrote a pamphlet, and was elected, without his own knowledge, a member of the Executive-Directory of the United Irish Society. All this soon roused the wrath of the jealous Administration of the day, and in 1798 he was arrested and examined several times before the Privy Council. Mr. Lawless, however, would answer no questions till he was liberated, after being detained politely for six weeks in the house of a king's messenger, when he voluntarily replied to the queries put to him. For a year, he says, that he did not meddle with politics, but took to love instead, being engaged to be married. After a twelve-

month the Government again arrested him, and kept him shut up in the Tower for two years, by virtue of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. While he was in prison his father died, having left 50,000*l.* away from him, expecting that the estates would be forfeited, and apparently not very well pleased with his son's doings. The lady he was to have married also died; and owing to his inability to attend to his affairs, he considers that the whole loss he sustained was as much as 100,000*l.* Lord Cloncurry seems to have been needlessly annoyed while in prison, but we cannot quite make out how much of it might have been the consequence of his own resolute defiance of his gaolers and the Government they served. Altogether, he appears to have been partly a voluntary martyr.

When he was set free Lord Cloncurry went abroad, the peace of Amiens having made touring a possibility. He has some amusing sketches of what he saw and heard in France and Italy, of which the following are specimens. Here we have the "old original" Napoleon playing the sovereign at the Tuileries, and setting the example which the "nephew of my uncle" has since laboured to follow with duteous fidelity.

"There was another sight to be seen at that time in Paris, more extraordinary than any public fête or spectacle could possibly be; and being anxious to have an opportunity of forming a judgment for myself as to the appearance and manners of the greatest man then in the world, I asked the British minister, Mr. Merry, to present me to the First Consul. As my residence in the Tower had prevented me from paying my respects at St. James's, Mr. Merry made some difficulty about standing sponsor for me at the court of Napoleon, at the same time assuring me that his refusal was occasioned altogether by the necessity for complying with strict regulations upon the subject of presentations, laid down by the First Consul himself. The difficulty, however, proved to be a trifling one; as when the subject was mentioned to Bonaparte by Marshal Berthier, with whom I was made acquainted by General Lawless, he not only permitted me to be presented to him, but accompanied the permission with an invitation to attend a grand review, and to dine with him upon the day of presentation. The occasion, at which Lord Holland was also present, was a remarkable one. We were received in the magnificent rooms of the Tuileries, in great state, the stairs and anterooms being lined by men of the *corps d'élite*, in their splendid uniforms and baldricks of buff leather edged with silver. Upon our introduction refreshments were offered, and a circle was formed as at a private *entrée*. Napoleon entered freely into conversation with Lord Holland and myself, inquiring, among other matters, respecting the meaning of an Irish peerage, the peculiar character of which, and its difference from an English peerage, I had some difficulty in making him comprehend. While we were conversing, three knocks were heard at the door, and a deputation from the Conservative Senate presented itself, as if unexpectedly, and was admitted. The leader of the deputation addressed the First Consul in a set oration, tendering him the Consulate for life; to which he responded in an *extempore* speech, which, nevertheless, he read from a paper concealed in the crown of his hat.

"Bonaparte was at that time very slight and thin in person, and, as far as I could judge, not possessed of much more information upon general subjects than of confidence in his own oratorical powers. Upon my ex-

pressing some surprise afterwards at the character of his remarks, I recollect General Lawless telling me that he and some other Irishmen (I believe Wolfe Tone was among them) had a short time before been engaged in a discussion with him respecting a project for the invasion of Ireland, when, after making many inquiries, and hearing their answers, he remarked that 'it was a pity so fine a country should be so horribly infested with wolves.' Lawless and his companions assured him that such was not the case; to which he deigned no reply, but a contemptuous 'Bah!'"

Two of Lord Cloncurry's sisters went with him to Paris, one of them the widow of a genuine specimen of the old school of those "gentlemen" who have helped to ruin Ireland.

"I had three sisters," says Lord Cloncurry. "The eldest had then recently become the widow of Thomas Whalley, known in Ireland as 'Jerusalem Whalley,' from the circumstance of his having won a bet by performing a journey to Jerusalem on foot, except so far as it was necessary to cross the sea, and finishing the exploit by playing ball against the walls of that celebrated city. He was a perfect specimen of the Irish gentleman of the olden time. Gallant, reckless, and profuse, he made no account of money, limb, or life, when a bet was to be won or a daring deed to be attempted. He spent a fine fortune in pursuits not more profitable than his expedition to play ball at Jerusalem; and rendered himself a cripple for life, by jumping from the drawing-room window of Daly's club-house, in College-green, on to the roof of a hackney-coach which was passing."

The last of the Stuarts is thus described:

"Among the prominent members of Roman society in those days was the last of the Stuarts, Cardinal York, with whom I became somewhat of a favourite, probably by virtue of addressing him as 'Majesty,' and thus going a step farther than the Duke of Sussex, who was on familiar terms with him, and always applied to him the style of Royal Highness.

"The Cardinal was in the receipt of an income of 8000*l.* or 9000*l.* a-year, of which he received 4000*l.* from his royal rival, George III., and the remainder from his ecclesiastical benefices. This revenue was then, in Italy, equivalent at least to 20,000*l.*; and it enabled his Eminence to assume somewhat of royal state. He was waited upon with all suitable ceremony, and his equipages were numerous and splendid, and freely placed at the disposal of his guests. He was in the habit of receiving visitors very hospitably at his villa at Frescati, where I was often a guest, and was frequently amused by a reproduction of the scenes between Sancho Panza and his physician, during the reign of the squire in the island of Barataria. His Eminence was an invalid, and under a strict regimen; but as he still retained his tastes for savoury meats, a contest usually took place between him and his servants for the possession of rich diet, which they formally set before him, and then endeavoured to snatch away, while he, with greater eagerness, strove to seize it in its transit. Among the Cardinal's most favourite attendants was a miserable cur dog, which, probably, having been cast off by its master as being neither useful nor ornamental, one day attached itself to his Eminence at the gate of St. Peter's, an occurrence to which he constantly referred as a proof of his true royal blood, the cur being, as he supposed, a King Charles spaniel, and therefore endowed with an instinctive hereditary acquaintance with the house of Stuart. Upon the occasion of my visit to Frescati, I presented the Cardinal with a telescope, which he seemed to fancy, and received from him in return the large medal struck in honour of his accession to his unsubstantial throne. Upon one side of this medal was the royal bust, with the cardinal's hat, and the words, *Henricus nonus Dei gratia Rex*; and upon the other the arms of England, with the motto on the exergue, *Haud desideris hominum, sed voluntate Dei*.

"So trifling an article as a telescope will scarcely

seem to be a present worthy of the acceptance of a Prince of the Church, and King, even though his sovereignty was not *de facto*; but it is scarcely possible, at the present time, to bring home to the mind a conception of the value which then, under the operation of the continental system, was set upon articles of English manufacture in Italy. The Cardinal was in the highest delight with my gift; and an ordinary dressing-case, given by my sister to Princess Massime, was the admiration of all the Roman ladies, to whom it was sometimes shewn as a special favour. Many English-made articles it was absolutely impossible to purchase. I recollect the Prince Borghese, when he wished to decorate a chamber for the reception of his wife, Pauline Bonaparte, was obliged to eke out a small turkey carpet with pieces of baize, of different textures and shades of colour."

Every body who goes to Rome knows how Russians congregate there, as every where else in civilised Europe where "society" is to be found. Lord Cloncurry gives us a sketch of one of them worth quoting:

"There were among the Russian residents two remarkable characters: one was Orloff, the favourite of the Empress Catherine, whom I frequently met at Naples; and the other the Prince Potemkin, son of the more celebrated owner of that name. The introduction of the Muscovite element made a strange mixture in our society, where, as sometimes happened, discussions arose that brought the habitual, steady English love of freedom in conflict of argument with the fierce, barbarian vigour of the Russians; and that too in presence of the polished feebleness of some noble subject of the Church. I shall never forget one of these occasions, when the comparative merits of democracy and despotism being under debate, the risk of mischief at the hands of a senseless, ill-conditioned tyrant was urged as more than a counterpoise for the good that could be done by a benevolent and wise autocrat. 'Against that risk,' exclaimed Count Pahlen, who was present, 'we have a safeguard. Here is the constitution of Russia!' and, starting up, he closed the argument by drawing a dagger from his pocket, and flinging it upon the table, with an earnestness and energy that left no doubt of his personal willingness to put that sharp constitutional remedy in operation, should a wrong requiring it arise within his cognizance."

When Lord Cloncurry returned to Ireland, he settled on his estates, and became a resident landlord and an energetic politician. His politics seem to have been slightly modified from their original cast, but only slightly. Still, though a Repealer, he acted as far as he could in support of Lord Anglesey's government, and was frequently consulted by the Viceroy, who now, it appears, agreed with him more than the world then gave him credit for. Lord Cloncurry publishes various letters from Lord Anglesey, which are very curious, but of which we have space to quote only one.

"Rome, January 28, 1835.

"MY DEAR CLONCURRY,—I have received your letter of the 4th. I write upon large paper, for I feel as if I had a good deal to say to you; but there is, in truth, too much to say, and I do not know how to begin, and to go on. I do not quite see into the state of affairs; but it appears to me that, take what view you will of them, they are frightful. Can the Peel and Wellington government stand? I am sure it ought not; and if there be common honesty and fair dealing in man, it will not. But can any one count upon honesty and fair dealing in these days? I think not. I strongly suspect what are called the *moderate* Whigs. I have no faith in them. I believe that in general they

are frightened, and only shew liberalism as long as the tide runs that way, and as it turns (if turn it do) they will float back with it. Neither have I any faith in the ultra Tories. I suspect that a great part of them, with a view to office, or, at all events, to retaining in office men who, upon the whole, they like better, and believe themselves to be safer in the hands of, than the honest liberals—that with a view to preserving in power, I say, the present leaders, they will sacrifice all their principles, and eat all their words, and vote through thick and thin for reform—ay, even for Church reform. Here, then, if I be right, will be a tolerable equivoque of baseness, thus Peel and Wellington will continue to hold the reins, and, with a *bad grace*, give all the reforms that were in contemplation by the last government, and which, if my voice had been attended to, would, as far as the Irish Church is concerned, have been set smooth three years ago. But instead of attending to me, they took the advice of Stanley, and brought forth that veritable bill of his for the recovery of tithes, which I at once pronounced would be a total and also a very expensive failure, and would cause much clerical blood to flow; and so it happened, and the Protestant clergy have been bleeding and starving ever since. But why do I allow myself to write on such subjects? I am sure I have no inducement to take any part whatever in public affairs. You, with your usual kindness and partiality, express a wish that I should, in the event of a change, again return to Ireland, or else go to the Horse Guards. But of what use could I be in either situation? It has been my fate to be unkindly and ungenerously treated both by friends and foes, and I do not see why I should again allow myself to be made unhappy by either. The truth is, I have not the capacity for acting with men who have recourse to trick and duplicity. I have independent thoughts, and if I go, I must go my own way. I could not consent to allow Ireland to be governed in Downing Street, and therefore I did not suit my *employer*, and employers generally. Mine has been a curious fate. Twice I have been recalled from Ireland for vehemently pressing measures which were obstinately resisted whilst I was in power, but which were adopted as soon as my back was turned. I forced Catholic Emancipation upon Wellington and Peel, and I was recalled, and recalled, too, with marked insult; but they immediately carried the measure. Under another government I again tried my hand. I urged the necessity of taking the whole of the ecclesiastical funds into the hands of the State. By it the country would have been enriched—the clergy would have been amply paid—there would have been no collision between tithe-payer and tithe-receiver. All would have received their just dues—the Catholic clergy might have been paid, and there would have been a surplus for the benefit of the State. But even that would not have been alienated from the Church. The surplus would simply have been held in trust for it; and if hereafter the Protestant faith had spread, and more help for its souls had been required, *there* would have been the fund from whence to draw the required aid. Well, my colleagues did not dare venture upon the measure, and so I was recalled, because Stanley was opposed to it. Yet they still attempted by dribbets to do something! This something pleased nobody, and was rejected by the Lords. Then came another set of men. These, during the recess, *did* make up their minds to something very extensive; but in that time they are ousted, and now Peel and Wellington, if I am not greatly mistaken, will bring forward as sweeping a scheme as that proposed by me (with the able assistance of my worthy assistants, who, in fact, had the whole merit of it, and particularly Blake), with this only difference, that whereas I would, for a time at least, have given all the surplus from the bishops' lands, &c. for the benefit of the State, W. and P. will insist upon its being used for ecclesiastical purposes. As for the army, what could I do with it? I should find myself at the head of a complete party (I fear), ultra-Tory force. I should find difficulty in every di-

rection. The King playing the whole game of Toryism, and a set of people at the Horse Guards, just such as I found all the working men at the Castle of Dublin!!! If I could do good in either situation, I should not mind the burden of it, and might reconcile myself to the relinquishment of all my home and family enjoyments; but when I know that I can do no good, it would be madness to attempt any thing. Nor do I believe that any party would have me. They have had ample proof that I will not submit to be a mere cipher, and therefore I am not *their man*. What a shameful long letter! Adieu, most sincerely yours,

"ANGLESEY."

Since the volume has been published, the conclusions which have been drawn from Lord Cloncurry's revelations have forced Lord Anglesey himself into the newspapers, and he has written to say that he never was for a moment inclined to Repeal, and that nobody knows this better than Lord Cloncurry himself. On the whole, Lord Cloncurry's accounts of what took place behind the curtain, like all similar chronicles, are far enough from increasing one's respect for Toryism, Whiggism, or any other "ism" which has ruled over Ireland for many a weary day. With a story of another complexion we must now close Lord Cloncurry's agreeable volume, only reminding our readers that, with all the autobiographer's "liberality," he had a very respectable share of common anti-Catholic prejudices.

"I remember calling to take leave of Lord Clonmel, who lived at Temple Hill, near my father's villa of Maretimo, and I shall never forget the words of our last conversation. 'My dear Val,' said he, 'I have been a fortunate man in life. I am a chief justice and an earl; but believe me I would rather be beginning the world as a young sweep.' A fortunate man he certainly was, and in nothing more so than in the period of his death, which took place the day before the outbreak of the Rebellion of 1798.

"Lord Clonmel had a villa named Temple Hill, close to Seapoint, which was made the scene of an ingenious stroke of vengeance by John Magee, then printer of the *Dublin Evening Post* newspaper. Mr. Magee had been tried before his Lordship for a seditious libel, and, as he thought, was made the subject of undue severity on the part of the bench. He certainly was subjected to a very rigorous imprisonment, in efforts to alleviate the hardships of which I myself took an active part, and with some success, but not sufficient to obliterate from the prisoner's mind the obligations he thought himself under to the Chief Justice. This debt weighed heavily upon his conscience, and no sooner had his term of confinement expired, than he announced his intention of clearing off all scores. Accordingly, he had advertisements posted about the town, stating that he found himself the owner of a certain sum (I think it was 14,000*l.*), 10,000*l.* of which he had settled upon his family, and the balance it was his intention, 'with the blessing of God, to spend upon Lord Clonmel.' In pursuance of this determination, he invited all his fellow-citizens to 'a *bra pleasura*,' to be held upon a certain day in the fields immediately adjoining Temple Hill demesne. I recollect attending upon the occasion, and the *fête* certainly was a strange one. Several thousand people, including the entire disposable mob of Dublin, of both sexes, assembled as the guests at an early hour in the morning, and proceeded to enjoy themselves in tents and booths erected for the occasion. A variety of sports were arranged for their amusement, such as climbing poles for prizes, running races in sacks, grinning through horse-collars, and so forth, until at length, when the crowd had attained its maximum density, towards the afternoon, the grand scene of the day was produced. A number of active pigs, with their tails shaved and soaped, were let loose, and it was announced that each pig should become the property of any one who could catch and hold it by the slippery member. A scene, impossible to describe, immediately took place; the pigs, frightened and hemmed in by the crowd in all other directions, rushed through the hedge which then separated the grounds of Temple Hill from the open fields; forthwith all their pursuers followed in a body, and continuing their chase over the shrubberies and parterres, soon revenged John Magee upon the noble owner."

SHORT NOTICES.

WANT of space compels us to be more than usually brief in noticing the remainder of the books that have reached us.

A very excellent publication is Dr. Pagani's *Way to Heaven* (Burns), a complete manual of instruction and devotion. The eminently practical character of this very cheap prayer-book will make it more than ordinarily useful.

Dr. Pagani has also published a new and considerably enlarged edition of his *Church of the Living God the Pillar and Ground of the Truth* (Richardson). It is adapted to the present state of controversy in England, and may be employed with great advantage in opening the eyes of persons in doubt.

The same publisher has issued a translation of one of Quadrupani's inimitable little books, *Instructions for Christians of a timid Conscience who live in the World*. The translator is, however, scarcely up to his task.

The last published volume of *The Lives of the Modern Saints* contains lives of Father Joseph Anchieta, the Ven. A. Von Virmundt, and Ven. J. Berchmans.

Richardson's *Catholic Almanack* for 1850 is now ready. It is a useful publication, but we like the penny edition better than the sixpenny, which contains some prints of indescribable badness.

The Philosophy of Human Knowledge, by J. J. Osborn (Chapman), attempts a critical analysis of the three great questions, "What knows? What is known? And what are the laws of knowing?"

The same publisher some time ago issued a translation (by the Rev. John Dalton, of Northampton) of Novalis' remarkable essay, *Christianity, or Europe*, which will be interesting to our readers, as an illustration of much that we have advanced in the present *Rambler* on "The Conversion of England."

Mr. Dickes (wood-engraver) has issued a useful view of the city of Jerusalem and the surrounding country, the buildings restored as they probably existed in the time of our Lord. It is sold pasted on linen, with rollers, for hanging up in schoolrooms.

Correspondence.

LITERATURE FOR THE CATHOLIC POOR.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

DEAR SIR,—With great pleasure I noticed in the last *Rambler* your wise and generous notice of the move I am making towards establishing a penny journal for the working classes, and I hail as a happy omen your kindly solicitude for its welfare.

It will not be necessary for me to enter into any lengthy remarks upon the difficulties which seem to present themselves to your mind in the ordinary trade way of calculation: our intended mode of procedure will obviate this difficulty to a great extent.

I beg also to inform you that our journal (*The Lamp*) will come out under the immediate patronage of the Prelacy, backed by a committee of the clergy and gentry, and every precaution will be taken to set it on a firm basis.

In a few days our Prospectus will reach you, as also the clergy, gentry, and the trade, detailing our plan and intentions; and upon the response will depend our entrance into the literary world.

In the mean time I may inform you, every step that has been taken hitherto has been under the sanction, and by the advice, of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Briggs, and the clergy; three of whom will act as scrutators, and under whose supervision every article will be prepared for the press. The spirit and matter will therefore be strictly Catholic;—no disobedience, no presumptuous teach-

ings; no specious friend of the poor man will be permitted to unhinge his faith; every line will be strictly Catholic, purely in accordance with the teachings of the Church.

The necessary outlay for literary labours has been anticipated; and the many other difficulties which would present themselves to a journal starting under individual speculation apply not to us;—those which do belong to ourselves, we must leave to the future. We have so far made up our minds as to believe a bane exists, which requires an antidote, and we are resolved to do our part of the work. By God's blessing, no exertion shall be wanting. Will the Catholic nobility and gentry do theirs? will the tradesmen do theirs? will the artisans and labourers do theirs? We shall see; we are sanguine enough to believe they will. Did we depend solely on the two former classes, God knows we should have but little hope after your admirable article on their apathy. It is to the good will of the clergy, who urge us on to seek success in the pennies of the poor, by giving them a *quid pro quo* up to the mark, that we look for success. The pence of the poor have done great things, and were never generously applied for in vain; and if, perchance, we fail, why, there is but this, we have done our part of the work, and resting on our oars wait for "the good time coming."

With profound respect and admiration, believe me, &c.

T. E. BRADLEY.

Mount Cottage, Mount Terrace, York,
November 20th, 1849.

Ecclesiastical Register.

INDULGENCES GRANTED BY THE POPE TO THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE POOR-SCHOOL COMMITTEE FUND.

A RESCRIPT has just arrived from Rome, by which his Holiness, October 31st, 1849, grants perpetually,

1. A plenary indulgence to all who, on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, the Sunday after the Octave of Corpus Christi, or within eight days after, shall go to confession and communion, and subscribe to the Poor-School Committee Fund.

2. A plenary indulgence to all contributors to the same, who, on the Feasts of St. George or St. Edward the Confessor, or within their octaves, shall go to confession and communion, and pray for some time for the intention of his Holiness the Pope.

3. Both indulgences are applicable by way of suffrage to the faithful departed.

LORD MINTO IN ROME.

THE following are extracts from the second volume of official correspondence on the affairs of Italy:

The Earl of Minto to Viscount Palmerston.

Rome, January 13, 1848.

My Lord,—The new year opened here inauspiciously, with four-and-twenty hours of uneasiness and ill-hu-

mour, produced by ill-advised proceedings on the part of the public authorities against an imaginary danger.

In the middle of the night of Friday, the 31st of last month, the citizens of the civic guard were suddenly called out of bed to reinforce the different posts throughout the town, to the no little consternation of the inhabitants, who supposed that a revolution must have broken out. In the morning it was found that the troops were posted in the court of the pontifical palace of the Quirinal, that the gates of the palace were closed, and that cavalry were drawn up in front of them; and the public then learned with surprise that this alarm and preparation had originated in information conveyed to the governor of an intended assemblage of the people before the Quirinal palace, to offer their new year's salutations to the Pope, which was to be made the occasion for popular violence or disorder. The people, greatly incensed by this impeachment of their loyalty, and by the easy credit which has been given to the notion of their insubordination and disorderly disposition, were with difficulty prevented from proceeding to the Quirinal to vindicate themselves, and complain of their calumniators. They were, however, at length induced to resort to the more regular intervention of their own chief magistrate, the senator, and, proceeding to Prince Corsini's, made known their wishes through a deputation. The senator at once consented to undertake their vindication, went to the Quirinal, soon satisfied the Pope of the deception which had been practised upon him, and, when he left the palace, was able to assure the crowd, who had followed him there, that the next day they should be satisfied with abundant proofs of the

Pope's entire confidence in the people. This occurred late in the evening of Saturday, and the people then quietly dispersed.

During the whole of this day the Cardinal Secretary of State and the Pope had been kept in alarm by repeated communications from the governor, the chief of the police, and the commander of the carabinieri, with information of tens of thousands of the populace marching upon the Quirinal; and they were at one time even made to believe that all the Piazza before the palace was actually occupied by a vast mob—there being in truth no one there.

The next day, Sunday, the people manifesting some impatience for the promised satisfaction, the Princes Borghese and Doria waited upon the Pope, who desired them to announce his intention of visiting all the quarters of the town, and of shewing himself unguarded amongst his subjects. This he did, was everywhere enthusiastically cheered, and good humour was again restored.

The credulity and incapacity exhibited on this occasion by the Government has still further discredited it in public opinion, and has greatly increased the desire for a more efficient administration, which cannot be much longer resisted.

There is a strong belief, little short of conviction with all classes, that a deliberate plot had been formed to bring about a bloody collision between the populace and the troops, leading to disorders and insurrection sufficient to constrain the Government to seek a foreign support.

It is said, with truth, that had it merely been desired that the new year's salutations on the Quirinal should not take place, a simple intimation the day before of the Pope's wishes would have sufficed, and would have been respected on this as on all former occasions; that no such notice was given; that the procession was to have been suddenly arrested on its march by an armed force with orders to disperse it, which must have led to the most serious disasters; and that this is what would have occurred but for the timely exertions and influence of some private individuals who had prevented the meeting from taking place.

The false intelligence conveyed to the Quirinal through the whole of Saturday, in order to maintain the belief of a popular insurrection, and a display of hostile array against the people, calculated to irritate and provoke them, is also taken as evidence of a traitorous design. It is difficult to say how much of these proceedings may be explained by the negligence, want of capacity, and mismanagement pervading every department of the Roman administration; but the existence of a design, by any means, to bring about a rupture between the Government and the people, is, I think, beyond all doubt.

For some time past every effort has been made in various quarters, and not altogether without success, to inspire the Pope with distrust of the moderate party, on whom the security of the Government, and possibly of the Papal Power itself, really depends; and he is continually pressed, and occasionally induced, to adopt measures and assume a tone and language calculated to give offence and to shake the public confidence in his sincerity. On the other hand, it has been observed that a good deal of active agitation of the ultra-Liberals is on foot among the lower classes; that many strangers have joined them; and the suspicion of some early attempt to get up insurrectionary movements has lately prevailed amongst the well-informed.

From other parts of Italy the expectation of disturbance at Rome on the new year had been announced here, and it now appears that the 2d and 3d of January were signalised by disorder at Milan and Genoa as well is here; just as the occupation of Ferrara was contemporaneous with the disturbances at Rome in July. I believe that much of all this arises from the restless eagerness of the Young Italy faction; but I also believe that there is in other quarters a great readiness to encourage whatever disorder may lead to an application

for foreign protection. The chief of the police and the commander of the carabinieri have been dismissed; but the governor (a Corsican) retains his post, and it is said now pays his court to the ultra-movement party.

The events of the 1st and 2d are likely, I think, on the whole, to produce a good effect, in somewhat opening the eyes of the Pope to the treachery by which he is surrounded. He is, at least, perfectly aware of the deception then practised upon him; and in my subsequent conversation with him, as well as with the Cardinal Secretary of State, they both appeared to me to feel that a retrograde influence, both foreign and domestic, was at work to disunite the people and the Government.—I have, &c.

(Signed) MINTO.

Rome, Jan. 16, 1848.

My Lord,—Having learned that the Pope had again appeared to hesitate in announcing his consent, which was understood to have been obtained, to the demand of the Consulta di Stato that they should have the power of making their proceedings public, and that he had declined to give the decision until he should receive an answer to a reference that had been made to Turin for the opinion of the King of Sardinia, I felt the proper decision of this question to be so important, that I requested Mr. Abercromby to write immediately to the Count St. Marsan, making him aware of the absolute necessity for the concession, if a good understanding was to be maintained between the Government, the Consulta, and the public. The objection to this concession seems to have been revived in a quarter where I should not have expected it,—the Government of Florence; and the demand appears to have been represented by M. Martini, as evidence of the expediency of establishing a concert between the Courts of Florence, Rome, and Turin, for an uniformity of proceeding, which should impose a limit to concession, but which is quite impracticable in three states differing so entirely in their institutions, their circumstances, and in the character of their people.

The Ministers of Tuscany and Sardinia here have also been induced to write strongly to their respective Courts, representing the evil consequences which must ensue from a denial of the demand made by the Consulta, and I have, through a private channel, conveyed my own very decided opinion to the Marquis Ridolfi, at Florence, so that I trust that any disposition which may have existed to counsel the Pope to withhold his consent, may be overcome. There can be doubt that the publicity of the proceedings of the Consulta di Stato is the basis upon which every hope of improvement in the government of this country must rest; if this is refused the most important members of that body will withdraw from it, and all confidence in the Government will be at an end.—I have, &c.

(Signed) MINTO.

(Extract.)

Rome, Jan. 23, 1848.

I had to-day some conversation with the Pope on the affairs of his own Government. The subject was introduced by himself, in consequence, I imagine, of a communication which I had conveyed to him a few days ago of the steps I had taken to let the King of Sardinia know my opinion of the great mischief and danger likely to ensue from a rejection of the demand of the Consulta di Stato here for the publicity of their proceedings, upon which subject I knew a reference had been made to Turin for advice.

I had said in my message that I wished him to be informed of my proceeding, because it would serve to prove to him how strongly I was convinced of the necessity for this concession, if any terms were to be kept with the Consulta di Stato. I received a very gracious and flattering answer to this message, and I presume that he had it in mind to-day when he turned the conversation on his own affairs.

He said that he felt the necessity for free and constant intercourse with the Consulta and the Government,

and that he desired that the influence of the Consulta should be felt in every branch of the Government.

I said this gave me great pleasure, and that he knew I looked upon the Consulta as the chief strength and only secure support of his Government. He said, Yes; but that still there was a peculiarity in the nature of this Government which did not admit of so free an expansion of liberal institutions as were admissible in others. I said that in one important feature this Government was not only unlike, but the reverse of all others. That elsewhere the Church was subordinate to the State, and here the State was subject to the Church; but that, after all, this need not necessarily affect the character or action of the Government.

I said I looked upon the Church (represented by the Pope) as the sovereign of this country. It matters not who or what is sovereign, the duties of sovereignty are the same in whatever hands. In most countries the civil and ecclesiastical administration is distinct. The State manages its affairs. Ecclesiastical affairs are conducted by ecclesiastics; and if the Queen interferes with them in England, it is only as head of the Church.

Why should not the same separation exist here, the Pope retaining his position as head of the State? In other states we say it is the duty of the sovereign to govern for the benefit of the people, not for his own advantage. And so it is the duty of the sovereign Church to have in view the public prosperity, and not the separate interest of the Church, in its civil administration. And there can be no reason why it should not introduce in its dominions any institutions or form of constitution calculated to produce good government.

The Pope assured me that Cardinal Bofondi is of thoroughly liberal opinions.

THE CATHOLIC BISHOPS AND THE PRUSSIAN CHARTER.

THE following memorial of the Catholic Bishops in Prussia, respecting the charter for the Prussian State, of Dec. 5, 1848, has been published in the *Cologne Gazette*:

"In consequence of the Constitution granted by his Majesty the King, on the 5th of December last year, to the country, the Catholic Church in Prussia, as far as her external relations to the State are concerned, has entered on a new and an essentially different position. The new shape which things have thereby taken affect interests too important, and either immediately or mediately operates too profoundly on the life of the Catholic Church, not to awaken the liveliest sympathy of all that follow her confession in Prussia. Especially and necessarily, however, has it claimed the undivided attention of the undersigned Catholic Bishops in a high degree. Their twofold position, not only to the State, but as the dignitaries of the Catholic Church, imposed on them as an indispensable duty to scrutinise both conscientiously and impartially the new articles of the Constitution regulating religious matters, to form for themselves a clear conception of their tendency by their contents and their practical application, and thus at once to ascertain the way they will act in. A thorough and rigid scrutiny of this description soon gave as a result, that due and satisfactory attention has not been paid in all its bearings to the just demands of the Catholic Church. On the one side, for instance, by the new fundamental law of the State, those rights and privileges of the Catholic Church which for a long time have been most oppressively infringed upon have been again recognised. This recognition has been gratefully and joyfully greeted by the Catholic Bishops and the Catholic part of the nation; and the Bishops at once considered it their sacred duty to take without delay possession of the powers restored to the Catholic Church, in their entire, undiminished extent, and forthwith to make use of them. But on the other side, they saw their just hopes by no means fulfilled, inasmuch as the

new Constitution, in some of its positions, seriously encroaches on the inalienable rights of the Catholic Church. Immediately, too, after the publication of the new law, intimations, quite unexpectedly, were promulgated as to the intention of again mutilating and curtailing the ecclesiastical rights and liberties so clearly and definitely laid down in that law. All this must fill us with anxiety; for we cannot conceal from ourselves, that only a new source of countless difficulties and lamentable contentions has been given, the final settlement of which we have so ardently desired, after the long discord that has existed, redounding neither to the credit of the State nor to the advantage of the Church. We should, however, through this state of things, by so much the less be enabled to withdraw from the inevitable continuation of it, since, together with the full consciousness of our onerous official duty obliging us to defend and preserve the rights of our Church, we also have entire conviction relative to that promise which the divine Founder of the Church made to be with it to the end of time. The Catholic Bishops dare not and cannot concede, that the rights and privileges of their Church, born from God by virtue of its foundation, and hence inalienable, shall be withheld or diminished in any manner. While we therefore publicly declare that we accept, in their whole extent, those said rights and privileges reacknowledged by the new Constitution, we solemnly protest against that modification taken up in the fundamental law of the State, by which our rights and liberties may be endangered; and so likewise we protest against any attempt of the sort by pretended explanations and elucidations. We are in acting thus quite conscious that we, by doing so, demand for our Church nothing but what appertains to it for the complete security and furtherance of its natural life and action. In a constitutionally free State, the Catholic Church cannot be otherwise than free; and only in proportion as she is so can she fulfil her mission."

Such is the exordium of the Catholic Bishops and they then mention the principal points to be considered. They place at the head the new guarantees given to the Catholic Church by the Octroyed Charter, and express their thanks. The second point, no less important, is the entire independence accorded to the Church in its administration of its own affairs, without any interference to mar its efficacy in purifying and saving the world. They denominate the Church a person, and for the rights and prerogatives thus accruing to it they also return thanks. In the following paragraph they detail at great length in what that self-government of the Church consists, such as the election of its own Bishops, the nomination of its own prebendaries, &c., for all of which the approval and ratification of the State had been previously necessary. They state in the next paragraph that they accept this free right of nominating all the officers of the Church, not only according to the letter, but the spirit also of the new law. They then allude, at great length, to the right of patronage and of nomination or presentation, as usurped by the State since the secularisation, and prove by the *jus patronatus ecclesiasticum*, further by the personal and the real right of patronship, that it was a usurpation, that such right can only be exercised by the Church as a person, and never by the land-proprietor. They argue that the State has never been justified from the beginning in proceeding to such act of violence, and that the secularisation has never been any thing but a usurpation *de facto* from first to last, secured to the power of the State, not by any just claim, but by its superior mundane force. It is true that the reigning princes have endowed the Church in different modes more or less appro-

privately and proportionately, in lieu of the ecclesiastical institutions that were suppressed; but this dotation is not such as could found a legitimate right of patronship according to canonical fundamental conditions. Such dotation, whether it be assigned to liberality, or called a present, confers no right, for it was merely the fulfilling of a legal duty, that descended inalienably attached to those estates and goods. The Bishops then quote from a ministerial document as follows:

"It is not to be denied, that the fiscal patronage can only with difficulty be reconciled with the altered position of the State to the Church. At present, the exercise of such patronage in the evangelical Church has been committed to the consistories; and in consequence of this arrangement, the functions, which otherwise are divided between the patron and the heads of the Church, do not exist separate. It is manifest that the State would be hereby placed in an improper relation to the Church, and that constant injurious conflicts would be thereby occasioned."

The Bishops coincide in this view, and expatiate at great length upon this subject of patronage or right of presentation. The Bishops contend for a total liberation from the influence of the executive, which had separated itself from the Church. They complain of the false interpretation put by the Chambers on articles 14 and 15, declare that an important liberty has been again withdrawn from the Church in its most important interests, and that this right has been rendered questionable for the future, but against which withdrawal they, the Catholic Bishops, lay their solemn protest. They make, too, a similar remonstrance against the further interpretation, as if by the constitutional definitions in question the influence of the State, hitherto exercised on the appointments to such clerical offices—and which influence is founded on treaties with the Apostolic See, more especially respecting the nomination to ecclesiastical places in cathedrals and chapters, on the bull *de salute animarum*—this influence would not be abolished. They, the Bishops, cannot admit the validity of this interpretation according to the real state of the case. The Prussian State it is true, when, for the carrying out of the obligations laid upon it by virtue of former solemn national treaties—the resolution of the Imperial deputation of 1803, the concordat of 1801, and others—it ordered anew in a lasting manner on an understanding with the Apostolic See "the regulating, equipping, and defining of the Archbishoprics and Bishoprics of the Catholic Church in the State, and of all subjects relating thereto;" when it had acquired by the bull *de salute animarum* a joint right to filling up the vacancies in the chapters, &c., such as had taken place before in the chapter of Breslau (*quemadmodum in capitulo Wratislaviensi hactenus factum est*); the Prussian state, it is true, had then acquired that right; but it has by the new chapter of December 5 again voluntarily renounced this right. In the next paragraph they say:

"With the independent regulation and administration of her own affairs, as promised to the Catholic Church by the new Constitution, there is further, not 'promised' for the first time, but actually secured to and protected for the same Church, the independent entire control of every individual church and ecclesiastical institution, to the exclusion of any guardianship or any interference of the State; for undoubtedly the new Constitution must by no means be regarded as a mere 'promise' of future rights, but as the virtual conservation of

privileges actually in being. The State has returned its usurped power back into the hands of the Bishops, such as best harmonises with natural right as handed down through centuries, to be wielded by them according to canonical law."

The Bishops then proceed to say:

"In its indisputable rights, there have been further assured and guaranteed to the Catholic Church, as well as to any other religious society, by the new Constitution, the possession and enjoyment of all institutions, foundations, and funds destined for the purposes of her cult, education, and acts of charity. The new law says expressly, that she 'has been freed from every sort of tutelage' in these respects."

They proceed to prove this; and, after entering into the details, they subjoin as follows:

"Which said rights and claims the undersigned Bishops hold it their bounden duty to keep fast, both now and for the future, in their fullest extent and capability of execution."

Next comes the ensuing paragraph:

"In the same manner, no alteration has taken place in the condition of that property set apart for the divine service, whether the same consists of real goods and estates, or in demands on private individuals, on the State, or other persons so indebted, especially on parishes or parochial communities, whether it be destined immediately for maintaining and keeping up divine service, for the payment of vicars, and for defraying other wants appurtenant to such divine service, or whether it be intended for the creation, erection, and supporting of churches and rectories; and equally little has the mode, hitherto legally protected, of procuring and collecting these required means, been altered by the Charter; for this very legal protection and assurance itself is a legal and lawful right, the lawful conditions of which have not been altered by the new Constitution, but, on the contrary, secured and guaranteed. What special claims the Catholic community has in this respect to make and enforce, remains in the individual cases that may arise for a stricter explanation and settlement."

They then proceed to state what those institutions are that are destined for Catholic educational purposes, and they protest decidedly and publicly against any ministerial quibblings on the subject, or any meddling of the Government with what is exclusively their province.

"The first refutation the Bishops have to make is, of the assertion that 'ecclesiastical superintendence of the public national schools had hitherto not lawfully existed,' and that 'in the Prussian State these schools had been institutions of the State, over which any independent superintendence of the Church had not existed.' This assertion is contradicted by the undeniable historical fact and the legal existing state handed down from previous centuries. These schools, before the signing of the peace of Westphalia in 1648, owed not only their existence to the care of the Church, but they were also treated as ecclesiastical institutions; and that they, as such, both by traditionary usage and law, stood under the immediate superintendence and control of the Church, neither will nor can be denied by any one. For the dioceses on the Rhine and in Westphalia, it is sufficient to refer to the provincial Council of Cologne, in 1536, which ordains the improvement of the schools as an essential part for promoting the improvement of the Church, commands the abolition of obscure hole-and-corner schools, and also the purification of the public ones, by the appointing of teachers whose morals and behaviour can be depended upon, therefore claims as lawfully her right that of nominating and dismissing teachers; it also prescribes the visitation of schools, as a principal object of special attention on the visitation of the Bishops to the cures of their diocese."

Other acts and deeds are referred to, and this important subject is treated at great length by referring to other councils and synods, and to articles in the Westphalian Peace itself. The Bishops declare that convents, priories, nunneries, cloisters, and monastic institutions in general, are under their control; and since the hospitals for the sick, and such like institutions, are in point of fact ecclesiastical ones in a stricter definition of the term, the Bishops state their intentions respecting them in the following words:

"The Bishops, therefore, assume the unlimited supreme management of these institutions, both of their external and internal affairs, universally and completely, according to the canonical definitions, especially to the

exclusion of all foreign influence of mere mundane superintendence forced upon them."

These institutions are to include also all Catholic hospitals whatsoever, whether intended by their original founders for orphans, or for the sick, or for the poor. The last paragraph claims the sole control over marriage and mixed marriage. The document, which is of great length, appears in the *Cologne Gazette* for September the 14th, but is dated itself July; it is signed by Johannes, Archbishop of Cologne; Wilhelm, Bp. of Trier; Franz, Bp. of Paderborn; Johann Georg, Bp. of Münster; Maximilian Joseph, Prince Abp. of Olmütz; Joseph Ambrossius, Bp. of Ermeland; Melchior, Prince Bp. of Breslau.

Historic Chronicle.

THE November news contains but one piece of intelligence of much interest to the Catholic. This exception is found in the change of the position of French Catholicism with respect to Education. M. de Falloux's bill for compromising the differences between the University and the Church having been shelved by the Assembly, Louis Napoleon quietly steps forward and *decrees*—as the kings of yore—that the chief element of anti-Catholic persecution shall cease to exist. The President, by virtue of his authority—which *nobody* gainsays—has declared that Catholics, wherever educated, and without any university certificate, may compete for honours and privileges with the most favoured infidels. This momentous change, which would have created a revolution some years ago, passes, not indeed unnoticed, but without any violent opposition.

Another feat has been accomplished by the same President. While all talked of a ministerial *crisis*, the Assembly was astounded by a communication to the effect that Louis Napoleon had dismissed his ministry *en masse*, and almost in disgrace. All this passed off quietly also, and a set of new moderates are installed in office, supposed to be more devoted to the President's "personal policy."

The Pope remains at Portici, and nothing is yet known as to his return.

The Sultan and the Czar remain at peace by a *transaction*.

The Austrians have ceased their military executions.

Spain has had a four-and-twenty hours' ministerial crisis. Narvaez was suddenly dismissed, through intrigues fomented or originated by the Queen's husband, and as suddenly recalled.

The United States have reciprocated British liberality in opening their ports to British vessels.

The Colonists at the Cape have put the newly arrived convicts under an interdict, and the Governor is, for the time at least, puzzled.

At home, there has been a general thanksgiving for the cessation of the cholera.

BIRTH.

At Corby Castle, on Saturday the 17th of November, the lady of Philip H. Howard, M.P. for Carlisle, of a daughter. The infant was christened on Sunday evening the 18th, in the Oratory at Corby Castle, by the Rev. W. Ryan, O.S.B. of St. Mary's, Warwick Bridge, and received at the baptismal font the names of Margaret Jane. The sponsors were Mr. Henry F. Howard, Secretary of Legation at the Court of Berlin, uncle to the infant, and her great-aunt Mrs. Canning, for whom Mr. and Mrs. Morley of Great Corby officiated as proxies.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Member of the University of Oxford.—The request shall be attended to.

An Anglican Clergyman.—The same.

NOTICE

To Subscribers to the Rambler.

In order to meet the convenience of some of our Country Subscribers, who wish to receive their copies of the RAMBLER by post, and at as low a cost as possible, a Quarterly Edition of the Journal will for the future be issued, on the first days of January, April, July, and October, and comprising the current and two immediately preceding Monthly Numbers. They will be stitched together in one wrapper, and thus be sent by post for Sixpence only, in addition to the selling price of Four Shillings and Sixpence.

Each Monthly Number of the RAMBLER contains so large a quantity of matter, that three such numbers are nearly equal to two numbers of the ordinary Quarterly Reviews. The Quarterly Edition will thus be by far the cheapest quarterly publication in the kingdom, giving to its readers for 4s. 6d. nearly as much matter as others give for 12s.

The second Quarterly Part of the RAMBLER, containing the Monthly Numbers for August, September, and October, is now ready, and will be forwarded on application to the Publisher, or by any Bookseller in Town or Country.









